

HUMAN WRECKS ARE SENT HOME BY THE HUNS

Frightfulness of War Is Practiced by the Germans.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN SUFFER

Red Cross Worker Shows What It Means to Be Caught Back of the German Lines in Belgium and France—Many Paralyzed, Diseased and Broken People Sent Back to France.

By MILTON BRONNER.

I have just seen from the little French town on the Swiss border, through which Germany pours back into France all the old broken men and women, the tiny starved children, the wrecked soldier prisoners of whom it can make no possible use.

I have seen Evian through the eyes of Mrs. Jun Richardson Lucas, American Red Cross worker, whose husband, Dr. William Palmer Lucas, is head of the Red Cross infant welfare unit in France.

After reading the diary, letters of Mrs. Lucas, if I have one wish in the world outside the fervent one that my country shall whip Germany, it is that the Huns may never reach these shores with their own particular brand of hell.

Mrs. Lucas shows war as the kaiser practices it. She furnishes terrible pictures of the aftermath of war—of what it means to be caught back of the German lines in Belgium and northern France.

Sees Sad Procession. She has seen the sad procession of crushed old people. She pictures the starving and frightened children—children with black clothes and dead, white faces; soldier prisoners broken by the unspeakable prison methods of the Prussians.

Mrs. Lucas is at Evians-les-Bains, the little French city on Lake Geneva. Two trains a day come in to Evian, each bearing its burden of 500 people.

The children are very largely fatherless and motherless. The old people are uprooted from the little villages where they dwelt so long and which have been destroyed by the Huns.

Even though they are back in France, they feel like strangers in a strange land.

There is a place where they are given food and shelter. They are Red Cross hospitals for the sick. There are registration bureaus.

Sometimes the little ones are too young to know their own names. All they know is the village from which they came.

And here, too, the children are taken to America's sitting as safely and securely as they can be taken from the despoiled Hun.

Hot Meal Brings Smiles. "The hot meal is really for them and they take it as a pleasure. But as soon as the warmth and coziness of it reaches their tired hearts, they begin to smile and talk to each other."

After a while the band of patients who are debilitated by Evian to help begin to play some very stirring French air. The children laugh at first, but the older ones cannot hear it and you see many tears.

"Then the prefect of the district speaks to them in a friendly stirring fashion, welcoming them to their country once more and with all tenderness of the French language, speaks of their sufferings, of the sufferings of France, of the bravery of their soldiers, of the final victory of France, 'Vive la France' he shouts in closing and those homeless people respond with a cheer that blinds and chokes you.

"You wonder how they can, and yet you see that they must. It helps them to go on.

"Then the playing of the 'Marseillaise.' They cannot sing. At first it sounds like one great sob from a heart broken people, but the ringing 'Marchons, Marchons' becomes a cry of victory.

"Later the little village quiets down. It was clear moonlight last night as I walked back to our little hotel and stood for a while on the terrace looking across at the convent.

"On the gateway was written: 'Patronage of Joanne D'Arc.' Perhaps I saw France once more."

Germany has not only killed the men of France by shooting them down in battle and by working the captured soldier prisoners to death.

She also has made war on the women and children who were not strong enough to be living in villages captured by the Huns. They were driven from their homes and left to roam the fields when they were not put to work for the Boches or outraged by them.

Sends Back the Wrecks. Now Germany is clearing up the wreckage. She is sending back to France the tubercular, the paralyzed, the diabolic.

"I started down the street," writes

Mrs. Lucas, "with a boy of fourteen who had been digging trenches for the Germans for the last five months. He looked delicate, probably tubercular, or he would not have been allowed to go. I think. He was much interested, as they all are, to find Americans at work. I suppose they had been told by their captors that we are not going to do anything about this war."

"Picture your own little fourteen-year-old son put to work digging trenches for German brutes. That is bad enough—but think of your little daughter and read this:

"This evening's convey brought a bit of evidence against the enemy—a child of fifteen with a year-old Boche baby in her arms. The little mother looked so badly, you felt that was why she had not been held; indeed, the baby was ill, too, and the grandmother was in utter despair about it all.

"Another woman was so depressed because of her two little boys, both paralyzed and both covered with horrible sores—the result of unutterable hygienic conditions.

"Our ambulance men thought the kiddies had smallpox until a nurse explained. They were only eight and ten years old and in such frightful condition.

"The mother insisted that the paralyzed was from terror. I don't know. I should think almost any strange physical phenomenon might come out of what they have all been through."

Here's Frightful Picture. And here is a frightful and touching picture of the children of France—the little ones upon whose future may depend the future of that great nation:

"There were so many sick children this morning—whoooping cough and had throats seemed to predominate. It makes you shudder—the possibilities of epidemics and the opportunity for the spread of disease all through the interior of France are so grave.

