

# THE GREATEST OF CEMETERIES

THOUSANDS OF GRAVES IN FRENCH LORRAINE

Shifting of Battles May Be Traced By Following Lines of Wooden Crosses.

French Lorraine is the greatest cemetery in the world. Colonies of dead, marked by lines of crude wooden crosses, lies everywhere under newly formed sod at the edges of woods and thickets and in ravines—German and French. The shifting of battle scenes may be traced by following them. They are thickest there where was fought the great battle for Nancy that began with the retreat of the French from Morhange and reached its climax during the battle of the Marne. The number has been continually swelled since in the 14-months' struggle in the Woivre and the Vosges.

Saint Genevieve, Essey, the Amances, the Heights of Cuittes, Veauve, Gerbevillers of the Grand Couronne de Nancy, Etain, the Eparges, the Bois Brule, the Bois Apremont, the Bois Saint Mansuy, and the Bois Le Pretre in the Woivre are so many cemeteries, nearly all of them with crosses bearing names already illustrious: Lionel Rieux, the poet, lies at Essey; Paul Vial, who received a bullet in his heart, in the Saint Mansuy Woods. Among the French buried at Gerbevillers is Jean Martin, one of the most promising pupils of the French Art School at Rome. He fell with the heroic handful of Chasseurs that held the Morhange there against 40,000 Germans during the 11 hours. Merceel Drouot is among those who lie at the summit of the Samagneux hill.

"To-morrow in Nancy." The dead lie thickest perhaps at the Loisy Gap. After the Germans had captured Nomeny and Pont-a-Mousson, they sent a regiment to force this passage between two heights, held by a single company of French infantry. That gap became the tomb of the entire regiment.

The cemetery of St. Genevieve is not so dense, but far more extended than that of the Loisy Gap. The Germans, forced by the resistance of the company of infantry at Loisy to try a flank movement around the heights of Saint Genevieve, obtained a success before the heights of Cuittes, where French crosses predominate. It was then, thinking he saw the route opening up for his troops, the Emperor of Germany issued his famous order of the day: "To-morrow in Nancy." Sainte Genevieve was still between His Majesty's troops and the Lorraine capital; it is to-day the cemetery of most of them. The French, too, fell in such numbers there as to disquiet the officers, who called the attention of Commandant M—— to the losses.

"No matter," replied the commandant, "we won't give an inch." It required an order from the general to induce him to take up a stronger position a little in the rear.

"In the Name of His Majesty." During the attacks upon the plateau of Amance, captured on the 7th and retaken by General Dulhat on the 8th, Emperor William is said to have observed the action from the edge of the Moral Woods, behind which were concealed the 10,000 horsemen of the Prussian Guard—his escort into Nancy. Velaine fell and Uhlands and Bavarian infantry surged into the passage between the two heights of Amance. "If we can hold out the day it will be a miracle," said the French General in command. The three-inchers increased their fire to the maximum speed just then and mowed those Uhlands and Bavarians down before they could debouch from the defile; they lie there to-day in serried ranks over which a weedy sod has formed. The 10,000 cavalry of the guard galloped off toward Metz, and a parliamentarian with a white flag asked, "In the name of His Majesty," for an armistice of 24 hours to bury the dead.

"In 24 hours," replied the French General, "when the Emperor shall have given sepulchre to his thousands of dead, we shall be ready for him again."

Flowers on French Graves. An estimated proposition of three Germans to one Frenchman buried in the battlefields of the Grand Couronne de Nancy, extending in a semi-circle from Gerbevillers to Pont-a-Mousson, on the east bank of the Moselle, naturally takes no account of the thousands of Bavarian dead removed at night by rail toward Metz, after the battle of Saint Genevieve, which decided the issue of the struggle for Nancy; nor does it comprise the heavy death roll of the French in annexed Lorraine, just over the frontier in the disaster of Morhange.

The evidence of those who have visited all the battlefields of Lorraine and those who helped pick up the dead after the battle of Nancy tends to the belief that, taking the French dead in German Lorraine and the German dead carried from the field of battle, there is no exaggeration in the estimate of three Germans to one Frenchman as the proportion of those killed in the operations in the attack and defeat of Nancy.

