FRANK H. SIMONDS VISITS NANCY AND ENVIRONS WHERE HISTORY WAS MADE

CLOSE VIEW OF THE LORRAINE BATTLEFIELDS WHERE GREAT HISTORIC STRUGGLE BETWEEN FRENCH AND GERMAN ARMIES WAS WAGED

Battle of Nancy Was Fought and Won in the Darkness as Far as Outside World Was Concerned—A Victory That Made the Battle of the Marne Possible.

the occasional boom of By Frank H. Simonds. 1916, by the Tribune Association.) something more impressive. With diffleuity I grasped the fact. I was in week of August, 1914, a reach army crossed the frontier of the midst of a Taube raid. Somewhere Isace-Lorraine and entered the over my head, invisible to me because of the walls of my hotel, a German Promised Land, toward which all acroplane was flying and all the antihad looked in hope and air craft guns were shooting at it. Was The for forty-four years. it carrying bombs? Should I presentlong-forgotten communiques of that feel the destruction followearly period the war reporting the descent of these? ccess after success, until at But the Taube turned away, last it was announced that the guns fired less and less frequently, the victorious French armies had reached people in the streets drifted away, the sarrebourg and Morhange, and were children to school, the men to work, astride the Strassburg-Metz railroad.

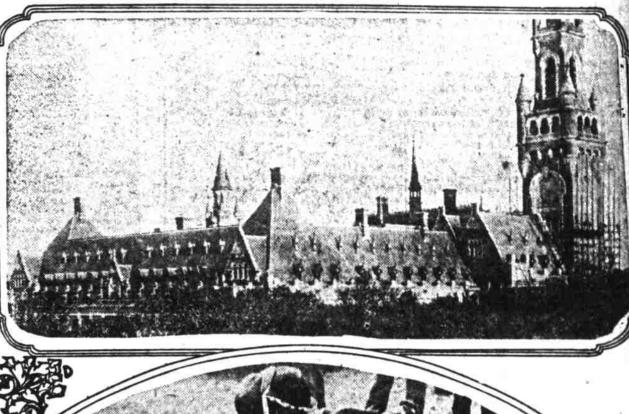
And then Berlin took up the cry, and France and the world learned of a great German victory and of the deest and rout of the invading army. Even Paris conceded that the retreat had begun, and the "army of liberawas crowded back beyond the rontler and far within French terri

Then the curtain of the censorship fell, and the world turned to the westterrible battle Paris. In the agony and glory of the Marne the struggle along the Moselle was forgotten; the battle of Nancy, of Lorraine, was fought and won in the darkness, and when the safety of Paris was assured the world looked toward ing the night before for the par of we the Aisne, and then toward Flanders. about that one of the greatest battles of the whole war, one of a important of the French vicsuccess that made the Marne the rally and stand of the armies about Nancy, te fame it earned. Only in legend, in and south and meeting in a few miles the romance of the kaiser with his hills to enter the Lorraine capital, did the battle live,

A Much-Studied Battlefield. When I went to France one of the opes I had cherished was that I might be permitted to visit this battlefie d. see the ground on which a great attle had been fought that was still inknown country, in the main, for ose who have written on the war. he Larraine field was the field on which France and Germany had planned generation to fight. Had the fermans respected the neutrality of leighum, it is by Nancy, by the gap veen the Vosges and the hills of the that they must have broken Marne was a battleield which was reached by chance and over by hazard, but every foot rraine country had been studd for the fight long years in advance. lere war followed the natural course, ollowed the plans of the general staff prepared years in advance. Indeed, I feeling of security from a canvas wall. ad treasured over years a plan of the which alone interposed between you attle of Nancy, contained in a French cok written years ago, which might We passed through several villages serve as the basis for a history of what happened, as it was written as a prophecy of what was to come. When the great general staff was cleased to grant my request to see the battlefield of Nancy I was advised to travel by train to that town, accompanied by an officer from the general staff, and informed that I should there meet an officer of the garrison, who would conduct me to all the points of interest and explain in detail the varius phases of the conflict. Thus it fell out, and I have to thank Commandant Leroux for the courtesy and consideraon which made this excursion sucessful.

