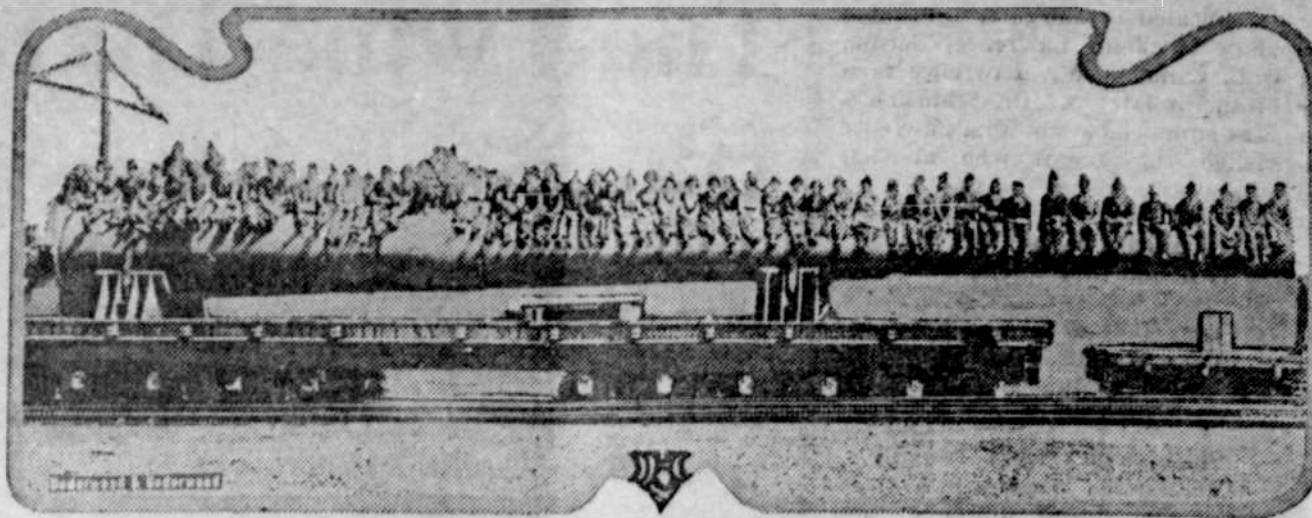


## Heaviest Gun in the World Made for Uncle Sam



This gun is the heaviest in the world and is the first wire-wound 16-inch rifle ever made in the United States, and the last modern rifle to be made on a disappearing carriage. It was completed at Watervliet arsenal. It is a navy type and will be used in coast defense work. It can hurl a 2,400-pound projectile 31 miles. Each round requires a charge of 850 pounds of powder. It weighs 170 tons, is 68 feet, 10 inches long; greatest outside diameter, 64 inches; muzzle velocity, 2,700 feet per second. It cost about \$200,000.

## YANK TROOPS NEAR SCENE OF FIGHTING

Those in Towns Around Coblenz Had No Part in Trouble in Ruhr District.

### OCCUPY 38 TOWNS IN ALL

American Forces in Germany Consist of 769 Officers and 18,219 Men—Coblenz Is Headquarters of Yankee Army.

New York.—There are still American troops in Germany. We had almost forgotten this fact until Doctor Kapp strode into the day's news and vanished. Strikes, bloodshed and rebellion followed in rapid succession. German government troops entered the Ruhr district and Foch moved forward across the neutral zone. We read that the American forces in Germany, like the British, will hold to their bridgehead.

With its center at Coblenz the American bridgehead forms the military occupation district along the course of the Rhine, between the British to the north and the French to the south. The town of Frankfurt, recently occupied by the French, lies in German territory just beyond the neutral zone which rims the French bridgehead, and is only 80 kilometers south of American divisional headquarters.

Since the recent "red" uprisings, Katherine Gay, formerly attached to an artillery division, tells the New York Post, American-occupied territory has been surrounded by disorder, but the American chief of staff at Coblenz has kept strictly to his statement that he has no concern with affairs outside his jurisdiction. Attention may be focused at any moment, however, on the district held by American forces if German communists seek refuge and internment in American-occupied territory as they have recently done in British territory after the failure of their revolt in the Ruhr valley.

