## Written By Drawing By E. V. Nadherny Ernest Dupuy

BY ERNEST DUPUY. Over the Enemy's Country. 44 A LWAYS the same thing. We hold our positions for a time, then the infantry falls back under cover of the artillery, the artillery in turn falls back under cover of the reserve batteries and we begin all over again, while the Boches creep onward, Look!"

The tall, lean young observer in the uniform of a Lieutenant of Dragoons pointed to the battery wearily limbering up at the further end of the field, below the spot where Avion, No. 28, a Bieriot monoplane, was being tuned up by grimy mechanics. His pilot and the staff officer standing by shook their heads moodily.

"Bon Dieu!" he continued, "will it never cease? For a month we have done nothing but retreat. And Paris is growing nearer."

He spoke in a tired voice. He was tired; the deep-sunk eyes, the drawn features, spoke for themselves. It was the same way with the others-the patient infantrymen trudging past; the cannoneers perched on their carriages; the mechanics, the officers-all were branded with the same worn, hunted look of men undergoing a terrible, a continuous, strain. Their uniforms were soiled and mud caked, their hair was matted, their faces dirty. They exhaled the smell of the human animal unwashed.

"The machine is ready, mon Lieutenant," announced a mechanic,

The officer tossed away his cigarette. He and the pilot shook hands with the staff officer, donned their heavy sheepskin lined blouses and clambered in.

"Good luck!" cried the ald. "And remember, you are to look particularly at that flank."

"Right," called the observer. The pilot waved his hand and the big monoplane, released from the grasp of the mechanics, bounded down the field, Lightly the wheels left the earth and the machine pointed for the upper nir. Once, twice, she circled in graceful curves, then set off for the eastward. Not a man in the passing column looked up as the Bleriot whirred noisily over their heads. Not an artillery horse switched an ear. A month earlier men's heads would have been craned. horses would have danced in fright.

Once at a safe altitude the monoplane swung to the northeast, its motor purring steadily as it pulled it along at a hundred kilometer gait. The observer, with his eyes glued to his glasses, could see beneath him the dark gray masses of the German infantry slowly, but, oh so surely, creeping forward toward the Anglo-French lines, that as slowly fell back. Occasional white puffs far below marked the burst of shrapnel. Far to the rear a shadowy haze hid Paris. To the northward sped the aeroplane, follow-Ing the German lines now, but too high to be reached by ordnance. Not a German plane could be seen, but under-neath always were those interminable gray creeping masses.

Came an open space in the ravished countryside where there was no gray square to be seen. Back of it the observer's glasses swept, looking for the supporting columns that would be filling up the gap. But only trampled fields, blackened specks that once were and bare white roads met his He shouted through the speak ing tube to the pilot and the Bleriot swooped downward for a thousand feet, then came to a level again, Another command and the machine dropped once more and began making

wide circles. The Scout's Peril.

The observer's heart thumped: his blood beat against his temples. Had he found it? Search as he might, there was no trace there of troops. But there was only one way to make sure-to drop within rifle range. Then the Germans, if they were there, would surely open fire. The monoplane vol- mass of wreckage behind him he did and strife. He sighed once and lost planed to an altitude of 500 feet. But not know. It did not matter. A feeling consciousness. in all the wide circuit it covered there of freedom and buoyancy that he could

specs. Taubes! the higher altitudes.

unslung the rifle that was strapped beside him and opened fire. Simultaneously all three Germans commenced that tingled in his ears. He had never row. firing. The observer felt the monoplane sway dangerously, saw out of the corner of his eye the pilot crumple over the steering gear and, dropping his piece, seized the duplicate controls, steadying his machine. With a nasty as he approached. whine a bullet nicked the propellor blade and the laminated wood burst into a thousand pieces,

Straight for the earth the observer pointed the plane, in a desperate effort to regain control. Down, down, down, like a boit from some huge crossbow. Bleriot plunged. The observer jerked the control wheel toward him and the machine's nose came up as he lifted her from the volplane to an even keel, his eyes the while straining for an open place to land, where, perchance, some wandering French patrol might find him and take back the preclous information. But he had checked the swoop too suddenly. A wing strut buckled as the monoplane rose. Under the sudden strain a guy wire snapped with mournful twang. The left wing crumpled and the Bleriot dropped

"For France! O God, for France!" the observer gasped, as the twisted mass wood and wire and canvas went whirling downward in crazy twists. The rush of air choked him, his heart seemed forced into his mouth and he lost consciousness for an instant as the

ground leaped to meet him.

was nothing. He had found it-found not analyze possessed him. Standing on his map the position of the lone di- white breeches and high boots. The which his troops were fighting.