WAR ZONE OBSERVATIONS

FRENCH ARMY SHOWS ITS MORALE CURATE IS ACCORDED RARE HONOR





Morale of French Army Is Shown by Conversation at Meal at Battlefront Topics Discussed at Dinner 100 Feet Underground Range From Classics to Game of Baseball in America.

By William Philip Simms. school system is very defective in that respect," a French captain was saying to his neighbor. "Our children Verdun, in a Bomb-Proof Shelter .--U. P.)-Outside the bombardment is are not taught the languages properly. going on. The Germans are throwing some 350 "They should be given English, Ital. shells a day into the city, most of the an and other languages while still young, by native teachers, who know shells hitting in the business and resdential districts, an average of one shell every four minutes. no French, and who always speak to the children in the language being Some of the shells are incendiary, taught

and the town is on fire at six or seven lifferent points.

This captain had distinguished him olf in the fighting around Verdun was shortly to leave the table to star

Since 1879. By Frederick Palmer.

LONDON CURATE IS A

RECIPIENT OF HONOR

NOW RARELY GIVEN

Victoria Cross Given Chap-

lain; First to Receive It

hat is used at another purpose here iver, on

without inviting German shells. Yet it

sorts in the district of Nancy Where German Violence Ercke.

brought by Zeppelins and by acro-

danes.

After breakfast broken by the retur of the aeroplanes we had seen depart , entered our cars and set out for th front, for the near-front, for the lines the presen few miles trenches, where Nancy was saved but two years ago. Our route lay north along the valley of the Meurthe, smiling, broad valley, marching sorth that of the Moselle coming east. It was easy to believe that one was rid ing through the valley of the Susque

hanna, with spring and peace in the Toward the east a wall of hills shut out the view. This was the shoul der of the Grand Couronne, the wal violence burst against which German and broke in September, 1914.

Presently we came to a long of road walled in on the river side by rown canvas, exactly the sort of thing he vision of the Germans, across the ine: there were the kaiser's froons and that forest was the Bols-le-Pretre muniques since the war began. Phanks to the canvas, it was possible for the French to move troops along this road

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Above, left to right-Turkish lads, whose fathers fell in battle as officers in the sultan's army, being trained in a military school at Moda, Asia Minor; Peace palace at The Hague that may serve as a meeting place where the belligerents can talk peace, when the time comes.

Below, left to right-British artillerymen in the Balkans watching a battle between belligerent aircraft: British Tommies who are not too much injured to smoke if a fair nurse is at hand to hold a cigarettes

the women to wait. It was just a detail in their lives, as familiar as the ncoming steamer to the commuters on the North River ferryboats. tion of war has been the day's history Nancy for nearly two years now The children do not carry gas masks to school with them as they do at Pont a-Mousson, a dozen miles to the north out women and children have been by German shells, by bombs

There is always excitement

The Old and the New Lines.

In peace time one goes from Paris to ancy in five hours, and the distance about that from New York to Boston Springfield. In war, all is differnt and the time almost doubled. Yet nere are compensations. Think of the long that men have forgotten all the New York-Boston trip as bringing you

beyond New Haven to the exact rear f battle, of battle but 15 miles away. We turned out of the valley and ith the guns booming in the distance limbed abruptly up the hillside. and the aeropianes and balloons in full a moment we came into the center of a view. Think also, of this same trip, which from Hartford to Worcester foltiny village and loked into a row of houses whose roofs had been swept off ows the line of a battle not yet two by shell fire. Here and there a whole ears old, a battle that has left its nouse was gone; next door the house races in ruined villages, in shattered was undisturbed and the women and On either side of the railroad children looked out of the doors. The rack the graves descend to meet the village was Ste. Genevieve, and we mbankments; you can mark the adwere at the extreme front of the ance and the retreat by the crosses French in August, and against this which fill the fields. The gardens that hill burst the flood of German invaouch the railroad and extend to the Leaving the car, we walked out ear of the houses in the little towns of the village, and at the end of a e filled with graves. Each enclosure street a sign warned the wayfarer not is been fought for at the point of the to enter the fields for which we were ayonet and every garden wall recalls he Chateau of Hougomont, at Waterbound: "War-Do Not Trespass." This was the burden of the warning.