#### At Coblenz.

The American forces in Germany today consists of 769 officers and 18,219 men, inclusive of 19 officers and 173 men stationed at the port of Antwerp, Belgium. They occupy, all told, 38 towns. A year ago there were some six divisions holding this same territory, and every little town in the bridgehead carried its quota of Americans. Indeed, it often seemed as if there were more American soldiers than German civilians in the hill country. Even Coblenz, city of Rhine wines and gayety, appeared for the moment Americanized. Coblenz today garrisons less than 400 American officers and about 7,500 men. Andernach, former headquarters of the third division, has the next largest garrison, 101 officers and 4,048 men.

Most of us on this side of the water have a hazy mental picture of Coblenz and have, perhaps, seen a photograph or two of Andernach. But of the villages along the neutral zone, the tiny towns that to most of our returned soldiers mean "Germany," we have not the slightest conception. They are alike in size and appearance, these hundreds of hamlets, and save for the fact that Paumbach is Protestant, while its neighbor, Ransbach, a quarter kilometer distant, is Catholic, when you have known one Rhineland valley you know them all. Here the remaining 6,000 or so of our men are stationed—prey, without doubt, to the wildest of army rumors, marching on Berlin one day, withdrawing to Paris the next, but never failing to find some imaginative tale with which to season the "slum" when "chow" call blows. We can find them by the simple process of alighting from the train at Coblenz, and, with a few formalities of a military nature, "hopping a truck" bound for the outposts.

#### Within American Lines.

Rattling eastward across the little pontoon bridge which spans the Rhine directly in front of the American army headquarters at Coblenz, our battered Ford swings again to the north under the shadow of Ehrenbreitstein's high, the darkness he seeks the security of the village street. A goodly number of

rocky fortress, follows the river for a kilometer or two and then begins to climb steadily to the northeast to the hill country, the heart of the American bridgehead.

There are no isolated farm houses or dwellings of any description in this part of the world—such a thing is undreamed of. Nor has the average little town the unsightly fringe of straggling outposts with which the American village announces a transition from rural beauty to urban complexity. Our road, well mended by German labor under American supervision, running through rich fields and velvety forest patches groomed to a faultless beauty, plunges us into the very heart of a Baumbach, Vielhach, Dernbach or Nentershausen with dangerous precipitancy; so dangerous, in fact, that were it not for the watchful mounted policemen who hold up a warning hand as we approach, the fatalities among the children of our one-time enemy would be beyond all computing.

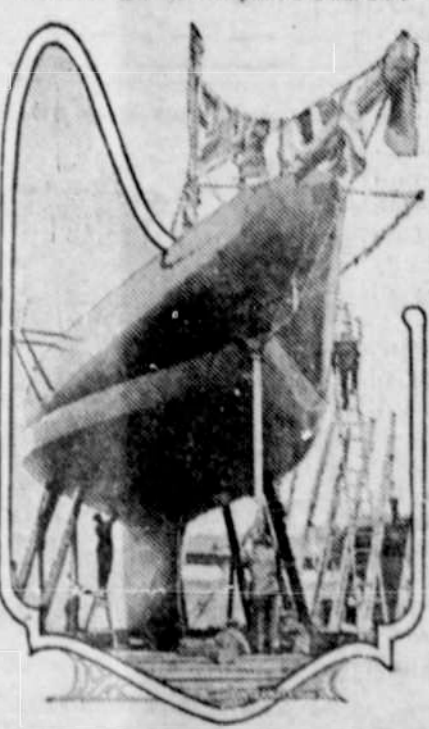
These little towns, so compact and circumspect in appearance, house the farming population of the Rhineland. They are a survival of feudal days. The farmer goes out boldly enough to his fields in broad daylight, but with manufacturing towns also lie along the way, with an industrial population of a few hundred souls or less, employees of the local sawmill, pottery or tile fabrik.

