

STORIES OF THE GERMAN RETREAT

ALONG THE SOMME THE FRENCH WELCOME DELIVERIES.

Confirmed Reports of Depravity and Malicious Conduct of the Enemy.

"If the German could even win the war, he could never win his name from being anything but an insulting epithet."

The German vandalism and German atrocities as shown in the big retreat have been so savage that the foregoing comment is on the lips of every allied soldier now occupying French villages which the Germans have recently abandoned.

The abduction of hundreds of young French girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five by the retreating German troops is an official fact, writes a war correspondent from France in April. And this wholesale abduction of women is not a series of isolated acts performed by drunken German soldiers, but a systematic abduction with official authority behind it.

Rachael Weeping For Her Children.

"In the village where we are at present there is more than one Rachel weeping for her children," writes a friend of mine, a British officer. "One old lady was quite prostrate with grief over the abduction of her pretty young granddaughter by these devilish Huns. She never expects to see the child again—and, indeed, it is quite unlikely that she ever will."

The village of Nesle affords many examples of recent German outrages. The people have been under German rule virtually since August, 1914, and the horror of the final days of German occupation is still fresh upon them.

"The women of Nesle, hearing that the British were advancing on their village and wholly unnerved by the last acts of outrage done by the retreating Germans, rushed out to meet our troops and surrounded our embarrassed Tommies with exclamations of joy and floods of tears." So writes a British officer who is now in Nesle.

Starving Children.

"Most of the recent trouble," he adds, "was caused by drunken officers. The female population, from the ages of fourteen to seventy, were submitted to outrages which I shudder to detail. The least reprehensible was the act of one German officer who rode his horse into the bedroom of a woman in whose house he was billeted."

In Nesle the work of the American relief committee really kept the unfortunate people alive. Shortage of food has been terrible.

"Look at my poor little children," said one Frenchwoman to a British officer. "See how they are starving. The Boches stole all our cows and we had no milk. They took our hens and we had no eggs. They took our potatoes. They lived well, but cared not whether we lived or died."

Bapaume and Peronne are smoking ruins now.

Horror of Bapaume.

"When in future the Germans talk of the world's need of their culture, Bapaume and Peronne should for ever shut their mouths."

Such is the terse comment of an eye-witness.

"Obscene words are scribbled on the walls, the streets—portraits of children are smeared with filth. Books, pictures, little things in French homes which were not worth the looting have been so defiled that one turns away in nausea. The Germans have left Bapaume in a state to make both the mind and the stomach sick. Among the broken mirrors and crockery—and before retreating, the Germans had an orgy of destruction—I found one typical instance of their vindictiveness. It was the photographic group of three little French girls, evidently once a family treasure, but now made foul as an insult by a German trooper."

In all the villages which the Germans have recently evacuated there has been wanton and useless destruction. Trees have been killed, sheep-dip has been flung down wells, and obscenity has had free course.

In the Peronne neighborhood the half-starved populace welcomed the British with great emotion.

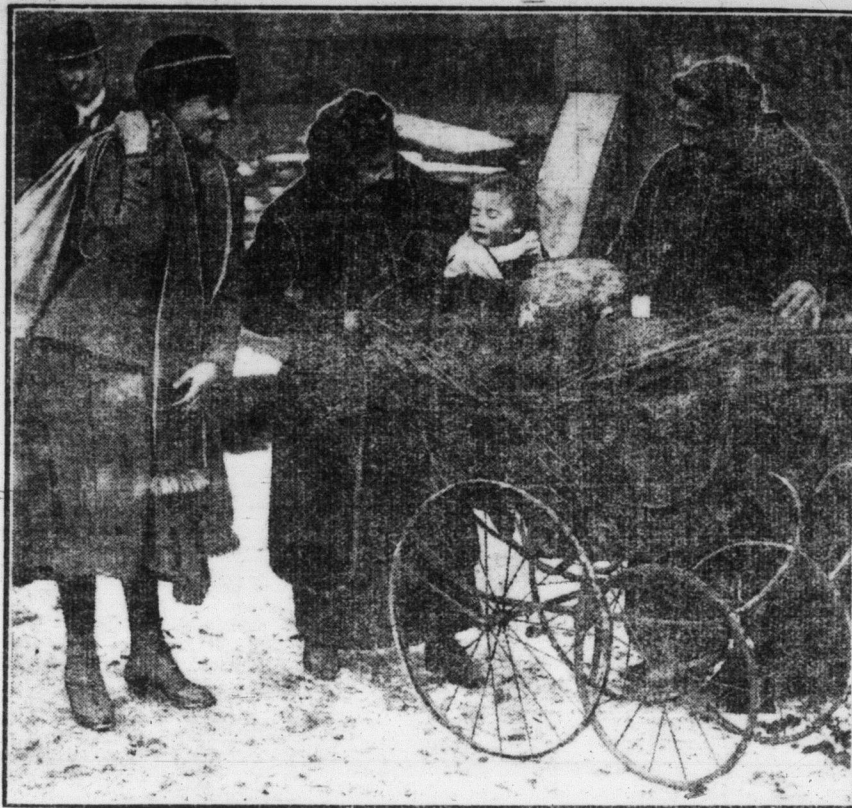
"In one place," says an officer, "my men released some hundreds from barns in which they had been actually locked by the Germans. Groups of old men, women and children, to whom the British were only a myth, welcomed our advance guard with tears. 'Are you many?' asked one woman, doubtfully. 'We are two million,' I said. She clapped her hands delightedly."