All this was two years ago, but there today also. East of Bar-le-Duc e main line is cut by German shell re now, From Fort Camp des Ronains above St. Mihlel German guns weep the railroad near Commercy, and ne has to turn south by a long detour. s if one went to Boston by Fitchburg. ravel south through the country of an d'Arc and return by Toul, whose orts look out upon the invaded land. hus one comes to Nancy by night d only by night, for 20 miles beyond ere are Germans and a German canon which not so long ago sent a shell the town and removed a whole y block beside the railroad station. is the sight of this ruin as you enr the town which reminds you that u are at the front, but there are her reminders,

Sentries of the Air.

whole country unfolded. As we ate our dinner in the cafe beautiful Stanilas we the little village of Atton slept under the are disturbed by a strange and cu- the steep slope of Cote-de-Mousson, s us humming sound. Going into the round pinnacle crowned with an anare, we saw an aeroplane, or rather cient chateau. From the hill the Gerlights, red and green, like those of a man artillery had swept the ground It was the first of several, the where I stood. Below the hill to the tht patrol, rising slowly and stead- west was Pont-a-Mousson, the city of and then sweeping off in a wide 150 bombardments, which the Germana a toward the enemy's line. They took when they came south and lost the sentries of the air which later. Above it was the Bolse-lete to guard us while we slept, for Pretre, in which guns were now boomen do sentry-go in the air as well as ing occasionally. Far to the north was the earth about the capital of Lor- another hill, just visible, and its slope Then the searchlights on the toward us was cut and seamed with ils began to play, sweeping the hori- yellow slashes; those were the French toward that same mysterious re- trenches, then of the second or third on where beyond the darkness there

the

buried.

The next morning I woke with the haze, but it was not over five miles se of Fourth of Jdly. Bang! Bang! away, and it was occupied by the Ger-Such a barking of cannon crack- mans. From the slope above mo on a shed open the French windows and so near are French and German lines ked down on the square. There I to the old frontier. held a hundred or more men, women children, their eyes fixed on some-

and each was crowded with troops; Guard. It swept to the south of us. cavalry, infantry, all the branches represented; it was still early In that wood the Germans had also planted their guns on the day of battle and the soldiers were just beginning They had swept the trenches where J their day's work; war is so completely stood from three sides. Plainly, 1 business here. Transport wagons had been a warm corner. But marched along the roads; companies of soldiers filed by. Interspersel with French had held on. Their commander the soldiers were the civilians, the had received a verbal order to retreat omen and children, for none of the He insisted that it should be put it illages is evacuated. Not even the writing, and this took time. The order It had to be obeyed, but he came. ecasional boom of a gun fat off ould give to this thing the character obeyed slowly. Reluctantly the men of real war. It recalled the days of eft the trenches they had held so long They slipped southward along the road ny soldiering in the militia camp at

by which we had just come. But sud-Framingham in Massachusetts. 1t denly their rear guards discovered the was simply impossible to believe that Germans were also retreating. So the was real. Even the faces of the French came back, and the line of Ste. soldiers were smiling. There was no Genevieve was held, the northern door such sense of terribleness, of strain to Nancy was not forced, and weariness, as I later found about

Looking down again, it was not diffi-Verdun. The Lorraine front is now inactive, tranquil; it has been quiet so cult to reconstitute that German assault, made at night. The thing was so simple the civilan could grasp it carnage and horror of the earlier time road ran through the valley, and "War-Do Not Trespass."