#### Happy Children.

It was in such a town that I lived for nearly five months of the spring of 1919, and though my main business lay with the American army, I had an opportunity to get at least a surface impression of the life of the village.

I shall think of our little town always as it appeared in the dazzling sunshine of the first spring days. The ugly, modern houses were in the main, gardenless and built plumb to the street, but despite the lack of crocus and swelling bud, spring was there in the tremendous bustle of moppings and sweepings and drubbings that overflowed through doors ajar and open windows. Stills became fashionable with the more adventurous small "squareheads." The children swarmed on the main street (from which they had been expressly banished by the "Amerikaner" for their own safety), playing games involving much singing and a sort of chant, "Ein, zwei, drei, vier." Occasionally, they broke into a weird and fearful English, overheard at the horse line during grooming hours, or chorused strictly phonetic renderings of "K-K-K-Kat." One little girl of 6 or 7, cherishing a deep admiration for our colonel, waylaid him each morning on his way to mess, to call out shyly and in her most winning tone, "Hello, chicken!" and then rush, overcome, to shelter. History does not reveal the identity of the sponsor for this pretty compliment, but it is rumored that the

#### HULL OF SHAMROCK IV.



Shamrock IV, on the ways at the Jacobs shipyards, City Island, N. Y., where it has been overhauled. This photograph shows the peculiar shape of the hull of the cup challenger.

child was often seen conversing with a private who had languished overlong in the guardhouse. The colonel went his way, serene and unruffled. After all, what is one adoring feminine voice in the life of a colonel?

#### American Town Major.

Life on the main street was always full of interest. There was, for instance, the daily parade of the burgo-master and the American town major. Here was one member of the army of occupation who had every right in the world to have his disposition permanently soured with the assurance that no other wearer of the American uniform could honestly put the familiar question, "How do you get that way?" He was responsible for the good behavior of Germans and Americans alike—the restriction of liquor sales to the men (which meant that schnapps was verboten); the closing of the Gasthoffs at an early hour and the enforcement of the rule against fraternizing (in public). He administered the system of fines for dirty streets and yards. It was a hard life, but who can say that he was not well repaid by the sight of the local banker's wife painstakingly brushing away the street refuse from before her house each day at the end of a stormy siege of weepings, protestations and small fines? I was never privileged to accompany the little gray burgo-master and the lanky young town major, a citizen from Alabama, on their daily tour of inspection.

This village of approximately 1,000 souls had lost something over 50 of its men in the war, yet what resentment there might have been against the Yankee conqueror was too well concealed to command respect.

#### Soldiers Become Socialists.

All the soldiers who really got to the front came home Socialists. "Our girls are crazy. They believe the Americans will marry us. That is not so, is it? In Germany everyone laughed during the war when they heard how many little German babies were born in France. Perhaps there will be little American babies in this town." I hastened to protest that she had an entirely wrong idea of the American soldier. She shrugged her shoulders with a cynical laugh. "Who knows, frau-leinchen? It is too soon to tell."

Not far up the road was the main spring of the village, a good-sized pottery works presided over by three prosperous, rotund and well-groomed brothers in the neighborhood of 50. Children worked in their factory, not many, it is true, but enough to banish preconceived notions of Germany's elaborate care for her common people. In this pottery works were designed and manufactured hundreds of souvenir plates for the American and finally also for the British army. The plates were encircled with a gold laurel wreath and in the center appeared in formal design the individual purchaser's name, his regiment, division emblem and the insignia of the army of occupation, the date of the division's entry into the war, its victorious engagements and November 11, 1918. The tale of Germany's humiliation was thus voluntarily served out to her enemies with no thought, apparently, beyond the harvest of marks reaped. Visitors were always cordially welcomed to the warehouse where long lofts were lined with shelves full of steins and simple potteries. "These," the burgo-master explained in French, "will go to America when the peace treaty is signed. We sell a great deal of our goods in America."

