

AFTER A GERMAN RETREAT.

A Graphic Story of the Ruin Wrought in French Towns by the Inhuman Acts of the Boosted German Army. What Boosted German Kultur Means.

(Literary Digest.)

An orgy of destruction seems to occur each time the Germans take another step in their "retreat to victory," as the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger cheerfully terms it. French and British correspondents entering the evacuated cities find them, they aver, desolated by systematic wrecking "undertaken not for any military advantage, but from a degenerate lust for destruction," says the London Evening News. Writing in the Paris Matin, Mr. L. Bugnicourt, director of the Journal de l'Aisne, says:

"It is necessary to show the world how the Germans have laid waste the country which they have evacuated. Chauncy is nothing more than a heap of lath and plaster and walls burned black. Out of 2,500 houses over 1,800 have been destroyed by fire. The two churches of St. Martin and Notre Dame, the Palais de Justice, the Ecole Primaire, the hospital, almshouses, and Hotel de Ville are no more. Only ten streets were spared in the Brouage quarter, where what was left of the population was herded. Here some 300 houses sheltered about half the inhabitants of the thirteen surrounding communes.

"The German military authorities only left behind men over sixty; all males between fourteen and sixty were carried off. After abandoning the place, the enemy bombarded the only quarter of the town which they had left to our unfortunate fellow countrymen, training their guns on the seminary in the St. Charles quarter, where only the feeble and aged were housed, and on the Brouage quarter, where the women and children were huddled together. This act would condemn the German race forever were it not that it has already been condemned long ago. Twelve old men, who were ill, were killed in their beds, and six other civilians met a similar fate. The inhabitants are physically worn out by the long tale of misery under the German occupation."

Describing his impressions after entering Peronne, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, the special correspondent of the London Daily News, writes:

"The Germans have destroyed the town. The French and the British have spared it as much as possible. There is not much evidence of shell-fire. I could not find a shell-hole in the roadway of the Grande Place. But there is not in Peronne one habitable house. The Boche has blown out the fronts of most of the buildings. The others he has burned. These, yesterday, were still smoldering and occasionally breaking into flames again. The sixteenth-century church of St. Jean is but a relic. The Hotel de Ville has been partially destroyed—enough being left to support a notice-board put there to greet the British: 'Nicht argern—nur wunden' (Do not grow angry—only wonder); and that, as a matter of fact, is exactly what the British officers I met in the place felt about it. The Boche has an unenviable mind, the workings of which now do not anger other men so much as cause them to wonder about the mysteries of creation."

The Manchester Guardian prints an almost incredible dispatch from its correspondent at the front, in which he says:

"I should like to put on record in more deliberate detail than was possible in hurried telegrams written at the end of long and laborious journeys the naked facts of the German evacuation of French towns and villages. I have traversed many blasted villages, and have spent almost leisurely hours in Peronne. With such opportunities it is not difficult to tell how much of the ruin has been wrought by shell, mine, or fire, or by army house-breakers. Calculated brutality, scientific evisceration, can not cloak themselves under the guise of acts of war. The facts are these:

"As soon as the inhabitants were driven off and sent behind the great fortified line of which the German papers boast, all that was worth having was carted off and all the rest destroyed. The manner of destruction varied with the thing to be destroyed. In Peronne are many fine trees planted for ornament. The German military authorities, probably from lack of labor, could not cart them away, could not even spend time in felling them. So instructions were given to hack every tree as a hedge-layer cuts hedge-stakes—just deep enough to insure the death of the tree. So the German left 'his mark'—a V-shaped convict's mark cut half-way through each trunk of the avenue. Fruit trees are more carefully severed than ornamental trees, and especial care has been taken to destroy completely the espaliers and prettily trained fruit-trees in which French gardeners take special and peculiar delight. I do not know why,

but the sight of these little fruit-trees with their throats cut filled me with more trenchant rage against the German mind than all the rest of the havoc."