> The "Little Corporal's" Voice. "Well?" rasped an impatient voice heard that voice before, but it sounded just as he had pictured in his mind hundreds of times that it would sound. Disengaging his map case from the lanyard about his neck, he extended it

"The flank, sire, the flank; it is uncovered!" He spoke eagerly, rapidly. "See, they have pushed too far! Their right is uncovered! Here"-he pointed to the map-"here is the division holding the right! It is unsupported!"

His voice shook in his eagerness. Surely the man would understand, And then he would be able to rest. His mind played upon the thought of rest and he tantalized himself with the thought of sleep, delicious, refreshing sleep. It would be so nice to stretch himself on the cool earth and sleep He would do it when the man had grasped the meaning of that exposed

A plump white hand held the map case, a plump white finger followed the tracings of the German position.

"You have done well, Lieutenant," at ast said that voice that thrilled him. "You have done well for France today. You are excused from duty. You have earned your rest."

Instinctively the Observer Saluted. The man turned on his heel and And as the plump white inger moves walked away, head hunched between the General heard from the thin, un-sleeps." The whisper paper, amiling line: "Advance advance always! "The General sleeps." The whisper paper. The observer found himself standing A wonderful feeling of lassitude crept Advance; it is the turning point!" Be- ran and without further comment the

the gap that meant that the enemy, in gazing at him, with hands clasped be- in his headquarters for that night, was working out a knotty problem he round shouldered man wearing a gray the table. His eyes smarted and burned the General with eyes that were opened The vision that held the extreme German cocked hat shaded the face, but the General was tired and perplexed. He Blue pins that represented French right. Then, straight as an arrow, form, the attitude, the uniform were fumbled with the pins representing his troops he took and red pins that meant of the setting sun. But down from the server drew himself to attention and only knew just what was happening swerved and dodged as the pilot rose sure of it, for that delightful sensation made him withdraw at the end of every that represented an independent cavin his effort to shake them off and gain of coming rest, of responsibility lifted, weary fight to take fresh positions alry division had filled him. But he must explain from which again to combat that Rise as he would, the pilot could not about the Germans first. When that stretching octopus-like tentacle! He ing ahead like one in a trance, the there. The positions of the troops were body until the advance began." shake off the trio. In a moment they was done he could rest. The man took some pins out, hesitated, replaced General put the pins into new positions. might depend France's fate tomor-

would the General have exchanged the weary strain for a place at the head would end it all at once stroke-a mad, showed where he was massing the bat- able to control his Gallic enthusiasm. glad dance of death across a shot- teries. The aid looked on with parted swept field, and-peace. But for him lips, with gleaming eyes, as he took in there could be no such privilege. His the whole splendid maneuver. was the brain intrusted with France's destinjes; his the hand to move the pawns in the great game of the war lords. He must sit and ponder, giving check and taking-for France!

Despite himself the General nodded. He aroused himself for an instant, but nature had her way and, still fumbling with the pins, the General nodded again and dozed off to sleep. And as he slept he dreamed.

The Pins Are Shifted.

a short, stout, round-shouldered man, wearing a long gray greatcoat. -the fatal gap that meant so much! room, but the ald checked it. The man turned on his heel and And as the plump white finger moved

ness the figure stood outlined in his various staff officers. The room bussed has seized St. Gratien, in the enemy's

The General's aid looked cautiously The General sat in his private room through the door, for when the General pesping through the windows when the teries will open at once!" his eagerness, had at last uncovered hind his back, stood a short, stout, bending over his maps spread out on did not like to be disturbed. He saw stretched. One more circuit the machine made great coat. Beneath the opened coat from lack of sleep as he strained them, wide, with fixed gaze that stared like while the observer carefully marked the observer could see a green tunic, poring over and over the ground upon that of a sleep walker, straight in front of him, moving the pins on the map. back flew the big Bleriot into the eyes unmistakable. Instinctively the ob- left flank and the German right If he British troops. Some he took from the group and, saluting, presented the United Shoe Machinery Company of the setting sun. But down from the server draw himself to attention and only know that was because of the setting sun. cluster marking the intrenched camp usual. The orders have already been to the General a battered leather map also netted him large fees. clouds to meet it dropped three black saluted. He could not understand it behind that right flank, that kept ex- of Paris, others from his own field delivered and the general advance is case. The monoplane all, but it must be all right, He felt tending, extending, day by day; that army. From his receives he took a pin about to begin." His face beamed.

With slow, jerky motions, still gazthe report her observer brought back pin that stood at the right of a long, thick gray mustache. heavy line-the German front; the pin that represented the cavalry division then?" His voice shook a bit. For France! Fair France! Gladly he jabbbed squarely behind the black

"The General Sleeps."

