

### YANKEES PROVE REAL CHIPS OFF OLD BLOCK

#### American Troops in France Have Shown Their Superiority Over Germans as Fighters—The Yankee Knows He Is Up Against the Biggest Game the World Ever Knew and He Is Eager to Do His Bit.

Is the American soldier a good fighting man? He is. Is he as good a fighter as his fathers and grandfathers were in the Civil war? The answer to this is not so simple because fighting in the Civil war days and in 1918 is by no means the same thing, says Don Martin in the New York Herald. Whenever the Yankees have had an opportunity to meet the enemy in a straight-up hand-to-hand fight the American has demonstrated that he is a chip off the old block; and that, bear in mind, is saying a good deal.

People who have not been face to face with the war that has ravaged Europe for nearly four years most of necessity have but a poor conception of just what war in these days is like. Read what an officer from a Southern state, who served with distinction in the Philippines and is serving with distinction now, says about it:

"If there were to be a few great battles like Gettysburg, Spotsylvania, Wilderness, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor or Antietam it would be a different proposition. The boys would know that the killing would occur at certain times, on certain days and the victors would be recorded as having fallen in some great battle about which all coming generations would read. But here there will be only a few great battles known as such by name. There will be the Marne, Somme, Aisne, Verdun, Ypres, Itanby and some others, of course, but the millions and millions of casualties which this war has rolled up will represent the greater part of the fighting and the little subsidiary struggles about which no one will ever hear.

"A division of any army might be holding part of a sector—a quiet sector, too. There would be no great clash between the opposing forces. There would be raids, meetings of patrols, sniping, deaths by artillery and gas, accidents—a thousand and one things, and at the end of a year the number of casualties in this division would be as great as if the unit had been in a great battle. There is a certain romance about war. When men can go into battle with colors flying, hands playing and a world waiting to hear the outcome of the particular combat, there is an incentive which does not exist in a struggle of which a hidden attack and gas. But the patriotic spirit is there. In fact, I confidently feel that it takes more patriotism to keep an army fighting in a battle now than it did in the old days.

The Fighting of Today. Let me give you an illustration. Part of a regiment goes into the trenches. It may stay there three days. It may stay there eight days, before it is sent back or repose to get ready for another stage at underground warfare. These boys know that shells will be directed at their trenches practically every night and maybe all day. The artillery also knows that the enemy artillery will be firing shells, gas and shrapnel at their batteries almost continuously. Both the artillerymen and the boys in the trenches know that gas shells will be hurled day and night and that death will lurk everywhere for him who cannot handle his gas mask properly. The possibility of a raid from the enemy is not feared. In fact, it is this very possibility of real action, of a real meeting with the enemy, which acts as a trench stimulant for the men as they move. To have a shell come down on a dugout, crushing it in, and perhaps killing and wounding several men is an unpleasant thing, doubly unpleasant because it comes from some one who cannot be seen and whose identity will never be known. There is the consolation, of course, that the shells which are being thrown are causing death and injury across the line, but while we know we are hitting them we do not really know at that. It is a queer war, inhuman because the Hun made it so and destitute of the amenities and civilities of all other wars because the Hun possesses all the traits of the coyote or the hyena.

"The Americans would like to meet the Hun in a fair fight and have it out, but that cannot be. The Hun cannot fight fair, because he knows in a fair fight he would be cleaned off the earth. He will be cleaned off anyhow, but it will take us longer; that's all.

No doubt in the United States, as in Europe, the question is asked a million times a day. How many fighting men has the United States in France? That question can be answered only in Washington. I don't know, and the censor, quite properly, would not let me tell if I did know. But I will probably be permitted to say this much: The United States has a very large army in France.

**Yanks Have the Spirit.** They know how to fight and they have the spirit. They know what death means. They know what it means to have an arm or a leg shot off. They know already what it means to be wounded out in No Man's Land still an army nurse picks them up.

They know what it means to be sent out to invade the territory of the enemy at midnight, when a missed means death. They know what it means to sleep with gas masks on; what it means to march 50 miles in mud half way to the knee and sleep in barns, stables and in open wagon.

