

FIRST TO AID IN OTRANTO WRECK

Red Cross Swift and Efficient Help Wins High Admirations

IRISH BEHAVE SPLENDIDLY

Simple Folk of Italy Sacrifice Themselves in Rescuing and Giving Aid to Shipwrecked Soldiers.

London.—So rapidly are events following one another that the Otranto disaster may be considered an old story. Yet there is a very great deal which has not yet been told about how splendidly the Irish people behaved in securing survivors and how nobly the simple folk of Italy sacrificed themselves in rescuing and giving aid to the shipwrecked soldiers who were cast, many of them unconscious, upon the wild Scottish shore. And the story, too, of the swift and successful aid furnished by the American Red Cross is one of which the whole United States may well feel proud.

When the survivors landed at Belfast only 12 hours after they had been taken off the disabled Otranto by a daring British destroyer, they were in a pitiful plight. They had been clinging to the deck of the destroyer with heavy seas constantly breaking over them, and with a cold wind chilling them to the bone. To save themselves from being carried overboard many had lashed themselves to torpedo tubes and to the vessel's superstructure.

Because of the loss of the destroyer's wireless equipment, due to her running into the troopship while taking off the men, she had been unable to give notice of her coming. Consequently no provision had been made on shore for the reception of the survivors. The seriously injured and sick were rushed off to hospitals as soon as ambulances could be brought to the dock. The others, wet through, and shivering with cold and exposure, all of them without shoes and many without much clothing, were marched away to the Victoria barracks.

Consul Aids Men.

Meantime the American consul had been notified of the men's arrival. He immediately got in touch with Red Cross headquarters at Belfast. Although it was Sunday night and long past nine o'clock the Red Cross was ready for the emergency. The emergency warehouse, prepared and stocked six months before in preparation for just such a disaster, was opened at once, and a "flying squadron" of automobiles began loading supplies of clothing, medicines and comforts, which were rushed off immediately to the barracks where the men were being sheltered.

Hunter Sharp, consul, had gone to the barracks as soon as he had learned that the Red Cross machinery was in operation. He appeared before the men, introduced himself as the American consul and cheered them with the information that the Red Cross was on the job and soon would be there with all the necessary equipment.

"Three cheers for the Red Cross!" proposed a husky Georgian. The cheers were given with a will and the men picked up heart. They crowded around the consul, finding comfort in the very presence of an American.

The discussion all around the big bare room had begun to center completely on the question of food when the first Red Cross car, honking cheerfully, rumbled into the cobble driveway of the barracks. The door opened and a cheerful voice called out, "Anybody want any cigarettes? Here are all the American brands."

There was a rush to the doorway and the men themselves took charge of cigarettes, chocolates, biscuits and warm woolen clothing of all kinds, from socks to blankets.

American Women to Rescue.

There were American women, too, that spoke with all sorts of American accents from pure "Bostonese" to the hearty tones of the Pacific coast.

Meanwhile came the news that other survivors and many bodies were likely to be found on the coast of Italy, off the Scottish coast, where the Otranto had perished on the rocks. It was known that the Red Cross organization in Scotland was trying to reach Italy, but it was doubted whether, owing to the terrific storm, travel by the usual routes was possible. So the Red Cross organization in Belfast decided to send an expedition on the perilous trip from Ireland to Italy. A party of eight, including two physicians, and carrying large outfits of clothing and quantities of medical and other supplies, made the voyage on a small vessel furnished by the British navy.

Here, in Italy, it was found that the greatest loss of life had occurred for the Otranto had gone on the rocks close to the scene of the Tuscan disaster.

Of her 450 passengers, 20 men, including 17 American soldiers and three members of the crew, were the only survivors. These twelve, more dead than alive, were washed up on the rocks, a blight and delicate spot, and were taken care of by a handful of cottagers who live on the barren shore at a little hamlet known as Kichman, which consists of only three houses, a church and a schoolhouse.

All those who wish to form National Guard Companies will please meet at Rex hall tonight at 7:30.

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THREE NOTED FRENCH TOWNS

Will Live in History as Having Given Their Names to Articles of Everyday Commerce.

