

GOT THROUGH TO WHITTLESEY, BUT HE WAS SCARED

Delehanty Sent to Support Famous Lost Battalion.

IS GIVEN PERILOUS MISSION

Former New York Architect Takes 177 Yanks, Leads Way in Dark Along Railway Track and Obtain Information of Great Importance to Americans, Which Later Got Whittlesey Out of His Death Ravine.

How Capt. Bradley Delehanty of the Three Hundred and Eighth "got through to Whittlesey" when that famous battalion commander was cut off in the Argonne forest is a story that ranks with the heroic defense of Whittlesey itself.

Like Whittlesey, Delehanty is a city man, a New Yorker. He is a slapper little architect. But he comes of fighting blood. He is a son of the late Capt. Daniel Delehanty of the navy, who hopped down from the bridge of his gunboat off Matanzas, Cuba, in 1898, and himself pointed the gun that sent the last Spanish flag toppling off the battlements of the old forts there. He is a nephew of Supreme Court Justice Francis B. Delehanty of New York.

Before the war he had studied in Paris, so when he arrived in France his knowledge of the language soon landed him on the regimental staff as intelligence officer.

But during that fierce month of fighting up through the gun-blasted Argonne, as Delehanty says, reverting to the navy, "it was a case of all hands on the deck," and so it was that on the night of this particular exploit he was in command of a company of the Three Hundred and Eighth Infantry of the Seventy-seventh division, the draft division of New York city.

Delehanty Ordered Up.

Whittlesey, in command of his immortal battalion, was leading the advance. With his grim jaw set and his shoulders hunched he was forming the tough spearhead of the American advance to the west of the Meuse. He had got orders to go ahead and he had done it. He had done it better than anyone thought he could—and he had been surrounded. A dozen ineffectual attempts had been made to pierce the screen of German machine guns and trench mortars that had filtered in behind him. When might fell the colonel of the Three Hundred and Eighth sent for Delehanty.

"Go up to the support," he said. "Take command of K company and get into touch with Whittlesey. We're getting nothing but a pigeon message from him now."

"It's tough country, that Argonne," Delehanty told the story later. "It's hard country to get through in the daytime. It's worse at night. And when I got up to K company, machine gun bullets were flying like locusts, and whizz-bangs out of those trench mortars were flopping over every 30 seconds and blowing boys to smithereens when they hit. I sent out half a dozen runners. But none of them ever came back. Finally I sent out two whole patrols with orders to reach Whittlesey by different routes. Then I reported to the colonel. Anything else meant moving the whole company, and I had to ask him about that."

"Then every half hour or so he'd call on the telephone and ask me if I'd heard from those patrols. Finally, about midnight, he couldn't stand it any longer.

Delehanty Got There.

"Delehanty," he said, "you've got a hundred and seventy-seven men there with you. You take them all. You go up through the woods until you connect with Whittlesey and you keep at it until you do get him, if you only have seven men left when you get there."

And Delehanty got there—not with seven, but with the whole hundred and seventy-seven. But he frankly admits he was scared.

"Well," he said, turning with a grin to Lieutenant Scott, General Scott's son, who was with him. "This is good-by, old kid."

"Yeah," replied Scott. "It looks like good-by."

Delehanty called the company round him. He told them what the orders were. Not a man flinched.

"There's one chance of getting up there," said the young captain. "If we go through the woods we'll get lost and shot. But there's a railroad track running up that way. If we follow that we may get shot—but we won't get lost. It's single file and every man keep a hand on the man ahead of him. Come on."

And Delehanty led the file. A tiny radio compass gave him the direction. The railroad embankment had been shelled and machine-gunned for hours. By a strange streak of luck the Boche had decided to let it alone for a few minutes. And K company sneaked up that track between bursts, the whole 177 of them.

Suddenly Delehanty bumped into something. It was Whittlesey's battalion. "Holy smoke!" he cried. "I didn't know you were this close."