After Thirty Months.

A pathetic little story comes from the town of Noyon. The other morning a report ran through it that General Nivelle was coming.

Windows were immediately hung with flags and garlands. Crowds flocked into the streets. There was shouting and excitement everywhere. Noyon, enchained by Prussian rule so long, was to be liberated. Her saviors were on the way.

Suddenly a brass band was heard, and a battalion of the Ninety-second French regiment, a mass of blue tunics, went marching up the street.



The Difficulty of Getting Delivery of Coal in England. Perambulators, motor cars, and all sorts of articles are used for carrying coal. The poor and the rich must fetch their own coal. Our photo shows coal being taken home in a perambulator.

Above them, carried by a tall officer, floated a tattered, half-burnt flag. At sight of it the inhabitants fell upon their knees. They hailed the colors of France.

Then cheers went up as the battalion hurried to the central square of the village. Out of a motor-car stepped General Nivelle himself. The band struck up the Marseillaise.

The Deputy-Mayor and the old men of the town stepped forward. A little girl with hair tied up in tricolor ribbons was beside him and solemnly presented to the general a nosegay of flowers gathered from the town gardens. Nivelle raised her in his arms and kissed her.

The Marseillaise—the most wonderful song in the whole world—was sung by voices hoarse with emotion.

For after thirty months of oppression under German rule, Noyon was free.

NEW NAME FOR ENGLAND.

For the Wounded Soldier it Conveys Peace and Tender Care.

A new word has come into the English language to designate a place. It is of the type of Dixie, Yankee, Uncle Sam and John Bull.

The word is "Blighly," and it refers to England, writes an American editor. I asked that uncommonly fine-looking British soldier, Captain C. W. Reith, of the British Inspection Department at Eddystone, to unravel for me its origin.

"I heard 'Blighly' in France about three months after the war started," says Captain Reith. "It is only used by soldiers in referring to their return to England from the front."

"Some have said it was evolved from the expression when one soldier would say that another had got a 'blighly wound,' signifying a very severe wound. Gradually it grew to signify a wound which was severe enough to necessitate the soldier's return to England."

From that "Blighly" became the short, expressive term to designate what every wounded soldier most longed for—home.

"But," adds this British officer in his explanation for me, "the real origin of 'Blighly' is quite different from this. It came with the British troops from India. There are many such words of Hindustani origin used by our army."

"In Hindustani 'Bilaiti'—pronounced 'blighly'—means the province of the Sahibs; that is Britain, and now it means that glorious place of peace where the wounded go. Thus 'Blighly' conveys all the sacred associations and tender sentiments equally with the word home."

Captain Reith gives this picture of his own return:

"I remember after eleven months of continuous service at the front being taken down country after being wounded. I looked out of a small window of the hospital train, moving through a little wayside Halte, and there was a board shaped out roughly like a hand pointing down the line in the way we were going and nailed on to a telegraph post, inscribed thereon the magic words, 'To Blighly.'"

"The first time I went on leave I hadn't seen a railroad train or carriage for six months."