Spring has come round again. It smiles upon a distraught Germany. Perhaps the fears of the burgo-master were well grounded when he groined over the bolshevistic mutterings of his people and prayed that the American soldiers might never be called away. The town crier, red of nose and warped as to teeth, still rings his bell, perhaps to announce nothing more serious than that "Children have been throwing stones at the horses of American officers. This must be stopped at once or the parents will be severely punished. By order of the burgo-master."

#### Pupils Will Build a Barn.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.—J. C. Whitney, instructor in agriculture in the high school, believes there is nothing quite like the actual experience when it comes to imparting knowledge. Whitney has taught his pupils how to plant and care for crops by taking them into the fields and putting them to work. The school needs a barn in which to keep agricultural implements. Whitney announced recently he was making arrangements to give his pupils more actual experience by letting them build one.

## LAURA'S HEEL

By JANIE OSBORN

(© 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

If you had happened to be buying shoes on a certain May morning in Dawson's smart shoe shop you might have seen a prepossessing young shoe salesman with his footstool drawn close to a bewitching young customer, and you would have thought their conversation was more heated and more intimate than the purchase of a pair of shoes or so would usually warrant.

If you had overheard you would have got this:

"But I think it was extremely underhanded of you," from the girl. "You told me you were learning your father's business in every detail and I knew he was in the shoe business but I never dreamed that you were actually waiting on people, selling women's shoes."

"I shouldn't think you'd want to. And you didn't want me to know. I am sure, or you would have told me so right out. If I just hadn't happened to walk right up to you before I even recognized you I never would have found it out. Of course, I didn't know that your father was really at the head of Dawson's."

"I had nothing to be ashamed of," said young Dawson, with considerable asperity—asperity that set very well on his well-molded, forceful features. "In my letters I did not go into details because I didn't know you would be interested. I told you what I thought would be of most interest to you. I told you that I would soon be promoted to the post of vice president of the concern with a quarter interest in the business. I told you what my income would be within a few months. I told you because I thought it only fair for you to know these things in considering my proposal." Then followed an awkward pause.

Poor little Doris seemed to be blushing with intense embarrassment and there was nothing for her round blue eyes to do but to glance down at the white buckskin pumps that young Dawson had showed her before she realized that he was young Dawson at all. For Doris, in fact, had been too preoccupied thinking of the letter of proposal that had come that very morning from young Dawson to notice the young shoe salesman who waited on her, even though he was as obviously good to look upon as was Dawson.

"Well, I suppose I might as well get the shoes anyway," she said lamely. "Yes, I think that those will do." "Not if I have anything to say about it," came from Dawson, and he was surprised at his own temerity. Perhaps he had a sort of caveman desire to subject the little blue-eyed girl to even more embarrassment than she already felt, to punish her in part for the opinion she had expressed concerning his present humble calling.

"If I am going to have anything to say about what you do and don't do, I am never going to let you wear shoes like that—I guess I know from my experience here as salesman. Heels like that just ruin the shape of women's feet. Oh, perhaps they are all right for dances and parties, but you want these shoes to walk in. I wouldn't talk to any ordinary customer that way, but I've got to talk to you straight from the shoulder. I never imagined women tortured their feet the way they do, and it's something that every shoe manufacturer and retailer ought to know. That's why I'm glad I am spending these weeks selling shoes."

"But I think I have a right to buy the sort of shoes I wish. Besides you don't know how I am answering your letter." As a matter of fact the letter was on its way containing an answer unequivocally in the affirmative. Doris had planned to get these delectable shoes for a spring house party to which they were both invited the next week-end. High-heeled white buckskin pumps were essential to producing the picture that she contemplated. "Look at the shoes you've got on now," ruthlessly went on young Dawson, holding up a dainty high-buttoned boot with exaggeratedly long-pointed vamp and the extreme of high heel. "That's ridiculous. It'll ruin your health and I'll bet it's fendsibly uncomfortable."

Doris did not relish this frankness. "I think I've stood all I am going to stand from you," she said. "You are taking a very unfair advantage of me to get down and say things about my shoes and my feet." She was trying desperately to tuck a little silk-covered foot under an abbreviated skirt. "Please put my shoe back on and let me go."