"Hi! Hi!" rapped the quick answer.

"The Boche is there and there and there. He'll hear you." And he might have at that, for the nery gap had sneaked through the single gap in the Boche ring. But they had established contact with Whittlesey.

Got Valuable Information.

One of the Whittlesey command had just killed a German officer. He had found upon him a map of the whole neighboring woods, drawn up to the last minute. It revealed the whole problem that the Americans had been trying for days to solve in the dark. Delehanty was the regimental intelligence officer. He sent this message back to the colonel.

"Have information of great importance. Shall I remain command K company or return? Am with Whittlesey."

And the answer came back:

"Return."

So that is why Delehanty happened not to be with the Whittlesey battalion the next night when they were cut off for good and when they stayed cut off for nearly a whole week. But the map he brought back from that dead German officer was the map that enabled the American brigade finally to smash through to the ravine where Whittlesey's men were fighting and dying. Incidentally, it was the map that helped the Americans, too, to go far beyond. It was his nerve that took him through for the last connection with Whittlesey. It was his appreciation of the information he happened on that sent him back again over the perilous trail, and it was that information that eventually got Whittlesey out of his death ravine.

"Delehanty," they say in the Seventy-seventh, "went through."

NOTHING IS WORTHLESS

It Is Said That Even Rotten Eggs Attract Wild Animals.

"That ain't nothin' in the world but is good for somethin'," is one of the favorite sayings of Jim Buckley of Bear Lake, Alberta.

Buckley is a thrifty soul. He farms in summer and traps in winter and between wheat and furs he is growing rich. One morning while his wife was cooking, breakfast she broke a rotten egg into a skillet and was starting toward the door to throw it away when Buckley stopped her.

"Woman, don't throw that egg away," said Buckley.

"But it's rotten," protested his wife. "Makes no difference," declared the philosopher. "That ain't nothin' in the world but—"

"James Buckley," exclaimed his wife, "I've heard that a thousand times."

The wolf never sniffs at the doors of the prosperous farmers of the Peace river country. But foxes are different animals and here is something you don't know—rotten eggs are rated as an epicurean tidbit in vulpine menus.

HE GOT BABY'S PICTURE

Soldier Killed Soon After He Received the Photograph.

Although he had never seen his baby, born after his departure for France, Lieut. Ralph S. Bush of Junction City, Kan., received a picture of the little one just before he was killed in action, according to a letter to Mrs. Bush from a brother officer, Lieut. James C. Bodin.

"Ralph had just received the photos of the baby and he showed them to all of us," writes Lieut. Bodin. "At noon (on August 8) on a long march toward Fismes) we received orders to move over across the railroad and river and attack the woods that run parallel with another railroad north of it, but west of Fismes. When all were across the Germans threw an artillery barrage on us and around us. We kept moving to make less casualties. We had a few, and Lieutenant Bush was among them. He was hit with a piece of shrapnel and killed instantly. He was ahead of his men, leading them, on and through."

FINDS OLD HORSE IN FRANCE

Animal Recognizes Former Owner Met on French Road.

Roy Dooley, a young farmer living near Hummel, Mo., sold off his farm horses and entered in the United States army nearly two years ago. According to word received here, while serving in France, Dooley saw a French soldier leading a familiar horse down the road. He stopped the soldier and was told it was an American horse bought for the French cavalry. Dooley said the horse recognized him as its former owner at once.

United States Guard Discharged.

The United States guard, made up of Spanish War veterans and regulars too old for duty in France, which has guarded all bridges at Leavenworth, Kan., for more than a year, has been discharged from the service. The men are dressed in the old-time regular army uniform. Many of them who had not yet completed thirty years of service transferred to the Twentieth Infantry at Camp Funston, Kan.

He Avoids No. 1223.

Rather than use automobile number plate 1223, an applicant for an automobile license expressed his willingness to the secretary of state to pay for another set of numbers. The numbers were exchanged, however, for a set more to his liking.

Finds Pearl in Oyster.

