

U. S. TO TREAT CAPTIVES WELL

Organization Being Perfected for Handling Prisoners.

IN CHARGE OF THE "M. P."

System to be followed by the Provost Marshal General's Department to be Combination of English and French Methods—Prison Camps to be Object Lesson to Enemy in Humane Treatment.

Whatever fate awaits our soldiers who fall prisoners to the Germans; whatever hardships and tortures Karlsruhe or the mines of Rethelshausen and Ewald have in store for them, a fact with which Fritz may well console himself is the comparative consideration with which the American army will treat him when he greets us with a "Kamerad."

The American scheme for handling prisoners of war is still in the embryo. It may be said to be one of the best that has yet been devised. For months, American army men have been visiting immense prison colonies in Great Britain and throughout France. They studied the systems in use in both countries, and while they have found no pronounced defects in the British system it is undoubtedly the French plan which they will follow closest in preparing the American camps. This, it is explained, is quite natural, as the American government will be dependent on the French for location of the collecting stations, distributing centers and the final quarters for the barracks. The French have three large collecting stations in the interior. It is more than likely that the American forces will be allotted one of these stations for its war prisoners until our own are completed and ready for use.

A Great Experiment.
The handling of military prisoners in France has been a gigantic experiment in sociology. For the past three years the French government has been conducting prison camps according to the newest formulae of group administration; it treats its prisoners somewhat after the manner of refugees, a population made homeless and hungry by some disaster. This has been repeated over and over again by every one who has come to France since the outbreak of the war. But it cannot be said too often, I have seen during the early days of the war huge concentration camps of homeless Belgians on the Dutch border. As the war progressed I made visits to neutral internment camps and saw the living conditions of Russian, Austrian and German soldiers. From what I have seen of French military prison methods I can say that in humaneness of treatment, the good quality of food and the liberty of movement allowed both of fliers and men no other nation, belligerent or neutral, which has cared for great masses of people during this war has equalled the generosity of France.

"We Americans have had a great deal of experience in sociology—more perhaps, than any other nation in the world. We should find it interesting work, applying our vast knowledge and experience to a new and unique phase of social science," said a high army official who has made a thorough study of prison camp methods in Europe. He spoke of the handling of war prisoners as being a real humane problem and while emphasizing that a war prisoners' camp was not a picnic ground or a health resort, it was at the same time not a black hole for the breeding of diseases and the starving and torturing of human beings, as seemed to be the Prussian idea. I asked him whether he thought reprisals to be a satisfactory means of insuring better treatment for prisoners in Germany, and he answered quickly that America would not and cannot enter into competition with medieval tyrannism.

Germans Barbarous.
"French captives in Germany have endured tremendous suffering, have died of tuberculosis and skin diseases and of just plain starvation; the world knows and will long remember the story of that martyrdom. Yet despite such intolerable sufferings of its men and the bitter insults and offensive treatment with which they were compelled, the French government policy has not been one of reprisal or imitation of German method. German pamphleteers were busy several months ago informing the neutrals and their own populations of the terrible hardships of German and Austrian prisoners in France and Great Britain. Switzerland sent investigators and observers to the French camps and they came home, not merely with reports of their observations but filled with enthusiasm for the system of treatment, the food, sanitary sleeping and living quarters, hours of labor and opportunities for recreation. The men who have found shelter in French camps are quite contented. Aside from the opinion of the neutral observers, the testimony of the prisoners themselves is the best refutation of Germany's allegations. No prisoner has yet been found who complained.

"The American prison camps, combining as they will the best of the British and French systems, are expected to be a great object lesson to the enemy in the humane treatment of prisoners of war. As in the French camps, the bread ration will be an ample one, considerably higher than that of the best

fed allied soldiers in German prisons. The food will also be rationed liberally, attention being especially paid to the proper quantity of calories required for a full-grown working person.

"The provost marshal-general's department, which will have charge of our prison camps, is at present acting as the police force of the army in France. Those precincts frequented by the American expeditionary force are always patrolled by the provost's M. P. A good percentage of the provost marshal's men are the United States marines, always acknowledged as the finest army and navy 'cops' in the world. Wherever United States uniformed men are found in large numbers, wherever American property in warehouses and on the waterfronts in France is collected and made ready for shipment to the front lines, the provost marshal has his men on the job. Should the work of caring for and handling German prisoners become too large in scope for the provost marshal-general's department it is probable that a separate organization will be appointed to take it over and operate the camps, as is done in the other armies."