Pious hands are taring for these cemeteries, even so close to the battlefield that the German heavy artillery often rakes up the sod and sends the crosses flying in splinters. Flowers are planted on all the French graves and the tricolor floats over many of them. The graves of the Germans are sacredly protected, but not decorated.

## RESPECT KITCHENER. German Press Likens Him to Duke of Wellington.

The most remarkably frank appreciation of any Englishman that has appeared in the German press since the beginning of the war is published by the Berliner Tageblatt, as the immediate result of Lord Kitchener's mission, about the effects of which serious Germans are plainly uneasy.

Lord Kitchener is evidently regarded by the writer as the modern Wellington, to whom he freely compares him, whilst the whole article is an appreciation of Lord Kitchener's military and organizing genius as follows:

Nothing is more stupid than to underestimate an adversary, and when England sends its best military man to the district in which possibly the war will be decided we have every reason to examine the man, his capabilities and determination, as impartially as possible. To begin with we cannot but admit that what Lord Kitchener has done in the course of the war as an organizer is deserving of the greatest respect. One must judge not from the English point of view, for it is impossible to apply the same standard to the work of a German and an English Minister of War. A German Minister of War would be ashamed of himself if he needed so much time and trouble as Lord Kitchener has needed to get together and prepare a similar force for operations. No such improvisation is necessary in our case, but in England, where in times of peace preparations have never been made for a land war on such a scale, it must be recognized that Lord Kitchener has created his armies and organization out of nothing.

It is easily understood, therefore, why the leading classes are not to be shaken in their confidence in him. Who is this man with whom we have to reckon in the future in the development of the struggle of struggles in the Eastern Mediterranean? He is a typical representative of English militarism, which, notwithstanding all disclaimers, has always existed and once had a similar representative, a man of the same stamp, like Wellington.

Lord Kitchener, like Wellington, determines his acts on grounds of practicality only.

## REVOLT WHEN TRUTH TOLD.

Berlin People Already Doubt Some German Versions of War.

To the Paris Figaro a Frenchwoman has written a letter from Berlin, describing in a very interesting manner certain conditions in the German capital. After telling of the daily increasing difficulty in procuring sufficient provisions and other necessities of life, the correspondent continues:

"Life here is becoming unbearable, and I am glad that it will soon be time for me to leave. The people here hate everything that is not German. They are absolutely self-sufficient, and nobody else is of any account. They will not admit the superiority of anyone, except God, perhaps."

"There is one thing in particular which exasperates them, and that is when they are referred to as 'barbarians.' They hate France well enough, but it is nothing compared to their hatred of England. To the English are credited the blackest crimes under the sun, and every German prays and hopes most fervently that the powers of heaven will some day strike and utterly blot out England."

"We are quite a few sympathizers of the allies here, and in spite of all the bad news we are treated to in the war bulletins, we are not getting discouraged. At the time of the latest French successes in Champagne, the German version of the event read like this on the bulletin boards: 'The French occupied a few of our advanced trenches, but we retook them presently.' But they forgot to mention that these trenches cost them 120,000 men. Many have begun to doubt the veracity of the War Office and are murmuring over the unreliability of the news from the front. It is my opinion that these people, who have hitherto let themselves be led like sheep to the slaughter block, will become like wild beasts when they finally learn the truth."

## And the Nurse Was Offended.

Doctor—Well, Casey, are the eyes improving?  
Patient—Sure, they are, sir.  
Doctor—Can you see better? Can you see the nurse now?  
Patient—Sure, I can, sir. Faith, she gets plainer and plainer every day.

A False Note.  
"I hear you ca-a-lling me," warbled daughter from the parlor.  
"Yes," sang mother from the kitchen. "I want you to come here and help me with the dis-s-shes."  
And then a profound silence reigned.



THE MAORI IN HIS 'TOMMY ATKINS' AND HIS NATIVE UNIFORM. Men of the New Zealand Maori contingent to the British Expeditionary force, when they get the King's uniform on, are men of a different color, so to speak.

## GERMANY'S ARMY. It Has an Increasing Tendency to Shrink.

Some calculations on Germany's wastage and reserves are given by Mr. Warner Allen, the British correspondent with the French armies. These calculations, he writes, are confirmed by a variety of sources.

