

AMERICANS LEARN TO USE BIG GUNS

Take to Heavy Artillery in France With Avidity.

MEN NEED LITTLE PRACTICE

Most of the Heavy Gunners Are Men of Long Experience—Great Almost as Comrades Monster French Weapons They Are Grooming for Use Against Germans.

Not far behind the American field artillery, which has been in training in a rugged section of France for the past two months, have come the men of the "heavies." They are veteran gunners and many are familiar with the big guns at home and they greeted almost as comrades the monster French weapons which they are now grooming for eventual use against the Germans.

Some of the guns with which the American artillerymen are training are wonderful and ponderous examples of the French gunmakers' skill and daring. They range from the modest but marvelously effective "155" up to the staggering "400" that hurls a high explosive missile weighing just short of a ton. The 400's are more potent than the "Big Berthas" ever were in their days of great destructiveness.

Mortars Like Giant Frogs

In caliber the guns range from the short, squat mortars, which sit upon their haunches like giant frogs, up through the various members of the bowdler family to the truly sinister naval rifles with their long, tapering barrels.

The Americans are delighted with their French weapons and are busy studying every detail and adapting themselves to the use of French material. Most of the heavy gunners are men of long experience and do not need much actual firing practice before taking their place in line against the enemy. They have been a little surprised to find that with the big land guns used here speed is not a great factor. These heavy weapons are used for destructive purposes and there is no special need for haste when dealing with concrete dugouts and other enemy defenses that cannot run away. Accuracy is the great goal of all heavy gunners.

Asked if his men would not find it difficult to shoot without direct observation, the general commanding the heavy artillery contingent replied: "We will have direct observation here. The only difference will be that the observer, instead of standing beside the gun will be sitting aloft in an airplane. You can depend on it that each shot we fire at the enemy will be watched and recorded."

The wireless branch of the heavy artillery service is one of great importance. At schools already established radio pupils are being specially trained in communication with airplanes and observation balloons.

Graduate Work for Officers.

Scores of reserve officers from Pittsburgh and other training camps are completing their technical education in the artillery schools here. These officers, individually selected for the artillery service because of their education in higher mathematics and engineering, are proving a great joy to their commanders and instructors. It is predicted that all will make splendid officers in active service.

The American gunners have been much interested in the big 240s, which are hauled by caterpillar tractors, but the real pets with the gunners from overseas are those aristocrats among "the heavies," which command special railroad cars. Some of these rulers of the cannon world are so important and so valuable that an entire artillery train is devoted to them. These trains are strange-looking affairs in their fantastic war paint, resembling at a distance a mammoth rattlesnake. Even the engines are included in the camouflage and may resemble anything from a brick house to a giant hedgehog.

The French sense of humor cannot be suppressed by three years and more of war. French officers have named one of the largest guns turned over to the Americans "Moustique," which means mosquito.

"It is a compliment to any of your artillerymen who may have come from New Jersey," said the French commander, who said he had spent ten years on the eastern coast of the United States.

The French guns, although large and apparently unwieldy, are balanced easily, one man being able to elevate and deflect a weapon weighing 50 tons or more.

ALASKA PLACERS MAY CLOSE

High Cost of Labor and Supplies Leaves No Profits.

Alaska's placer mines, when they close down for the winter, will not reopen until after the war unless operating expenses are reduced.

F. S. Hammill, a mining man from the Circle City district, who is on his way East to confer with financiers on the situation, said placer mining in Alaska at present promised no profit.

Shortage of labor, increased cost of all supplies, and the eight-hour labor law were given as causes. He did not think the quartz mines would suffer as do the placers, since they operate throughout the year.

IS REAL AMERICAN WONDER

Newly Examined Glacier in an Unexplored Region May Be Biggest in the Rockies.

We had reached a point of vantage whence we could overlook the whole of the unexplored region of the Rockies from Laurier Pass on the south to the Liard region on the north. No great secret could be concealed from us.

What did we see? A glance showed us that there was no heaven-kissing peak "taller than Mount Robson," writes Paul L. Harris in Scribner's Magazine. But there were several magnificent mountains higher than any along the Flinlay. Much the finest of all these lay far to the northeastward. It was a vast affair with three great summits, two of them peaks, the third and tallest an immense square block.

This mountain was big enough to have aroused our enthusiasm, and yet we gave comparatively scant heed to it.

Far down the south slope of it, filling a great valley miles and miles wide, there flowed a perfectly immense, glistening glacier.

"That is what makes the Quadachs white," Joe conceded.

There could be no doubt about it. For a long time I had realized that it would require a good-sized, rock mill to grind up enough silt to color such a big stream as the Quadacha, such where was a mill big enough for the job?

