# TELLS OF A TRIP THROUGH DESOLATED AND DEVASTATED VILLAGES OF FRANCE

Edward B. Clark Gives a Simple and Uncolored Story of Conditions As He Found Them-Responsibility for the Destruction of Many Fair Places of France One of the Things to Be Considered When Final Day of Reckoning Comes.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

Sommeilles, France.-As I make a few notes in this place which once was



by the shock of ing all along the battle front from St. Mihiel to the forest of Argonne. Sommeilles is beyond the pres-

rifles, but an elevation of an inch or two to the muzcles of the slege pieces would result in a rain of

rain but a deluge of fire.

There is little chance that any gun will be elevated, for the cannoneers are too much occupied with the multitude of human targets and with the sod and beam-covered trenches immediately at their front to be willing to waste shots at the well-nigh invisible. I am here with a French army officer, Capt. Gerard de Ganay, who stands six feet three in his military boots and who looks and is a soldier. If the enemy in the trenches, battering away over the hill and the valley at our front wanted to put this officer out of the service with a shell, I doubt if it could see him, even if their range finding experts were possessed of triplepowered field glasses. The captain is arrayed in what they call "horizon blue," a color which so melts into the skyline that it becomes a part of it.

#### Ruins Where Army Passed.

To this place I have come after a trip of two days' duration in a highpowered military motor through about twenty of the desolated and devastated

army. In the days to come, when there

is a final reckoning to fix responsibil-

ity for the destruction of these fair

places of France and for the killing of

more than a few noncombatants,

there will be a controversy as bitter as

that which has marked the battling

from the Marne, the high point of the

German advance, to the Aisne, where

the German now is entrenched, with

the Frenchman on the offensive and

striking daily and boidly at his front.

of war operations today is a large part

of France. Virtually all the scene of

the battle of the Marne is forbidden

ground to all persons except those who

It is my intention to take my read-

ers through some of these desolated

places of France; to tell a simple and

uncolored story of their condition to-

day as my eyes saw them, and to re-

tion and who have formed their own

opinion as to the reasons therefor.

One day the truth underlying all this

ravage will be known. The world

probably will continue to withhold its

score or more of thriving French vil-

lares have perished from the earth

after a manner that seemingly will not

admit of the excuse or the explanation

that it is simply the result of the acts

of ordinary and so-called civilized war-

Was Fired by Incendiarles.

From Vitry-le-Francois, where I left

the train and took a military motor, I

went first to Hurion, or rather to the

go with proper credentials.

Included technically within the field

Devastated by War.

ley lilies.

Cour-de-Manges is a village not far

from Glennes. In it only a few houses

escaped fire or shot. Into the desola-

tion of this place the people are begin-

ning to enter. They scattered to the

four parts of France when the storm

broke, but this was their home, and

here few by few they are coming back

and are seeking the means to build

again their houses as they already, in

the retreat of the enemy, have built

nothing left of the official home but

however, seemingly knew nothing of

the ravage of battle. It had been un-

tended since last autumn, but nature,

the restorer, today is making it to blos-

som with spring's rare coloring. War

Manges. The houses of the poor and

the house of the rich alike were

It is only a few miles from Cour-de

Manges to Frignicourt, but the jour-

ney is from Desolation to Desolation.

All the way between the villages, how-

ever, there is a land of beauty. The

peasants, following on the heels of

the French army in its forward move-

swept to swift destruction.

again their hopes.

of women who saw the acts of destructook their toll. The outlying garden,

judgment, but the fact remains that a showed no favoritism at Cour-de-

I hold that the absence of shell holes in (Staff Correspondent Western Newspaper the walls and the roofs of houses standing sloof and whose land standing aloof, and whose interiors are scorched and blackened ruins, proves beyond cavil that the fires were a village the set by hand. The Germans say that at ground is shaken this place some of the inhabitants were caught with firearms in their mitted tremor im-parted to the earth later when all these acts are brought to the bar of man's adjudication. the great guns it is, Hurion virtually has disappeared which are bellow- from the face of the earth.

