SECRET OF THE TANKS USED IN THE GREAT WAR IS TOLD, FIRST VENTURE A FAILURE

(New York Sun)

The recent Associated Press dispatch from Paris reporting the reluctance of Frenchmen to purchase the home of Mata Hari in Neuilly recalls to a Sun's Rays correspondent the day the tanks first went into action in France during the world war. It was Mata, according to reports current at the time, who sold to the Germans the secret of the new weapon behind which the Allied armies expected to drive to Berlin.

Up to the point when Mata Hari learned of their existence, the manner in which the development of the tanks was kept secret was one of the most remarkable achievements of the war.

The idea of armored machines that could cross trenches and crush re, doubts at the same time sweeping the enemy fortifications with machine gun fire, originated in England. There was considerable opposition at first to the tank. Diehards of the old school—the type that relied on the cavalry breaking through and were not swerved from that idea even after a series of costly experiments — opposed it strenuously.

Eventually the tank was adopted. Months of secret experiments followed. The die-hards themselves were impressed by what the tank could do—in the testing grounds—and manufacture in quantity was begun.

The first batch of tanks was rushed to France while the battle of the Somme was at its height. Disguised under canvas wrappings, the tanks were taken across the Channel and driven, still under their camouflage and largely at night, to the battle area.

The British Army sensed that something was afoot. Word that a new and powerful "caterpillar" had been developed and was about to be tried out on the Germans got abroad and aroused great enthusiasm among the infantry, who stood to benefit most from the new weapon.

Much Expected

The High Command hoped much from the tanks. The battle of the Somme was exacting terrible toll. The Germans were strongly entrenched behind fields of barbed wire and protected by deep dugouts lined with concrete. The smallest advance was costing the British and French thousands of lives.

But with the arrival of the first bach of tanks the British expected to make a wide break through the Somme and roll back the German flanks—the coup each side had striven for since the Germans were driven back from the Marne.

An air of expectancy gripped the British on the night of September 14, 1916. The tanks were here. They lay, covered with their big hoods, in the sunken road behind Montauban and The Citadel. In the nearby valleys the cavalry were picketed, waiting for their chance to ride through after the tank. The Germans were going to get the surprise of their lives.

The guns had been going all night. The tanks got under way before down. Up they came, crawling and slithering like prehistoric beasts, hieaus and fearful. Their pounding that morning awakened the writer, asleep in a shell hole near Thrones Wood. One of them, its engines thundering, waddled across the shell hole a couple of minutes after it was evacuated.

There was no camouflage now. The canvas covers were gone and one saw only the metal hide of the tanks, birstling with guns.

Their appearance inspired the British Army as it struck terror into the Germans. But the initial assault failed.

The German High Command knew the tanks were coming and had prepared for them. A special anti-tank gun capable of piercing armor plate was rushed to the front. Men were put at work digging trenches so wide that the tanks could not cross. And Mata-Hari was credited with having given away the game.

It was not the precautions taken by the Germans, however, which resulted in partial failure that first day. The tanks themselves were imperfect. They were too heavy. Many sank in the mud and never got to the front line. Others were hopeelssly bogged after crossing No Man's Land and became helpless targets for the German artillery. But others were highly successful. A tank waddled down the main street of Flers, machine-gunning the German defenders and enabled the Canadians to take the town.



MANY LAWYERS HOLD SEATS IN THE SENATE

(Sherbrooke Record)

Prime Minister Bennett has added two more Senators, both lawyers, to a body of ninety odd Senators where there are already thirty-seven lawyers, most of them counsel for the banks, and others directors of large corporations in close affiliation with the banks.

Three other vacancies are to be filled shortly.

The revision of the Banker's Act will come up for discussion in the Senate in 1933.

In the Senate there are:
37 Lawyers,
8 Doctors,
9 Farmers,
7 Journalists,
7 Merchants,
2 Wine Merchants,
2 Insurance Agents,
2 Military Officers,
2 Ranchers,
3 Lumber Merchants,
1 Meat Merchant,
5 Manufacturers,
1 Married Woman,
1 Mining Engineer,
1 Director of Companies,
1 Veterinary Surgeon,
1 Labour Representative,
1 Financier,
1 Gentleman at Leisure.

Most of the lawyers are Directors in Companies many of them in more than one.

On the basis of ninety-six members the rural members of the Senate, in accordance with their 46.5 per cent. of the population, should have forty-four farm members instead of just nine.

Journalists, who have each more influence in the country than any ten Senators, should be entitled to the other forty-eight seats.

August air traffic records show that passenger travel by plane is practically depression-proof.

FALL HOUSE CLEANING IS A VERY IMPORTANT TASK

(Philadelphia Bulletin)

This is a critical time of year for married men. Most of them, after six months of experience, have just learned how to find their way about the house. They know where every piece of furniture belongs. They can walk around in the middle of the night without banging their shine or falling over chairs. A man may come home to a darkened house after the theatre or the movies (or after sitting up with a sick lodge member) and steer a bee line to the electric light switch in the hall, or, if necessary, navigate safely a circuitous route to the same goal.