We were at least forty miles from it, for we were not fully twenty miles west of the works, and from the forks to the glacier must be at least twenty more. We were eight as one must travel in that region. Yet there that great white mass loomed up far and away the most notable phenomenon in that whole magnificent panorama. It is the biggest thing in the whole Flinlay country. I venture to predict that when the glacier has been more closely examined it will be found to be one of the biggest, if not the very biggest, in the whole Rocky Mountain system.

BEAUTY IS NOT LOVELINESS

Women May Possess Both Qualifications, but a Combination is Rarely to Be Found.

"Beauty," at least as distinct from "loveliness," is a big word, writes Margaret Steele Anderson in Louisville Post. It has a certain splendor. It has a certain amplitude. You use it for the great things of the world; for the Parthenon and the lost chryselephantine eye of Jove and of Athens; for the epics of Homer and Milton, as for Troy and the first host of Lucifer; for the music of Bach and Beethoven; for the face of Helen and the body of Brunhilda or of Siegfried.

But "loveliness" is a very different word—a smaller word and slighter, a word more delicate, more tender. It applies to the more human things. Helen is not lovely, she is beautiful—but, with rare exceptions, the women of Shakespeare have a certain appealing loveliness. Juliet is lovely, for all her strength and courage; the loveliness of Rosalind is piquant and that of Beatrice also; Miranda's is a wild and timid loveliness, that of Desdemona is most tender, that of Ophelia most tragical and touching. Portia, too, is lovely and Olivia—though these two, we admit, do barely escape being beauties; Viola, like Celia, has a sort of dainty loveliness, while Cordelia, Lear's daughter Cordelia, is as lovely as Juliet herself.

The familiar winter bird, the white-breasted nuthatch, is the champion "steepjack" of the world, says an exchange. It can travel head foremost down any tree trunk in the forest and can perform other dizzy gymnastic feats with astounding ease. The nuthatch makes nothing of thrillers.

The winter hawk occasionally tries to catch asleep this weasel of a bird. The nuthatch, however, can scuttle around a tree trunk, thrice outpacing the squirrel at the same trick. The bird braves the bitter cold, and if it knew how it probably would hearten us in the winter days with something more cheerful than "Quack, quack." It does not know how, however, and so we must take it for its beauty and its society and let the rest go.

Sea-Lion Performers.

Any boy who has gone to a circus knows what remarkable "stunts" sea-lions can perform—humans beings can't do some of them. There is, of course, the trick of balancing a big ball on their snouts and tossing it from one to another in that way. The sea-lion orchestra is not particularly musical, but the animals can create an awful din by means of horns, drums and bells. The more clever of them can walk up a ladder and down, with a baton on their snout; while others roll over or dive when there is a tank. Each trainer tries new tricks with his lions, making sure at first that he can do all the most common ones.

Historic Pennant Sold.

An interesting relic was sold in Glasgow the other day. It was the old yellow silk pennant of the Earl of Marchmont, on which are the St. Andrew's cross, the lion rampant, and other heraldic devices. The pennant is in a fragile condition and is thought to date back to the fourteenth or fifteenth century. It is satisfactory to know that this interesting relic of an earlier day was purchased by a Scotsman, and therefore will remain in Scotland.

GIVES WOUND-HEALING DISCOVERY TO COLLEGE

Tests in Army Hospitals Have Proved Value of New Substance.

Having discovered a chemical substance which has proved remarkably successful in curing wounds and in causing wounds to heal at once which for months, or even years, had refused to yield to treatment, Dr. T. Brailford Robertson, professor of biochemistry in the University of California, has just executed a deal donating to the University of California all his patent rights in this valuable new substance, "Tethelin." All profits resulting from the discovery are to constitute an endowment, the income to be applied to medical research.

Tests of this new substance, made in army hospitals in Europe and in civil hospitals in America, have proved the great value of the discovery. The appalling number of men wounded in the present war makes the discovery of special timeliness and value. Several new substances and new methods have been found by the medical investigators of the world since the war began which are extremely useful in combating infection in wounds. This new substance, however, "Tethelin," has a field of usefulness all its own, after other methods have rendered the tissues aseptic, and wounds still sometimes refuse to heal—especially where frost-bite, burns or varicose veins have injured the vitality of the tissues. It is precisely these causes—the most expensive and most disabbling types of wounds—which "Tethelin" will cure, since it stimulates the sluggish tissues and enables nature to work its own repair.

Not only in old wounds but "Tethelin" has been found valuable. It has been found that often open sores which for years have refused to heal have at once yielded to treatment with this new drug.