"Diphtheria has given us all a big fright, but it has been checked now. 'It is impossible to give you any idea of the size of this problem here. From the point of view of public health, I doubt if there has ever been a situation of larger scope.

"About 500 of the daily thousands are children, who show the effect of three years of dirt, limited bathing facilities or none, vermin, skin losses of all kinds."

Black Clothes, Dead White Faces. We look around in our own happy country and see people in gray clothes. The tint of health is in their cheeks. Contrast that with this poignant etching:

"This morning at the Casino I asked our photographer if he thought he could get a picture of the returned people as they sat at the tables. We were standing on the balcony looking down on them. His keen photographer's eye took it in and he said: 'It can't be done. They are all black and white—black clothes dead-white faces. You couldn't get it.'

"I cannot forget the remark. It is so true. Black clothes, dead-white faces—hundreds of them. You can't get them, and you can't forget them."

One of the finest things about these pictures, with a view to our future relations with France, is their grateful regard for America and Americans.

A separate asked Mrs. Lucas if she spoke French. She said: "No, American."

To which the Frenchman replied: "At least in a meagre chese, la memo de madame."

"Yes, it is the same thing, the same de madame."

ESTIMATES WAR'S COST AT \$145,000,000,000

F. W. Hirst Says That That Figure Will Be Reached Before End of Winter.

Assuming that the European war comes to an end this winter, the cost will have been \$145,000,000,000, according to F. W. Hirst, formerly editor of the London Economist, who has prepared an address on "The Real Cost and Probable Economic Consequences of the War." Mr. Hirst draws a distinction between what he calls the "real cost" of the war and its financial or "budget cost." What the war expenditure figures portend, he says, is still concealed by curtains woven out of war loans and embroidered with high wages, huge profits, fine words, and all the paraphernalia of fictitious prosperity. He predicts a greater social and economic revolution, a more sweeping change of properties than was witnessed in Great Britain since the Norman conquest. Mr. Hirst expresses disapproval of the theory that by unduly taxing the rich the condition of the poor is improved.

Taking up the "budget cost" of the war, Mr. Hirst estimates the cost of various countries, including mobilization expenditures and the restoration of currencies, assuming that the war ended this winter, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Country, Cost. Includes Great Britain and colonies, Germany, Russia, France, Austria-Hungary, United States, Italy.

Emphasizing the importance of the economic side of the war, Mr. Hirst says that what neither Christian feeling nor military force can effect may be brought about by economic pressure. With regard to the financial state of Great Britain he says that it is the only great belligerent power in Europe which has substantially increased its revenue from taxation, and that consequently its war debt would be less than the war expenditures.

RECOVERS OCTANT LOST MANY YEARS

Owner Recognizes It In Collection of Instruments.

REPORTED LOST BY BORROWER

Captain McGray Loaned Fine Old English Octant to Friend 32 Years Ago, Who Later Reported It Lost at Sea—Owner Finds It in Collection in Possession of United States Shipping Board.

Thirty-two years ago Capt. Arthur N. McGray of New York, secretary of the Neptune association, an organization of captains, mates and pilots in the merchant marine, owned a fine English octant, which had been presented to him in 1876, and which had guided him safely across many leagues of pathless ocean.

A friend sailing out of Gloucester, as Captain McGray also sailed in those days, felt the need of a navigating instrument for use on a fishing trip to the Grand Banks, and Captain McGray loaned him his octant.

The two mariners pursued their respective voyages, and made yet others before they met again. Then the borrower of the octant reported that he could not return it, as he had lost it with his vessel at sea.

Remembered It Exactly.

Captain McGray never ceased to regret the loss of his octant, which was brought to mind every time he saw a sextant, its successor among navigating instruments. Through 32 years he remembered exactly how the lost octant looked.

One day recently Captain McGray was at national headquarters of the United States shipping board recruiting service at the Boston custom



Capt. Arthur N. McGray and His Octant.

house, when his attention was attracted by a number of navigating instruments arranged on a table.

Each instrument was in its own mahogany case. Pointing to one of the cases, which was of old shape and much weather-beaten, Captain McGray remarked: "That looks like the case I used to keep my octant in years ago; I have never before seen another like it."

Opening the case and glancing at the instrument within, the captain said:

"That is an exact duplicate of my old instrument—made by the same people in London. Mine had the first initial of my name, A, carved in a little ivory plate on the back of the frame."

The instrument was removed from its case. On the back of its frame was found a yellowed ivory plate, and on the plate, neatly carved, was the letter A.

His Long Lost Octant.