From August, 1914, to the end of October, 1915, the total German losses amounted approximately to four and a half million men on the combined fronts. Of this total three millions may be taken as definitely hors de combat (dead, prisoners, or permanently disabled), while the remaining 1,000,000 may be considered as having returned to the fighting line.

There is a considerable amount of evidence to show that the German losses are much greater than they admit. The writer comes to the conclusion that during the last nine months of the war the German casualties have reached 300,000 a month, exactly as they did during the first six months. Not more than one-third of this total is able to return to the front, so that the German net losses amount to 200,000 a month.

To meet further losses Germany will be compelled to raise the age limit of military service above 45, and already a secret circular has been issued instructing the authorities to proceed to the preparatory registration of men between 46 and 50.

For some time past the numerical strength of the German Army has been stationary on the various fronts, with an increasing tendency to shrink. The number of men called up for active service since February last certainly does not exceed the number of casualties, and at the present moment the number of men in the depots does not exceed the number at that date.

To keep pace with the wastage Germany has been forced to exhaust almost all the reserves of men, and the work has been carried out with ruthless severity. Her last reserves are being rapidly used up, and if the numerical strength of her army can still be kept up for a limited time its quality has deteriorated, and must deteriorate more and more.

## BOASTFUL BOMBARDIER.

A Tea-Party Meeting of Five of His Sweethearts.

Wounded heroes form many attachments in our county towns, says the London Daily Mail. Some men glide happily into one affair and let it ripen; but there are others who drift along the pleasant path to convalescence making a fresh conquest every afternoon. The story of a boastful bombardier illustrates the danger of falling in love more than twice at the same time.

The fire was glowing red in the recreation room of a hospital, and the men turned lightly to romance. Regarding the achievements of his colleagues as mediocre, single-string affairs, the boastful bombardier described no fewer than five simple maids who carried his photograph. The other men asked the names and addresses of the lucky girls, and the bombardier gave them with intense fervor. Late at night the other men issued five postcards inviting the maids to tea and signed "Joe," the name of the bombardier.

On New Year's Day the bombardier, sitting by the fireside, was pleasantly surprised to receive a visit. "Joe," said the girl, "how sweet of you to ask me." Secretly amazed, the bombardier coaxed her to the fire and winked a triumphant message to the other men, who stood about apparently glum with envy.

But a horrible thing happened. Another maid, bringing gifts and tenderness, suddenly appeared. Two hearts the bombardier was fully competent to hold.

Conversation became jerky when a third girl arrived, and when the fourth skipped in the boastful bombardier crawled away "to order tea." He fled to the garden in a somewhat feverish condition. On the step he stumbled upon the fifth attachment. "Dear old Joe," she said, "where shall we sit?" "Let's go to the pictures," he answered quickly; "it was getting too hot in that ward."

## ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM. Being Taken Up by the Farmers of Great Britain.

During the past two or three years the employment of electricity upon the farm has undergone considerable development in Great Britain, says Chambers's Journal. One great objection to this system of illumination has been the fear that highly skilled labor is essential to its installation and maintenance; but the increasing utilization of oil-engines as a source of power has dispelled this illusion. Accordingly a British firm conceived the idea of putting on the market a complete electric-lighting installation of simple design, highly efficient, virtually "fool-proof" and capable of being installed and maintained by a farmer of average intelligence. At the same time the question of initial expense had to be borne in mind. However, an experimental installation was prepared, and displayed at an exhibition. It aroused instant and widespread attention, the average farmer having long since appreciated the inconveniences and dangers attending antiquated oil-lamp illumination. The result is that the farmer's electric set has come into extensive favor, and is having a promising vogue. The installation has everything that is required, including a small petrol-engine, some seventeen lights of various types to meet the decorative scheme of different apartments and buildings, sufficient supply of wiring, fuses, lamps, switch-board, dynamo, and a special type of storage-battery. Moreover, the set is made up in such a manner that nothing else whatever is required, while the task of installing can be carried out by the owner himself without any extraneous aid. The whole equipment is of substantial construction, the parts which ordinarily demand careful handling and supervision being unusually robust. The battery is of sufficient capacity to supply two-thirds of the lights at the rated candle-power for eight hours continuously, the battery being recharged during the hours when the light is not required.