This village was proud of its Gothic Catholic church of St. Martin, which has stood here for centuries. The church is not beyond repair, but today it is literally riddled with shot and shell. Within is an undamaged shrine ent indicated of Mary the Virgin, and before it womrange of the big en were praying for the success of the arms of France.

Not far from Hurion stands the village of Glennes, or, again let me say, what once was Glennes. This village was destroyed utterly by shell fire, except in the cases of a few of the larger shells falling on buildings. The church is badly dama village, or at least the remnants of aged, but, like the sanctuary at Hurion. a village which already has had not a it can be restored. I went into the churchyard at Glennes, drawn thither

I think by a somewhat shadowed form of curiosity. The shells had fallen thick and fast into this place where the villagers for centuries have buried their dead. The church and cemetery are pictures of gray and black desola-tion. Images and monuments are shattered almost to dust. Barely one of the smaller tombstones in the cemetery is left untouched. Here, however, one sees the frequent freak of war. A great tomb stands almost in the center of the churchyard. It dominates the scene. All about it trees and headstones and footstones have been splintered and smashed, and yet the great tomb stands unmarred. Its escape is one of the mysteries of the chances of war. Within the tomb, as the inscription tells us, rests the family of Jesson Boilleau. Jesson and his family still sleep undisturbed.

Soldiers' Sepulchers Everywhere After leaving Glennes, the country is nothing but a great graveyard. Soldiers' sepulchers are everywhere. Single graves are the exception. Ger-



place on the plains. Not one stone rests upon another here. Was there justification for this laying waste or was it sheer wantonness? Time per-haps will disclose the truth. I wanted to determine for myself whether or not the tales constantly told of incendiar ism were true or untrue. I began to observe closely and I hit upon a means of test which I have found that already

the Frenchmen have applied. Faremont is not far from Frignicourt, and it was destroyed only in part by artillery fire. A fine highway runs through the heart of the village, and it was along this highway that the invading army passed. The houses on either side of the road and immediately confronting it have all been destroyed while the houses back of them are intact. Gunfire from a distance makes no such fine distinctions. The houses along the street were set on fire by hand.

The old church of the village of Faremont is still standing. There is a shell hole in its tower, and more breaches in the wall below.

From Faremont I passed through Pavresses, Blesme and Maurupt-le-Montoy. There is little left of any one of these places to give it the right to be called a village. At Blesme there are some curious contrasts. The lowly homes of the villagers all were de stroyed, but close to them an old and beautiful chateau stands unharmed amidst its trees.

As If by Miracle.

At Maurupt le-Montoy the bombardment caused heavy damage to the vilage church and churchyard. In the latter, where the shells had fallen thick, there is a stone cross bearing upon its marble front a representation of Saint Veronica's handkerchief, upon which, according to the Catholic belief, was imprinted the face of the Christ. In curious workmanship, upon the marble handkerchief in this ceme tery, the face of the Savior was inlaid. Almost alone, this cross and this Christ stand uninjured in this shell-shattered acre of God.

Frequently stress has been faid upon the escape from injury by shell fire of representations of the Savior and the Virgin, his mother. I know, however, that these escapes are only accidental, and while it may be pleasant for the faithful to believe that immunity came to the things they hold sacred, it is only the part of truth to say that I have seen the same destruction visited upon crucifix and on shrine that fell upon other images and other sanctuaries of which Christians take less

At Vaubecourt such walls as still rear themselves from the ruins are shaken daily and nightly by the thunder of pounding guns. At least one-half of the Vaubecourt villagers have returned to their blasted dwellings ready again to take up life where their forefathers lived for centuries. These villagers give no heed to the trembling of the earth under their feet. The can non shot does not disturb their dreams. Hell came here last fall.