Passing on to describe what took place with the deserted houses, the correspondent continues:

"Now for the houses. Along whole streets where every front wall was rent open I could find no vestige of any shell-hole. The work has been done, I am wholly convinced, by small charges of ammonal, one of which was found, and most bravely carried away by one of the party. The quarters of the town where the shells had been directed were very well defined, and it was in these only that the front walls were erect, though damaged. Within the houses mess and filth were invariable. The general impression of desolation wrought by some bull-headed Minotaur, or vulture—harp, was etched into the features of a more odious because more human and intelligent monster when the minor individual details of this general wreckage reached the imagination.

"Here was a long mirror hung against the wall. It was shivered by means of a hammer, still lying on the floor. Here was a cabinet with shallow shelves, each of which had been hacked by some blunt instrument. Here again was a Renaissance mantelpiece, finely cut and designed in marble. It had been battered out of shape and pattern by the blunt, side of an ax. A certain number of books had been left in a fine library, but the greater number were thrown about the floor and wantonly torn and fouled. No pictures were left intact, no single table or chair or piece of crockery."

PASSING OF PRISON STRIPES.

Only in the Backward States Does Ancient Convict Garb Persist.

(Indianapolis News.)

Prisoners were originally dressed in striped garments so that in case they escaped they could be easily identified. It was argued that since no sane person would wear such an outfit, any person seen wearing it would excite suspicion.

This, of course, increased the desperation of escaping prisoners, who as soon as they had left the prison behind, began to look about for a change of clothes, and was often accomplished by committing a serious crime. But the stripe theory was not easily abandoned, for as the years passed it became a tradition that convicts should wear stripes and have their hair clipped. The stripes and hair clipping became a part of prison punishment.

But in the more progressive States where new ideas in prison management have proved their worth, the stripe has given way to the gray suit. In New York State there is now not a jail or prison where prisoners are required to wear stripes. According to a report of the State prison commission the last two prisoners to make the change clung to the old theory until this year, when the pressure of modern opinion became too great and they joined the majority. The gray uniform has replaced the bizarre stripe.

The abolishment of prison stripes is but another indication of the new idea in prison management. The lockstep, which in the case of men required to serve a long sentence often marked them for life, has been abolished in many prisons. The idea that the first step in reforming a criminal is to reduce him to a state of torpid misery and keep him that way has also passed. And the bullying warden has been forced to step aside to make room for broad men who see in prisoners not enemies of society who must be punished, but social misfits who have been withdrawn from society for a time in order that they may be led to realize its opportunities.

April Like a Young Girl.

April, like a young girl,  
Plays her game of cheer—  
Now a smile of sunshine;  
Next, a silver tear.

Off with the gray thoughts,  
On with the new,  
Tinged with the sunshine  
And sweet with the dew.  
Not long for shadows,  
This world of ours,  
Deeking its meadows  
With sunbeams and flowers.  
Young hearts for action,  
Brave dreams that light  
The path of the old flag  
With strength for the fight.

Now comes the south wind,  
Bringing the rose  
As over the green vales  
Of April it blows.  
—Baltimore Sun.

DON'T PUT OFF SCREENING your house—do it now. Phone us, we have the Screens. Cotter Hardware Co., Smithfield, N. C.

ALL EUROPE FEARS FAMINE.

Intensified U-Boat Campaign Impresses Danger on Britain. Limitation of Food Expected by June 1. Shipyards Working Desperately to Replace Lost Tonnage.

(A. S. Draper, in Baltimore Sun.) London, April 26.—By June 1 every European country, with the possible exception of England, will have adopted compulsory rationing as well as some form of food cards. This applies both to neutrals and to belligerents.

The probabilities are that England will be included, though it is possible the Government will delay rationing until July.

U-Boats Cause Alarm.

I make these statements after a talk with an official familiar with every detail of the food situation. Nothing has brought home the seriousness of the food situation so well as the Admiralty list of the sinkings of the past week. All the warnings of Lloyd George, Sir Edward Carson and Lord Davenport failed to impress the people that they must economize as much as the report of the loss of 55 British ships in one week.

With the store windows filled with bread and cakes, groceries, fruits and candies, with many people enjoying the greatest income of their lives, a large part of the country has continued to smile wisely and consider the disappearance of the potato and the shortage of sugar as merely interesting incidents of little actual consequence.

