

"CIVILIZATION" ADEPT AT KILLING WINTER IS SEVERE IN TRENCH LIFE

WINTER LIFE IN TRENCHES

Cold Weather Brings Intense Suffering to Men on First Line.

Writing to a London newspaper an Irish officer in the British army describes the winter hardships of the troops on the battle front as follows:

If the severe cold has been felt in London, where there is at least some measure of shelter and warmth for most people, what must be the experience of those who have to face the rigors of this unusual weather in the open air, not by day alone, but through the night as well.

Each season presents its special difficulties to the men who hold the line. In summer the flies are a veritable plague, and the mud in rainy weather is an everlasting source of inconvenience, to say the least. It is, however, in the depth of winter that the trench warfare is most bitterly applied to the men who hold the line. Imagine a body of men marching through the snow up to the trenches when a frost of 25 degrees prevails. Everything they pass in their march is frozen hard. The village street is deserted, save for the troops engaged on the line. The few remaining villagers remain indoors, wrapped in their stoves, and only move to the windows to look out at the men who march past on their way to the line. It is so cold out of doors that the men are unable to bear the sting of the wind upon one's face. But the boys who are for the trenches swing along, doggedly, it may be, but with grimly withal.

Fast the Graveyard. On they go! Past the church, upon which the snow lies thick; past the graveyard, where all the mounds are covered with spotless pale white, and where the little memorial crosses glitter with the frost and ice; on past the village street, and on into the open country march the boys who are for the line. Their pipes are at their head, but it is impossible almost to play, so intense is the cold! On and on the boys stride through the countryside, and now the length they reach the crossroads near which is the entrance to the long communication trench leading to the line.

Into this trench the men go, and in single file trudge along to their destination, the very front. As they enter the trench and disappear, it has an uncanny effect. It is as though the snow had swallowed them up. For the rest of their journey they are shadowed mostly by the trench.

When you read these lines turn to your warm bed at night, let your mind travel to the line and picture, if you can, the men who are defending you in your home—the men who through the long hours of the night in the frost and snow stand under the blazing stars on the fire-step peering with never flagging attention out over the sandbags toward the enemy.

French Comfort Limited. In some trenches the dugouts are very few, and the meager shelters of sandbag and board and sheet iron are all the protection the men have. At night, even where there are dugouts, the alert watch over the parapet must be kept up from the first step. Vigilance can never be relaxed. Every sign, every movement, every shadow in No Man's Land must be regarded closely. One never knows when an attack may come—nothing can be left to chance. And so, from dusk till daylight, the fire-step is manned with ever-ready sentries. Think of what that means all night long with anything from 20 to 30 degrees of frost, or in pelting, blinding snow or rain or sleet!

To Beat High Costs. Los Angeles, Cal., March 31.—And here's another way to beat the high cost of living. "Stop entertaining," says a well known Los Angeles man, who was formerly widely known for her hospitality and frequent entertainments.

Lecturer Is Punished. Amsterdam, March 31.—Herr Verwey, professor of philosophy at Bonn, has been sent to the front for delivering a lecture against Christian dogmas.