along it the Germans had formed; the slope In gentle, far more gradual than that of San Juan. They had been picked troops selected for a forlorn hope, and The they had come back four times. next morning the whole forest had been filled with dead and dying. Not less than a division-20,000 men-had made the terrible venture. Now there was a strange sense of emptiness in the country; war had come and gone left its graves, its trenches, its barbed wire entanglements; but these were all

disappearing already. some measure, five miles or more to the north. Nature is certainly the Once beyond this sign we came out

suddenly upon an open plateau, upon permit the signs of war to endure nor | Palisades. trenches. Northward the slope de the mind to believe that war itself scended to a valley at our feet. It has existed and exists was cut and seamed by trenches, and

The Promised Land.

beyond the trenches stood the posts From Ste. Genevieve we went to the that carried the barbed wire entangle-Grant Mont d'Amance, the most faments. Here and there, amidst the mous point in all the Lorraine front, trenches, there were graves. I went the southeast corner of the Grand Coudown to the barbed wire entanglements ronne, as Ste. Genevieve is the northand examined them curiously. They at Here, from a hill some 1300 feet ern. least were real. Once thousands of men had come out of the little woods high, one looks eastward into the Promised Land of France-into Gerquarter of a mile below; they had August the great French invasion tack, they had come on in the face of resting one fank upon this hill, the other upon the distant Vosges, had machine guns and "seventy-fives." They had just reached the wires, which stepped over the frontier. One could marked high water., In the woods below, the Bols-de-Facq, in the fields by trace its route to the distant hills among which it had found disaster. In river, 4000 Germans had been høse hills the Germans had hidden

heir heavy guns, and the French, com-Looking out from the trenches, th Northward ing under their fire without warning. unsupported by heavy artillery, which was lacking to them, had broken. Then the German invasion had rolled back. You could follow the route. In the oreground the little Seille river could be discerned; it marked the old front-They had swarmed down the troops. bare hills; they had crossed and vanished in the woods just at my feet: these woods were the Forest of Chamfeet. For days there was fought in lied. line; beyond there was still another hill; it was slightly blurred in the terrible of battles.

Forest of the Advance Guard.

in the air above and behind the of us was another wood, with a gloriman advance. They had occupied the al. Still the incessant barking of ous name, the Forest of the Advance ruins for a few moments and then had

been driven out. Elsewhere they had fectly level field. It was simply torr never emerged from the woods; they by shell fire. Old half filled trenches had approached the western shore, but wandered aimlossly about, and beyond, the French had met them with machine under a gentle slope, the little village guns and "Seventy-fives." The brown of Courbessaux stood in ruins. The woods at my feet were nothing but a commandent called my attention to vast cemetery; thousands of French and German soldiers slept there. bit of woods in front

Villages Destroyed.

guns there,' said he. "We didn't know In their turn the Germans had gone it, and a French brigade charged across back. Now, in the same woods, a this field. It started at 8:15, and at French battery was shelling the Ger-8:30 it had lost more than 3000 out nans on the other side of the Seille. of 6000. Then the Germans camo out Inder the glass I studied the little of the woods in their turn, and our villages unfolding as on a map; they were all destroyed, but it was impossiartillery, back at Haraucourt, caught ble to recognize this. Some were

them, and they lost \$500 men in a quarter of an hour." Along the road-Fiench, some German; you could folside were innumerable graves. low the line, but there were no trenches; behind them French shells looked at one. It was marked: "Here were bursting occasionally and black 179 French." Twenty feet distant was another; it was marked: "Here 196 smoke rose just above the ground. Thousands of men faced each other Germans." In the field where we stood was told some 10,000 men are turied, right is a major. The table cloth is less than four miles from where I They were buried hurriedly, and even stood, but all that there was to be detected were the shell bursts; otherwise now when it rains arms and legs are they had to advance up was one saw a pleasant country, rolling

hills, mostly without woods, bare in Two years had passed, almost two the spring, which had not yet come to years, since this field had been fought The Germans had taken it. They of the army commissary. turn them green. In the foreground for. had approached Haraucourt, but had ran that arbitrary line Bismarck had drawn between the Frenchmen 46 years not passed it. This was the center and smelling fresh from the citadel's unbefore-the frontier-but of natural the most vital point in the Lograine derground bakery. separation there was none. He had battle. What Foch's troops had done cut off a part of France, that was all, about La Fere Champenoise thuse of and one looked upon what had been wave had been broken, but at what and was still a bleeding wound, The Haiser Waited. ost? And now, after so many months

