GERMAN BRANDS YOUNG MOTHER WITH AN IRON.

Victim of a Violation Officially Labeled by Army Authorities.

PAINT BADGE FOR OTHERS

Children of German Fathers Catalogued as the Government's Property.

FORCED INTO MENIAL SERVICE

An Officer Formerly in British Army Tells How Kultur Repopulates Itself.

A new and startling story of German atrocities is told by an American formerly in the service of the British Army, but now attending one of the A.E.F. schools in preparation for a commission in the American Army. It is in accordance with other stories of the prostitution of womanhood which the Kaiser is forcing in order to repopulate the German Empire.

The rapid British advance at Cambria, in November, when towns which the Germans had occupied for three years were captured before the latter could deport the civilian population into Germany as is their custom, disclosed the latest effort of the German army. French women and girls had been made the victims.

"Among the refugees who passed along the roads making their way southward farther into France after we made our first big advance were scores of women and girls, each marked on her breast by a cross in red paint," said the officer. "These were disclosed when the refugees passed in front of our medical officers who were inspecting them. All of them were about to become mothers, and the French interpreter who was assisting the medicos explained that the cross indicated that German soldiers were the fathers. The crosses had been painted on them, the women explained, to show that their children would belong to the German Government.

This Iron Cross Red Hot.

"One of these unfortunates, apparently not more than seventeen years of age, had not only been painted but branded with a hot iron so that she would be marked for life with the sign of the cross. She said that a German officer would be the father of her child. This officer, the girl said, had been quartered in her parents' home and she had been forced to accede to his desires.

"After her health became such that he had no further use for her, she said, he ordered her to act as his personal servant, doing the menial work in his chamber. It was not long until she was unable to continue this and then, angered at her weakness, he ordered soldiers to scour the paint from her breast and burn the cross into her flesh. When this was done, she was forced to leave her home and taken to a maternity hospital which the army had established for other girls and women of the town in the same condition.

An Eye-Witness on "Kultur."

"I myself saw the girl who had been branded and the others who had been painted like sheep and heard their stories, as I had been detailed to supervise the return of the refugees. Thank God, America, by coming into the war, will help to stamp out this beastly 'kultur' from the world and make it a safe, clean place to live in for your womenfolk and mine—our mothers, our sweethearts, our wives, and our daughters. I have a daughter just seventeen years old," concluded the American grimly.

WHEN PACKS ARE LIGHTEST

By CHAPLAIN MOODY.

Probably the cow is the least complaining and discriminating of all animals, yet it is worthy of note that the wise farmer who understands his cows does everything to make them as happy as possible and studies their comfort and convenience as far as possible. This is not because he is a sentimentalist, but for the very opposite reason. He knows his cows will give more milk and he will get more money therefrom if they are contented in their bovine minds and not worried by the high cost of living and other problems.

The expert poultry man will tell you that the frame of mind of his feathered employes has a very direct bearing on the egg output, and so he tries to study their happiness.

Recently experiments have been carried on in some factories with phonographs, and it has been proven that if the fingers of the employes are stimulated by some music they enjoy, it is possible to get more work out of them. In some Cuban cigar factories it is the customary thing to employ a man to read to the cigar makers some story which they like, as, under these conditions, they work better and faster.

All this is not done out of sentiment, again, but because it contributes to efficiency. The cow, the hen, the factory girl and the cigar wrapper do better work for being in a pleasant frame of mind.

While we of the American Expeditionary Forces do not fall into any of these classes, the same is nevertheless probably true of us. We can be better soldiers if we are cheerful than we can if we are not. It may be difficult to see how you can sight a gun any better for smiling or bayonet a man more effectively when you are cheerful. But if we believe what we are told, this is so, and, hence, since we all want to be good soldiers, it becomes a duty toward this end to be happy, just as it is a duty to wash your face or police your bunk, or to keep your rifle clean. It is a *duty* to be happy.

That is all very well and good to say, some one interrupts at this point, but you cannot be happy when your feet are sore or you do not have all you want to eat. Or, it would be easy to be happy if the mail would come, or they would "bust" the Mess Sergeant, or take some other great step forward in the improvement of the army. But we all know better.

Our happiness is not dependent on conditions outside of us, but on our hearts within us, and some of the happiest men have been the victims of extraordinary misfortune and some of the unhappiest people have been possessors of great wealth who could have all they wanted. The most joyous book in the world was written by an old man in prison who had come to the conclusion that when they let him out they would chop his head off. Many a man has just grinned himself out of worse fixes than you or I are ever apt to get into.