GLASS OF WATER BEFORE YOU EAT ANY BREAKFAST

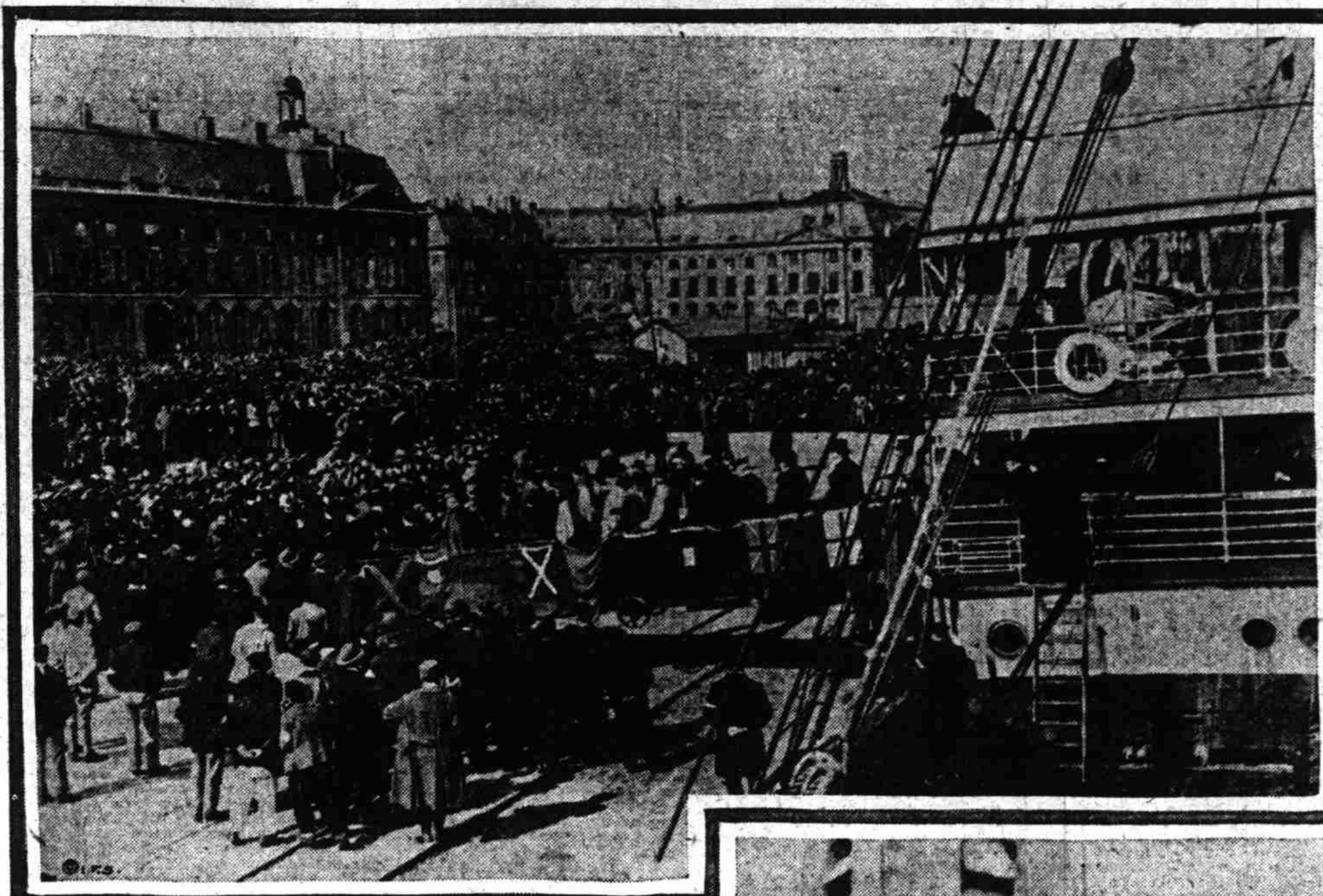
Wash Poison from system each morning and feel fresh as a daisy.

Every day you clean the house you live in to get rid of the dirt and grime which collected through the previous day. Your body, the house your soul lives in, also become filled up each twenty-four hours with all manner of filth and poison. If only every man and woman could realize the wonders of drinking phosphated hot water, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pale or muddy complexion; instead of the hundreds of "brain fags," "rundowns," "brain fags," and "peasants," we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

Everyone, whether sick or well, should drink each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of calcium phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten days of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and toxins, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

WAR ZONE OBSERVATIONS



THE ORLEANS OF BORDEAUX

KEY TO THE PICTURES

THE steamships Orlean and Rochester were the first two American vessels to defy the German decree of a war zone at sea, and successfully conclude voyages to European ports. The top photograph shows the welcome accorded the Orlean upon her arrival at Bordeaux, where French army men boarded the vessel to greet the American officers and crew.