Misfit.  
Ad in a paper: "Wanted—Book-keeper and salesman. Must have one leg shorter than the other."  
We were about to telephone this opportunity to a friend, when we suddenly remembered that what he had was one leg longer than the other.

Accommodating.  
Her Father—The fact is, I cannot give my daughter a dowry just at present.  
Suitor—That's all right, sir. I can love her for herself alone in the meantime.

"Hello, old man! Have you had any luck shooting?" "I should say I did! I shot seventeen ducks in one day."  
"Were they wild?" "Well, no not exactly, but the farmer was!"

## GO BACK TO OLD REMEDIES.

War Brings Return of Medicines of Grandfather's Day.

Physicians have been jumping from one drug or chemical to another ever since Lister found a way to check or prevent the infection of wounds. Doctors have tried friars' balsam, carbolic acid, iodoform and dozens of other antiseptics, some of them very costly, and now seem to have gone back to old-fashioned household dressings of past years, and even past centuries.

On the battlefields of Europe sugar, salt, tincture of iodine and common garlic have superseded drugs and chemicals with high sounding names. The New York Commercial states. Sugar is used as a dressing for wounds already infected. The British Government has found that wounded men on ships, whose injuries have been washed with common sea water, make better recoveries than those treated in field hospitals, the conclusion being that the waters of the ocean are an ideal antiseptic. Tincture of iodine, a preparation as old as the hills, is the favorite protection against lockjaw; and so it goes.

Of all these reversions to grandmother's specifics, however, the discovery that garlic is almost a cure-all is the most striking. Doctors who prescribe and use only the most costly and new-fangled preparations imported from Germany will have to give respect attention to garlic, for its efficacy is vouched for by the London Lancet on the testimony of two eminent London surgeons. Garlic applied to a wound stops the infection and heals quickly, whereas modern antiseptics used in fashionable practice injure the tissues. Garlic has been tested thoroughly at the Paddington Infirmary, in London, as well as in field hospitals in France.

The story of the rediscovery of garlic possesses human interest. An old French peasant woman was found to have dressed the sores and wounds of soldiers in the war zone with remarkable results. An army surgeon investigated, and garlic is sold by the ton where it was formerly sold by the ounce in England chemists' shops. Garlic juice, diluted with three or four parts of distilled water, seems to be the standard dressing.

Garlic is also found to be effective in preventing tuberculosis and in curing it in its early stages. The common onion, cousin of the clove of garlic, is good for colds. Hindus have used plasters of garlic for ages. Just when speculators have cornered the drug and chemical market, army doctors find substitutes in things that are cheap and plentiful.

## TRENCH LUXURIES. Soldiers Have Wire-Netting Beds and Paved Trenches.

The French armies are undertaking their second winter campaign under conditions which are luxury compared with the improvised arrangements for their comfort made last winter. Warner Allen, representative of the British press with the French forces, states that so highly organized are the conditions now that not only has the army very little to fear from cold, but also the life of the soldier in the trenches apart from the dangers inseparable from war, is more healthy than his ordinary existence in time of peace.

While Germans in the first line are given only one meal a day and have to be contented at night with the coffee served out to them and with such provisions as they have been able to buy for themselves, the French commissariat has never failed to provide the entire army with two good meals a day. An extra ration of meat is now given to the men most exposed, and when the temperature requires it, hot drinks.

The most radical form, however, is in making the trenches comfortable and healthy. They are even being drained and paved, and powerful pumps have been installed to clear out the water. The walls of the trenches have been strengthened. To make the shelters damp-proof the ground has been beaten down, levelled, and covered with planks or straw; the earthen roofs strengthened with sheets of zinc, and due attention paid to ventilation and heating. In the second line wooden huts have been erected. The beds in these shelters consist of wire-netting stretched on a wooden frame.

## He Knew Father.

The philosopher is born, and not made. Even in tender youth the precious gift is often observed, remarks the Manchester Guardian.