TOO YOUNG FOR SOLDIER

Youth Who Enlisted in Cleveland Sent Back From France.

George Puskas, sixteen, the youngest American soldier to go to France, it is back in Cleveland. He didn't want to return, but officers discovered he was too young after he had been under an enlistment two years. He joined the army in Cleveland in 1915 and, being large for his age, passed as nineteen. He was sent to the Mexican border later and took part in several border skirmishes.

Then came the war with Germany and George was in the first division abroad. But his parents, when they learned he was near the battle front, worried and told officials of his age. So they sent him home.

"But I'll re-enlist just as soon as I'm old enough," says George.

His father, living at Lorain, came from Austria-Hungary and is still a subject of Emperor Charles. But young Puskas says the family is against the kaiser and his allies now.

LAUD BRITISH HUMANITY

Foes Unable to Return Compliment at Prisoner Exchange Conference.

At the recent conference held at The Hague by British and German delegates to discuss the question of treatment and exchange of prisoners, the Germans entered the conference room from a door on one side of the room and the English from a door on the opposite side. No conversation took place except upon the business of the conference.

Before the conference ended, the chief of the German delegation rose and insisted upon thanking the British warmly for the way in which their prisoners had been treated. He said no other country had behaved so well.

The English commissioners bowed their thanks, but did not return the compliment.

PUTS FLAG ON HISTORIC SITE

Wellesley Marks Spot Where Concord Minute Men Gathered.

Wellesley college flag raising and lowering takes place every morning and evening under the charge of a body of students.

Mrs. Hodder of the history department recently addressed the students on the historical significance of the site chosen for the flag staff. This stands just inside East Lodge entrance to the campus, on the site of the old Bullard tavern.

It was here that the Minute Men gathered for the battle of Lexington and Concord. At the entrance of East Lodge Mrs. Durant placed a tablet commemorating the place and the names of the Minute Men.

TEST WAR GASES ON DOGS

Army Experimenters Find Use for Superfluous Canines.

Stray dogs picked up in Bridgeport, Conn., and other cities, to be killed by the dog wardens, are to be shipped to New Haven, where they will be subjected to government tests with new poison gases, which later will be used against the Germans in the trenches of the European battlefields.

Experiments are being conducted with various forms of gases at New Haven by the army and navy gas experimental committee.

Every effort is being made to make the gas mixtures as humane as is possible, so that death because of them will be without suffering.

WARSHIPS MUST HAVE AIR

Ventilation Is Secured Through Watertight Trunks, Which Are Continued Up to Weather Deck.

One of the most difficult problems in building a modern battleship is to secure satisfactory ventilation, says the Minneapolis Journal. A ship is such a complicated thing, made up of many steel boxes, large and small, for the accommodation of officers, men, coal, ammunition and stores; dotted here and there with so many steel ladders, automatic lifts, steel bulkheads, and watertight doors, varied here and there by miles of electric wires belonging to lights, telephones, bells and motors, to say nothing of the endless mileage of pipes for flooding, draining, pumping, fresh water, fresh air or compressed air, and speaking tubes.

First in importance comes the ventilating of the boiler and engine rooms. When you begin to think of the gangways of coal black demons working away in the bowels of the ship at a temperature of 120 degrees; when, too, you commence to realize that unless the furnaces receive their required draught the speed of the battleship drops to below that of her sisters in the squadron, you appreciate the importance of steam-driven fans to the furnaces and boiler rooms. The supply of air comes down through large watertight trunks which are continued right up to the weather deck, armored gratings being provided at the protective deck.

For ventilating engine rooms, large electric fans are employed. So, too, the coal bunkers have to be ventilated, owing to the gas which the coal gives off. This gas, when mixed with air, forms an explosive; so, in order to prevent a possibility of injury to men or ship, a supply and an exhaust pipe are fitted in such a manner as to cause a current of air.

JUNGLE FARM OF 50 ACRES

Only Ranch in World Where Crops Are Produced for Exclusive Use of Wild Animals.

On a large tract of ground on the outskirts of New York city there is the only farm in the world where crops are raised for the exclusive use of wild animals.

Little is known even in the metropolis about this curious jungle farm, yet it covers about fifty acres, and has been in existence for some time. It has gradually become a veritable clearing house for foodstuffs for more than 5,000 captive beasts, birds, and reptiles hailing from all parts of the world, who now live as one happy family in the fine New York Zoological park.

Until the establishment of the farm, the provision of a beautiful and varied menu which would satisfy the residents of the zoo and keep them in good health the year round, was a most difficult matter, particularly in winter; but the products of the farm have solved this problem perfectly.