"Advance!" murmured the General front into confusion. custom to snatch a nap after he had positions of the pins. Then he hurried pline. out into the large room beyond, where other aids were waiting, beside the as he snapped shut the watch case. Beside him stood the figure of a man huge map that covered the entire wall. be it; it is fate, France stands or falls

There on the big map the ald rear- today. Two ranged the little colored squares that eyes of pale, unsmilling blue transfixed represented brigades and divisions and aloud. "I go to the left flank." tracings, pointing out the lone division come to grips at last, ran through the ed, frowning, deep in thought.

with animation.

General grunted, woke, sighed and

"Ducrot!" he roared. The aid came running in

The General pointed silently "Yes, mon General." he responded, "I litter.

identical. He passed his hand over his

-you-you understood my orders, softly murmur, "for France."

pin and to the north of it, leading a vance always,' were your very words, bearers trudged by with their burden, have made \$1,000,000 in connection little line of other blue and red plns. 'It is the turning point!' Ah, it is magof some desperate, whirling charge that A cluster of blue back of them all nificent, mon General!" he added, un-The General glanced at his watch. It was 4 o'clock. He pursed his lips, making a rapid calculation. The troops must already be in motion. Counter or ders now would only turn the whole It might mean softly. "Advance always. It is the the utter demornisation of the wonturning point!" His eyes closed and he derful army that had accomplished brother. Theodore, also a mining en- writing for the Frankfurter Zeitung, settled back in his chair. The aid sa- what no other army in the world had gineer, control and operate immense says: "We reside in Freiburg. Braisluted in silence-it was the General's ever done before-to retreat in good or- gine properties in Australia and else- gau, on the western part of the Lorder for a whole month, fighting, conmade his dispositions of troops and teating every step and at the same produce something more than 3 per Lora, who had her stand on a western began taking down on his pad the new time keeping up its morale, its disci- cent of the world's zine supply; he is terrace of our house and made known

the General with their steady gaze from entire army corps, according to the It was \$ o'clock in the morning when manding the best and most loyal and citedly came to us and said. Lora sees beneath the black cocked hat. The cut- plan on the General's own map, while the General's machine halted at the enthusiastic service among his em- an aviator. We brought a spygiass stretched arm extended to the General's the other aids took down his hurried edge of a plowed field, where the signal ployes—are forever combing the min- and, following the frightened

"Hush," he called softly, "the General revery by a shout from the aid, who came running, waving some pieces of

in a ploughed field in the twilight, over the observer. He was floating— neath the greatcoat the General Benost reports that the Ninth property. He journeys to Lendon to Teacher—What is the different blow he had freed himself from the floating on cushions of air, great bil- see the green tunic on which glittered graph sounders clicked. Orderlies that Corps has completely enveloped the raise capital for development. He tells tween militarism and militarism and militarism and militarism and militarism and be back had been dozing in the ante-room be- enemy's right flank division and he is the London bankers and investors that Pupil—Militarcy is the feminical control of the co

rear, while General French's troops are The first gray streaks of dawn were advancing in support. The massed bat-

upon the General's ears the concen-"What a dream!" he ejaculated. Then trated roar of 100 guns going into achis eyes fell on the map. He frowned tion simultaneously. The battle of the enormous fees. He is said to have been

Across the field a little group of in-

he compared it with the great map evening, but we did not recover the \$250,000 is also cree ed to him

"For France," the corporal heard him negotiated the Chicago Traction Com-

He rose, Gravely, reverently, his hand the companies. "But yes, mon General 'Advance; ad- came up to the salute as the littermercifully covered by the blue blouse with the Panama Canal business. But

## From Farmer to Companion of Kings.

(Continued from page 5.) iron mines in Siberia; he and his rot in the present war. A scientist, where, which properties are said to etto Mountains. We had a parrot named heavily interested in the General Pe- the approach of every aviator with a "So be it," he murmured to himself, troleum Company and in many other special cry long before he was obfamous organizations.

Here, in brief, is his method of opera- patch. Someone in Mexico or Australia "It is done, mon General?" he cried, or Canada gets hold of a new mining how he had crawled from the tangled far from everything that meant worry top boots. With photographic clear- gan to run to and fro with messages to about to engage. The cavalry division he has the world by the tail, but is militarism!

willing to share the boon. The bankers and investors turn to Hoover. In some cases, however, he has been all over the ground and knows the facts; most frequently, while he has large knowledge, he sends out his experts for a detailed examination. If the report is favorable he goes himself still further to examine. And then he gives the "Is it all right? the men of money

"It's all right," says Hoover. That is enough. The millions begin to flow. In such cases Hoover also takes a share himself, backing his own judgment. This accounts for the world-

terests. Citizen of the world he truly is; but at the heart of him he is all American, as a native of Iowa, educated in Callfornia, should be

wide character of his holdings and in-

## Law Fees Are Big Today

WHAT is the biggest fee ever paid a lawyert

There is nothing certain about it, but it is the opinion of some of Boston's most widely known lawyers that Robert M. Morse has received the largest fee ever paid to a Boston lawyer.