One juvenile philosopher was discovered the other day, when the news arrived at a certain house that the head of the family, fighting with his regiment in France, had been wounded. Tears were the order of the day, until the small boy thought to inquire, "Whereabouts was dad wounded?"

He was told, "In the hand."

"That's just like father," he responded, going on methodically with his breakfast; "he's been trying to catch the bullet!"

## Speedy Dogs.

The swiftest dog in the world, the berzoi, or Russian wolfhound, has made record runs that show 75 feet in a second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than 80 feet a second, which would give it a speed of 4,800 feet in a minute if the pace could be kept up.

## TRENCH RABBITS.

Many-Children Haunt the Lines at the Front.

In Lady Inglis's narrative of her experiences during the siege of Lucknow, half a century ago, nothing caught the attention of the public more generally than her description of how quickly the children in the beleaguered residency became accustomed to living under fire. They lost all fear of bullets, were only momentarily startled by the crash of a shell close at hand, and used to beg hard for the privilege of leaving the more sheltered women's quarters to play in a little inclosed garden, despite the fact that their swing had been carried away and their pet goat slain there by cannon fire, while bullets pattered so frequently against the walls that it had ceased to be fun to run and pick them up while they were yet hot. Before the siege ended, some of their little playmates had been killed and some wounded; but the survivors, pining in the heated rooms, were not a whit less eager for tag and hopscotch in their dangerous playground.

Few, indeed, were the children who shared the perils of that time, compared with those endangered, injured, and slain in the fearful European war of to-day. Leaving aside atrocities, or intentional injuries to children,—of which one can scarcely bear to think,—the exigencies of warfare along so many hundred miles of trenches, running through so many ruined and half-ruined villages, have brought many scores of children within the danger zone. Often they become, like the Lucknow children, quite fearless, learning to disregard the most terrifying sights and sounds. They help their mothers to work in the fields under fire quite as a matter of course, and it is their frequent tendency, with the natural curiosity of childhood, rather to approach the firing line than to keep away from it. Despite rules and orders, they occasionally reach the second, and even the first line of defense, and pay surreptitious visits to the soldiers in the trenches. There they are both scolded and welcomed.

In some cases orphan waifs have been practically adopted as individual company, or regimental pets and mascots. So numerous are the children who haunt the lines in certain regions that the soldiers have nicknamed them "trench rabbits."

Not always to the poor little "rabbits" escape unscathed from their dangerous tasks in the open, or from associating with their soldier chums. Wounded children are not common; yet, unfortunately, they are not very rare in the hospitals near the front. When they are brought in, a nurse has testified, they are often clinging tightly for consolation to the toys contrived or carved for them by their grown-up playfellows in the trenches, in the monotonous hours of waiting between assaults.

One little lad, wounded in the foot by shrapnel, went under ether to have his mangled toes removed, still clutching tightly in his hand a woolly lamb, made for him by a British "Tommy" from a scrap of his own torn sheepskin coat and a few bits of whittled wood. As the child's fingers relaxed, it was removed and forgotten. But no sooner had he recovered consciousness than his first inquiry and demand was "Where is my lamb? I want my lamb that Monsieur Tommee made for me."

The lamb was found; but it had been allowed to fall to the floor, and the white fleece was stained with blood. The nurse offered to wash it off, but the little fellow was not willing to wait.

"Let me have my lamb now," he begged. "You can tie a bandage round him, and I will play that we have both been wounded by the enemies of our country."

When his friend, "Monsieur Tommee's Atkins" and "Monsieur Tommee's comrades heard about it, they made a number of other lambs and sent them to the hospital, so that the boy's convalescence was cheered by shepherding a noble flock, of which he never tired, among the hills and valleys of the "Land of Counterpane."

## TERRIBLE IN TRENCHES.

Winter Campaign Worst in History, German Experts Say.

An exceptionally frank admission of the terrific conditions faced by German troops going through the second winter's campaign is contained in an article by Major Morant, military expert of the Berliner Tageblatt and the best known German military critic. He described unparalleled hardships and sufferings by the Kaiser's men and calls the winter campaign the most terrible in the world's history.