Little wonder that this stalwart soldier adds: "The thought of getting away from everything for five or six days and back to 'Blighly' is certainly a very fine feeling."

Who that has not suffered the tortures of trench warfare can doubt it?

Dorothy (to the grocer)—Mamma says she can't owe you \$27 for the month, and will you please send her a macadamized bill.

THE LOST WHEEL.

Fortunate Ending to a Seemingly Unavoidable Tragedy.

When Mr. Ralph Pulitzer returned to the French aviation field after a flight with an expert pilot, the day threatened to end in tragedy. As the aeroplane came to a stop a mechanic ran up with a pneumatic wheel.

He spoke a few sharp words to the pilot, says the author in Over the Front in an Aeroplane, and the pilot asked me to get out quickly. I jumped out; the mechanic scrambled into my place, carrying the pneumatic wheel, and with a rattle and a roar the aeroplane rolled across the field and leaped into the air again.

I joined some aviation officers and asked what was the matter. They pointed to a machine a few thousand feet above us and explained that in leaving the ground it had lost one of its pneumatic wheels. The aviator was ignorant of the mishap, and unless they warned him in time his machine would turn turtle and kill him when he tried to make his landing. My pilot had gone up to meet him in the upper air, and by waving the wheel at him indicate his predicament and warn him to land on the left wheel and the tail of his machine.

"Unless he understands before he lands he is a dead man," said the officer.

That was a dramatic spectacle—one aviator on guard high in the sky in complete unconsciousness of the death that awaited him; another, climbing nearer and nearer, then circling round and round in narrowing circles. Finally the first machine started down.

"He understands," said one.

"No, he doesn't," said the others.

"Get the ambulance ready!" ordered the aviation captain; and the engine of the motor ambulance began to chug with a most sinister effect.

We all stood powerless and watched the machine spiral down. As the man made his glide, men stood in the field waving spare wheels at him, to make sure that he would understand. But no. Instead of landing tilted to the left on the sound wheel, he made his landing leaning over a little to the right where the wheel was missing. As the great machine touched the earth it buried its nose in the ground; the tail rose and rose until it stood perpendicular, and then fell forward in a somersault, so that the plane was lying on its back.

"He's finished. Get the ambulance!" ordered the captain.

We all started at a run across the field toward the motionless aeroplane, with the motor ambulance following close on our heels. As we got to the wreck a figure crawled out and began to complain at not having been warned in a way that a sane man could understand. How the aviator escaped will always remain a complete mystery, but his escape made a thrilling ending to an unforgettable afternoon.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Learn to do with diligence what you would do with ease.

Love of a good woman is the best protection a man can have.

In silence danger is concealed. Women are seldom really dangerous.

Many a man has won out because of his inability to realize that he was whipped.

Though the under dog gets a lot of sympathy, the upper canine gets the gate receipts.

We usually know what is best for us to do, but the trouble is to persuade ourselves to do it.

Nearly all the knowledge in the world has been acquired at the expense of somebody's burnt fingers.

There is an independent fortune awaiting the inventor of a typewriting machine that will spell correctly.

"THE WORLD DO MOVE."

Achievements in the Fields of Science and Invention.

A locomotive travelling at the rate of a mile a minute gives forth 1,200 puffs each minute.

A newly invented dish rinser consists of a large, broad spray attached to a water faucet, which rinses instantly and thoroughly all the dishes contained in the largest of dishpans.

A rolling pin for the purpose of easily decorating small cakes and cookies has been invented. One revolution of the rolling pin makes a number of differing decorations.

The wooden toy industry in Canada has made great strides since the war cut off importations.

A machine which clips the tops of loaves of bread before they are baked, and thus produces an ornamental and much better browned crust, is the invention of a pair of California bakers.

Stud buttons to be clamped through the ears of cattle, for purposes of identification, have been invented recently.

A former American soldier has devised a steel helmet which can also be used to hold food and as an intrenching tool.

A new kitchen tool has been invented which easily cuts round holes in cans, removes the top of a can of any shape, lifts milk bottle caps and opens metal-capped bottles.

An electric mechanism has been invented which, when attached to any door lock, records the number of times the door has been locked and unlocked. If desired, this record can be made at a considerable distance.