They don't know what passing is. They don't know what fear is. They have seen them in their dugouts right up within one thousand feet of the enemy, rolling cigarettes, playing cards, singing such songs as 'I've Been Working on the Farm' and 'Way Down Yonder in the Corn Field' and other melodies which lend themselves readily to simple modifications known as 'barber shops,' writing letters home by candle light or reading letters and news from home. I have marveled at their spirit. It is all new to them.

They have seen enough to realize fully that war is the most serious-grim thing in the world and that its toll of death is very heavy.

In the hospitals the Yankees show a spirit which amazes the surgeons. There was a young chap—a Russian by ancestry—from Bridgeport, Conn. who was terribly wounded in the affair at Stechepey. He furnished a most wonderful example of courage. He thought he would live. When he was finally told that his death was a matter of but a short time, he dictated a short letter to his sister, the concluding sentence of which was:

"I am sorry I can't see you any more, but you are in a country where you will have your rights."

**Buried by Shell Upheaval.** Then he told the nurse to thank the Red Cross man who found him in No Man's Land. That was the end of the young Russian. He was buried by an upheaval of earth from a large shell and was terribly injured. For two days and two nights he lay with only his head exposed, with no food or water, with shells breaking around him and later with Germans—for he was in territory held by them—continually passing him. The assumption apparently was that he was dead, for his eyes closed and he kept his head pressed. A hundred times he was almost stepped on. Then on the third day a Red Cross litter bearer, crawling about in the land of death, found him and dragged him to a receiving station.

I saw another case where a young man had a badly shattered leg. It was a question whether it should be amputated or not. He heard the discussion, and with a smile said:

"Go ahead, take it off. I'll get a wooden one and that will do me."

The boys had their first big test at the engagement of Stechepey when fifteen hundred picked troops invaded their lines in the wake of a furious barrage. So fierce was the fire of heavy shells that the boys could not emerge from their trenches and the assault Boche troops swept over them.

Then there came hand-to-hand fighting in the village and in two places of woodland and the Americans showed that in a hand-to-hand conflict they are far superior to the Hun, even when the latter uses his shock troops. There are scores of stories of individual bravery told of this minor, but to the Americans at that time, important, clash. All show unmistakably that the American soldier is not a knave, what fear is and that as soon as he gets acquainted with the subtleties, if he is called that, of war, he will be just as dangerous a fighter as the Boche has yet faced.

As with the Canadians and Australians, the Americans may be much outnumbered at the outset with too much impetuosity, but that, by the French, is said to be a most commendable fault, because it is quickly rectified and so readily molded into vital requisites of war—persistence and fearlessness.

The American soldier is all right. He is giving a good account of himself wherever he is placed. He worships the French. He loves France. He knows he is up against the biggest game the world has ever played and he is ready and eager to "do his bit" and do it right.

**DREAMS SON IS KILLED**  
**Woman Then Gets Notice of His Death.**  
A vivid dream in which she saw her foster son, Sergt. A. E. Wegner of the medical division, Three Hundred and Thirty-second infantry at Camp Sherman, killed and which prompted her to write the soldier warning him against using a horse in his work, has come true, it was learned the other day from Mrs. Ira Farr, 1229 Upton avenue, Minneapolis, the mother.

Worried over the dream, Mrs. Farr wrote the soldier, who in turn said that his work did not require the use of a horse. However, before the letter of reassurance had reached her Mrs. Farr received a telegram from the war department advising her that the boy had met with an accident.

Investigation showed that he had been thrown from a horse, suffering a fractured skull, from which he died.

### BRING CHEER TO FRENCH PEOPLE

#### Coming of Americans Is Hailed With Joy.

### GIVE AID TO THE STARVING

#### Story by Y. M. C. A. Man Tells of How the Arrival of Troops From the United States Has Brought Comfort to the Stricken People—Division Plays Raven to Elijah of Family of Starving French People.

How a division of American soldiers in France played raven to the Elijah of a family of starving French refugees, found covering in the ruins of a meat-market, and how Elijah, in turn, made the ravens comfortable, is told in this story, written by a Y. M. C. A. man in France:

"A division of our troops was on the move. For 38 hours the men had been on the cars. Then they had de-trained, and started to hike for the front. Two days of marching had left them stiff and tired.