GRANDFATHER AND GRANDSON IN NAVY



On the left is Gaston V. Lowe, twenty years old, who enlisted at Kansas City, Mo., in 1917. He is now on duty at Hampton Roads fleet operating base.

On the right is Adolph I. Lowe, seventy-seven years old, who served in the navy from 1891 to 1895. He reentered the service May 20, 1917, as carpenter's mate.

Adolph I. Lowe, who is sure he is the oldest man serving in the navy, called on Secretary Daniels a few days ago, and was warmly welcomed by the head of the navy department. He left the service half a century ago, after serving through the Civil war, and reentered as carpenter's mate on May 20, 1917.

SAW DEVIL IN RED HAIR

But the Preacher Was Smashed and Fined.

Rev. Frank L. Johnson, pastor of a Pentecostal church at Chico, Cal., saw the red hair of Walter Kempler in his congregation and mistook it for the red challenge flag of the devil.

Grasping a chair near the pulpit, Rev. Johnson made a wild dash through the crowded pews, crying as he sped:

"There's the devil within a red-haired man. The divine spirit tells me to drive out the sin with force!"

And leaping over or brushing aside all obstructions, human and otherwise, the pastor reached Kempler, and by means of the chair began converting him to the ranks of the blessed.

But Kempler took his turn at seeing red about that time and instead of the devil he made a flank movement and sent an artillery blow into the midst of Rev. Mr. Johnson's front-line trench.

Furniture was pretty well banged up and the rest of the congregation were worse than panic-stricken when the police arrived. Both Johnson and Kempler were arrested and taken before Judge Barnes, who fined them \$10 each.

HAS SIX SUPER-SUBMARINES

Germany's New Boats Have Cruising Radius of 10,000 Miles.

Information received in an official quarter in Washington credits Germany with having completed the construction of six super-submarines of 1,500 to 1,800 tons capacity, with a cruising radius of 10,000 miles, and that six more U-boats of the same design are being rushed toward completion.

Germany has designed the newest submarines, it was said, to be superior to destroyers. It was said that the allied admiralities have known for more than three months of the actual construction of these super-submarines, which, it is believed, follow on general lines the construction of the commercial U-boats, one of which, the Deutschland, visited the United States.

Returns to Gold Mine.
When David B. Weaver, of Saxony, Minn., went to Montana in 1864, he discovered a gold mine. While he and his parents were at work on it, Indians drove them off. Four months ago he went prospecting again and he found the same mine and intends to work it despite his seventy-eight years.

The Pessimism of the Loyal

By ROBERT ADGER BOWEN of the Vigilantes

There is need to utter a word of warning and protest to those loyal ones among us who, by some perverse tendency to pessimism, are constantly sounding the note that Germany delights to hear. The recent great thrust of the German armies has given these pessimists fresh stimulus. In their hearts, though they know it not, though they deny it indignantly when so accused, they have accepted defeat—they are already whipped.

Could Germany ask for more than the spreading of this unwarranted attitude of mind? It is the subtlest, the most poisonous of all forms of the multifarious German propaganda—the killing of faith and hope and determination to win. "They shall not pass!" said the French at Verdun. These words say: "They have passed! See how the British have fallen back!" These are not "quitters" in other matters. They are not in any sense consciously pro-German even in this matter. They are, however, obsessed by the everlasting drip of the German idea of German efficiency. The thing to them has become an imponderable, foreseen conclusion. It blinds them to any vision beyond the actual facts of Germany's military attainments. It bids them to the military attainments of the allies. The spirit of invincibility—the invincible spirit is not theirs.

This spirit we need. There is no doubt of that. The man or the nation that goes all the way, that goes any part of the way to meet defeat is already beaten. Though this spirit of pessimism cannot even be considered as a rift in the lute of the nation's unity of faith and purpose, yet, inasmuch as it exists to any extent, it is to be deplored. For the feeling will be found always to link itself with other sentiments insidiously favorable to Germany. There always accompanies it that stubborn, narrow prejudice, so shamefully unworthy of us, against England, existing against all the evidences of fact and reason and gratitude—the nasty slur that England dodges her share of the fighting, that England leaves it to France to save the day—so far as it is saved!