A perforated towel rack for bathrooms has been invented which, when connected with the water faucet by a rubber tube, can be used as a bath spray.

A pottery built in 1396, and long ago abandoned, will be reopened by the Chinese government. It is said to be the only place which has preserved the ancient Chinese methods of making porcelain of rare colors and designs.

A FALLEN NATION.

Crowning Shame of German People Is Their Consent to Crimes.

One of the saddest features of the present world-devastating war is the spectacle of a nation like Germany, which the world had learned to respect and admire for its thoroughness, its business ability, and the general intelligence and integrity of its people, falling so low that now its very name threatens to become a reproach and a hissing, while the records of its deeds, duly recorded by impartial history and without any attempt at exaggeration, promise to make the Germans of the future blush for shame at their savagery and unrelieved brutality.

It would be too much, perhaps, to ask that the testimony of the French and British be accepted in such a case without corroborative evidence, but, unfortunately for Germany, this corroboration is supplied by men whose testimony cannot be refused. The testimony of ex-Ambassador Gerard as to what he had seen in Germany, and the testimony of Brand Whiteck, United States Minister to Belgium, are both conclusive in regard to the happenings of that ill-starred land.

Love is likely to make a fool of a man, but most men are willing to take chances.

An Italian aviator has invented a camera that takes pictures from an airplane automatically, the roll of film and shutter being governed by a tiny air propeller.

THE CAMERON'S RETURN.

Touching Scenes in a French Village Described.

Interviewed in London, Corporal Haggarty, of the Machine Gun Corps (temporarily attached to the Cameron Highlanders), who took part in the advance towards the Hindenburg line, related the following dramatic incident:

"After the terrible days of Mons a party of Camerons who had got lost found refuge for days in a village. There was a piper with them, and in the evenings he used to play to the villagers. One favorite was the 'March of the Cameron Men.' The advance of the German hordes forced the little company of Highlanders to leave, and there was general sorrow in the village when they left. They said, however, they would return later to drive the enemy away. Months passed, and most of these poor chaps fell in the fighting from the Marne to the Somme. There was only one of the original party when our chaps re-entered the village, and you can judge of what he thought when he found the pretty little place reduced to wreck and the kind-hearted peasants nowhere to be seen. We settled down to make ourselves as comfortable as we could."

"On the evening of the third day one of the regimental pipers struck up the March of the Cameron Men, and as the strains echoed and re-echoed across country from the ruined village a strange sight met our gaze. Along two of the roads numbers of old men, women, and children came streaming. When the Germans began their retreat, and started destroying the village, these poor creatures had sought dwelling-places that had proved to shelter their lives in the night."

"For three days they had hidden there, all unconscious of the liberation of their village, and not daring to venture forth. They had caught the familiar strain of the Cameron's March, had remembered the promise of the men they had sheltered in the dark days of the Mons retreat, and realized that deliverance was at hand after more than two years of ill-usage at the hands of the Huns."

"They were wild with joy. The women thanked us with tears in their eyes, and the children gazed at us open-mouthed in sheer amazement. Grief for the destruction of their homes and all their belongings that they had not been able to save from the destruction or rapacity of the Huns was forgotten in joy at seeing the dress of the Camerons once more."

There were many kind enquiries for the original party, who had evidently been favorites with the women and children on the former visit, but, alas! the only thing the sole survivor could say was that his comrades had all given their lives to deliver France from the invader."

THE HOME OF HEROES.

Victoria, Queen City of the Pacific, Does Nobly in Freedom's Cause.

What do you think of a city of 50,000 people—secure, serene, rose-vined by the blue Pacific—that has sent 13,000 soldiers to the war for freedom, fully seventy-five per cent. of them her own native citizens? Victoria, British Columbia, has given units of every needed variety from grave to grave, and has sent her sons to the front in her latest volunteer bunch of bearcats, the 143rd Bantams. But of all the famous regiments in Canada, not excepting even the Montreal Highlanders, nor the Queen's Own of Toronto, not one has outdistanced the record of Victoria's adored 50th Gordon Highlanders, which three months ago had 2,000 of all ranks to its credit.

In April, 1913, when spring was smiling sleepily on the North Pacific, Major J. J. Riddell succeeded in gathering a hundred representative men at the Empress Hotel, and the Gordon Highlanders were born on paper to appear in actuality the following spring, financed to the tune of \$35,000 by their Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Coy.