Campaign Intensified.

In the last week the people have begun to understand that the German offensive on the sea is not of secondary importance; that Great Britain is involved in two major campaigns; that she cannot succeed on land without winning on the sea and that on her supremacy at sea depends her whole life.

Better weather and longer days have given the submarines the opportunity they were awaiting. More submarines are now at work torpedoing and laying mines. In fact, the Germans seem to have concentrated on mine layers, probably because, though the mine layer's power of destruction is more uncertain, it can work with less risk, as it does not have to rise to the surface. How many submarines are now operating, or whether the whole fleet is cruising, is not known, but there is no question that the campaign has been greatly intensified.

Losses Increasing.

Since the Admiralty has introduced the practice of giving numbers without tonnage it has announced the loss of 168 ships of over 1,600 tons and 72 under that tonnage. In these figures, ships in the Government service are not included. Then there is the loss of Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish and Spanish ships to consider.

In a little over two months German torpedoes and mines have probably destroyed more ships than in any four previous months.

There is strong agitation for a revision of the Admiralty decision not to reveal the losses in tonnage, its opponents holding that it is more important to impress the public with the seriousness of the situation than to withhold information which might help the enemy.

Working Under Pressure.

Even without the Admiralty figures on tonnage, the people will soon have a disagreeable proof that waste or extravagance with food is criminal.

British shipyards never worked under greater pressure than today. But Great Britain needs every ton that America can launch. She needs it now.

Thousands and thousands of men and women are working every spare moment in their gardens—some are even digging and planting by moonlight.

But these gardens will not begin to yield until the middle of June at the earliest. Dependence on this season's crops is dangerous, because the weather may be against a good harvest.

All Looking to America.

That is why the food controller is building the machinery for compulsory rationing, meanwhile beseeching the people to practice economy and hoping that America will appreciate the tremendous importance its economic assistance will be.

In many homes bread is no longer eaten, not because it is impossible to get, but because people can afford only a substitute. At most public dinners bread is either omitted from the menu or oatmeal crackers are substituted. Many people have stopped using sugar in their tea or coffee. Potatoes from the Canaries are being sold at 50 cents a pound and all other kinds are being used only for planting.

It seems highly probable that the Government soon will prohibit the brewing of ale, while much of the bonded spirits may be commandeered

for the manufacture of high explosives. Pickled herrings, Swedish turnips, gulls' eggs and many other foods seldom used in Great Britain are now being utilized.

The pinch is bound to come, but its severity depends largely upon the help America gives. War does not wait.

The Word of a Dog.

"See that man walking along the street with a dog trailing him?" asked J. V. Simms of the Junior Observer the other afternoon as he traveled down Church street.

And across the street he saw a neat appearing young man walking along, swinging a cane, and a few feet behind ambled the poorest looking specimen of a dog it has been my fortune to cast eyes upon in many moons.

This dog had lost a good part of his tail, his hair, or the most of it, turned the wrong way, and he appeared to be mangy and in need of that attention which is apparent in dog or man when he loses self-respect. Otherwise the dog was all right.

"Now if you or I went down street in Charlotte with such an animal trailing along behind, every man, woman and child we met would turn and laugh and probably have something to say either about the dog or the man, or probably both. But that fellow can get away with anything he tries. And he is not especially fond of that dog, either. Probably just took up with him, as I have known a number of other dogs to do. In fact, any sort of a dog, from the highest bred to the lowest cur, will follow him, and if the door is not shut, he will follow him into his office and curl up as near his feet as possible. He will lie there until he is driven out or until that fellow goes, then he will trail him as long as he is on the streets.

"Never saw anything like that fellow. People and animals find in him something to admire, I might say, love. I envy him every time I see him, and I do not remember ever having seen him on the street without some sort of a dog, usually a mongrel, following him."

I know the man, and Mr. Simms' estimate of him is mine. He's a dandy fellow, but if I did not know him to be such, I should take the word of the dogs who follow him.—Junior Observer, in Charlotte Observer.

Died in Dunn.