There could be no doubt that this was Captain McGray's long-lost octant. Inquiry showed that it had come into the possession of the shipping board last summer, when Henry Howard, director of recruiting for the board, issued an appeal to the public for contributions of navigating instruments to overcome a temporary shortage in the schools in navigating maintained by the recruiting department for training officers for the merchant marine.

The instrument had been presented to the board by William E. Tucker, a fire department engineer of Gloucester, Mass. In response to inquiries Mr. Tucker stated that it was given to him years ago by a sailor, who did not tell him where he got it. The mystery of how it escaped the sea, when lost by the man who borrowed it, therefore could not be cleared up. Mr. Tucker consenting, and the shortage of instruments for the schools having been overcome, Mr. Howard restored the instrument to its original owner, who now has it in his office at 15 Whitehall street, New York.

Passing Responsibility Along.

"Studying economy?" "Yes, I have found so many ways in which other people can effect a saving that I don't see much necessity for stunting myself to speak of."

TEACH COOKING AS WAR MEASURE

Government May Adopt a Course of Instruction.

SUCCESS IN GREAT BRITAIN

Housewives Given Training Along the Lines of Economy, Including Also Ordinary Cooking for Times of Peace—Children Between Ages of Five and Fourteen Years Required to Attend.

In addition to the methods employed by Herbert Hoover in promulgating his economical suggestions, the government may soon adopt a course of instruction in cookery that has proved successful in Great Britain. This scheme, which was first tried in London and subsequently put into practical use in the other large cities, was stimulated, Keith Merrill, American vice consul, says, by the necessity for a certain amount of training for all housewives along the lines of economy and including also the regular training in the art of ordinary cooking for times of peace.

Course of Six Demonstrations. The course of instruction in each place consists of six demonstrations, one weekly, according to the following syllabus:

- 1. Voluntary rations; food that serves the same purpose as meat; how to get the best value for money. 2. Substitutes for wheat flour; use of oatmeal, barley, flour, maize (corn), meal and other cereals. 3. Economical use of sugar; aids and substitutes. 4. Catering for a week; unwise purchasing; the evils of underfeeding; the relation of price to value. 5. Kitchen economies; stock, gravy, fat; the salad garden; the abuse of the refuse tub. 6. The fireless cooker, the "hot-water jacket," etc.; other devices for fuel saving.

To fill the need for training in the art of ordinary cooking for times of peace the London county council has provided courses in domestic economy (cookery, laundry work and housewifery) in both the day schools and its evening institutes. Children are required to attend these schools between the ages of five and fourteen years, and the course in domestic science is taken during the last two years of their attendance.

The pupils devote one-half day each week to this subject, although in certain districts pupils are withdrawn, either entirely or for at least half the week, from school duties during a period varying from three to six months falling within their last year at school, so that they may engage in the domestic work under as realistic conditions as possible, an experiment necessitated by the problem of reconciling the requirements of the domestic economy course with the demands of school time, having regard to the special conditions existing in London.

Teach 65,500 in Month. In January, 1917, the 178 cookery centers, 56 laundry centers, 128 combined cookery and laundry centers, and 72 housewifery centers provided places in all for 65,500 children.

The foregoing comprises the schedule of obligatory instruction for girls between the ages of five and fourteen years. There are also the evening institute schools attended by all ages from fourteen to sixty, in which the plan of teaching is elastic, with a view to making the greatest appeal to the heterogeneous types of pupils. The purpose is to continue the education and to develop the economic powers of

the individual from the point to which she has been brought by former instruction and study.

Special courses of lessons have been arranged for war-time meals on catering and cooking dinners, suppers, breakfasts and teas for four or more persons at two pence, three pence, six pence, nine pence and one shilling (4, 6, 12, 18 and 24 cents) per person under the following heads:

- 1. In each case a comparison of cost of cooking by gas or coal fire, with and without the aid of fuel saving contrivances, such as the hxybox (fireless) cooker, should be made. 2. In every case the cost per portion must be calculated, and the time spent in preparation of the dish noted. 3. The food value of the dish should be discussed. 4. The attention of students should be directed to the special reports on the markets (wholesale and retail) in the daily press.

In addition to the day schools and evening institutes, various polytechnic institutes, supported by the authorities and the reasonable tuition fees collected from the students, supply finishing and advanced courses in all subjects of the science. The consultations and demonstrations relative to war-time cookery are free.

GIANT AT FORT DODGE

University Man Is Six Feet Six Inches, and Weighs 245 Pounds.

The biggest man at Camp Dodge, according to the medical officers who have been giving the men physical examinations, is Bernard Anderson of Littlefield, Minn.

Anderson is six feet six inches tall in his stocking feet, and weighs 245 pounds. The men of Company F, Third—Hundred and Thirtieth, Engineers, to which he was assigned, have dubbed him "Jess Willard." He is wearing the regulation army hat, military shirt and marching shoes, and does not look unlike the photographs of the heavyweight champion that have been published.