There is something peculiarly lamentable in this distorted viewpoint. Disastrous though it would be to underestimate Germany's prodigious power of evil might, it would be fatal to believe it infallible and invincible.

Whence comes this proneness to trumpet Germany's success and put the soft pedal on our allies' achievements? In every instance it is to be traced to some of the interminable forms of German propaganda. It is, as has already been said, itself the quintessence of German propaganda, blown like a fine pollen through the air when its true nature is the least suspected, spread as is often a contagious disease by those unconscious of being the medium.

Against the resolute, inflexible determination to win, backing the righteous cause in which we are enlisted, Germany will go down in the rule of the monstrous evil that she has become. But she will not if these voices, too many even at the present, who proclaim that Germany has already won the war, swell in number and volume. That, indeed, is the very surest way to give the victory to Germany, because it is the surest way to undermine and disintegrate the bulwarks of faith and hope. Against an unflinching "They shall not win!" all the power of Germany's strength will not avail.

And Germany knows it!

HAS A BIRD FARM

Takes the Trouble to Build House for Them on His Place.

There is a man in Michigan who takes the trouble to build comfortable homes for birds. In March, 1914, F. A. Stuart began to equip his property of 1,678 acres, near Marshall, as a bird sanctuary. At the last count he had set up 1,434 bird boxes in scientific arrangement so as to realize the best possible results.

On June 30, 1916, he found 202 bird families enjoying the hospitality of his houses, besides the multitudes breeding after the native wild fashion in the trees, bushes and fields on his estate. Martins, bluebirds, tree swallows, wrens, robins and phoebe birds are among the varieties in this bird refuge.

Mr. Stuart takes great care to inspect the premises every 21 days, these trips of inspection including the exact number of homes occupied, the number of nests, eggs or young, and the kinds of birds. The houses farther away from the buildings are more freely used, especially by tree swallows and bluebirds. At a distance from the buildings the little bird houses are mounted on fence posts, or on iron gas pipe eight or ten feet high. Others are on the edge of the woodland and in the interior of the woods.

Letter Travels 11 Months.

It took just 11 months for a letter Alex. Carter of Fulton, Mo., mailed to B. Zaitsev at Kiev, Russia, to return to this country. Carter just received the letter with a notation that the addressee cannot be found.

SEA CALLS TO OUR COUNTRY'S YOUNG MEN

Never Was Need Greater to Carry Flag to Foreign Ports.

By HENRY HOWARD, Director of Recruiting Service, U. S. Shipping Board.

The sea's call to our country's youth today is clear and strong. At no other period of our national life has need been greater than now for fearless men to carry our flag through stress of war that storm to foreign ports. The American merchant mariner of today ranks in the greatest of all wars—the ultimate struggle of liberty with force—beside the honored brothers of the army and navy, an exemplar of the strength and plenty of this free and chivalrous new world. In his hands we trust our trader, but more than this, we trust our honor, too. Neither shall perish so long as our mariners sail the seas. Their calling is a cherished legacy from God-fearing forefathers who in their day sailed hard and far on errands of peaceful commerce, while ever ready to fight for freedom. The descendants of such men do not fall in their duty when the sea calls them in this time of war. The ways of the sailor may have been lost to them in generations of peaceful land pursuits; but the salt is in their blood, and with steady purpose they say to the sea: "Take me and teach me what you would have me do." This response, from shore to shore of a mighty land, makes possible the new, great things America is doing on the sea to end the war. On a thousand new ships now taking shape upon our shores American merchant sailors by tens of thousands will go forth, without fear. Veterans in sea service will have trained the newcomers to the fleet—and so will be wrought a strong, close-knit, all-American personnel for our reborn merchant marine.

RE-ENFORCEMENTS

By MARY PERRY KING of the Vigilantes

Stand fast, our Allies! Hand in hand, A bleeding but exultant band, Each for his own beloved land, And all for Liberty, we stand.

Majestic England, glorious France, Belgium, who led the brave advance, And all the knightly of romance, Have summoned our uncovered lance.

The weal and woe of Home and Right— The threat of Darkness and Light— The need—to hold the Truth with Might— These are the watchwords of the fight.