Three towns in northern France have given their names to articles of everyday commerce—Cambrai, from which "cambrie" is derived; Arras, a term applied to a certain kind of tapestry, and Valenciennes noted for its lace in olden times. Cambrai, too, is associated with the name of the great French ecclesiastic and moralist, Francois Fenelon, a statue of whom stood in the cathedral before the Germans captured the town. Fenelon wrote one of the most famous novels of the eighteenth century: "The Adventures of Telemachus," an account of the son of Ulysses. At Cambrai was concluded a very curious treaty, the so-called "Ladies' Peace," between Louise of Savoy and Margaret of Austria, representing France and Austria, respectively, in 1529. At Arras was born the celebrated leader of the French Revolution, Maximilian Robespierre, who organized the Reign of Terror by which he himself was finally to fall. Valenciennes no longer made the beautiful lace which its name suggests, but was a center for the manufacture of hostelry, trimmings, and handkerchiefs. It was the birthplace of two famous men—Watteau, whose paintings are regarded as perhaps the most characteristic products of French art in the eighteenth century, and Fauriant, whose chronicles of the wars of the Middle Ages are full of movement and color. None by is another famous town—Daug—whose name is joined with a version in English of the Bible prepared for the special use of the Catholic church.

ARMENIANS LOYAL TO ALLIES

None of the Conquered Peoples Have Shown More Devotion to Cause of Liberty Than They.

It has been the Armenians who have been most constant in their loyalty to the allies, and eight months ago, from the city of Van, 130 of them went forth to take up positions which had been vacated by Russians. After the Turks took Erzerum last February they swept on against the national armies of the Armenians and Georgians through to Tabriz in northern Persia, threatening the southern Caspian ports and wiping out an Armenian they met, Maynard Owen Williams writes in Asia Magazine. They boasted that they would keep on until they met the Russian army, then nonexistent. The fight by the Armenians and Georgians, fighting allied support, became more hopeless. The Georgians bravely declared their independence last May, but hardly a month later 32 Georgian and Armenian delegates in Constantinople were utterly unable to do anything but accede to the Turkish demands that they withdraw their troops. It is evident that the Georgians are now completely dominated.

Delighted.

The examining officers at the prisoner pens talk German like natives, but often the prisoners don't and that leads to complications.

One inquisitor, who had just used his best German vocabulary on an uncomprehending Hungarian, turned him over to a special questioner and took on five strangely clad and somewhat bewildered prisoners who, after a great deal of shouting and arm waving, managed to convey the fact that they were neither Germans nor Austrians nor Hungarians nor Slovaks. They were Italians—five Italians taken prisoner last fall and set to mending roads behind the German lines.

They were much pleased when it slowly dawned on them what had happened, and they wanted to kiss General Pershing or somebody right away. —Paris Stars and Stripes.

Types of Big Guns.

There is no known 75-centimeter gun. If there were its bore would be more than 29 inches. The famous French 75-millimeter gun has a bore a little less in size than the American 3-inch field gun, being approximately 23.625 inches; the German 77-millimeter is a little larger than the American, being approximately 3.03149 inches. French and American shells could be used in the German 77-millimeter guns, probably with little or no change, while German and American shells could not, probably, be used in the French 75's without remodeling.

Faces Ahead.

The chaplains from two Yankee regiments that had stormed the slope above the Durai came wearily back at sundown from the task of burying their dead. They were two much uplifted men, and their eyes were shining as they made their brief but eloquent report.

"In all that battlefield," they said, "we found, without a single exception, that every one of those boys died crumpling forward, died with his face toward Germany."

New Trick.

A new method of fighting the U-boat menace is for the attacked vessel to rattle a depth charge as the torpedo approaches. In daylight the wake of the torpedo can usually be seen quite clearly. When the depth charge explodes it either causes the premature explosion of the torpedo or else diverts the deadly missile from its course. This was found out quite by accident. A ship's officer in his excitement one day threw a depth charge overboard. It did the trick.

Why, of Course?

What is that which the postman, the journeyman, the fountain and the wild beasts all alike say?

Letters, pray.

Let us pray.

Let us pray.

Let us pray.

DR. PANG-YIEN TSEO



Dr. Pang-Yien Tseo, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ling Han Tseo of Nanchang, China, has started work as an ambulance surgeon on the medical staff of Bellevue hospital, New York. Doctor Tseo was sent to this country by the Chinese educational commission in 1909. Although a young woman, she has been through the Northwestern university at Evanston, Ill., and in June of this year she completed a three-year course in medicine at the University of Chicago.