asked the French commandan the desolation of war remained. But about the various descriptions made yet it was not to endure. Beside these On this heauth very graves an old peasant was plowful spring morning it was impossible by those who have written about the ing, guiding his plow and his horses to feel the reality of what hul hap- war. They have described the German carefully among the tombs. Four miles pened here, what was happening now, attack as mounting the slope of the away more trenches faced each other Grand Mont where we stood. He took me to the edge and pointed down. It and the battle went on audibly, but behind this line, in this very field greatest of all pacifists; she will not was a cliff almost as steep as the where so many had died, life was be "Just a story." The Germans smiled. ginning. had not charged here, but in the forest The Most Wrecked Town of France.

Later we drove south, passing withbelow, where the Nancy road passes through and enters the valley of the in the lines the Germans had been in Amezeule. They had not tried to their great advance we traveled but to turn the Grand Mont. through Luneville, which they had More than 200,000 men had fought for taken and aft unharmed, save as shell days in the valley below. I asked him fire had wrecked an eastern suburb about the legend of the kaiser, sitting We visited Gerbeviller, where in an forest of Vitrimont, on a hill, waiting in white uniform excess of rage the Germans had burned with his famous escort, waiting until every structure in the town. I have come on in that famous massed at- man Lorraine. In the early days of the road was clear for his triumphal never seen such a headquarters of entrance into the capital of Lorraine. desolation. Everything that had a He laughed. I might choose my hill, shape, that had a semblance of beauty if the emperor had done this thing the or of use, lies in complete ruin-de- Mont. The face of the plateau is hill was "over there," but had he? tached houses, a chateau, the blocks seamed with trenches. They follow the They are hard on legends at the front, and the tales that delight Paris die Sermaize, Gerbeviller is the most completely wrecked town in France. easily on the frontiers of war.

But since I had asked so much about the fighting my commandant promised bridge across the tiny Mortagne. Here to take me in the afternoon to the some French soldiers made a stand and fiercest, still further to the south where all the hills break down and Gerbeviller, but for this defense the there is a natural gateway from Ger-many into France, the beginning of plete. Incendiary material was placed ier. Across this had come the defeated the famous Charmes Gap, through in every house, and all that thoroughwhich the German road to Paris from the east ran, and still runs. Leaving Nancy behind us, and ascending the dead; a few women and children live Meurthe valley on the eastern bank, amidst its ashes: there is a wooden penoux. Into this forest the Germans | turning out of it before St. Nicholas | barrack by the bridge with a postoffice had followed by the thousands: they du Port, we came presently to the and the inevitable postcards, but only were astride the main road to Nancy, most completely war swept fields that on Gostcards, picture postcards, does which rolled white and straight at my I have ever seen. On a perfectly level the town live. It will be a place of But in the woods the French ral- plain the little town of Haraucourt pilgrimage when peace comes. stands in sombre ruins. Its houses are this stretch of trees one of the most nothing but ashes and rubble. Go out to the Plateau of Saffais, the ridge of the village toward the east, and between the Meurthe and the Moselle

As I stood on the Grand Mont I and to the south extended the forest. from shell hole to shell hole. The French line came south from Ste, Gen. I had never heard. Still drowsy, I clear day it is possible to see Metz. Exactly at my feet the forest reached whole country is a patchwork of these evieve, where we had been in the morn-

the gently sloping hillsides.

cats and dors are left behind, to remind one that only a few weeks ago men and women and children sat by their firesides in this town and carrefised their pets.

It is lunch time. In the steam-heated corridors, 100 feet from the surface, the defenders of Verdun, off duty, are eating their noonday meal. If you know anything about farms

The Germans had their machine and harvest time, you have seen a simllar sight on many an occasion. There are long tables, with scores of men on either side, eating and talking contentedly. There is no excitement, only everybody seems interested. At the table of the general some 20 guests sit down.

Dinner Is Good One.