"The Y. M. C. A. men had gone ahead of them. They knew that the troops would be in a certain village by a certain time. So they loaded three big trucks with canteen supplies, hustled to the village, and looked around for a canteen.

**Find Land in Want.** They found an old meat market with shutters up, located the owner, and got the key. The supplies were unloaded, and the trucks started back to town. The two men left behind to open up lighted a candle, and began an investigation of the place.

"Up the steep stone stairs they found a room, with a family of refugees crouching inside. The old fireplace had been opened. A few tins, the size of a lead pencil, made a fire as big as a coffee cup.

"A mother nursing a baby sat on the floor in front of the fire, two small girls whose eyes seemed unnaturally near their thin, little faces cowering near her, scared by the steps they heard. A daughter about fifteen years old was cooking some nondescript bits of food in an old frying-pan. The father, a little man, badly crippled in the early battles of the war, started for the strangers approached.

"He spoke no English and our men spoke no French, but suddenly they understood. These were 'les Américains.' They would not be hurt. They were even going to be fed.

"When the American soldiers came they found the mother making chocolate for them, while the oldest daughter scrubbed up the old market, humming the 'Marseillaise' as she worked. The two little girls, bursting with importance, ran on small errands. The baby sat on the canteen counter, chuckling at them.

**Boys Adopt Family.** As they entered, the crippled little Frenchman, busy opening packing cases, straightened himself up as he would, and saluted them. There was pride in the way he did it. He had worn a uniform too.

"The American boys adopted the family at once. The Y. M. C. A. men had felt the refugees, of course, but the soldiers insisted upon buying them more food in the store. They teased the baby in the air, and began teaching the little girls American slang.

"That night there was a real fire in the fireplace upstairs and real food on the tables. Windows, boarded up so long, were open. The family chattered away at the top of their voices, instead of whispering, as they had done. There was nothing to be afraid of now. 'Les Américains' had come!"

### "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"



### College Bans German.

German will not be taught as a language at Union Christian college at Mecon, Ind., until "German recognizes the rules of civilization." It has been decided by the board of trustees of the institution. A resolution to that effect has been adopted. The local college is the first in Indiana to take this action, the ban on the language here and hereafter has been limited to grade and preparatory schools. German will be offered in no form, beginning with the next term.

### TITLED ENGLISHWOMAN AIDS WAR HEROES



The courtesan of Cincinaty has been an energetic war worker from the first and only recently re-nected the part of an English girl. The occasion was Blue Cross Day for War Heroes, and the courtesan sold matches at the Hyde Park hotel. The proceeds of her sales were used to care for horses who have been hurt while serving at the front.

### "MARSEILLAISE" STOPS GREAT AMERICAN GAME

#### Shouting Fans and Noisy Players Stilled by French National Anthem.

The negro steredores were playing basketball—playing it tooth and nail, without a thought for anything else in the world. They hadn't been so wrapped up in anything since they landed in France.

Suddenly, on the fringe of the thick, noisy, black line of rosters across the outfield, men began to turn their backs on the game, leaning to stiffen at attention. Over their heads, from the direction of the band, came faint but thrilling music, to which they automatically fitted words:

*To arms, ye braves, to arms,  
Well your battalions bring,  
March on—*

"Attention!" shouted the burly black Jack who, but a moment before, had been rattling the pitcher. More men, and down the rosters' line yet more men were straightening stiffly, erect. The turn on ten feet of second, spun half a turn in his heel. The pitcher dropped his ball and the batter his stick. Even the "ump" was called to silence. Away back, the Y. M. C. A. man saw a lazy catcher stand, elbow crooked, and with his black hand to the forehead of his wire mask. The "Marseillaise" had hushed the great American game!

### DELAY SAVES \$2,000

**Aldermen of One City Too Late in Raising Tax.** Mistaken by city aldermen of Chippewa Falls, Wis., are usually expensive, but one made by the aldermen of this city will save the taxpayers more than \$2,000 this year.