The shoe was eventually buttoned up and Doris rose. "Forgive me," whispered the shoe salesman looking up pleadingly from his stool. "I only said it for your own good. I wanted to show you some of the sort of shoes I think a girl like you would like better. They're lots niftier than these. With your little foot they'd look wonderful, and they'd be so much better for you."

But Doris was obdurate. She was miserable but she was taking a strange youthful feminine delight in torturing the man she knew well enough she loved to distraction. She knew she would be filled with remorse as soon as she was home and had time to think of it, but now it gave her a strange sort of pleasure to

torture him. She minced her way on her high heels out of the shop without even turning to bid him good-by and Dawson was left to gather together the array of high heeled white buckskin pumps he had got out for her inspection.

About a half hour later young Dawson was hurrying along the avenue, bent on getting to his rooms to see whether a letter had yet arrived from Doris and back again within the hour allowed salesman at Dawson's for lunch. His interview with Doris herself had left him without the slightest appetite for that repast. If she had actually written a letter of acceptance then this little difference might be made up. He could hold her to her decision, send her five or six, ten dozen if necessary, American beauties, ten pounds of the best candy and perhaps she might still be his.

Because of his haste he was especially annoyed midway of a busy block. A crowd had gathered that stretched to the curb. Abstracted as he was his ears were not deaf to comments he heard.

"Smatter? Somebody hurt?" asked one of the crowd trying to push his way through for a better view. "Naw," came the rejoinder from some one in a more advantageous place. "Lady stuck."

"What you mean, stuck?" came from the first. "High heel in a iron grating," was the reply. "Swonder more don't get caught that way."

Then came a suppressed chuckle from the crowd. But young Dawson had heard enough. Eager as he was to get to his rooms, he took time to push up to the crowd and, being of more than average height, he did not have to push very far before he saw the center of that good-natured gathering of lunch hour pedestrians. It was Doris, the dainty blue-eyed girl of his dreams and stuck she was with one high buttoned boot within the bars of a basement grating. A fat but obliging man was down on hands and knees trying to pry the shoe loose with a flat key. Some one was suggesting that they had better let him cut the heel off with his pocket knife and others were suggesting that the lady unbutton her shoe and walk out of it, when it could be twisted about and loosened from the grating, but as the lady had no button hook that suggestion did not meet the favor of the crowd.

"I have a button hook," interrupted Dawson's clear voice as he pushed his way boldly into the crowd. "Salesman from a shoe store," snickered an observer. "They always carry button hooks in their pockets." By this time Dawson's muscular arms were moving definitely from side to side with a definite aim to disperse the crowd. And the loiterers knew from the expression on his face that he meant business.

"Stand back," he commanded, "the lady will faint if you don't give her any air. Haven't you men anything better to do than to stand laughing at a lady in a predicament like this?" "Serves her right for wearing those high heels," threw back one of the last to leave Doris and young Dawson. It was a simple matter unbuttoning the high shoe, and once Doris had stepped out of it Dawson easily worked the heel loose from the iron grating. But he did not wait to button it back on. He hailed a passing taxi cab and bundled the poor, speechless Doris therein, and, stepping in beside her, ordered the taxi cab to go to the uptown home of his married sister.

"I can't take you to my own place, obviously, and just as obviously you can't go all the way out to your country place. And I know you'll want to rest up a bit after that ordeal. It will at least be perfectly proper to take you to my sister's and we can do your shoe up there." "But I don't like to take your time," came weakly from Doris, who was making a very plucky effort to fight off the faintness that she felt as a result of her pivotal position in the street crowd. "You oughtn't to take so much time for me. Weren't you going somewhere important?" "Yes, I was," said Dawson. "I was going home to see if you had sent an answer to the letter I sent you, but maybe you will tell me if you had written one and what the letter said."

"I said yes, of course," said Doris with a little perplexed smile as she looked up at young Dawson beside her in the taxi. "And, honestly, I'm never going to wear those silly heels in the street again. I knew I wasn't going to anyway, after what you said."