The lower photograph shows a powerful French gun paused by the wayside with the gunners taking advantage of the halt to read the latest Paris news already two weeks old.

CRUELTY OF MEDIAEVAL ERA IS OUTDONE TODAY

Liquid Fire and Poisonous Gases Means of Killing Far More Hideous Than Agencies of Death Employed by the "Barbarians."

CAPTAIN KIDD A SMALL PERFORMER UPON THE SEA

FRIGHTFUL mediaeval cruelty, such as would have been considered a thing only of the distant past four years ago, now lives again, says Sidney Park, writing in a London newspaper. Human life has become a thing of slight moment and human suffering of even less account.

"I have always doubted whether the mechanical progress of what was once described as the 'so-called nineteenth century' made mankind one whit happier or kinder or better," says Mr. Park.

"It is certainly true that during the hundred years before the war regard for human life was intensified, but this probably had an entirely commendable and unworthy foundation. Under the commercial system a man's life has a certain money value. Only the foolish slave-driver whips his slaves to death."

"With this greater disinclination to take the lives of others came a much more tender solicitude for oneself. Men hung on to life as they had never hung on to it before, but while they grew afraid to die, most of them grew afraid really to live.

Readiness to Die. "Since the outbreak of war there has been among the mass of people in the belligerent countries a concentration on national, rather than personal, interests, and this has been accompanied by a cheerful readiness to die which is a little appalling to those of us who are still swaddled in nineteenth century cotton-wool."

"We had supposed that the progress of civilization had made barbarous and calculated cruelty impossible. We have seen during the past two and a half years the most scientifically educated people in Europe adopting methods of massacre and torture employed by mediaeval mercenaries and by the Huns of the fifth century."

"On the modern battlefield the soldier seldom sees the enemy. He fires horrible devastating infernal machines at him from runs miles away. He riddles him with machine gun bullets. He poisons him and burns him. "The wounded are per force left in hundreds of cases to die in agony where they fall. What a monstrous joke it is in face of all this that we should talk of progress and vaunt ourselves the moral superiors of our forefathers!"



A FRENCH GUN

WAR-WEARY SAXONY TYPICAL OF ALL GERMANY SAYS VICE CONSUL WHO DESCRIBES EXISTING RESTIVENESS

Runners from various sources that the Russian revolution has found echoes in riots in German industrial centers has an interesting sidelight in the accompanying article, in which A. Curtis Roth, American vice consul at Flensburg, describes the conditions existing among the working classes of the central power. Mr. Roth has just spent seven years in the Saxon industrial district.

WAGE earning Germany's nerves have been worn raw by the increasing weight of suffering that the war has brought it. This class of Germans has become sullen, dissatisfied with the government, almost rebellious. While the middle class remains intensely patriotic, parading before the casual observer a unified and determined Germany, fatigue of war is making alarming strides among the working people. A great many of these humble people want peace at any price—at the price of their colonies, of Alsace-Lorraine, even of their country's prestige and position.

Workers Become Restive. The working people, at least in Saxony, are becoming restive. They have hungered and grieved and overworked for many months, with conditions steadily growing worse and with each promise of peace fading into an indefinite prospect of endurance. All foods but the very coarsest are beyond their means. The ration of these coarse foods is insufficient. The poor have been subsisting throughout the last year upon bread, potatoes, turnips and salt.

Pushed much further by the galling stress of starvation, overwork and fear of dear ones, a second peasant's war may well be added to the miseries of central Europe.