There are very few things we cannot laugh at. By laughing, we do not actually shorten the hike, but we make it seem shorter; we do not in reality lighten the pack, but we make it seem lighter, and it all comes to the same thing, for we would rather carry a heavy load and have it seem light than carry a light load and have it seem heavy. If we laugh at the cooties when they come, and hunt them with the same merriment that the French hut the wild boar, the joke will be on them after all, for they do not laugh back. And then they won't seem half so bad. Laughter is a good insecticide.

We American soldiers in France are in for a big thing. Just how big it is and how long it will last we do not know and no one can tell us. But we are determined that America shall do her part and that we as individuals shall do ours and be the best soldiers possible, and this is some task when we remember how gallantly our Allies have fought. It will be, in our own language, "some job," and for this reason we must use every means within our power to accomplish it. So we must not forget happiness as an asset to efficient soldiering. We will all smile where the coward would whimper, and laugh where the weakling would whine, and buckle down to what Robert Louis Stevenson called "The great task of happiness."

WHEN THE FRENCH BAND PLAYS.

There's a military band that plays, on Sunday afternoons,
In a certain nameless city's quaint old square.
It can rouse the blood to battle with its patriotic tunes,
And still render hymns as gentle as a prayer.
When it starts "Ave Maria" there is no one in the throng
But would doff his cap, his heart to heaven raise;
And who would shrink from combat when, with brasses sounding strong,
There is flung out on the breeze "La Marseillaise"?

When it starts to render "Sambre et Meuse," the march that won the day
At the battle of the Marne, one sees again
The grey-green hosts of Hundom melt before the stern array
Of our gallant sister-ally's blue-clad men.
And when it plays our Anthem, with rendition bold and clear—
While the khaki lads stand steady—then we feel
That, though tongues and ways may vary, we've found brothers over here,
Tried in war, and in allegiance true as steel.

For it's olive-drab, horizon-blue, packed closely side by side,
Till their color sets ablaze the grey old square;
And it's olive-drab, horizon-blue, whatever may betide,
That will blaze the path to victory "up there."
So, while standing thus together, let us pledge anew our troth
To the Cause—the world set free!—for which we fight.
As the evening twilight gilds the ranks of blue and khaki both,
And the bugles die away into the night.

KISS FOR RESCUER OF PIG FROM BLAZE

A Beantown Fire-Fighter Hero of Epoch-Making Conflagration.

"Weee-ah-eeeeeee-ah-eeeeeee!"

Private John Doe, late of the Boston fire department, knew something was up when, on a certain Sunday morning not long ago, he heard that sound issuing from the second story of the house-barn in which his command was billeted. Also he saw a thin streamer of smoke, no bigger than Rhode Island, winding its way out of the house-barn door. He sniffed, then hollered "Fire!"

"Fire?" echoed some of his bunk mates, coming up the road. Fire? How could there be fire in a country where not even sulphurous language served to start the kitchen kindlings? How could there be fire in a country where only every other match will light at all, at all?

Nevertheless, up they hustled, to see a bit of blaze lapping the edge of the house-barn door, and to hear, from within, the plaintive cry of "Weee-ah-eeeeee-ah-eeeeeee!"

"Steady, piggy darlint!" came Private Doe's soothing accents, from the second story. "Sure an' it's meeself will resthcue yeze from this burnin' ould shack! You below there! Climb on up an' lind a hand at pullin' out the hay that's up here, or ilse the whole place will be burnted down intoirely!"

Enter the Reserves.

Into the barn rushed half of Private Doe's squad. The other half, calling down the road, summoned a good two companies, which came up on the double.

At this point entered, front and centre, M. le Maire of the commune, who, being the owner of the pig in distress, had more than a casual interest in the proceedings. "The fire engine! The fire engine!" he shouted, in accents both wild and French. But, since there had been no fire in the town in fifty years, nobody seemed to know just what he meant.

Fact! No fire in the town in fifty years! 'Way back in the days of Napoleon III. there had been a fire, a little blaze, in the town. Think of that, you insurance men who used to write policies for clothing dealers on New York's East Side!

When he had sufficiently recovered his avoirdupois, M. le Maire dragged out of the Hotel de Ville, with the aid of the embattled infantrymen, *some* fire apparatus, of early Bourbon vintage. One private who helped handle it swears that he spotted the date "1748" on the leather hose which led from a water tank, about twelve by eight by four, toward the general direction of the fire. The tank, in turn, had to be filled by a bucket brigade strung along from the scene of action to the village fountain, about a quarter of a mile away.

Fire a Social Success.

