

HUN RETREAT CALLED MASTERLY ACHIEVEMENT

London, Aug. 4.—Telegraphing at 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Reuters correspondent at American headquarters on the Aisne-Marne front says:

"The salient is gone. The allied troops, French British and Americans already are holding the south bank of the Vesle river, Fismes is in flames.

"The wagons of the retreating German columns can be seen toiling laboriously over the muddy upland roads leading from the river toward the Aisne. Our cavalry patrols have found nothing to report but rear guard screens.

"To have thus driven the enemy back as he was driven back four years ago is no means achievement, but we must not overestimate the possibilities it may disclose. That the enemy has been forced to retire bitterly against his will is quite obvious. Nevertheless, I am prepared to accept General Ludendorff's statement that the retirement was decided on 15 days ago after General Petain's blow against the west side of the salient, and the Germans can pride themselves on having remained to use Ludendorff's phrase, "masters of the situation." That is to say, they have been able to avert the doom they feared, which was the collapse of the sides of the salient, the consequent capture by the allies of all the troops within it and they have been able to withdraw in an orderly manner without serious loss in men or guns, but at a considerable sacrifice of ammunition.

"To that extent they are masters of the situation—as the bankrupt may be so described who just escaped being sent to prison.

"The American communication today describes the enemy as having been driven in confusion beyond the Vesle, and one is extremely glad to hear it, since so far as I have been able to witness or to learn, in the enemy's retirement signs of confusion hitherto have been conspicuously absent. Indeed, I have never followed any army's retirement which left so little evidence of being forced except in this one matter of ammunition.

"The enemy's dead are certainly unburied. But who should have buried them? He left men behind him with orders to die. And died they have. They lie in groups about their guns, dozens here, dozens there—everyone with an American bullet through his brain or breast, or with the equally decisive tramp of the American bayonet.

"These groups are close together in vital positions and amount to a total of from two to three hundred men. They give evidence of fine discipline and determination and not of that sort of thing one is accustomed to find behind defeated armies.

"So far as I can see, the enemy counted exactly the cost of his retirement, and paid not a man nor a gun above his margin. As a soldierly achievement it moved one to admiration, and, cheered as one must be by the confession of weakness which the retirement implies, there is nothing in the retirement on which to build exaggerated hopes of the future. By far the most hopeful feature of the whole business is the difficulty of explaining it on any other hypothesis than that the Germans are much shorter of men than we had supposed.

"Their advance on the west of Rheims was a big artillery bluff which could not have been justified by the success of the attack on the east of it. That attack failed, and, although von Boehn tried for a couple of days to cloak the failure, the moment General Petain struck from the west the Germans had no option, with the force at their disposal, but to retire. And they evidently are profoundly thankful that they have made such a good job of it.

"Ludendorff calls the operation a strategical success. No, it is not that. It is a great strategical failure, relieved by various tactical successes, and it may not be too soon to say that the failure, even retrived as it has been probably spells ruin to the German offensive, for this season at least, against Paris.

"True they have an attack they may deliver in Flanders almost any moment they please, if Crown Prince Rupprecht's reserves have not been drawn upon too largely in the German crown prince's interest. But October is likely to be the earliest date for any vital operations here, and October means some half million more of these excellent Americans in the line.

"The extreme weakness of Ludendorff's strategical success was exhibited yesterday. If a great general with a strategical success on his hands had an opportunity yesterday for a big tactical blow it surely would have tempted him had not some serious reason intervened. The German retirement was rapid and the allied pursuit, in order to keep pace with it was forced to outrun the protection of its heavy guns.

"The roads, which had been ankle deep in dust, were churned by the passage of the troops into mud, which slowed the progress of everything on wheels. The day with its heavy clouds and thundershowers was difficult for aircraft observation and our cavalry patrols were far from numerous.

"It was a most tempting moment for a counter stroke which would have been certain to inflict heavy losses and put a pretty political finish to that strategical retirement, which has so depressed Berlin.