The standard of living among the working people has been lowered fearfully. It is now on a par with the coolie standard of overcrowded Asia. Their work has increased, their share in comforts has diminished, and their amusements have entirely fallen away. The urban poor have become desperately poor, and they are beginning to realize that each added month of the war means that their plight must become more and more hopeless.

thousiasm for the war. The people crowded around the railway stations to see the troop trains hurrying past every 25 minutes. Then came the floods of wounded, the difficult readjustments made necessary by the absence of wage earners, and then the numbing pinch of hunger. Worst of all was the atmosphere that settled down upon the land, an atmosphere of want, of fear, of suffering, of black depression, which seemed to seep through and through one and chill the consciousness.

All Are Tactless. An eternal New England Sunday gripped the formerly bustling manufacturing town in my district. The streets were bare of traffic. People passed about their errands silently. There was no laughing, whistling, loud talking or jovial greeting. The business streets were dotted everywhere by stores closed up by war. Grass grew between the cobbles in the roadway. Now and again oxen dragging primitive carts of farm produce lumbered through the streets. Restaurants and cafes were deserted. It cost money to frequent them, and, moreover, they had nothing to sell.

It is hard to describe life under these conditions. The best I can do is to say that it was suffocating. When not going to and fro about their work, the less well-to-do hid their unhappiness in their rooms. As it was, one was forever meeting on the street hollow-cheeked, emaciated, dry-eyed sufferers. I felt as though I had escaped from a dank prison when I got back to this country and saw happy, healthy, well-fed people again.

Strata Is Telling. The strain is beginning to tell. I have heard the emperor soundly berated by his famished subjects in the shops that the poor frequent. I have often during the last months of my stay listened to strangely seditious talk among the workers, men and women, which grew in violence after the check at Verdun. The working women have threatened a number of times to get out of hand and rough things. In Saxony, at least, war is

successfully throttling, one by one, all the people's impulses for living. The Saxon casualty list has been very heavy. The Plauen regiment has been wiped out six times. All the young men, including professional officers, who led the first onslaught, have been wiped out. The troops are now officered by men of all classes, who have made no mark in the field, and in cases that I know of the derision of the officers testifies to the startling democratizing effects of war. The call for more men is always insistent. The high school boys go out once a week for drill. Boy Scouts drill from 12 to 15. The captain well knew that the grand duke, and not he, had his wife's affections, were claimed by Michael as belonging to him. But by marrying the woman whom he loved, the grand duke had triumphed over the standards of morality of the Russian court, which held that to be highly unnecessary.

SAGE AND SULPHUR DARKENS GRAY HAIR

Brush this through faded, streaked locks and they become dark, glossy, youthful.

Almost everyone knows that Sage and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Weyler's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a little bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray. Try mine. I can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

Weyler's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

SAXONY BECOMES WEARY OF STRIFE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL IS POPULAR

Fertility of Mesopotamian Lands Real Prize Sought by England in Near East

Such Is Report of German Commission on Natural Resources of Asia Minor—Turkey Offers Field for Profitable Investment.

THE possibilities for German industry and German capital in Turkey are almost unlimited," declared a member of the German committee of manufacturers, bankers and industrial experts which went to Asia Minor several months ago, upon his return to Berlin.

"The result of our investigations was a surprise to ourselves," the spokesman of the committee continued. "We found the conditions for manufacturing enterprises far more favorable than we expected. The necessary raw materials can be obtained at a very small cost after the systematic development of the country is started. Armenia and Syria contain enormous mineral treasure, which may be utilized with little trouble. The building of railroads does not present any great difficulties, and in some of the mountain districts there is abundant waterpower for manufacturing purposes. To start the planned industries it will be necessary to bring a large number of skilled workmen from Germany and Austria-Hungary, but the Turks are a very intelligent race, and there is no doubt that within a few years a large army of efficient industrial workers can be trained."

In regard to Mesopotamia, the expert said: "After traveling through the ancient country which is supposed to have been the cradle of mankind and civilization, I can well understand why England is making such great efforts

GRAND DUKE IS IDOLIZED

Michael Held in High Favor in Russia as Far as the Royalty Goes.