Not only do these include corn, carrots, beets, cabbages, turnips, potatoes, and other good things that delight the appetite of vegetarians among the jungle folks, but the needs of the carnivorous beasts are also looked after. For this purpose, the farm contains several big breeding houses in which are raised large quantities of chickens, rabbits, guinea pigs, rats, white mice, pigeons, squabs and pigs.

The Pilot's Heart.

"The romance of the air," writes an aviator of some experience, "is a different thing from masochism and superstitions. It is not bound up in the machines. It is something deep down in its own grim and callous self. Those who know it best acknowledge it least. And the pilots themselves—do they speak of a "lucky" or an "unlucky" pilot? Never. They speak only of a "good" pilot or a "bad" one. The only time a man is told he is lucky is when he has failed to break his neck despite bad piloting. Flying is a cruel mistress. Only a pilot knows what she does to a pilot's heart. Where are the young pilots? At the airfields learning to fly. They are nowhere else. But bound up in the romance there is a pride that only a pilot can know. It is the pride of the self-dependent."

Hardwood Floors Darkened.

Floors that turn dark from oiling generally need to be scraped. Sometimes a paint or varnish remover, bought at a paint shop, is used first. One housekeeper improved a discolored floor by scrubbing it hard, using naphtha soap and adding washing soda to the water. She did only a small piece at a time, using one of the small wooden-backed nail-brushes with very hard bristles. Cracks can be filled with a mixture of sawdust and glue. This can be darkened with a little burnt umber to match the floor. In mixing use water 20 parts, glue one part and sawdust as necessary. Another filler is a pulp made from newspapers torn up and pounded into a flour and water paste. It hardens in the cracks.

Freak Hickory Tree.

An odd-shaped hickory tree grew on the J. H. Bowersox farm about a mile from Gohensville, Pa., on the plot of ground owned by the Lutheran church, situated on the Bowersox farm. It is a freak growth, a singular curiosity. It resembles a large hook, the limbs of the tree are all on the under side of the extreme point of the hook, where they grew out and up in the peculiar manner. The tree is about 24 feet high to the top part of the hook, or in other words the elbow formed by the bole.

EXPOSE GERMAN SPY OF DECADE

"Herr Wurzel" Establishes Colonies in Argentina.

RUNS HOTEL AND THEN FARMS

As Major Domo of Kaiser's Espionage Service in Southern Republic He Entertains Von Papen—Is Man of Smooth, Smiling and Gentle Personality.

In view of the recent disclosures of the activities of German spies in Argentina, and the repeated assurances of persons of standing that they have seen Capt. Franz von Papen in Buenos Aires, much interest has been aroused by an article in El Diario of Buenos Aires regarding the activities of the man who fills the role of commissary general or major domo in the German spy organization in the Argentine Republic. He is a man of smooth, smiling and gentle personality.

Ten years ago, according to El Diario, he arrived in Argentina. Oatenly he was under contract to manage one of the fashionable hotels in the Cordoba Hills, a region much frequented by high society.

Plays Hotel Manager Poorly.

Those who visited the hotel during the first season noticed that the manager was an exceptional sort. There was something in his attitude that placed him in a world apart from that of the average hotel manager. His demeanor was more like a host's in his own mansion, and he deemed out of place discussing prices.

Then he married, purchased a section of land in the Cordoba, and surrounded himself with subordinates, all from Germany, to which country Herr Wurzel, as El Diario decides to name him, made trips each year.

Just as suddenly as Herr Wurzel gave up the hotel business he abandoned his farm, returning from a trip to Germany aboard a neutral ship in September, 1914, and took up his residence in Buenos Aires.

Is German Reserve Captain.

Herr Wurzel is, states El Diario, a reserve captain of the imperial army. In his role as hotel manager he became acquainted with a number of persons prominent in Argentine society, and, more than that, gained extensive knowledge of the condition, situation and character of many people in the country. Under the guise of a gentleman farmer, he established colonies of German subjects capable of constituting at an opportune time one or several army battalions.

At the present time he is a kind of major domo in the German spy system in Argentina. He acts as intermediary between those in high places in the executive body and those placed in the second rank.

His house is frequented by many different classes of people, and it was there, apparently, that Captain von Papen stayed while in the capital.

DIPLOMAT'S DAUGHTER LEADS IN WAR WORK



Miss Margaret Sharp, daughter of Ambassador and Mrs. William Graves Sharp, is an indefatigable worker in the interests of the Red Cross and other war aids in Paris, and has established quite a reputation as an organizer and executive in great charitable projects for the benefit of war victims, hospitals and institutions to assist crippled, injured and wounded soldiers.