We can scarcely imagine the blithe carelessness with which the regiment went into camp three hundred strong that warless summer of 1914. It looks so "long ago and far away," as we see it through the haze of Ypres and the torn night of the Somme. When the world, as we knew it, came to an end in August, the Gordons volunteered en-masse, under their colonel (now Major-General) A. W. Curry, and they went to serve "Somewhere in France."

But the Canadian "Queen of the Pacific" isn't the city to be contented with its last year's battling average. The Bantams have just been sent forward, and everywhere the visitor goes, from the swarming docks to the lonesome heights where the Dominion Government's Observatory stares at the stars, there is a dash of khaki in the colonial color scheme. Oak bay, once sacred to the motorist and the tea basket, now forms part of the regular route march to harden up the troops. Mt. Baker, down in the S.E. of Vancouver, frowned against the Italian sky, looks near enough for aeroplane reconnaissance, and sufficiently solid to prefigure benevolent neutrality. The winding drives of Beacon Hill park are full of jingling majors and hustling sergeants, and at night the great branches of the Douglas fir quiver to "Last Post," that bugle call that plays the dark in the Pacific, and tucks a comrade under in far France.

WITH A "WORKS" BATTALION

ANOTHER PHASE OF WAR WORK HITHERTO UNKNOWN.

Officer in Charge Describes the Duties and the Pay Of An I. W. C.

Gratified was I when given command of an Infantry Works Company, though a trifle ruffled when irreverent brother-officers persisted in addressing me as "O.C. Drains."

Works Companies were unknown before the war, and came into being about a year ago, owing to the need for supplementing or replacing civilian by military labor, says a writer in London Answers. This, it was found, could be most conveniently done by the institution of small, mobile, self-contained working units, each independent of the other, and available for duty anywhere at home.

All Conditions of Men.

A Works Company, in short, is a miniature battalion, and the "O.C. Drains" is his own commanding officer. The establishment comprises one officer, who is a captain or a subaltern, one sergeant-major, who also acts as quartermaster-sergeant, two sergeants, four corporals, six lance-corporals, and ninety-four privates—total, one hundred and eight.

Because they are unarmed the men are often mistaken for "Conscientious Objectors"; but most unjustly so. They are Derby recruits, who, on being attached, were found fit for Home Service only, but capable of a certain amount of labor. Nor are they necessarily skilled artisans or trained laborers.

My little command included journeymen, clerks, warehousemen, factory-hands and operatives, barbers, and an ex-chauffeur, and only a small proportion are laborers by calling. But if at first manual toil brought aches and pains to those used to indoor occupations, they buckled to with a will, and soon grew fit and hard.

The construction or repair of rifle-ranges, the making of temporary or permanent roads, the building of railway sidings, these are the usual tasks of an Infantry Works Company.

Noble Emoluments.

Financially, the men may be quite well off, for, if lent to a civilian firm, as they usually are, they receive the local civilian rate of wages, less 85 cents a day, which is stopped by Government. Thus, on one job during the summer, when working-hours were long, my men working overtime Saturdays, they averaged \$4.25 a week, after providing for the 87 cents a day deduction. And—mind you!—these civilian wages were in addition to their Army pay and any separation allowances to which their dependents were entitled.

The civilian employer does not benefit by the 85 cents a day stoppage. He has to pay the full rate of wages to the Government, the stoppage being made in view of the fact that, although the Works Company man is in civil employ, he continues to be fed, clothed, and housed by the State. Incidentally, the men are provided with khaki-drill working overalls, to save their uniforms from wear and tear.

Touring England.

Humdrum though his task may be, the "I.W.C." man is likely to see more of his native land than probably he has ever seen before. A Works Company is not supposed to be lent for any one job for more than two months, and it wanders all over the country.

What of the "O.C. Drains"? He tastes the joys of independence, and what with supervising the work and conducting his own "office," there is enough to do to keep him pleasantly busy. On the other hand, as he is the only officer with the company, he may suffer from loneliness. Still, it is sweet to be your own "boss," and my experience of running an Infantry Works Company is that I should be loath to give it up. The men are usually exceedingly well-behaved, giving little or no trouble.