"Yet Ludendorff refrained. Why well, two reasons suggest themselves. Either he had never the needful force at his disposal, or a defensive attitude to the north of the Aisne having been decided on the troops required to cover the retirement had been cut down to the lowest possible numbers, and every available division was being turned around to Flanders for the long deferred attack on the British front, for which all things had been in readiness since the end of June. A success there would have important consequences and would cover up the failure here. And once back on the Chemin Des Dames, von Boehn's defeated army would have time to re-occupy itself.

"The key of yesterday's interest was, of course, Soissons; and Soissons presented a sorry spectacle when the allies entered it. The Germans had, as usual, wreaked their spite upon it, destroying with the same deliberate intensity of insane spite which they exhibited in so disgraceful a manner at Chateau Thierry. Houses had been despoiled of all that had made them homes. Everything had been flung into the streets. The western suburbs had been razed to the ground and the cathedral was only a phantom of its former beauty.

"And what has happened to Soissons has happened everywhere in the track of the Hun. The crown prince's proud boast is amply justified. His shameless troops have devastated another region of France. They have left flames and ruins everywhere behind them, proving themselves worthy of their worst ancestors and no whit altered by a thousand years of christianity."

Allied Troops Reap the Full Fruits of Victory.

Washington, Aug. 4.—Allied troops in the Aisne-Marne salient reaped "the full fruits of victory" on Saturday "when the enemy who met his second great defeat on the Marne was driven in confusion beyond the line of the Vesle," General Pershing reported in his communique for yesterday received today by the war department. American troops alone have captured 8,400 prisoners and 133 guns.

"Section A.—The full fruits of victory in the counter offensive begun so gloriously by Franco-American troops on July 18 were reaped today when the enemy who met his second great defeat on the Marne was driven in confusion beyond the line of the Vesle.

"The enemy in spite of suffering the severest losses, has proved incapable of stemming the onslaught of our troops fighting for liberty side by side with French, British and Italian veterans. In the course of the operations, 8,400 prisoners and 133 guns have been captured by our men alone.

"Section B.—There is nothing to report in this section."

Feeling in Russia Very Bitter Against Germany.

Amsterdam Aug. 1.—"Feelings in Russia is everywhere very bitter against Germany," is the surprising frank statement made by Hans Vorst, special commissioner of the Tageblatt of Berlin, who reached Moscow after a long and tedious railway journey recently and reports from that city on the conversations he had with business men, officials and peasants regarding international conditions in Russia.

Business men, the correspondent finds, are without exception strongly anti-Bolshevik, blaming the "crazy tycoon" of economic ruin. They believed another war against Germany was coming, but were not clear under whose direction, there being much divergence of opinion on this point.

PROVING GROUND AT ABERDEEN, MD., WORK BEYOND IMAGINATION

Millions Being Spent On Plant to Test Guns and Ammunition for the War Value Will Run into Billions of Dollars.

Aberdeen, Md., June 14.—Napoleon, whose reputation as the supreme military genius of modern times persists, notwithstanding the encroachments of the past four years, maintained that the general who could bring up an unexpected force of artillery unknown to the enemy was sure to win the day. Artillery tactics have been revolutionized since the little Corsican had his rise and fall, but this one principle, at least, is as sound now as it was when he laid it down.

Up here, at the United States Army Proving Ground is the visible and audible evidence of the faith which three great armies have in it. Up here, over a "front" of eight miles, are French and British and American guns, with their carriages ammunition and stores all designed with the Napoleonic idea of moving them from point to point with the greatest possible swiftness and working the greatest possible destruction upon a surprised enemy.

New Types of Guns There.

There are large numbers of these guns and they include practically every type of mobile artillery employed by the French and British and American armies on the Western front. They include, also certain types not employed on the Western front—that is, not yet.

Our American forces in the field may never have heard of Aberdeen; nevertheless, many of their hopes are centered here, for the better the cannon we produce and the greater the number, the better the ammunition and the greater the quality, then the better will be our artillery preparation in battle, and the greater will be the saving of American lives. But hardly a cannon and not one shell is shipped from the United States to France until Aberdeen has given the word.