From town and country, field and mart, We come with pride to bear our part, In every breast the bugles start, The fanfare of the high in heart.

To serve by land or sea or air, With any weapons, any war, Take but our manhood strength, and where The fight is thickest—put us there!

NATURE OPENS INLET

Storm Brings Improvement Farmers Had Sought in Vain.

In a few hours nature has done for the rich farmers along the Indian river in Delaware what congress has failed to do in more than fifty years, when the recent storm cut an inlet 300 yards wide and eight feet deep across the river and bar flow into the ocean. For several years the inlet has gradually filled until navigation has been stopped, and bills before congress for appropriations to build jetties have always failed.

Several times farmers have attempted to dig the opening larger, but to no avail. When it closed even smaller this winter and no fish were coming in another attempt was made, but the sand shifted as fast as the farmers dug it out.

Then storm came and in a few hours scooped the inlet so that a two-masted schooner can pass while the fish are swarming into the quieter waters of Indian river and Rehoboth bay.

CROOKED FINGER CUT OFF

Man Submitted to an Operation to Enlist in Army.

Some men "lose a finger" to keep out of military service; but not so with Thomas Thoman, Denison, Tex., who had one taken off so he could get in.

Thoman tried to enlist as a stenographer, but examination disclosed the little finger on his right hand was crooked and stiff.

"That finger will have to come off if we take you," he was told.

Without a word Thoman left; half an hour later he returned.

"Well, sergeant, I had her cut off," he said.

He was accepted.

Memphis Has War Baby.

Memphis has its first "war baby." It is a little girl. A feminine voice called police headquarters and asked that search be made for a watch lost in the park. The search was made. No watch was found but the little baby, but a few days old, was discovered wrapped in blankets. The infant has a happy home now.

EAT BEEF STEW WITH A RELISH

American Soldiers Enjoy Plain Army Cooking.

APPETITES ARE ALWAYS KEEN

Men Like the Life and Have No Hankering for Elaborate Menus of Big Hotels at Home—Men Are Always Hungry and Are Never Late for Meals—Find Romance of War is Largely a Myth.

Judging by results here at the front, a man is better off with plain army cooking than with the elaborate menus of Delmonico's and the Ritz to choose from.

The officers' messes are slightly more varied than those of the enlisted men, but both are very good, and there is no complaint anywhere along the line. The men have meat, sugar and butter and all the condiments usually found on a chop house table, writes Don Martin in the New York Herald.

Here is what I had the other day at an officers' mess very close to the front: Beef stew, mashed potatoes, lettuce salad, coffee, cake, canned peaches. The next day, beans of very good quality, generously soaked in a tomato sauce, took the place of the beef stew, and rice pudding was substituted for canned peaches.

No one will get thin on fare like that, and it may be authoritatively stated that the men are by no means growing emaciated. They are the healthiest looking lot of men to be seen anywhere. Thin ones are filling out and fat ones are thinning out. Checks which once were inclined to be chalky now are tanned. Hollows under cheek bones have puffed out.

Men Like the Life.

The men with whom I have talked like the life although it is by no means an easy one. So long as food conditions remain good there will be no grumbling from the men. The army has been here long enough now to furnish added proof of the truth of Napoleon's statement that an army fights "on its stomach."

At luncheon at an officers' casual mess recently I saw men well known at the leading hotels in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. One of them is considerable of an epicure and his messmates say he was inclined at first to balk at the rough army food. It is all changed now. He eats beef stew with the same relish he once ate terrapin, and beans he enjoys as thoroughly as he once enjoyed a delicious curry. I asked him if he would like to sit down with a Fifth avenue menu to order from and, pausing in the midst of a course of turnips and mashed potatoes, he said:

"This will do for me, thank you."

Of course, the matter of appetite has a great deal to do with it. No one of all the enlisted men and officers lacks an appetite. When dinner time comes at noon the men are there on the spot, and they are right on the job again at six o'clock in the evening. It might also be said that they are always hungry. One officer, a major, who is a very notable figure in the life of a middle Western city, leaned back from his dinner the other day, lighted a cigar and said:

"This life here is doing more for me than any vacation I ever had."