As is the French custom, he sits at We one side, instead of at the end, and the oldest visitor sits at his right. The next oldest is at his left. Opposile him is his second in command. My seat is by this officer. On my know

spotless; the service faultless, wine and all No better dinner could be had anywhere than this served by the ----

Homer, Caesar, the Iliad. artillery canteen, though it was part Cur bread was warm and delicious-

The lights we ate by, the water w drank, were from citadel plants out of He laughed. Castlenau nad done here. The German harm's way and independent of the

The ventilation was perfect. Be tween the bricked arches and the rock. and-earth through which the tunnels were bored are spaces, and the spaces in my pocket. are connected with the outside, worked

by chimneys. I have seen many a theatre church less well aired. On all sides there was the hum of voices. I listened.

Conversation Interesting.

It would be curious to hear what the defenders of Verdun were talking the French kind, which seems gayer about while the Germans hurled themselves against the city; while the town and less inclined to gloom the more it has to do in the way of scrapping. burned; while shells fell about them.

cross the Meurthe coming out of the Germans more than three or fou miles within French territory. If you should look at the map

A Bouted Army Finds Itself. Standing on the plateau of Saffals drawn by Colonel and facing east, the whole country unfolded again, as it did at the Grand in the village, all in ashes. Save for slopes, and the village of Saffais actly. stands out like a promontory. On this ridge the French had massed 300

> Here they had expected to in ruins, and to steady it they had German thrust, When the Germans been compelled to draw troops from decided to go by Belgium they had in save Nancy. Behind these crests on turn taken the offensive, but, having failed, they had fought their long which we stood a beaten army, almost routed, had in three days found itself planned battle.

A City Waiting. Out of all the region of war, of war across the Meurthe into the brown today and war yesterday, one goes is a right combination of fresh air, forest of Vitrimont. Through this had come the victorious, its crowds of people returning from doctors agree these are prime requi-

river, hidden under the slope, but, as London is nervous. Its bakers swept by the hell of this artillery still make macaroons; even Taube storm, they had broken. But few had raids do not excuse the children from Alterative may prove beneficial. When lived to pass the river; none had punctual attendance at school. Nancy used as an adjunct to proper care and mounted the slopes. There were al- is calm with the calmness of all hygienic living, it is most efficacious, most no graves along these trenches. France, but with just a touch of and in many cases it has brought last

something more than calmness, which ing relief. Afterward the Germans had in turn yielded to pressure from the south 46 years of living by an open fronand gone back. Before the battle of tier brings. Twenty-one months ago faced almost due east. In front of me fire. For several miles you can walk made its last and successful stand. The the Marne began the German wave of it was the gage of battle, and half a invasion had been stopped here in the million men fought for it; a new last days of August. A second terri- German drive may approach it at drive, coincident with the Marne, any time. Out toward the old franter of buildings about a fountain. All line of old trenches approaches the the plain by Haraucourt and Corbes- had likewise failed. Then the Ger- tier there is still a German gun, hidwas in ruins, and here, exactly here, road and wanders away again. Barbed saux, then crossed the Meurthe by mans had gone back to the frontier. den in the forest of Bezange, which Straight across the river to the west was the high water mark of the Ger- wrie entanglements run up and down Dombasle and stood on the neights The old boundary line of Bismarck is has turned one block to ashes and he gently sloping hillsides. from Rossieres south. Having taken now in many instances an actual line may fire again at any hour. Zeppe-Presently we came out upon a per- Luneville, the Germans attempted to of fire, and nowhere on this front are lins have come and gone, leaving dead

riers, France-(1, S.)-The Victoria Cross is rarely given on a perlious mission. "Tell me." said the major at my even in this war of countless deeds right, "is the Little Church Around the of bravery. The Rev. Noel Mellish, at Corne- still standing? I was best man at a wedding there once. Great town, London curate, is the first chaplain New York!" in the British army to receive the

The general commanding Verdun was cross since the second Afghan now speaking earnestly to the oldest 1879. visitor, the guest of honor. He was