Former Congressman Frank Plumley of Northfield, Vt., was eating dinner at a local hotel when his teeth struck a pearl in a spoonful of creamed oysters.

MAY TRAIN WOMEN

Plan to Develop Them Same as Men in War Camps.

Government Cantonments to Be Used and Work Extended to Every Part of Country.

Women will be trained in government cantonments if plans of the United States training corps for women are carried out. The corps, organized for women war workers in Washington, under the direction of Miss Susanna Crocroft of Chicago, has been turned into a permanent organization for building up women physically and fitting them for the places they are taking in business, industry and in the work of the nation generally.

Admiral Cary T. Grayson will act as medical director of the corps. On the board of directors with Miss Crocroft are Surgeon General Rupert Blue, Gen. Enoch Crowder, Brig. Gen. J. F. Kerr, Mrs. Robert Lansing, wife of the secretary of state; Miss Mabel T. Boardman of the American Red Cross, Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, wife of the secretary of interior; Miss Gertrude Lane, well known magazine editor, and Julius Kahn, chairman of the military affairs committee of the house of representatives.

Permission has been asked of the war department for the use of a part of the cantonments when they are released from military service for use as training camps where women can be trained as teachers of getting-up exercises and semi-military drills. These teachers will be equipped to give training in industrial plants and public schools. The corps has also asked for the release of a part of the cantonments for recreation camps, where physicians can send women and children who do not need medicine so much as they need conditioning.

The original training corps in Washington numbered more than 3,500 war-working women. It was organized on the White House lot and the war department detailed 75 army officers to assist Miss Crocroft.

The work will be extended to every part of the country, modeled after the system which has developed the men in the war training camps, except that it will be made specially suited for the training of women.

In announcing the purpose of the corps, Miss Crocroft, its organizer and director, said: "We wish to utilize the knowledge of what the camps have done for men, mentally and physically, and to apply this same knowledge to the conditioning of women while the public mind is quickened to this utility, so that all men and women, the young, the middle-aged, the old, may be given an opportunity to benefit by outdoor life regularly supervised and trained under semi-military discipline and under the supervision of competent medical and nursing assistance."

GRACEFUL FOR THE BALLROOM



This rich gown is carried out entirely of gold brocaded metal cloth draped into long, graceful lines.

Protect Lace.

Many of the black gowns are of lace and sometimes black tulle is mounted over white satin. This is very distinguished when the lace is new, but tulle which is an heirloom should never be put over white or any light tint. The old, if rare, lace tears easily, and any mending of the fabric, however delicately done, shows up unpleasantly against the light lining. It is always best to mount valuable old laces over a "drop" of tulle or to veil the lace with tulle if this can be done without spoiling the design and the lines.

FOR ADVANCED SPRING WEAR



An attractive blue duvetyne trottore costume with chenille embroidered vest and sleeve of henna crepe.

BLACK AND WHITE REVIVED

Maple Combination Part of New Craze for Bright Colors—French Blue Is Popular.

The revived interest in the black and white or maple combination is really part of this new craze for bright colors, for as far as the effect is concerned black and white in combination has nothing to do either with all black or all white, and it is sure to come to the foreground only in seasons when women of fashion go in for bright, high colors.

During the war little of it was seen. It was too vivid, too striking, too gay. But with the new interest in bright hues it has come to its own and is bound to be seen in many of the new frocks and may find acceptance in some of the midseason millinery.

Because of the sentiment connected with French blue and the actual fact that it is very becoming to most women, the dressmakers are bringing out accessories in this color. There are French blue handkerchiefs, slippers and stockings; there are blouses of it made of handkerchief linen; and one of the foremost designers of tailored suits in the country uses French blue blouses trimmed from neck to waist under suits of covert cloth.

BORROWED FROM RUSSIAN

Table Linen Designs Showing Semi-Barbaric, but Pleasing, Popular in Needlework World.