In the famous Wentworth will case of a dozen or so years ago he is reputed to have been paid \$250,000, while on the opposing side Samuel J. Elder and John D. Long are generally credited with having added \$100,000 each

to their bank accounts. Another big fee that almost staggers belief is one awarded by the Courts of Massachusetts to Sherman L. Whipple in the Bay State Gas Company receivership case, in which Mr. Whipple got \$233,000, although he says it did not all go to him.

There is a tremendous difference between the fees which lawyers receive today and those which the legal lights of a generation ago were paid.

Duniel Webster is as good an illustration of this as any one, and Samuel J. Elder is authority for the statement that Webster's best year only netted him \$18,000.

"I have seen Webster's books," Mr. Elder said, "and there was not a year that he earned more than \$15,000, usually much less."

It has often been said that the great Senator from Magsachusetts did not average \$10,000 a year, and yet today a man with his attainments and eminence who did not carn \$500,000 a year would have only himself to blame. Rufus Choate, a very great lawyer

in his day, practiced more than Web-His average receipts from 1849 to

1859, inclusive, were nearly \$13,000 yearly. The largest receipts in a single year

during that period were a little more than \$22,000 in 1856, and the smallest \$11,000. His largest single fee was \$2,000, and he had four more of the same amount. Once he had a retaining fee of \$1,500. Choate was probably the equal in elequence and learning of any lawyer living today.

Lincoln, a member of the Illinois bar, was another whose low churges have caused comment. Prior to 1840 he recelved two or three fees of \$50 each Trial fees were usually entered as \$5. He sometimes took payment in trade. The largest fee he ever received was \$5,000 from the Illinois Central Railroad, the richest corporation in his state, and he had to sue to collect that. Today he would get over \$50,000 or

\$100,000 for the same work. Coming down to our present day, it is said that the late James B. Dill recelved \$1,000,000 for his services in connection with the forming of the

United States Steel Trust. William D. Guthrie received \$200,000 for his work in breaking the will of

Henry B. Plant. John E. Parson's work in connection As he finished speaking there burst with the formation of the Sugar Trust is said to have enriched him \$350,000

Joseph H. Choate has received many paid \$200,000 for his argument before the United States Supreme Court, sucfantrymen trudged, bearing a covered cessfully attacking the constitutional-A corporal detached himself ity of the income tax. His work for

Samuel Untermyer has received at "The observer of Avion No. 28, mon least one fee of \$750,000 with the con-The General picked up his map and General" he explained. "He was killed sent of both parties and with the aphurried out into the main room. Quickly when his machine fell in this field last proval of the Court. Another fee of

George W. Wickersham, Taft's Attor-The General fingered the map case ney-General, received a fee of \$200,008 were within rifle shot. The observer standing there would know what to do, them. Where was Avion No. 28? Upon Some he placed in front of one black forehead; he nervously twisted his with its pencil tracings. His lips moved, in 1909 as one of the attorneys who pany settlement between the city and

William Nelson Cromwell is said to the truth or falsity of this statement probably never will be proved,-Boston

## PARROT AEROPLANE SENTENCE.

The familiar story of the geese which once saved a beleaguered city is rivaled by the services of a very sagacious parservable to the human eye. The parrot He has mines of his own in Spain, in restlessly moved about, spread her Nicaragua, in Alaska, in South Amer- wings, fixedly looked above and ut-"The auto, Ducrot," was what he said ica, in South Africa. His experts and tered cries such as we had never agents-be has the faculty of com- heard before. The children then ex-It was \$ o'clock in the morning when manding the best and most loyal and citedly came to us and said, 'Lora sees view an aviator's map case on which directions and prepared the orders for corps had established a wireless sta-eralized areas of the world for further Lora, observed the alrahip. Even now, were pencil tracings. A plump index the advance. A murmur of thankful- tion. Ducret hurried over to the op-information to add to the great store of when the parrot is in the house, she finger tapped the map, following the ness, that showed their eagerness to erator, while the General sat and wait-information regarding the mining in- looks through the visitors long before the guns dustry which he possesses. It is rec- to us the aviators long before the guns The General was brought from his ognized that he is a world authority of the fortress of Neubreisach announces their coming."-Pittsburg Dos-

Teacher-What is the difference be-Pupil-Militancy is the feminine for