"The country has been assured that it will have the men who will be needed to turn the tide of battle in France and Flanders to an Allied victory. But men without guns—big guns, I mean, and guns without ammunition, cannot go forth to war. Shall we have the guns? And the ammunition for those guns? Will Foch and Haig and Pershing, with the addition to the Allied artillery of the material being tested and developed here at Aberdeen, be able, in the Napoleonic tactics to bring up, unknown to the enemy, an unexpected force of artillery that will be certain to win the day when the Allies take the offensive?

Presents A Warlike Scene.

It is evident that a more newspaper man cannot answer questions of this nature. They are propounded not because they are answerable—for in this war even the mathematical certainties of one day are the uncertainties of the next—but because they are pertinent in conveying to the reader a notion of what the ultimate purpose of the United States Army Proving Ground is in the war. The people of Maryland outside of Harford county, and especially the people of Baltimore are living almost within sound of the booming cannon of Aberdeen yet they are in danger of allowing to pass unnoticed in their very midst the progress of the greatest army proving ground project that the world has ever known.

The object of this article, is not to make a study of the ordnance situation in the United States Army; it is to tell about what has been going on, and what is going on today, in this obscure corner of the world, where though it be as peaceful in some respects as a Quaker colony, it is in others as warlike as a sector on the western front. The thunder of the big guns, firing incessantly day in and day out, makes these Maryland hills and fields and marshes tremble; and theaters of Chesapeake and its tributaries hereabout.

All Tested at Aberdeen.

The movement of ordnance from the United States to France may be likened to the passing of sand through an hour glass. At the upper extreme of the glass are the great industrial plants manufacturing cannon and ammunition; at the lower extreme are the receiving ports abroad. In the center, at the union of the apices of the two pear-shaped containers, is the Aberdeen Proving Ground. Before the products of the factories can go from one extreme to the other they must negotiate the difficult passage in the center. To go through that aper-

ture, the products must be of a certain definite character, just as the sands of an hour glass must be of a certain definite grain.

When the Aberdeen Proving Ground is completed and working at its full capacity the estimated value of the ammunition which it will release for shipment to France is \$60,000,000 a day. In order to release this staggering amount of material for attack and defense it will have to blow up in smoke or sink in the bottom of the Chesapeake Bay samples from the shipments to the value of \$360,000 a day. That will mean firing from all the ranges on the proving ground—the heavy artillery battery, the sea-coast battery, the railway mounts, the mobile artillery battery, the anti-aircraft mounts, the aviation drop-bomb field and the trench warfars battery—a total of 15,000 rounds a day, including everything from a hand grenade to the heaviest projectile known.

Shooting away 15,000 rounds of ammunition worth \$360,000 every day might seem at first glance like a criminal waste of the public money. Compared with the results achieved however, it is insignificant. It means, reduced to simple terms that the army spends three cents to find out whether \$5 worth of ammunition is worth \$5. If it is not worth \$5, then it is rejected and withheld from shipment to France. The job of the proving ground is to see that the War Department gets the cannon and the ammunition that it pays for.

Plant to Cost \$17,000,000

The estimated cost of establishing the proving ground and putting it on a war-time basis, so that it can handle the testing and development of guns and ammunition for an army of 3,000,000 men—that is the basis for which the original plans of the project have been revised—is \$17,000,000, a bagatelle compared with the figures I have just quoted. The annual cost of operating and maintaining the reservation, exclusive of the value of the ammunition fired and of the wear and tear on the cannon used, will be \$6,500,000 a year. The value of the rounds fired for the purpose of testing ammunition from the factories and for making experiments of various kinds will be \$106,000,000 a year. That will release for shipment in the course of a year, as I figured it, ammunition close to the value of \$18,000,000,000. Here I stop talking in terms of money. The thing not only gets beyond my imagination, it gets almost beyond credibility. But I have set the figures down as they were given to me.