On the occasion of the presentation saying: "No, I'm not from the Midi; I come the units of the famous fighting army from the department of Pas-del-Calais, were drawn up in division forming So I am very fond of shrimps-the lita hollow square on the spring green of tle rose-colored ones, fresh from the We have them very fine up my an open field. In the center stood Mr. Mellish with another officer, who

Said the colonel on my left: received the distinguished service Baseball Talk Is Meard. "I can't help thinking baseball ought

Little piece

That-and the hole you see in

He went on roasting his coffee

One's impression, after such an ex-

Boucher to

Not a bit.

age."

order. In the front line stood other officers who were to receive lesser take on in France very easily, if decorations. Before pinning the ribbon on Mel-

I used to be as only it had a start. big a fan as anybody when I was in lish's breast the general read a brief the states. It is really a great game, account of the deed of gallantry that, . more spectacular than any I won him the honor. When the clergyman came forward those witnessing While he talked baseball I caught the ceremony were agreeably im-

drifts of conversation across the ta- pressed with an extremely slender One officer, a captain, was dis- boyish figure scarcely looking his 39 cussing the classics of university days years, and indeed, looking more a gentle and reserved man of peace. When lunch was finished, and we than a fighting parson. found ourselves outside, we discovered The general told how The general told how again

shell had struck the corner of a lit- again, fighting at St. Eloi under le brick building in which a soldier murderous fire, Mellish had risked his life to attend the wounded and bring was roasting fragrant smelling coffee. them to places of safety. Then there "Hurt you?" some one asked. was a call of three cheers from the troops and those were given with a

ent through the bottom of my pants mighty roar. As already told in dispatches, Secthere the showed a ragged hole near the turned-up part of the left leg), ond Lleutenant Arnold Whitridge, and a box of matches was set on fire Yale 1914, son of F. W. Whitridge of New York, was among those receiving the military cross for gallantry in continuing to direct the fire of his wall there-is the extent of the dam-

battery in the face of some of the hottest fighting recently experienced. and with the enemy trenches but a hundred yards away.

perience, is that the only way to hurt few Whitridge is one of a group of what military writers call the "moroung American college men who of an army is to let it alone, not joined the British artillery early in to fight, especially if that army is of the war.

> omen and children behind them, but Nancy goes on with today. And tomorrow? In the hearts of all

he people of this beautiful city there. is a single and a simple faith. Nancy turns her face toward the ancient he whole imaginary battle of Nancy frontier; she looks hopefully out upon trata his book, published before 1910, the shell swept Grand Couronne and a book describing the problem of the beyond to the promised land. And the defense of the eastern frontier, you people say to you, if you ask them will find the lines on which the about war and about peace, as one French stood at Sacais indicated ex- of them said to me: "Peace will Colonel Boucher had not dreamed come, but not until we have our this battle, but for a generation the ancient frontier, not until we have French general staff had planned it. Metz and Strassburg. We have waited meet the a long time, is it not so?"

> The Foremost Foe of Tuberculosis

back" to Nancy, to its busy streets, pure food, rest and clean living. All Germans. They had debouched from their day's work. War is less than sites in the treatment of this affection. the wood; they had approached the 15 miles away, but Nancy is as calm which causes one-tenth of all deather Its bakers Yet medication is needed in many cases Under such circumstances, Eckman's

It has been found equally effective in treating asthing and bronchial troubles. Stubborn colds often yield to it. In any event, a trial can do no harm. For this preparation contains no poisonous or habit-forming drugs-no narcotics, opiates or coal-tar derivatives Sold by The Owl Drug Co. and leading druggists.

You enter the village over a little cannon. Their army had come back point where the struggle had been held off the German advance for some Alsace. Mulhausen was sacrificed to hours. There was no other battle at returned to the charge. In the shadow of the dusk I looked

mass

ness could do to make the destruction complete was done. Gerbevilier

From Gerbeviller we went by Bayor

you enter fields pockmarked by shell where the defeated army of Castelnau up the hill and there was a little clus- shell holes. At every few rods a new ing, through the Grand Mont, across fic

of the