Salary increases aggregating that amount were proposed at the meeting of the council here on February 6. Instead of acting on the matter at once the ordinance was referred to a committee and reported back.

Just when the council was ready to pass the measure governing nearly every officer, policeman and fireman an increase in pay, the city attorney announced that according to law the salary changes must be made at the first meeting in February or remain as during the preceding year. The ordinance was then tabled.

### TOWN SETS AN EXAMPLE

**Pledges Itself to Go Wheatless Until Harvest.** Bristol, a city of 20,000 people, situated in both Virginia and Tennessee, has pledged itself to go wheatless until harvest, in order that the absolute needs of the allies may be met from America's surplus stores. Five grocers, all hotels and scores of patriotic citizens have turned in their entire stocks for the use of the government, and have pledged themselves to use no more until the present need has passed. No more wheat flour will be sold, and the entire output of the mills is to be placed at the disposition of the food administration.

### PLAN BIG BEAR HUNT

**Farmers in West Virginia Worried Over Depredations.** Because of light hunting seasons bears have multiplied in great numbers in West Virginia, and their nightly depredations are troubling the farmers. More than 200 sheep have been killed by the animals within the last few weeks. An organized bear hunt is being planned.

### ITALIAN ESCAPES HUN PRISON CAMP

#### Tells of Flight Across Carpathians Into Russia.

### CAPTIVES ARE OFTEN BEATEN

#### Death of Old Emperor Brought Somewhat More Humane Treatment—Men Forced to Witness Torture of Brothers in Arms—Prisoners Refusing to Work Are Beaten by Guards—Food Scarce and Poor in Quality.

In the little hamlet of Sallceta San Giuliano, province of Emilia, Italy, lives a shoemaker, Luigi Glittona. He has four sons in the army. Two are now at the front and two were captured by the Austrians.

One evening recently the door was burst open roughly, and the shoemaker cried out in alarm: "Who is there?"

"It is I, Eduardo, your son. I have escaped from Austria."

The little home was thrown topsy-turvy, and the good news flew round the town. What a gathering there was of friends and relatives.

Eduardo bore traces of his hardships in captivity. He is thirty. He fought in Libya. Early in the campaign of 1915 he was captured and for 31 months remained a prisoner of the Austrians. He was at Mathausen until September, 1916.

**Starved and Beaten.** "The food scanty," he said, "and of the poorest quality; the beatings with rods frequent and without pity. We were even forced to assist in torturing our comrades. This cruelty was abolished, however, after the death of Francis Joseph."

"We were forced to witness this horrible punishment. Behind us stood Austrian soldiers with loaded rifles ready to shoot us down if we moved a finger."

In September, 1916, he was sent with other prisoners to Domnava, in the Carpathians.

"We were divided into squads of 250," he continued, "and assigned to cut down trees. Our treatment did not improve and the work was made harder every day. Blows were struck if anyone refused to work or let up for any reason. I received a full share with the rest."

"Only one thing bore us up, and that was the hope of escape. We were able to get some Austrian uniforms and accumulate supplies. We awaited our opportunity."

"Two of our companies became impatient, and leaped over the stockade last January. They were shot down by the sentinels."

**Escape Into Russia.** "Eight of us resolved to get away. We were divided into two squads—A few days later the first alarm was raised, so we concluded that their getaway had been successful."

"A week later the second squad leaped over the stockade and made for the mountains. We came to a midway station. A train was about to start for the Russian border. We climbed on board. A Hungarian trainman looked at us suspiciously. They he got drawers and straps covered 85 kilometers. The train got off. Two by two we took different ways to escape the notice of the sentinels."

"We asked the way to the Russian border with the utmost caution. For five days we dragged ourselves along, half starved. We passed through six barbed wire entanglements."

"At last we came upon a military post. It was the first Russian outpost. We advanced, but there was no sentiment to challenge us. We knocked and a door was opened. Within were several soldiers and a single officer. We raised our arms and shouted: 'We are Italians, rescued prisoners.' 'We were, received as friends. The Russians completed our joy by reuniting us with the four companions who had escaped a week before us. We were enabled through the assistance of the French military mission to get back to Italy."