However, those figures are matters for the future. The present state of affairs at the proving ground is within my comprehension. I have spent several days here and I have traveled practically from one end to the other of the 36,000 acres that constitute the Government reservation. I have seen a tract of land more than twice the size of the city of Baltimore that was familiar to me until eight months ago as one of the most fertile and prosperous agricultural sections of my home State transformed into a gigantic industrial and military territory that is almost wholly unrecognizable as the place I had known since boyhood.

Whole Section Transformed.

The old roads that I knew have been obliterated. In their place are great wide thoroughfares over which motor-truck trains going in opposite directions can pass each other with as little trouble as they do on the broad inter-city highways. They are the substratum of what clover lawns on which little children danced and frolicked in the sun, across orchard lands on which cherries were falling and peaches were still green, across marshes in which the frog croaked their weird love-songs at nightfall—across all this vast country-side a military railroad winds its tracks. Every day a hundred carloads or more of freight pass in and out. The crews in a short time will be 30 miles of the finest concrete roads known to American civil engineering.

Across fields in which this time last year the green wheat was bowing in the wind and the corn was just knee-high, across meadows where large dairy heads grazed and daisies and buttercups and of the trains are uniformed National Army men who were firemen and engineers before the draft and who are now attached to the Ordnance Department.

Farm houses that had been the homes of some families for generations have been used a targets for the heavy guns and mowed down by shells and bombs, or burned to save the labor that would have been required to raze them. A few of the

better ones have been put on wheels and moved long distance away to serve as quarters for some officers and their families. The buildings that have replaced them are row upon row of regulation cantonments barracks for the resident civilian employes and the enlisted men, the long line of frame structures for officers quarters, the mess halls, the big machine shops, warehouses assembly sheds, powder magazines and many others.

To Have all Works Modern.

Barns and stables have given way to the modern buildings at the outer edge of a vast corral in which 400 artillery horses are inclosed. Pumps have been replaced by numerous artesian wells, and soon there will be a huge reservoir and a modern sewage disposal system. An enormous power plant and an enormous heating plant are in the course of construction. The whole territory on land is covered by a network of telephone and telegraph wires, and on both land and water, from the northern extremity of the proving ground to Kent Island, along the double row of signal towers that have been erected down the Bay, is a wireless telegraph and telephone system. There is a complete system of street lighting, and along the great firing "front" a flood of lighting system such as the besieged cities aboard have to light the heavens for their anti-aircraft work at night. "The rockets' red glare and the bombs bursting in air" are no mere words of a patriotic anthem here at Aberdeen.

Along the waterfront, where the guests of the Converse Lodge had their ducking blinds, an 80 foot channel is being dredged, so that the big ships from Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and other ports can go direct to the proving ground with their cargoes of guns, carriages, ammunition and stores.

A giant caterpillar machine that tears up 2,500 cubic yards of earth a day is leveling the hills and making the rough ways plain. Swamp lands are being filled in and trees are being yanked up as if they were nothing but weeds.

The aim and object of all of this work is to make way for the firing of guns and still more guns. The eight-mile stretch along a horseshoe-shaped front that swings around from Mulberry Point to Michaelsville converges into a danger zone that runs from the outer edge of the horseshoe down over Romney creek and then over Bush river and then over Gunpowder Neck and Gunpowder river. At its lower extremity it takes in part of Middle River Neck, on the one hand and the whole of Poole's Island on the other. That is 17 miles in an air line. It is going still farther on, all the way on down the bay past the line of Baltimore, until it reaches Kent Island—Kent Island, which the Ordnance Department a year ago wanted for its proving ground. How distant that squabble over Kent Island now seems! And how small Kent Island itself is beside this vast proving ground in Harford county, so large that the Ordnance Department, in the early days of the war, had not even dared to hope for it, let alone to ask it of Congress.

Service League Helps Labor.

Wherever the Uncle Sam Saturday Service League has been organized among Negroes in the Southern States it has improved labor conditions according to reports at the recent conference of State farm help specialists in Birmingham, Ala. Members are given buttons signifying their intention to work six days a week until the end of the harvest season, thus combating the time-honored custom of a full or half holiday on Saturday's among farm hands.