But Dawson wasn't thinking about heels at that memorable moment when it was revealed to him that this most charming of girls in the world had actually accepted his heart and hand.

#### But He Won.

I am engaged in a work which gives me great pleasure, and the tracing of language through more than 20 different dialects has opened a new and before unexplored field. I have within two years past made discoveries which, if ever published, must interest the literati of all Europe, and render it necessary to revise all the lexicons—Hebrew, Greek and Latin—now used as classical books. But what can I do? My own resources are almost exhausted, and in a few days I shall sell my house to get bread for my children. —Noah Webster.

#### Insuring a Welcome.

"Are you going to deliver many campaign addresses?" "I dunno," replied Senator Sorghum. "Maybe I'll try a new plan. Everybody is making speeches out my way and I might make myself more popular by sending word on ahead that I'll be the audience."

## CUT MEAT COSTS BY MARKETING RABBITS

Family Table Supplied With Excellent Cheap Food.

Department of Agriculture Recently Issued Bulletin on Rabbit Raising—Care and Feeding Is Fully Explained.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

One resident of Kansas City, Kan., raises every year 300 to 400 pounds of rabbit meat for his own table. It costs him only 8 to 10 cents a pound. There are an increasing number of people in this country who, to a greater or lesser degree, are cutting the high cost of living in the same way. Besides furnishing the home table with plenty of cheap meat, the rabbit grower can make money by marketing the surplus animals.

A high-school boy in Iowa who breeds registered rabbit stock raised and sold enough rabbits in 1918 to clear more



Belgian Hare.

than \$1,200. An Ohio farmer sends 400 pounds of rabbit meat a week to city restaurants, yet is unable to meet the demand.

Rabbit raising, either to supply the home table or the market, is steadily increasing in the United States. In the older countries rabbits have long been a valued source of cheap meat. The bureau of biological survey, United States department of agriculture, has recently issued a bulletin on rabbit raising in which the various breeds and their care and feeding are discussed. Recipes for the use of rabbit meat are also given. This Farmers' Bulletin, No. 1090, may be had free from the division of publications.

## GOOD WHITWASH FOR BARN

Not Difficult to Apply Where Liquid Is Carefully Made—Government Recipe Given.

Whitewashing should form a regular part of the care of all buildings where animals are kept and should be done twice a year at least. If whitewash is carefully made and strained, and applied with a spray, it is not a difficult job, and is a necessary, sanitary measure. This recipe has been published by the government:

Slake half a bushel of unslaked lime with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer. Add to it a peck of salt previously dissolved in warm water, three pints of ground rice boiled to a thin paste. Stir in these ingredients while the liquid is hot. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir well and let stand for a few days, covered as nearly air-tight as possible.

## SUN BEST OF DISINFECTANTS

Even on Brightest Days It Is Impossible to Apply It to All Portions of Stable.

Direct sunlight is one of the most important disinfectants known, and should be taken advantage of wherever possible. The disadvantages of relying upon it solely for practical disinfection are, however, that its supply is beyond control, and that, even in the brightest days, it is hardly possible to apply it to all parts of a stable or other building.

Disinfectants in a liquid state are most effectively used on the inside of buildings in the form of spray and applied by means of a force pump.

Disinfectants that will not destroy germs are useless.—Dr. W. H. Dalrymple.

## WATCH FOR CURRANT WORMS

Mixture of Paris Green and Airstaked Lime Is Effective—Arsenate of Lead Also Good.

Watch for currant worms on currants and gooseberries. When they appear mix enough paris green with fine, air-slaked lime to give it a greenish tint, and then when the foliage is moist, dust it over the plants. Arsenate of lead sprayed on the same as for potato bugs is also effective.

## DOLLARS IN STABLE MANURE

That Which Has Accumulated in Barnyard Should Be Spread at Earliest Moment.

Dollars in farm manure represent money just as much as dollars in the bank. The manure which has accumulated in the barnyard should be spread on the fields at the earliest possible moment. Warm rains reduce its fertilizer value rapidly.