We learn from the Dunn Guide of the death of Mr. P. G. A. Tart who passed away last week at his home in Dunn at the age of 69. He was the father of Mr. B. I. Tart, Cashier of the Bank of Four Oaks, and Miss Maggie Tart, of Four Oaks.

Thought the under dog gets a lot of sympathy, the upper canine gets the gate receipts.

ARKANSAS KINGBIRD

Tyrannus verticalis



Length, nine inches. The white edge of the feather on each side of the tail distinguishes this from all other flycatchers except the gray and salmon-colored scissortail of Texas.

Range: Breeds from Minnesota, Kansas, and Texas to the Pacific ocean and from northern Mexico to southern Canada; winters from Mexico to Guatemala.

Habits and economic status: The Arkansas kingbird is not so domestic as its eastern relative and seems to prefer the hill country with scattered oaks rather than the orchard or the vicinity of ranch buildings, but it sometimes places its rude and conspicuous nest in trees on village streets. The bird's yearly food is composed of 87 per cent animal matter and 13 per cent vegetable. The animal food is composed almost entirely of insects. Like the eastern species, it has been accused of destroying honeybees to a harmful extent, and remains of honeybees were found to constitute five per cent of the food of the individuals examined, but nearly all those eaten were drones. Bees and wasps, in general, are the biggest item of food (38 per cent), grasshoppers and crickets stand next (20 per cent), and beetles, mostly of noxious species, constitute 14 per cent of the food. The vegetable food consists mostly of fruit, such as the elder and other berries, with a few seeds. This bird should be strictly preserved.

Begin the Day With Music

(Adopted From John Wanamaker.)

If, in every home, the day were begun with Music, What an incalculable benefit it would be to the World!

We begin our business day with song. It puts the store in tune for the day.

Have YOU ever tried beginning the day in your home with music? Try it. Have the piano or Victrola, or Grafonola lead you in some song every day for a week. See how nearer it will bring you all together, how much more deeply you will appreciate life! Then a song by the children, their little voices joining in some hymn of praise, will bring new visions of joy that will make glad the whole day.

Why, it is almost more important than breakfast!

Both are foundations upon which the happenings of the day should be built.

The Cash Store

It Pays to Trade for Cash

- Good Dress Ginghams.....10c
- Better Dress Ginghams .....12 1/2c
- Fine Bleaching .....12 1/2c
- Better Quality .....13 1/2c
- Good Long Cloth .....13 1/2c
- Good Sea Island .....10c
- Good for Men, Ladies, Boys and Girls.....10c
- Ladies' Silk Hose .....25c
- Ladies' Silk Hose, Better.....33c
- Ladies' Silk Hose, original quality .....50c
- Ladies' Silk Hose, original quality.....\$1.00

We have a large stock of the above. Every customer should get her share. These are but a few of the thousands of values that we can afford to offer under our Cash System.

We pay 25 cents per dozen for eggs in trade.

SPIERS BROS.

Smithfield, N. C.

Books for Children

The average child likes a Book, and the parent who provides his child with a good Book, is doing a good deed. We have in the list below a few Books suitable for Children from four to ten years of age. We have one copy each of the following:

- Squinty, the Comical Pig.....50c
- Flop Ear, the Funny Rabbit.....50c
- Pilgrims Progress, in words of one syllable.....25c
- The Tale of Brownie Beaver.....40c
- The Adventures of Reddy Fox.....50c
- The Adventures of Johnny Chuck.....50c
- Mr. Possum's Great Balloon Trip.....50c
- Mr. Rabbit's Big Dinner .....50c
- How Mr. Rabbit Lost His Tail.....50c
- How Mr. Dog Got Even .....50c
- Making Up With Mr. Dog.....50c
- When Jack Rabbit Was a Little Boy.....50c

For Older Children

- Waste Not, Want Not Stories.....50c
- Bird World, by Stickney and Hoffman.....50c

Books for Boys

- The Woodcraft Manual, by E. S. Thompson.....50c
- Lives of the Presidents, by E. S. Ellis.....50c
- Civil War Stories—From St. Nicholas.....50c
- Life of Thomas A. Edison.....50c
- George Washington, by W. O. Stoddard.....50c

Herald Book Store

Smithfield, N. C.

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