Commend Sunday Farm Work.

Judges in Tennessee have refused to punish persons accused of work on farms on Sunday, but have commended them for so doing. This was reported to the Department of Agriculture's recent farm labor conference in Birmingham, Ala. Not long ago the rural churches of Indiana, in a conference at Purdue University, took the position that it is right and proper to do farm work on Sunday if that Sunday work is necessary to produce food crops to help whip Germany.

A Bilious Attack.

When you have a bilious attack your liver fails to perform its functions. You become constipated. The food you eat ferments in your stomach instead of digesting. This inflames the stomach and causes nausea, vomiting and a terrible headache. Take three of Chamberlain's Tablets. They will tone up your liver, clean out your stomach and you will soon be as well as ever. They only cost a quarter.

Immense Stores German Ammunition is Found.

With the American Army on the Aisne-Marne Front, July 30.—The tremendous stores of German ammunition found by the Franco-American troops in the forests of Fere and Ris, leads officers to believe that the allied offensive nipped in the bud. German plans for a momentous drive upon Epernay.

The forests and the surrounding country north of the Marne were virtually one great arsenal for German ammunition of all kinds, big guns, shells being particularly numerous. At places on the edges of the woods there were large shells stacked like cordwood over large areas.

Thousands of these shells were intended for the German 210 millimeter guns, only a few of which have been captured. The Americans assume that the Germans withdrew many of these guns and that others intended for the great drive had not yet arrived when the allied offensive began.

All through the forests the Americans came upon ammunition depots, at some places more than an acre of ground being covered with shells of all calibers. Some of the smaller shells were labelled "for immediate use." Along the roads everywhere, and even in the open places, the shells were camouflaged with limbs of trees.

From the roadways skirting the forest in every patch of wood shells were visible. Every clump of trees or shrubbery sheltered shells of various calibers. Some of the depots were devoted entirely to big shells and others extensively to projectiles of smaller sizes, including gas shells, high explosive projectiles and cartridges for machine guns and rifles. From the roadways near the forest's edges, mile after mile of cases of rifle cartridges were seen, winding in and out and following the tree lined like fences.

Big Sea of Wheat on Land Formerly Flooded.

Sacramento, Cal., July 31.—A sea of wheat, replacing a sea of water, twenty thousand acres in one tract bring forth the cereal of which Uncle Sam and her allies in the world war are in such great need, is a transformation accomplished on what was overflowed land, near Sacramento.

The huge tract formerly covered with the floodwaters of the Sacramento and the American river lies in a fertile basin of some sixty-odd thousand acres, most of which has been reclaimed and turned to agriculture through the efforts of the federal and state governments at the cost of millions of dollars.

The reclamation of this land in permanent fashion was made possible by the progress of the Sacramento river flood control project, which after endorsement by Congress and the California legislature is being steadily pushed to completion by the federal authorities, the California debris commission, on one hand, and the state authorities the reclamation board, on the other. The project eventually will cost about \$42,000,000, and is designed to take care of the floods of the Sacramento river, these amount to five times as much as the river channel can carry. The interests of navigation, reclamation, and flood control are so intermingled that it is necessary to adopt a plan which will provide for all three.

The partial completion of the big project, with its accompanying putting to use of the reclaimed land, indicates in a measure what the final results will be. The one great tract of twenty thousand acres as old ocean of wheat, is one of the largest, if not the greatest, American fields grown in this grain.

The President on Mob Spirit.

"I have called upon the Nation to put its great energy into this war and it has responded—responded with a spirit and a genius for action that has thrilled the world. I now call upon it, upon its men and women everywhere, to see to it that its laws are kept inviolate, its fame untarnished.

"I can never accept any man as a champion of liberty either for ourselves or for the world who does not reverence and obey the laws of our own beloved land, whose laws we ourselves have made. He has adopted the standards of the enemies of his country, whom he affects to despise."

—President Wilson.