

First Girl to Reach French Front is Kathleen Burke

English Maiden Saw German Attacks on Verdun, and Visited Other Scenes of Battle

London, Oct. 11.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press)—The first girl who has been right up to the front of the French army, is Kathleen Burke, the same English girl who on her tour early this year in behalf of the Scottish Women's Hospitals in the Eastern States and Canada, collected so much money that on returning she was hailed in the newspapers as the "thousand-dollar-a-day girl."

A mere slip of a girl of the type that might be afraid of the report of a rifle, Miss Burke stood calmly by the side of the officers in Verdun, and while big shells were dropping about watched the direction of a counter attack that repulsed the enemy.

As a special mark of appreciation of the splendid devotion of the body of workers she represents and of her own zeal in raising more than a million francs in support of hospitals treating wounded French soldiers, she was entertained by three great Generals. Her hosts were General Petain, the original defender of Verdun, General Nivelle, now in command of the army of the Meuse, and General Dabois, in command in Verdun itself. Miss Burke was also received by General Joffre. At a dinner in the vaults of the Citadel of Verdun toasts to the success of the Allies and to the visitor's health were proposed to the accompaniment of the boom of the big guns.

Under the care of the Commandant Jean de Pulligny, of the Ministry of Munitions, and recently chief of the French Engineering Commission to the United States, in an automobile placed at their disposal by the French government, Miss Burke visited practically the entire front, paying particular attention to the work of the hospitals. She remained in France about a month. "Ten days after my arrival I assisted at the opening of a new ward of 100 beds in the hospital of the Scottish Women at Royumont," she said. "The ward is called 'Canada' because it was paid for by the Canadian money. The money was given to me by five Canadian cities during my hurried visit—Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and London, Ontario. The Canadian Red Cross made me a splendid gift of \$10,000."

"Everywhere I was tremendously impressed by the work of the hospitals, their remarkable systems whereby the wounded are so promptly given the best attention, and I was glad actually to witness the wonderful work of the American Ambulance sections. I saw several, and they were very much closer to the firing line than anyone would imagine, the young men being constantly in the greatest peril, but seeming to forget in their zeal all about their personal safety."

Although she knew it in a vague way, Miss Burke says that she did not realize the great danger she

was in at Verdun as she stood out near the top of the Citadel and watched the battle. Men were falling within a few hundred yards of her. "It was a bit thrilling," she said, "especially to see the big shells 'rough-words' from Krupp's, as the officers referred to them, falling on perfect ease and lack of the slightest trace of anxiety among the officers that set me so much at my own ease during the terrific cannonade of the big guns."

For her efforts in behalf of the Serbians, Miss Burke has been made a Knight of St. Sava in Serbia, the youngest on the roll. Her organization had four hospitals in Serbia, and transferred their work after the German occupation to Saloniki and Corsica, where they have the medical care of 6,000 Serbian refugees. Another unit is leaving shortly for Russia, and a unit which left last month for Saloniki to join the Serbian army is called the "American Unit," as it was paid for with funds subscribed in America.

J. N. Gibson, a fireman, of Regina, Sask., was instantly killed recently. He fell from an automatic coal feeder, and his head was cut open.

W. S. Simpson, of Parbrun, near Swift Current, was awarded first prize for spring wheat at the Toronto Exhibition, against all comers.

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JANE'S ADVENTURE

Two nights now Jane had watched her doll, Clarissa, dress and depart in a silver fairy balloon sailed by an elf named Peter Prank.

"I wish I could go with her!" sighed Jane. "Just once, while the moon is bright. I know what I'll do. To-night when I go to bed I'll lay out all her best things, even the necklace of seashells grandma gave her Christmas, and then she'll be so pleased she'll let me go."

So that night Jane laid out lacy petticoats for the doll, a dainty silk dress and high-heeled slippers, a jewelled doll comb for her hair and a necklace of seashells. When the clock struck 12 Jane, awaking with a start, saw Clarissa by the doll bureau, combing her lovely flaxen hair and smiling in delight at the fiery laid out for her.

"Dear me," said Clarissa, "I'll be finer than any one else! After all, let you go, will you promise not to hang over the edge of the silver balloon?"

RIPPLING RHYMES

BY WALT MASON

He sat beside me by the fire, and chattered while I gazed my lyre. "I've toiled," he said, "for thirty years, like Adam's team of brindled steers. And now that I have made my way, I'll do some travelling globe before I don a long white robe. My wife and I for years have planned a journey to the Holy Land; next year we'll see the storied things of which the pious psalmist sings. And if the war shall ever cease, we'll log through Italy and Greece, and see the Spaniard train his vine, and have a jolly ride on the Rhine. I hope to climb the Alps and see the moonlight on the Zuyder Zee, and thread the ancient 'streets of Rome' but now, methinks, I must go home. He took his rainstick and his hat and vanished from my humble flat, to seek his home, which wasn't far; and on his way a motor car came up behind and clattered his frame, and he forever quit the game. Alas, poor chap! He 'went abroad,' and didn't need to take his wad."