It's a shame to spoil a good story, but Private Doe did not throw down the pig into an army blanket held out to receive it. He clambered down a smouldering flight of ladder stairs, with His Pigship under his arm, quite unharmed, save for a severe nervous shock. Aside from a few scorched kit bags, the loss of the top sergeant's cherished pipe, and a few lungfuls of smoke acquired by Private Doe, the fire was not a success—that is, from a historical standpoint. But as a social event, in bringing the Americans—and Private Doe, kissed by the lady mayoress for his pains, in particular—closer to the hearts of the villagers, it was decidedly there.

JIM.

Honest, but Jim was the sourest man in
all o' Comp'ny G;
You could sing and tell stories the whole
night long, but never a cuss gave he.
You could feed him turkey at Christmas-
time—and Tony the cook's no slouch—
But Jim wouldn't join in "Three cheers
for the cook!" Gosh, but he had a
grouch!

He wouldn't go up to the hill cafay when
our daily hike was done,
And sip his beer, and chin with the lads,
the crabby son-of-a-gun;
He'd growl if you asked him to hold the
light, he'd snarl if you asked for a butt,
Till at last the gang was 'most ready to
put Jim down for a mutt.

About the first time that our mail came
in, we all felt as high as a king;
"What luck?" somebody hollers to Jim:
he says, "Not a dad-blamed thing."
And then he goes off in his end o' the
shack, and Tom Breed swears 'at he
cried;
But when somebody went and repeated it,
Jim swore, by gad, Tom lied.

We were gettin' our mail, irregular-like,
for about a month or two;
But Jim? He never drew anything, and
blooey! but he was blue!
Not only blue, but surly; he was off'n
the whole darn shop,
And once he was put on'o "heavy" for
talkin' back to the Top.

'Twas a day or two before New Year's,
when the postal truck came in;
The orderly fishes one out for Jim; he
takes it, without a grin,
And then, as he opens the envelope—
eeyow! How that man did yell:
"A letter from James J., Junior, boys!
the youngster has learnt to spell!"

So nothin' would do but the bunch of us
had to read the letter through;
'Twas all writ out by that kid of his,
and a mighty smart kid, too,
For it isn't every six-year-old at school
as can take a prize,
(Like the boy wrote Jim as he had done):
and you oughter seen Jim's eyes!

Well, Jim had a mighty good New
Year's; he stood the squad a treat,
And now, 'stead o' turnin' out sloppy,
he's always trim and neat;
Fact is, the lieutenant passed the word
that if Jim keeps on that way
He'll be wearing little stripes on his
arm and drawin' a bit more pay.

Don't it beat hell how a little thing will
change a man like that?
Now Jim's as cheerful as anything instead o' mum as a bat.
An' the reason? Why, it's easy! A
guy is bound to fail
Of bein' a proper soldier if he don't get
no fambly mail!

If all of those post office birds was wise
to the change they made in Jim,
They'd hustle a bit on our letters, for
they's lots that's just like him;
It may be a kid, or it may be a girl;
a mother, a pal, a wife,—
And believe me, this hearin' from 'em—
why, it's half o' the joy o' life!

VOLUNTEER VIC'S BIG IDEA

BY LEMEN IN THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

THERE'S A REASON.

No more ham or eggs or grapefruit when the bugle blows for chow. No more apple pie or dumplings, for we're in the army now; and they feed us beans for breakfast, and at noon we have 'em, too; while at night they fill our tummies with a good old army stew.

No more shirts of silk and linen. We all wear the O. D. stuff. No more night shirts or pyjamas, for our pants are good enough. No more feather ticks or pillows, but we're glad to thank the Lord we've got a cot and blanket when we might just have a board.

For they feed us beans for breakfast, and at noon we have 'em, too; while at night they fill our stomachs with a good old army stew. By, by gum, we'll lick the kaiser when the sergeants teach us how, for, dad burn it, he's the reason that we're in the army now!—Pittsburgh Post.

A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY.

Camouflage—Wearing an overcoat to reveille.

Military Road—A large body of land, without beginning or end, entirely covered by water.

Camion—1. A large, immovable body which one is expected to carry on one's shoulders through the mud. 2. The thing that brings the mail out.

Army Rifle—Something eternally dirty which must be kept eternally clean.

Bayonet—A long, sharp, pointed object whose only satisfactory resting place is the midriff of a Hun.

Pay-day—1. A "movable feast." 2. A time for cancellation of debts. 3. The date of the return of the laundry one sent away a month and a half before.

THIS REALLY HAPPENED.

End of letter: "Goodbye, my dear, for the present. Yours, Jack." Then—"x—x—x—x—x—x—x—x. P. S. I hope the censor doesn't object to those crosses."

Added by Friend Censor: "Certainly not! x—x—x—x—x—x—x—x!"

BIG GUNS ON FLAT CARS TO BATTER HUNS' LINES.