But this is October. You do not need to go to a fortune teller to learn that a great change is impending in your life. For some occult reason the piano that used to stand against the back wall of the living room is going to be put where the davenport was. The davenport has decided that it wants to be in front of the fireplace. Three chairs have bee nseized by a wanderlusk—there is no telling just where they will settle down, except that it won't be where you would naturally expect. And those dinky little tables supporting smoking outfits or lamps and a book or two that somebody is supposed to have just laid down are going to turn up in the most unreasonable places. For this, gentle reader, is House-Cleaning Time—a period of sinister implications.

It would be bad enough if House-Cleaning were just house-cleaning, with everything messed up and the contents of bureau drawers turned out and re-arranged and a smell of soap everywhere and the depressing recovery of where and how the merry moths spend the summer. But house-cleaning has developed since the days of your youth. New rules have been devised, new systems invented, unthought-of complications introduced. And under the Culbertson system of house-cleaning (or is it Work?—yes, certainly it is Work, now that furniture is so heavy—the best people, the people who keep up with the game, never think of cleaning house without shuffling all the beds and bureaus and chiffoniers and high-boys and tables and bookcases and desks and chaises-longues and what-have you and having a complete new deal.

No, it is not enough that the man of the house should discover at this season that the smokepipe of the heater has rusted out and that the dress suit which he expected to wear to his niece's wedding in November looks as if somebody had taken three shots at a conspicuous part of it with shells charged with bird-shot—on top of those misfortunes he must start in to memorize the new locations of the furniture, and to get accustomed to the appearance of a house which has been so much improved by the redisribution that it no longer looks like his home. And when this is all learned, which will be just about next April, bingo! All bets are off, and spring-house-cleaning makes ready for a new gamble.

Talk about shake-ups in the Police Bureau! Why, a policeman doesn't know, officially, what a shake-up means. You can't do much shaking up with just a bureau. But when a cop gets home, in October, and cracks his shin against a newly placed piece of furniture, he begins to understand what is the real significance of the term which professionally implies only giving him a different job.

DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE

The old home town has changed a lot
since I was just a lad,
For in those days home-owned stores
were all we ever had,
I remember how the boss would come
and meet us at the door,
And he always made us feel at home
when we were in his store.

And when some roads were needed
and some other work was done,
The owners of our local stores were
always called upon.
When other things were needed to
make a better town,
They always gladly did their share,
they never turned it down.

And now and then 'twould happen,
folks would need a little stuff
To keep them through the winter
when times were kind of tough;
But it didn't seem to matter, for the
man who owned the store
Would give those folks some credit
and deliver to their door.

But everything is different now. It
isn't like it was
When we were kids. Do you know
why? I'll tell you, it's because
The chain stores all have come to
town, it seems they have control,
And it seems as if a man don't own
his body or his soul.

Oh, yes, their stores are pretty and
their windows have a flash,
But they never know a person if he
hasn't got the cash;
For their bosses live on Wall Street
and we're a bunch of fools
If we think those fellows give a
darn about our church or schools.

Now listen, folks, can we afford to sacrifice our rights?
Shall we neglect our townsmen to
feed these parasites?
Shall we forget the pioneers, those
who built up this town?
Shall we allow those outside stores
to tear the whole thing down?

I think I know your answer, folks, I
think you'll all say NO!
Let's own our little city as we used
to years ago.
Let's patronize our local stores and
keep the cash at home,
AND LET THE DOGGONE CHAIN
STORES START A CITY OF
THEIR OWN!

—Western Retailer.

FARMER MET TRAGIC DEATH AT ELMHURST

Hampton, Kings Co., Oct. 17—Leo D. Wheaton, aged 66, was killed instantly at Elmhurst, on the Belleisle river, this afternoon when struck by a threshing machine belt which had broken. One side of Wheaton's head was crushed by the force of the blow.

At the time of the accident Wheaton was working on the farm of Roy Ganong, a neighbor. The belt on the threshing machine broke and wound around the engine wheel. Wheaton was leaning over to shut off the engine when the loose end struck him.

Working with him were a son, Chester, and his brother, Harvey. Dr. Vernon A. Snow and Dr. F. H. Wetmore, coroner, both of Hampton, were called Dr. Wetmore stating that there would be no inquest.

Wheaton had been a resident of Elmhurst for his entire life, and was well known as a shingle mill operator at that community.

"PERFECT MAID" HAD ONLY ONE BAD HABIT

New York, Oct. 17—Blondy, comely Mildred Peterson, 26, was a "perfect maid" except for one thing—she had a habit of leaving without notice but with the family jewelry, police charge.

Miss Peterson's neatness, her skill with children, and her intelligence won quick employment in about forty homes. Invariably, police said she walked out from 15 minutes to 24 hours later with whatever rings, bracelets, meshbags and cash she had happened to find.

Police seized considerable jeyelry and clothing in her apartment.

The girl said she had spent her money having a good time. She admitted having been arrested in Boston and New York previously, they said.

"Animals", a London naturalist contends, "have no superstitions". Come to think of it, no deer ever considered it bad luck to have us in the vicinity with a gun.

There is a tremendous lot of yawning and ho-humming on Easy street.

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