SIDE TALKS

By Ruth Cameron

"I didn't think," I heard a woman explain the other day when she was accused of saying a tactless thing. How many times that statement explains (but does not justify?) not only tactless, but all sorts of foolish, futile, unnecessary things that we do and say."

Not long ago I was taking a short trip by boat. I went into my stateroom at dusk. There were two buttons to press, one evidently for the electric light, the other for the stewardess. I wanted the light and I didn't want the stewardess. I speculated at some length as to which was which but I didn't think. Finally I pressed one. It brought the stewardess. After I had tipped her to fetch me some ice-water that I didn't want, I pressed the other button, and as I did so I noticed that the covering around that wire ran up to the ceiling and thence to the light. I should have saved time, money and self-respect."

Had I used my eyes and my brain intelligently in the first place, I should have saved myself time, money and self-respect."

A carpenter told me this experience the other day. He was summoned by a woman to put screens on the chimney of her summer cottage.

LADY'S NEGLIGEE.

By Anabel Worthington.



The designer who created this negligee considered that even so simple a garment must have its touch of elegance and gave us a model quite as lovely as any among the "robes intimes," developed in exquisite French silk, sent over from Paris.

The body portion of the garment illustrated is in bolero style; the skirt section is gathered at the upper edge under the bolero, and this treatment creates the graceful folds that make the model a charming one. Ribbon is used to bind the front edges and to finish the sleeves, but bands of contrasting color goods will serve admirably to give a pretty effect when the material is not a really pretentious fabric.

Cashmere, wool batiste, challis, albatross and crepe de chine are appropriate and attractive weaves in which to develop a garment of this kind, and any woman will feel encouraged to use a pattern for the first time when she looks a second time at the negligee illustrated.

The pattern of No. 7,978 is cut in sizes 36 to 40 and 44 inch bust. To make in size 36 will require 4½ yards material 36 inches wide, and 3 yards ribbon or banding.

To obtain the pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

TWO FRENCHMEN MAKE BIG HAUL

A Pair of Poilus Captured One Hundred Hun Soldiers

The remarkable feat of two men taking one hundred prisoners was accomplished a short time ago by a French corporal and one of his men. The story was told to President Poincaré during one of his recent visits to the Somme front, when he presented Corporal Goutaudier with the first Cross of Legion of Honor ever awarded to a non-commissioned officer in this war.

During an attack launched by the French against the German positions in the Hem Wood, on the Somme front, two waves of French infantry passed, one behind the other, over the German trenches. Scarcely had the second line of French soldiers gone over, when a furious rifle fire broke out from a hollow on the right flank of the attackers. Corporal Goutaudier, seeing that the firing interfered with the advance, called to one of his men: "Guillot, come with me."

Together they crept toward the spot whence the enemy was shooting, and sometimes crawling, sometimes flitting silently from tree to tree, they gradually approached without being seen. As is the custom during an advance, the two Frenchmen were armed with grenades and bombs, besides their rifles and bayonets. Reaching the hollow, they saw that a company of German infantrymen had managed to avoid detection when the attackers went by, and had now emerged to fire on the French as they passed on the left.

Suddenly a hail of bombs and hand grenades descended on the hidden Germans, while from behind a tree a voice, that of Corporal Goutaudier, summoned them to surrender. At once the firing ceased, and throwing down their rifles, the Germans came out of their hiding place. In all there were about 100 of them, including two officers. As they came forth from their dugout, with their hands above their heads, what was their amazement to see only two French "poilus" who unceremoniously herded them together and marched them to the rear. There was no chance to resist because their arms had been all thrown away.

On their way to the rear the Germans disclosed that there were still a number of their comrades left behind in the shelter, and Corp. Goutaudier decided to capture them too. As soon as the prisoners were in the hands of the escorts at the rear, Corp. Goutaudier and Pte. Guillot, his comrade started back to take the rest of the Germans, but unfortunately Private Guillot was struck in the chest by a bullet and killed. Corporal Goutaudier was, therefore, obliged to give up all idea of being able to capture the remaining Germans.

Besides being the first non-commissioned officer in an Alpine regiment to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor during the war, Corporal Goutaudier, who is a farmer in ordinary times, is one of the first to receive the coveted distinction under the new regime, which allows this decoration to be awarded even to privates. Previously only officers could aspire for the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Goutaudier is only 22 years of age.

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