### STEALS RED CROSS BOX

**St. Louis Thief Is Champion Slacker of Country.** A prosperous looking young man walked into a saloon in St. Louis and bought a glass of beer.

"Glumme some cigarettes," he said. He strolled over to the cigar counter, held a cigarette over the lighter, inhaled deeply and walked out.

A minute later Edward Rosenkranz, proprietor, discovered the man had taken the Red Cross contribution box which was on the cigar counter.

"He's the worst slacker in St. Louis," Rosenkranz said. The box contained \$3.00.

### SOLDIERS DENIED KISSES

**Found That Smacks Interfere With Meals of Troops.** Soldiers passing through Scranton, Pa., will not longer be kissed by local girls. Mayor Connell, a bachelor, has put a stop to the practice. The mayor says that, while personally he sees no harm in having the girls kiss the soldiers, he has received complaints from them, including one from the Red Cross and on this account has decided to prevent further osculations at the station.

The Red Cross workers said the kissing interfered with their task of feeding the soldiers.

### SINKING OF TEXEL HELD UP TO RESCUE KITTEN



When the survivors of the Texel, which was sunk recently 60 miles south of New York, landed they brought with them a little striped kitten, the mascot of the crew. This little animal is called Micoey, and the sinking of the Texel was held up until the men could go back and rescue him, after he had been forgotten in the first rush.

### LUNGS OF GERMAN U-BOAT MEN BURST

#### Shot Like Torpedo From Sunken Craft 120 Feet Below the Surface.

London—Harrowing details of the destruction of one of the largest and more recently constructed German submarines are given in a despatch from a neutral correspondent. This submarine was one of the last to leave Zeebrugge before the entrance to the harbor was blocked by British forces on April 24.

The U-boat struck a mine, and out of the crew of 40 only two survived on reaching the surface after a terrible struggle with death for an hour and a half, 20 fathoms below the surface. Some of the crew committed suicide, having lost all hope of leaving the boat alive.

The only chance of escaping was to force open the conning tower and the forward hatch and trust to the compass of air in one part of the vessel to force each man like a torpedo to the surface. The air pressure in the submarine had become so high that a great majority of the Germans could not keep their mouths closed.

The compressed air shot them to the surface and hardly had they reached the sea level when the air pressure burst their lungs and about twenty of them sank like stones. The survivors described the yells of the men, when the end came, as the most horrible noise they had ever heard.

The attention of a British trawler was attracted and it hastened to the rescue. The condition of the survivors showed that their experiences in the submarine had been of a dreadful character.

### CANNED MUSIC LURES SEALS

**Experiment Being Made by Washington Fish Commission.**

Canned music to lure seals to their death is the experiment being made this summer by deputies of the state fish commission's office at Washington. The seal herd hunter anchors his rowboat near a rocky or salmon trap, puts on a record and when the seal gathers around to enjoy the concert, the deputy with his trusty rifle picks off the audience.

Fishermen have found the hair seal is very inquisitive, with a keen sense of hearing. When the animal hears a strange sound, curiosity prompts him to investigate. Indians have long known this characteristic of the seal and have lured it within striking distance with a spear by using a sort of whistle which has a peculiar attraction for the animals.

### TOOTHLESS MAN BITES SELF

**Seemingly Impossible Feat Performed by Y. M. C. A. Worker.**

How a man without a tooth bit himself in an unusual manner during the excitement following the torpedoing of the steamship Oronsa was related by a report just received from London concerning the conduct of 570 Y. M. C. A. workers who were on board the Oronsa when she was sunk while approaching the British Isles. A Y. M. C. A. secretary was washing his full set of "store teeth" when the torpedo hit. He went to his room for his grip, stepped into a lifeboat, manned an oar and, after rowing a few minutes, felt that his hand was hurting. He opened his hand, something dropped, and he realized only then that through all the "store teeth" which he had carried those "store teeth" which had bitten the hand that saved them.

**Bull Calf Brings \$108,000.** Champion Sylvia Johanna, a six-month-old Holstein bull calf, sold for \$108,000 at the State Fair park in Milwaukee. The previous record price was \$83,000, paid for the calf's mother, May Echo Sylvia, a year ago.