Anderson is a salesman and mechanic for the International Harvester company before he entered Camp Dodge. He is twenty-eight years old. He does not come of a family which is noted for its height. His father, O. W. Anderson, is five feet ten inches tall, and his mother is five feet seven inches in height.

"They certainly feed us well," he said. "And the exercise we get gives us an appetite. I am having a first rate time in camp, and when I get over into France I expect to lambast the Germans right to make it up to the government."

FINDS BOTTLE AFLOAT

One Thrown Into Kentucky River Picked Up Off Rhode Island.

On May 8, 1900, Benjamin Petwick of Cincinnati, while fishing in Licking river, Kentucky, threw overboard a bottle containing a note with his name and address, reading:

"Let me know when and where it was found."

Serjt. James H. Tolson of the quartermaster's department, stationed at Fort Grebel, R. I., while fishing off the fort, found the bottle recently. He has communicated the incident to Mr. Petwick.

INDIANS NOW FOX TROT

Modern Steps Are Replacing Ancient Tribal Dances.

The seductive fox trot and one-step have ruined forever the beautiful white deerskin dance of the Klamath Indians. The Indians have just staged one of their rare spectacles and several of the braves who had devoted themselves to syncretized music and dancing failed to come back, falling naturally into the modern steps, while some of the most intricate steps of the traditional tribal dance were supposed to hold the boards.

POILUS BATHE BY THE OLD MILL STREAM



French soldiers on rest behind the French lines taking advantage of their stay near a fresh-water stream to wash their clothes. The old mill is in ruins, a result of German shell fire.

WOMAN IS HEAD OF CONNECTICUT POLICE



Dr. Valeria H. Parker of Hartford, Conn., has the distinction of being the first woman policeman who has been given supervision over other state policemen in the United States. Through the state council of defense she was recently given supervision of five state policemen and of the department of state police patrol about training camps in connection with military and naval centers in Connecticut. Her duty is to speak to thoughtless, careless girls and to attempt to get them interested in club activities. During these weeks in Connecticut 118 girls and women were interested in recreation rooms and clubs recently formed in connection with camp work.

The Girls' Patriotic League and the Y. M. C. A. have established recreation centers where the girls and soldiers may listen to good music, read good books, see moving pictures and dance.

"SHELL BLEW 'OUSE HQUT OF ME 'AND"

English "Tommy" Explains Reason for His Reverence for a Door Knob.

An English "Tommy" entered the Petrograd hotel, in the rue Casimir, Paris, and sat down at a table next to four Americans. He looked very downhearted. When the garcon approached him he said:

"I shall have a glass of bittah."

"Comment?"

"A glass of bittahs."

"Je ne comprends pas," ventured the garcon.

"Now, I wouldn't drink that if you gave it me 'or nothink," retorted the "Tommy." Then the Americans took him under their wing, and soon he had his glass of "bittah," which on second consideration he termed "pyle ha."

Just before the glasses were raised the "tommy" took from his pocket a brown doorknob and placed it on the table in front of him. Before drinking the toast "To the Allies" he clanked his glass against the knob, murmuring: "Ere's to my hold pal!"

"Hereafter he sipped his 'pyle ha' in silence, but at each new round touched his glass to the knob. The Americans exchanged winks after the second time.

One of the Americans finally reached for the knob, saying, "Let's see your pal," but "Tommy" stopped him. "Don't like a liberty with 'im," he said. Finally all the Americans had except the one who had spoken first to the soldier. There was silence and then "Tommy" explained, nodding toward the knob:

"E's very dear to me. I was gashed and 'ad shell shock at Verdun. We got spirited from our company, hand shells began fallin' near 'us. The captain ordered 'us to get under cover, hand we sprinted for an 'ousa an' 'undred yards off. I'm a bit of a sprinter and I got there first, and just 'ad grabbed 'old of this doorknob when a bloody shell came along and blew the 'ouse hout of me 'and."

FOLLOWED CORN TRAIL

Woman Would Not Prosecute After She Got Back Chickens.

A man employed occasionally at the home of Mrs. K. M. Flocker at Pittsburgh, Pa., left suddenly recently. Mrs. Flocker immediately made a census of her chickens and found that two of the biggest had disappeared.

The Northside police were notified and Detective John A. Beck hurried to the scene.

After a few questions Detective Beck noticed a quantity of corn sprinkled in the yard near the gate. He opened the gate and found another pile of corn.

Beck followed the trail of corn through the alley to West Park and thence to a house in Merchant street, where the trail stopped.

He knocked at the door and found the pair of chickens in the house, he said. Mrs. Flocker refused to prosecute after the chickens had been returned and would not give the name of the person suspected.