There was terrific fighting at Vaubecourt and in the country all about it and there is still terrific fighting near at hand. The village has been battered from its foundations by shell and shot. When the time comes for answering the question of responsibility. it is probable that no fine interrogations will be raised as to whether this place was swept from the face of the earth by bombardment or deliberate incendiarism. Here, the question will concern itself with the right of the invader to put to death summarily three French soldiers whom they found in the village.

Were Shot as Spies.

The cure of Vaubecourt, a priest who stayed loyally at his post, told me that the French soldiers were in uniform and in advance of the enem of advance and of retreat of a great the newly sprung May flowers in these lines and that therefore they could not fields of the republic. Nature is celehave been spies. The Germans, howbrating its own memorial day and is ever, have said that these soldiers decorating the resting places of the were spies and it was on this ground brave with daisies and dandelions, violets, forget-me-nots and the while val-

The priest of Vaubecourt has gathered a part of his flock together once He is l'Abbe Perrenot. He was sentenced to be shot by the order of the commanding officer of the invading army. He added that this officer was a good deal of a brute but that his immediate junior in command was a soldier and a gentleman. The junior, he said, secured his release. So one hears the stories and so one may or

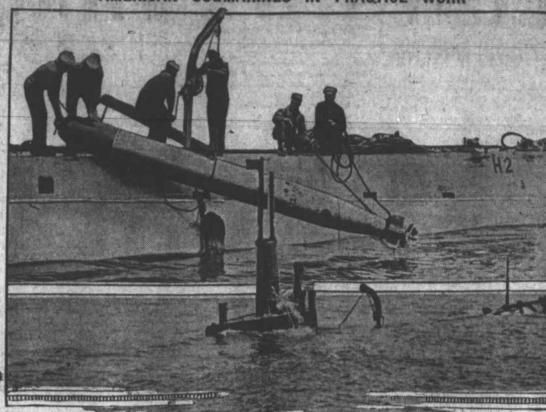
may not pass judgment as he will. As things are, however, the village of Vaubecourt as a village of homes The mayor of Cour-de-Manges dwelt and houses is no more, but the people in a handsome house with outlying are coming back to find the May sun grounds closed in by an iron fence of shining on the ruins and showing forth fine workmanship. Today, there is the ravages of a storm that has passed on a little way and which now vexes peat ocasionally the words of men and its foundation stones. Shell and fire priest and villager only with its noise

Much more has been heard in America of the destruction of the villages. of Belgium than of those of France. had no conception of the ruin that had been wrought by artillery and by fire in this part of the French republic which lies under the shadow of the Argonne forest and not only within sound but within range of some of the heavy guns as they play hourly today along the banks of the Ali Meuse and the Orne, I visited a dozen places other than these of which I have written and the story of the desolation virtually is the same. It is a hard sight to look upon and a hard story to write. I turn from the last ment, are cultivating every possible blackened picture while the roar of place where Hurion once stood. The patch of ground, leaving untouched the distant guns reminds me that French declare that this place was nothing but the graves of friend and these scenes elsewhere, if fate so wills, burned by German incendiaries. They foe. The grace of enjoyment is not to may be re-enacted in all their horror.

Bosey Has Twins.

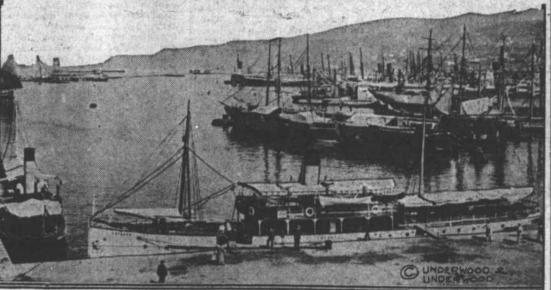
Hibbing, Minn.—M. Garber, cattle buyer here, who is the owner of the

AMERICAN SUBMARINES IN PRACTICE WORK



Above, the crew of U. S. submarine H-2 hoisting aboard a spent practice torpedo during the maneuvers off San Pedro, Cal. Below is submarine H-3 rising to the surface after a dive.