GIRL TELLS OF NIGHT

WORK IN A FACTORY

Volunteer in Munitions Plants Found She Needed Strength for a Heavy Task.

One day Miss Ruth Russell, member of the staff of a Chicago newspaper, decided to go to work in a munitions factory. She went merely to record her experiences, but incidentally she has presented a strong brief against the employment of women in heavy tasks and in night work. Moreover, the picture she presents supports the contention of the children's bureau, department of labor, that the mothers of young children should be protected in every possible way from the necessity of wage-earning employment outside the home.

Miss Russell had the courage to try as her first assignment trucking in a plant that manufactures shells. Her duty was to haul steel tools to the shell turrets. Deep wooden trucks were provided. Marie, a Bohemian woman, filled her truck with 140 pounds of the heavy tools and dragged it behind her "as she had pulled plows in her native land." A loaded freight train almost ran her down. Miss Russell tells the story as follows:

"Then suddenly Marie jerked her head from the side of the grinding shed incline. Banging over the tin and rails behind the freight she slid the truck on one wheel up the foot and a half runway of the opposite shed. 'I beat the old train,' she laughed.

"Only once did I wheel a load the size of Marie's. It was my first one. It wouldn't twist at corners. It would skid into the rail slots of a narrow interior track that lay on the route. It would push nearly to the top of the incline of the shop, in the second alleyway, and then it would slide back again. It arrived, but thereafter, while Marie deiced till 'a big load was ready, I trucked early and often.

"On some trips I blushed for my little loads. Too often I met a big woman whose straggly blond hair was stuck to the sides of her white, flat face with perspiration as she trucked a weight of some 200 pounds. Inside the barrier were the parings which she had spaded up from the vats beneath a steel turning machine, thence to be carried out to the open alleyway and thrown to the derrick that crashed them onto the outgoing freights.

NEW DICTATOR OF RUSSIA



"You see the bars lying under the tool table?" asked Fernando (one of the men with whom I had been told to work) as I returned from a trip ready for a rest. "Take them."

"Fingersling the dirt as I eluded the bars from the earthen floor, I lifted in all 224 pounds—32 bars—and trucked them several trips to a room with red-white eaves. A dark corner to chuck them in was designated by a twist of the grinning blacksmith's thumb.

"Just half an hour after midnight—we came at 11 o'clock—we lunched. No one seemed very hungry. Even the stalwart Marie had pie a la mode and coffee. But there was appetite for music, and every night some workman or woman played on the piano. Beth-cove's 'Minut in G' was enraptured. "Doughnut butters"—five green iron-musled men who slice rounds off a never-ending supply of incoming shells—had to be supplied with two sets of thin, flat tools. And this, after lunch, was my job. Not hard, but as sure as I went to place them on a shelf near a machine—bump, clank—and a great steel bracket, brown as a doughnut on inner and outer rims and shiny as a mirror on the fresh-cut side, hit the ground, and before it clanged at last into a heap of its fellows it played tag with my unwilling toes.

"At last in the slot of sky above the alleyway the darkness thinned, the stars went out. As I made my last trip to the tool crib in the front of the vast building to report 'tools given and tools taken away' I saw a pale brightness on the high-placed eastern window and against it the shadow of a spiked rate as it swung to and fro to admit the morning shift.

"In the weary little crowd at the time clock I heard a woman say:

"Oh, 'tis good to smell the morning."

"It's Nora must be thinking so—her rollin' shells and sleepin' came a reply.

"She has four kids at home."

"I know. And the foreman lookin' on. Ain't it awful when the sleep comes on you?"

"It had come on me. I dragged slowly upstairs as if my feet were ringed with those creolets of steel.

"I had walked about four miles, trucked approximately 900 pounds of steel, shouldered less heavy tools and earned \$2 in an eight-hour night. I threw myself on a rest-room cot. "Far off somewhere women eager to get home were hitting at soap machines, plunging water into basins and

stamping into street shoes. Above the distant bustle came a question and the answer of a wife whose domestic work apparently is still all her own: 'What are you in such a hurry for, Nora?' "Bless you, I got a big week's wash ahead of me."

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