And he looked it. He said he suffered from insomnia and loss of appetite at times, but that he has had neither since he got out in the open with the army. There are a good many men of great wealth in the various American divisions and they are sharing equally with all, of course. In an officers' barracks, about five miles from the front, I saw a man from Philadelphia who was accustomed to every kind of luxury. Here he was sharing a tiny room with another man who, the Philadelphia man said, snores tremendously.

"But I don't mind it. I don't mind anything now when I lie down for a night's sleep."

Can Sleep Anywhere.

The boys in the ranks have already had far more soldiering than they ever got in the training camps at home. They have tramped on roads for many hours or days at a time, have slept in motor trucks, on crowded trains, have been billeted in barns and in barracks, have slept in fields and by the roadside. Yet there is very little illness and the men look in the pink of condition. They eat regularly and plentifully, and the only complaint I have heard from them is that they would prefer fighting to constant training.

The romance of war as pictured by the boyish mind is said by the soldiers to be largely a myth. For instance, in a muddy roadway I saw a brawny private patting up and down in a driving rain, rifle in position, guarding something (even he didn't know what it was) which was piled up nearby. He had been on guard for ten hours. I asked him how he liked it and he made no reply. The sentries don't talk to any one.

In a camp on the American sector I saw a soldier scrubbing mud off his harness.

"This isn't quite my idea of what war was going to be," he said, "but (with a touch of genuine American humor) I have found in my short but varied career that things are seldom what they seem."

UNABLE TO SHAKE ALLIED AIR ROLE

Entente Machines Surpass Best Hun Types in All Branches of Service.

In spite of the tremendous aviation efforts of the Germans, prompted by the entry of the United States into the world conflict, and their threat to have thousands of aircraft available this spring, the enemy has been unable to even shake the allied air superiority anywhere. The single-seater machines, the Hanover monoplane and the Pfalz biplane do not compare with the latest models of French and British fighting planes.

For speed in climbing the Germans found the Fokker triplane impractical and it was quickly discarded for a new type of monoplane.

While this monoplane was fast it was unreliable and less speedy than the wonderful French Morane. The Pfalz biplane is a little better, but it suffers continually with motor trouble.

The Germans are now using a lighter machine, which carries a brace of machine guns. The enemy's two-seater of the Albatross-Aviatic type is still the best machine they have. It is speedy and capable of climbing to a great height, owing to its large spread of wings.

However, the Germans are obliged to use faster observation machines than the allied aviators, as their single-seater fighting machines are incapable of protecting the two-seaters as the allied machines are.

The scout machines of the allies are also used for guard duty, for regulating artillery fire and for photographic work.

It is also noticeable that the accuracy of the enemy's anti-aircraft guns is falling off. This is due to the fact that many of their best aviators have been drafted for machine gun service to replace those killed in the recent German offensive.

LONG AND SHORT OF IT AT CAMP DEVENS, MASS.



The original darky Mutt and Jeff are at Camp Devens. They are Nathan Singleton, 4 feet 11 inches, and Fred Mader, 6 feet 3 1/2 inches, both of Miami, Fla. Statisticians at the camp have figured out that it takes Fred just 3 1/2 seconds more to get a drink of water down than it takes his shorter pal to perform the same trick. Despite their great difference in stature, the two men are inseparable pals.

FIND BURIED MONEY

It Was Hidden Years Ago by Pioneer.

While boring a post hole on his farm, located on the old Oregon trail near the Little Blue river, a few miles northeast of Deshler, Neb., Winous Beckman struck an obstacle which proved to be an old kettle in which were a number of pieces of money, how much and of what denomination the lucky finder refuses to say. The old kettle and a few of the coins were brought to town and placed on exhibition.

The find is thought to have been buried by a Mr. Jules, who owned the place years ago. He sold out to "Buffalo Bill" (William Cody) and Capt. Lute North, and was afterward killed by the Indians. Tradition says that before the Indians raided the place Mr. Jules secreted a large sum of money, and treasure hunters have searched the place in vain for years for what Mr. Beckman bored into last week.

\$58.28 for Year's Food.

D. D. Dickey, engineer in a factory at Berberston, O., spent just \$58.28 for food, or an average of about 15 cents a day, during 1917. Dickey worked all through the year, twelve hours a day, six days a week and raised two pounds during the year. Dickey's menu had no place on it for meat and milk for steady use, although he had them occasionally. Fruit and baked dishes made up a large part of the menu.