I'll admit that there are few opportunities for heroism and V.C.'s, but the I.W. men are doing valuable work all the same.

How He Lost His Finger.

One day after the brakeman had been explaining the scenery one of the passengers whispered to the conductor:

"Conductor can you tell me how that brakeman lost his finger?" He seems to be a nice fellow."

"That's just it, ma'am. He's so obliging that he just wore his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."

What's the Use of 'Em?

Richard, aged four, accompanied by his mother, was watching a regiment of soldiers, headed by its band, marching by. "Mamma," he asked, "what's the use of all them soldiers that don't make music?"

The man who goes to the bottom of things is usually the man who gets to the top.

Two smaller silos give better satisfaction than one larger one, if Summer as well as winter feeding of silage is practiced.

THE EMPIRE'S GREATEST PERIL

ARMOR IS WEAK IN ONE VITAL POINT.

Although Other Defects Have Been Remedied the Food Problem Remains.

Not since the war began has the Empire been out of danger. There were weak points in our armor, and whether any of them should prove our undoing depended on which should happen first—the due strengthening of the weak points, or the enemy's penetrating one of them. The shortage of men would have been fatal had it been prolonged. Compulsory service had to be resorted to to correct that.

Then it was found necessary to multiply by a large factor the number of machine guns. The air service had to be re-created. For a time it looked as if for want of munitions the Entente armies would be overwhelmed by a deluge of enemy fire.

One Defect Russians.

All these adverse conditions have been changed so as to show a balance in our favor. Happily for the Empire, the British navy was ready when the war began, and under its cover we have been enabled to turn against the enemy odds that in several respects were fearfully against us when we were called to our defence.

But in a vital point the Empire is still exposed, the point which the forgers of the panopoly of Britannia ought to have made most proof against the power of the enemy. That is the Food point. To-day the Entente Powers are harassed by two enemies, one as to the military consequences of the Russian revolution, the other as to the sufficiency of the food supply. If the Entente Nations continue to be well fed, the doom of the enemy is certain, no matter what the military effect of Russia's revolution.

To Save the Empire.

The British navy, which has so far been our insurer against the consequences of blundering or negligent statesmanship, is our chief reliance against the deadliest weapon with which the enemy is now striking, the submarine. The submarine is making great havoc with our shipping, and every week is sinking many thousands of tons of foodstuffs bound for the Entente countries. It is producing general alarm in British Government circles. May the British navy and its aids soon deliver our shipping from that dread of the sea! But, woe! though the British navy can perform, it cannot plow the fields and produce abounding crops. On all hands the cry goes up for increased agricultural production to save the Empire. Even though the submarine danger were disposed of, there still remains the extremely grave danger of the food supply failing before the war is over.

CORN FOR ENSILAGE.

Hints From Dominion Experimental Farm on Corn-Growing.

Corn will grow on any well drained and well manured soil.

Good methods are essential. Heavy, well-drained clay will give good results, fall ploughed. Spring ploughing is, for average soil conditions, advisable.

Plough rather shallow—four to five inches deep—according to soil, turning a flat score, roll and disc and harrow at once if possible, and continue these operations until the seed-bed is deep, level and fairly fine.

Plant early in May when the weather and soil have become warm.

Corn requires considerable heat for rapid germination and growth, which is essential for the success of the crop.

There are two common methods of planting: (a) hills, (b) drills.

The hill method is advisable for fields foul with persistent weeds, whereby the maximum amount of power cultivation can be employed to best advantage.

After ploughing, the disc harrow is the most suitable implement for preparing the seed-bed. Some types are more suitable than others. Double disc harrows are now being used to speed up this operation, lower the cost and ensure a thoroughly pulverized surface soil.

What is it like? This harrow consists of two disc harrows, one in front of the other, cutting the one with an in-throw and the other with an out-throw. It requires from three to six horses to operate, depending on size of machine and horses. It saves at least one man.

You have a roller, employ it wisely. It is generally used to put the finishing touch to seeding operations, whereas its chief value is for firming and crumbling the soil previous to seeding.

Taking No Risks.

Mamma—What is Willie crying about?

Bridget—Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Green's.

Mamma—Well, why didn't you let him go?

Bridget—They were havin' charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't shure as he'd had 'em yet.