Baltimore Needs 15,000 Employees. Thomas M. Barr, director of the United States bureau of employment at Baltimore, finds that Baltimore needs 15,000 industrial workers to bring her shops and factories to a full quota.

Bounty for Kaiser's Captor.

Practically every male resident of Poolville, Tex., contributed to the bounty of \$12,500 offered as a reward for the delivery of Kaiser Wilhelm into the hands of the American authorities.

WHY JENNIE HATES FLOWERS

They Mean to Her the Very Essence of Green Fields, Pleasant Odors, Birds and Bees.

"I hate flowers," said Jennie, a little Italian girl of 9, as she bent over the pile of white daisy petals on the kitchen table. She was busily picking up the "pepe," first dipping each stem in paste smeared on a piece of board, slipping a petal up each stem and inserting it in one of the green tubes on the wreath.

Flowers to her did not spell green fields, pleasant odors or something soft and agreeable to feel and handle. To this little girl living in the crowded Italian district on the lower west side of New York city, flowers meant piles of hideously colored petals of cambric stiff with starch and dye and smelling strongly of alcohol, glue and paint. These she had to fetch from the factory every day after school. Next school the next morning the same had to "manufacture" them into flowers.

Everyone worked, all except her father, who declared that it was not "a man's work," and an older son, who was driver on a wagon truck. When the baby, 18 months old, could help by picking apart the petals. Maggie, 5 years old, was too young to go to school, but she could work the greasy part of the day. Nardo, aged 8, was an expert hand, although his mother complained that he wanted to play. Besides Jennie there was little Angelina, a hunchback of 11 years, who was really the forewoman of the group, seeing to it that each day's quota was faithfully done.

The account-book showed that six dozens of wreaths, with 30 flowers were finished every night. The best tercup wreaths brought 8 cents a dozen and the daisies 10 cents. For this work the family received \$2.50 or \$3.00 a week, according to whether they worked on buttercups or daisies. —Louise C. Odencrantz, in World Outlook.

AFFINITY BETWEEN MOODS

Author John Synge's Declarations Regarding Temperament of Poets of the West of Ireland.

There is a significant phrase in one of John Synge's books, says the Monthly Times. Speaking of the spirituality and wildness of the peasants of the west of Ireland, he remarks:

"There is an affinity between the moods of those people and the moods of varying rapture and dismay that are frequent in artists and in certain forms of alienation." These peasant descendants of an ancient bard who were chased to the West, are said to be born poets. Synge noted in them the quick changes from gloominess to gaiety, and saw the relation of these changes and the Celtic druidism to the genius that has shown itself among these people.

Especially acute was his realization that such traits bear some relation to manic-depressive insanity, though he did not understand that the genius is not insane but specially prone to insanity because of his delicately organized nervous system. What the genius becomes clinically insane he ceases, therefore, to be a creative artist. All the confusion about genius and insanity is unnecessary if these simple facts be kept in mind.

Poet and Blacksmith.

The professor came to be a neighbor of the blacksmith in the year 1887. As he walked daily past the smithy and the simple commonplace home of the blacksmith, he came to watch and know the kindly man. It was not long before they became good friends. The blacksmith was proud of his home, and doubtless told the professor how happy he was when, in 1828, he had made his first arrangements to buy it from a man named Torrey Hancock. And perhaps some times they talked about the wonderful spring that was famous for its clean and sparkling waters, for this was right at hand. Below the spot where the spring gushed forth, the women of the town still did their washing.

The name of the street where lived the blacksmith and the professor is the same today as in their time. If you visit the great city of Cambridge, you will easily find your way to Beechle street, and the homes of "The Village Blacksmith," by name Dexter Pratt, and of the professor and poet, Henry W. Longfellow.—Vlyn Johnson, in St. Nicholas.

Ignana a Bread Fruit.

The orange, apple and banana cannot be compared for the reason that they represent three extreme types. The orange contains no starch and the banana is nearly all starch. The apple stands midway between the two. One can make a meal of ripe bananas, but ripe oranges would, by themselves, hardly suffice. The orange is a refreshing food, the banana a sustaining food. The orange and the apple should be consumed with other food, and whereas one might eat half a loaf of bread and half a dozen apples, he would be very foolish to eat half a loaf of bread and a half dozen bananas. The banana is really a bread fruit.

Knownable.

"These Dubwaits put on a great many airs, merely because they have had the same cook for more than twenty years." "There are some forms of vanity," said a condone, "which Mr. Githens and keeping the same cook for more than twenty years is one of them."