# TRIESTE BOMBARDED BY THE ITALIANS



View of the harbor of Trieste, the capital of Istria, which the Italian artillery has begun to bombard from a point near the mouth of the Isonzo river

### NEAR STARVATION IN MEXICO



Here is a timely picture showing to what measures the civilian population of Mexico has to resort in order to keep itself from actual starvation. Poor Mexican women with empty market baskets are seen thronging about one of the army food supply depots, where they are given barely enough to keep body and soul together.

# SOLDIERS' LAUNDRY AT ST. RAPHAEL



French colonial troops doing their own laundry work in the sea at S

Revenge in the Kitchen-"Waiter, I want to thank you for this soup. It is richer and thicker this soup. than any I ever had here before." "Yes, sir. Just confidentially, sir. the chef had a row with the boss and the way he's wasting stuff 's

the projectile is drawn so gradually to

ward the surface as to cause neither

irritation nor pain. Finally only a slight superficial incision of the sur-

Device used for the disinfecting of

dding and clothing at the dvchess

of Westminster's hospital at Le Tou

quet, France.

WAR HOSPITAL DISINFECTOR

geon's knife is necessary for the final extraction The method is to be introduced a

once in the military hospitals all through France.

Lindens and Limes

#### **LESSON FOR JUNE 20**

PRAYER FOR THE TEMPTED.

LESSON TEXT—Psalm 141. GOLDEN TEXT—Keep me snare which they have leid Psalm 141:2.

The style of this psaim closely re embles the known psalms of David in the first part of the pealter. From its structure and character, it is to be credited to David. In it are presented complaint, prayer and confi-dent hope of relief. It is a petition for deliverance from sins to which his af-dictions tempted him, and from the enemies who caused his affliction.

I. Prayer. "My prayer directed" (vv. 1, 2). There is good reason for believing David wrote this while go-ing through the experience recorded in I Samuel 24. It is evident he is passing through a time of great stress and was in dire need of help for he urges "haste" in giving heed to his call, (Luke 18:1-8). David looks to Jehovah as his only and sure helper. We are told to omit the first word "unto" in this verse and to read, "I have called thee." Every human help had failed and faith fearlessly turns to God. Can God be urged? Surely we are taught that God respects his "remembrancers" who ery "day and night" (Psalm 40:13; 69:17, 18; 70:5; 71:12; 14317). To fold the hands weakly and to "bide his time" is usually an evidence of spiritual debility and of a desire to shirk the work involved in a true exercise of prayer. True faith knows but one way of deliverance, that of prayer (Phil. 4:6, 7). and those who call in faith get deliverance (Rom. 10:13). Such prayer, the fruit of heart and lips, is before God "as incense" and its effectiveness does not depend upon its being pre-sented in the tabernacle—it is a "sac-rifice" of praise well-pleasing to God. We are to pray to God through his Son and in the Holy Spirit. Such prayer is set forth before him as a acrifice of sweet smelling savor.

II. Practice. "Incline not my heart to practice wicked works' Such prayer as here suggested demands a preparation of purity. As the "incense" was prepared with great care (Ex. 30:36) and its fragrance was brought out by fire (Rom. 8:26, 27; Eph. 6:18), so likewise there must be a continual practice of prayer and an absence of "wicked works." In no way are we so apt to sin as with our lips, but back of the lips is the heart (Matt. 15:11; Luke 6:45). The tongue can no man tame (James 3:8), yet God is able and his way is to cleanse the fountain. To have the mouth filled first with prayer and praise and then with evil is contrary to reason and to God's commands. David recognized that the heart is the source of "wicked works," and prayed that he be not even "inclined" to them (Matt. 6:13; Jam. 1:13). If he "keeps the door" we have a safe guard Ps. 127:1). God permits circumstances to come upon us which test our inclinations and our desires,' David, feeling his own weakness and wickedness, pleads for a heart that is not inclined to evil and as a further safeguard that he be delivered from the intercourse with "men that work iniquity." Association with such men separate us from God (Isa. 59:2). Thus David prays for a separate life. To lust after the dainties of the world and to participate therein soon leads to having the hands "occupied in deeds of wickedness" (v. 4 R. V.),