A. E. F. Operates Railroad Artillery that will Hurl Tons of Steel Twenty Miles into Enemy's Territory.

LONG-BARRELLED 155s ARE ALSO DEADLY.

Fortresses and Mountains Crumble like Sandhills Before Blasts from the Busters.

When Rudyard Kipling paid his famous tribute to the late Rear-Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans of the United States Navy some years ago, one of his verses ran:

"Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style;
And you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile."

That was a pretty fair gun for those days. But nowadays, we speak of handling a sixteen-inch gun to carry twenty miles. Not only do we speak of it, but we—we of the A.E.F.—actually do the handling.

The "big boys" are here. They are busters. They have more machinery attached to them than the average small factory. Because of the fact that they are mounted on cars and ride on rails they are known rather as the "railroad artillery" than the heavy artillery. They have been practicing for a long time on a "blasted heath" somewhere in France, where there wasn't anything within twenty miles of them that would be hurt by their gentle attentions. And, when they do practice Jee-roosh! Hold on your ear-drums and open your mouth!

Big Fellows Hard to Move.

But the actual practice at making perfectly good targets resemble grease-spots on the oil-cloth doesn't take up but a bit of the time of the men who constitute the crew. They have to know a lot about moving the big fellow, raising him and lowering him, anchoring him so he won't right-step and left-step when he's supposed to be firing, cleaning him up for inspection and the like.

About seventy per cent. of them learned a good deal about the firing end back in the Coast Artillery Corps in the States, but this business of riding a big gun on a railroad bed, and so forth, was new to a good many of them until recently. Now, they say, the minute the aero observer up above gives them range and so forth, they are ready to go ahead and batter the eternal daylights out of anything from the Kaiserschloss down to old Hindenburg himself.

Besides the big guns that hurl a whole hardware shop-ful of steel at the enemy, there are long-barreled 155s, and deadly devices they are in their way, too. But it is about the big babies, the instruments which, more than any other save the aeroplanes, typify for most of us the advanced methods of modern warfare, that most of the attention is centered. The 155s and the other smaller bores can be pulled up to within striking distance or the line by trucks and caterpillar tractors, but the heftiest never leave the railroad flat cars on which they are built. In other words, they are rolling stock destined to keep a rolling and a rolling and a rolling until they roll right on into Germany.

Getting One Ready to Fire.

It takes several hours to get a big one ready for firing but once its mechanism is started, under the capable handling of a trained crew, it works with the prettiness and precision of an engine. First the gun rolls forward on to an arrangement of curved tracks which are called "epies," and whose tips point toward the objective. Then, to steady the piece, twelve large wooden feet are dropped by hydraulic jacks against the rails, and the gun is ready to fire.

It fires, all right, sending a good ton of steel in the direction indicated by the aerial observer. When it recoils, the flat car and all slides back a good couple of yards on the rails. Then it is brought back into position again, the barrel is cooled by jets of water, the wooden feet are braced again, and the piece loaded. Even with all those operations, the big fellow can fire a good forty shots a minute.

But, though they can fire those forty per minute, each one takes a lot out of the big fellow's life. Unlike the guns of smaller calibre, they cannot be used over and over again. They are too powerful to be used in actual trench warfare, but let a fortress, or a mountain that has perversely got in the way of operations, loom up ahead, and down it goes! Also the big shells have been found exceedingly useful in knocking in the roofs of German tunnels underground, even those that are quarried out ninety feet under the surface.

All in all, the big fellow has a short life, but—if he's directed right—it's a mighty gay one.

A BULL IS DURHAM'S PRIDE.

A Durham, N. C., enthusiast recently telegraphed to United States Marine Corps headquarters in Washington:

"Terrier belonging to U.S. Marine kills huge rooster after battle royal in main thoroughfare. Indignant chicken fanciers witness affair and demand dog pay death penalty. Then they learn ill-fated rooster's name was 'Kaiser.' Result: Dog is now pride of Durham."

"HE MAY OVERHEAR IT!"

"Aw, he ain't a bad skipper—as skippers go!"

"Gee, though, that was some clip he run us at on the way up that hill! It pulled my cork all right, I'll tell the world!"

"Sat'day afternoon drill, too, eh? I wonder, is he goin' to work us all eight days o' the week?"

"Aw, lay off! Don't blame him! He gets hell from higher up if he don't work us, don't he? He ain't the boss!"

"Listen, guy! I wish you'd of worked for the cap'n I had to work for in the Philippines! This bird is tame alongside o' him!"

"He's a good skate, all right, when he's off duty. I was talkin' to the top the other day, and he says—

"Sure, he's the real thing! Served two hitches in the ranks before he come up to where he is now!"

"Who? The cap'n? Say, bo, he's a regular guy, he is!"

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