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL ALEXANDROVICH, in whose favor Nicholas abdicated and who in turn has declared in favor of the provisional government, was himself heir to the throne until the birth of the czar-vitch in 1904.

This energetic brother of the late czar is 10 years younger than the deposed monarch. He is the favorite son of the Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna, sister of the Dowager Queen Alexandra of Great Britain.

All accounts agree that the grand duke has loathed the German influence in the Russian imperial family, court and army, which has resulted in his present elevation. For two years immediately preceding the war he lived in England, occupying for a time the estate of Lord Lytton at Knebworth. Until the war began, little was known of the man who now rules Russia, save for the fact that he had married a morganatic wife and angered the czar, with whom he was at warden's points. Immediately the war began, however, he returned to Russia and offered his sword to the czar.

A National Idol. In the army, the grand duke, though his fame spread but little from the confines of Russia, became a sort of national idol for the months second only to the Grand Duke Nicholas. In the campaign near Lomna he was said to have handled his troops with considerable skill, but what endeared him especially to the Russians was the fact that he exposed himself with recklessness to shell and shrapnel fire, exhorting his soldiers, appeals to their heavenly love of country, and devotion to the holy church.

On this occasion also it was published throughout Russia that the grand duke, in the summer of 1915, was the czar Alexander II, who issued the ukase giving freedom from serfdom to the peasants. Though in early life he seemed to have the rather flabby qualities of the Romanoffs, it was said that in the war, if not before, he had amply proved his strength of will.

The now regent of Russia was banished from the empire early in January, 1917, by the czar, whom now he virtually replaces on the throne, save only for the pretense of rule of a feeble boy. He was banished because of the romance through which, mainly, the grand duke is best known to the world, though that romance is often confused with a similar one in which his uncle, the Grand Duke Michael, Michaelovitch, and the Countess Ada Torley were the principals.

Unlike some affairs of the heart in which the Russian of the czar's blood have taken part, this one shed no unpleasant light upon the grand duke. The grand duke refused a mistress from the ranks of the imperial ballet, a course almost unprecedented and refused also a wife from the royal princesses of Europe. Instead he married in Vienna, on October 15, 1911, the Countess Natalie Scheremetevsky, a divorcée.

Countess Natalie had been divorced from Captain von Wouffler, a Russian officer stationed at Moscow. The two children born during that period, when the captain well knew that the grand duke, and not he, had his wife's affections, were claimed by Michael as belonging to him. But by marrying the woman whom he loved, the grand duke had triumphed over the standards of morality of the Russian court, which held that to be highly unnecessary.

Gar Infuriated. Though his wife was beautiful and intelligent, the czar was infuriated at his brother and banished him from Russia. He was removed from his post as colonel of the regiment of chevalier guards at Petrograd, and at the same time an imperial ukase was issued establishing a guardianship over his personal property and affairs, and his estates were taken over and administered.

A year later it was reported that Michael had refused to yield to the czar's desire that he abdicate his position as next in the czarvitch in the line of succession. In this the dowager empress supported her favorite son. The one thing the czar could not do was to strike off the name of his lineal successor without the latter's consent or his being found mentally incapable.

Best for Liver, Bowels, Stomach, Headache, Colds

They live the liver and bowels and straighten you right up.

Don't be bilious, constipated, sick, with breath bad and stomach sour.

WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP



Tonight sure! Take Cascarets and enjoy the nicest gentle laxative. Wake up feeling you've experienced. Wake up with your head clear, stomach sweet, breath right and feeling fine. Get rid of sick headaches, biliousness, constipation, flatulence, sour stomach, bad colds. Clear your pipe, brighten your eyes, quicken your step and feel like doing a full day's work. Cascarets are better than salts, pills or calomel because they don't shock the liver, or gripe the bowels or cause inconvenience—all the next day. Mothers should give Cascarets, sick, bilious, feverish children a whole Cascarets any time as they can not injure the 36 feet of tender bowels.