III. Position. "Let him reprove me vv. 3-7. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." This seems to be the position David desired to occupy, one that would be "a kindness" to him. Such correction is as sweet oil. Oil is healing and soothing and here symbolizes the healing effect of correction. Fools hate reproof, wise men plead for it. David not only welcomed wisdom but (see R. V.) promises to pray for such friends when calamities come upon them and in the time when they are overcome by wickedness. When such are cast down by the rocky roadside "they shall hear my words says David, and they will be sweet. The psalmist's experience, when hunted as a partridge, taught him how to appreciate the petitions of Jonathan,
-his friend, whose words to him were "sweet," A careful reading of verse seven reveals David's dire extremity (see Am. R. V.). Death stared him in the face. His soul was torn as "one ploweth and cleaveth the earth.'

IV. Protection. "In thee do I put my trust" (R. V.). Though thus brought low David knew where to turn, and one to whom he could look. The God, to become like him. It needs the transforming, encouraging, energizing vision. David is now taking his eyes off the difficulties and fixing them on the one who enables him to over come, "Look unto me and be ye saved." Literally his prever in saved." Literally his prayer is "make not my soul naked" or "pour not out my soul." David had made proof of God among the sheep, at the court, as a fugitive, on battlefield, in adversity and in prosperity, even in gross sin, yet God had not forsaken him. Our David has promised to abide with all who put their trust in him (John 14:18 R. V.). As his enemies had set their snares God had delivered David from them, Satan's gins or snares are pride, passion, sensuality, intemperance, sloth, greed, malcovetousness, hatred, falsehood, and so on, an interminable list, easily en as snaring others, hard to be ecognized as snaring our own feet.

We need to pray the prayer "keep ne," (v. 9) as well as the prayer of verse ten.

Whoever else a man harms by his

in he harms himself most. Saloonkeepers and their sons most requently fill the grave of the frunk-

## POKES HIS OAR INTO WHALE an immense whale, and Hamer barely

New York Tourist Has Surprise and Barely Escapes Death at Santa Barbara.

Santa Barbara, Cal.-When Frank Hamer, New York tourfst, poked his oar on to what he thought was a slimy black rock protruding above the waves in the channel, he turned loose a geyser, and rowed for his life to escape from what for a time looked to him like certain death. It prove to be tions from sewers in Paris.

got beyond range in time to escape the powerful lashing of the monster's tail as it dived into the deeps of the chan-The waterspout thrown up soaked Hamer to the skin and waterlogged his boat. He was rescued by fishermen who caught his frantic signals for help.

A hollow wooden ball, six feet in di ameter, which is moved by the flow of the sewage, is used to remove obstruc-

Hibbing cow which set a new record by giving birth to a 185-pound calf, announced that one of his cows gave birth to twin calves. The twins are white and brown, with colorings mixed in such a way that their coats differ from those of other calves

So many imitation affairs are com ing in style; jeweiries, engagemen and matrimonial happiness.

MAGNETIC CURRENT IS USED by means of electric magnets has been plied only a few seconds each day and presented to the Academy of Medicine by Professor Bergomie, the discoverer. rench Professor Introduces Scientific Method of Extracting Shrapnel Fragments From Wounded. French science has again come to the aid of the wounded in the present war Bullets and shrappel fragments seeply imbedded in the flesh can now

be extracted without the deep probing and incisions formerly necessary.

The new method of bringing the

As practically all bullets and shrapnel used in modern warfare are of steel they are capable of being magnetized and are subject to magnetic influence. Professor Bergomie simply applies to the outside of the wound a highly potential magnetic current. This suffices to dislodge the projectile from the flesh and bring it gradually towards the surface. To prevent any further tearing of the flesh the current is ap-

Linder trees in Germany have their quivalent in the British lime.