A vogue for table linen showing the semi-barbaric, but wholly pleasing, designs used by Russian peasants is making itself felt in the needlework world. The stitches are simple in the extreme, something like our own attractive cross-stitch, but outlining squares, triangles, etc. They are used for conventional borders and small all-over patterns which resemble woven figured material.

As for the color, it is usually a monotone, a dark red, for instance, or a blue, while the background is a loose-weave linen. Often they are worked with a punched-work background done with a thread to match the linen. A little black worked in with either the red or the blue is pleasing but not quite so true to the original Russian scheme. Often a dark green is combined with the red. The edges of the pieces are hemmed and a buttonhole stitch taken over the entire hem.

NEW SLIPS OF SILVER CLOTH

Popular Garment, Very Decollete and Sleeveless, Kept on by Faith and Tiny Ribbon.

Some new slips to be worn in these petticoated times are made of silver cloth, very decollete, and sleeveless, of course. Faith, hope and a tiny narrow ribbon across the shoulders keep them in place. Anyway, they are distinctly desirable, as they fall from the shoulders to the knee and serve as camisole and petticoat, too.

One of black shadow lace will be welcomed for wear with the fashionable black evening gown, and one of real Brussels lace is charming for a white dancing frock or for a bride.

Until the laundry situation returns to normal, the cotton crepe undergarment will enjoy deserved popularity. A camisole and a robe de nuit of white cotton crepe make a useful and attractive set. Just at the front of the yoke of each is applied a pink satin rose. Neither garment has sleeves and both have pointed shoulders.

TRENCH PAPERS DIE AT END OF THE WAR

Memory of Little Sheets That Enlivened Army Life Will Live Forever.

The trench newspaper died with the end of the world war, but in England and France today there are not a few soldiers who, although naturally joyous at the thought of peace, betray a degree of sadness because of the disappearance of these famous little publications.

Editors and reporters were sought out to serve the occasion from all ranks and conditions. Typewriters, papers and pencils were spirited from somewhere, and the trench papers were produced, in most cases, on the firing line. They had to overcome innumerable difficulties. Laughing at death and destruction, it was their mission to lighten the task of the fighting men.

But now the little papers have been scrapped. Editorial offices in the shape of dugouts, bell tents and broken-down huts were stripped with the signing of the armistice, and the Squib, Rocket or Patrol remain only as memories.

It is said of one of these little publications on the British front that not one of the original editorial staff lived to read the last words of the paper they brought into being. Men came and went, but the paper was preserved until the last.

TOWN WELLS GUSH

Water Fills the Storage Tank, but Is of Little Use to Pumps.

The town of Wyoming, three miles south of Dover, Del., has a phenomenon which officials and residents have been unable to explain. The water system, pumping station and tower are a quarter mile from the town proper, with a tank which is nearly 100 feet high and has a capacity of several thousand gallons. Usually it has required an hour or longer to fill the tank by pumping from the driven wells and refill it as water is drawn by consumers.

Within the past week the unusual thing has happened. The keeper of the pumping station was surprised to see the tank filled in about 20 minutes of pumping and in some instances not that long. It is also noticed that even after the pumps have been shut down the water gushes up the pipe for a considerable height, causing the tank to overflow.

With this peculiar situation several town wells have gone dry, the presumption being that the pumping station has struck the same vein of water. Residents with such useless wells have been compelled to tap the town water supply.

MUSTARD GAS COOKS FLESH

Soldier Tells of Experience in Engagement Near Verdun.

"Mustard gas shells which the Huns used in many instances cooked the flesh," said William Arnold, Penn. Ill., Company D, Forty-seventh Infantry, while recounting an engagement with the Germans near Verdun. "When the enemy made an attack, we adjusted our masks but the gas was so deadly poisonous that it searched our hands and necks. If a man failed to get his mask on in time, his face turned out ten his face would be badly burned. The effect resembled a bad case of smallpox," he said.

Private Arnold is in the base hospital at Camp Sherman recovering from shrapnel wounds in both legs.