"Superhuman deeds still are being accomplished in the struggle against wind, weather and winter. I will not depict in detail the agonies which the flesh is undergoing out there while the spirit remains steadfast, but in order that we at home may not minimize the magnitude of this suffering, I can only describe as fully justified the wish which is so often expressed in my correspondence, namely: 'Let no one be misled by pretty pictures which now and then reach the German papers from some alleged point at the front.'"

"On our western and eastern fronts and along the lines held by our Austro-Hungarian allies the conditions under which we must stubbornly hold out are such as never in the history of the world's most terrible winter campaign had to be endured before."

A little fish in a small puddle imagines he is big.

# GERMANS RECKON THE COST OF PEACE

HUN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHES A FRANK ARTICLE.

Enormous Burden of Taxation Foreseen, But People Are Defiant.

An exceptionally frank article regarding the actual economic conditions in Germany appears in the Koelnische Zeitung of a recent date. The writer calls attention to the seriousness of the situation and expresses great doubt as to the possibility of Germany being able to increase her income after the war in a proportion sufficient to meet the situation. Extracts of the article follow:

"Never shall we be able to forget the seriousness of these times. The effects of this war will not be wiped out with the conclusion of peace. In all circumstances, as the Secretary of State for the Imperial Treasury has said in the Reichstag, we shall have to bear a colossal burden of taxes after the war. It is useless to make guesses about the extent of the coming taxes. But even superficial consideration shows that after the war we shall have to place a far higher percentage of our income at the disposal of the State, in the shape of taxes and customs."

In addition to these great sacrifices, smaller sacrifices are required, and the future as well as the present demands privation. How can one measure these sacrifices in comparison with what our soldiers have to bear in the rain of shells, in frost and wet and without even the most miserable conveniences?

"Let us not forget that many German women are to-day walking a road of suffering, and that there is much need among the families of the lower middle classes which is not yet allayed in spite of all readiness to help."

## England is Blamed.

"We know who is responsible. A war is no child's play; but this war is of quite special horror because of England's cunning and violence, and because England's sharpest weapon is aimed at the lives of our children and of our weakest and most helpless."

"Anybody in England who has the very smallest conception of economic life has known for a year past, ever since the beginnings of our organized economy, that the German people as a whole will continue to hold out very long for years to come. And the neutral knows that if England's course of a long war can still claim a success it will be the elements of the German people which are physically and economically the weakest that will succumb to the pressure. If the English yet succeeded in gaining a triumph it would be our babies and the weakest members of our people that would go under; never the people as a whole. And even this we shall know how to prevent."

England will not be able to satisfy her ambition and to make good the failures of her strategy by a great murder of children. We who are strong and capable of resistance must, and will bring every blow to naught. But to this end fresh sacrifices must be made. Our enemies, now that the war is approaching its climax, and now that the last trumpets are being played on the enemy's side, shall learn that in our capacity and readiness to make sacrifices we have by no means reached the end, and our readiness will be all the stronger and more willing the more plainly we see through these horrible methods of warfare. Seeing that everything that the British spirit of invention has devised against us has hitherto turned into a blessing for us, we may be sure that the enemy's last spring will not find us weak."

## Conditions of Life Altered.

"We have never had and in future shall have less than ever any lack of bread. The supply of potatoes, which caused us such anxious hours and which seemed to be in such hopeless confusion, has now been happily assured."

"Thanks to the heroism of our soldiers the existence of the German citizen is so secure that he hardly realizes how little this terrible war has altered the conditions of life in Germany. This is the reason why we hear complaints about trifles instead of seeing every sort of discontent and all superfluous complaints put aside at the outset. The remembrance of these popular and customary complaints is itself a sacrifice which is now required in the interests of our fatherland—required not only from him who complains without reason, but also from him whose heart is devoured by real suffering. Complaints will make nothing better; but many of these detestable woe make breaches in our front in the field which may be more serious than many breaches made by shells."

"The dictates of the simplest gratitude ought to shut the mouths of those who complain. The time for big talking has long gone by. We have entered upon the days of tough endurance and silence; complaints; and it is more than ever necessary that every German should find in every other German a trustworthy support."

"When it comes to stepping into a fortune, no man objects to putting his foot in it."