FREAK WINS HIS BET

Found Dead in Police Station as He Had Predicted.

Fifteen years ago "Tattooed Jack," a well-known sleazy jack and circus sideshow character of former years, bet "the best drink in town that I'll be found dead some night with my clothes on in this police station," with Sergeant Hutchinson of the North side jail at Pittsburgh.

The other night an aged man was found dead in a cell of the station. No one knew his identity until Hutchinson was called. It was "Tattooed Jack," and he had his clothes on. He had won the bet.

Rich Indian Takes Wife.

Old Dog, chief of the Gros Ventres, one of the four tribes which lives in peace and harmony on Berthold Reservation, has brought Mrs. Old Dog to a hospital at Bismarck, N. D., for treatment. Old Dog is a full-blooded Gros Ventre, and is one of the wealthiest and most progressive Indians of acres of good land, several thousand head of registered cattle and hundreds of fine horses. Last summer he built a nine-room home in which he installed a modern heating and plumbing system.

Optimism Nets \$500.

Mrs. J. H. Steiner's optimism and faith in General Pershing and his Yanks has won her \$500. While the Germans seemed on the verge of winning the war she went among her neighbors in Pittsburgh cheering them up, saying that the enemy would be beaten before the snow began to fall. When her statements were questioned she promptly offered to wager \$500 which was as promptly taken up. She collected.

WHY PUBLISH IN GERMAN?

Writer Makes Plea for Dissemination of Scientific Literature in the English Language.

It has been the habit of most of our English and American scientists, as well as those in other countries, to publish their discoveries first in German and then (if they get to it) to publish in their own language, writes Frank A. Spragg in Science.

A few years ago, when desiring an English translation of a German four-volume work on the breeding of field crops, the present writer located translators, took up the matter with the publisher and looked for an English publisher. The American publishing houses agreed that the data should be in English, but considered that they would not sell enough copies to pay for the undertaking.

Is it not about time that the English-speaking people see to it that the scientific literature be published in English? Germany has furnished public funds when the publisher of technical data was not able to sell enough copies to make a profit. Can't the English-speaking people do as well?

BE CAREFUL



Max—They say that a real gentleman can be told by the way he sits down.

Dax—Sits down on the ice, do you suppose it means?

THE LARGEST TANKER.

What is said to be the largest oil tanker in the world was launched at Wallsend-on-Tyne last month. The vessel has a length of 506 feet and a width of 68 feet 7 inches with a molded depth of 42½ feet. This vessel, the San Florentino, was built on the Islerhof system of longitudinal framing and was measured to pass both the Panama and Suez canals. The ship's hull is divided into 13 compartments, and has 4½ miles of oil pipes. It is equipped with steam heating apparatus, a refrigerating plant, a hospital and a complete installation of auxiliary machinery. Compound geared turbines are used which may be run independently or be coupled to gearing to drive the propeller.—Scientific American.

NEW ARABIAN FLAG.

Have you ever seen the flag of the Hedjaz, the new kingdom of Arabia? It has three bands, black, green and white, and a red triangle next to the staff—real Christmas colors. Red is the traditional color of the Arabians, and green the sacred color of the Mohammedans. The black is said to stand for the holy city of Mecca and the white for the Abbassid dynasty—the caliphs of Bagdad, the ones you read about in the "Arabian Nights."

NATIONAL FORESTS.

The recreational value of the national forests alone is estimated by Doctor Waugh as more than the whole cost of their administration, and is in addition to the timber and forage resources and the value of watershed protection. On this basis the national forests are certainly a paying investment for the American people.

MIGHT.

"Why are you going to Europe?" "Just to look around," said the lame duck. "With this league of nations looming up they might need a few good men to hold office, don't you know?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

EMBELLISHMENT.

"Gentlemen powdered their hair in the old days."

"We're doing it yet," remarked Mr. Crosslots. "You ought to see my hair after I've been shaking down the furnace."