FRENCH MAKE SPLENDID ARTILLERY PRACTICE

They Destroy a Multitude of Houses at Figuig, Blow Up a Mosque and Kill a Large Number of Tribesmen in Retaliation for Ambushing of Frenchmen.

BENI-OUNIF, Algeria, June 8.—The French artillery opened a preliminary fire at 5:30 o’clock this morning on Figuig, the stronghold of the rebellious Zenaga tribesmen who recently attacked and tried to ambush Gov. Jonnart and his escort, of whom thirteen were seriously injured. The bombardment lasted until 11 o’clock, when a great destruction of houses had been wrought, the mosque destroyed and it is believed a large number of natives killed.

Gen. O’Connor commands the punitive expedition, 4,000 men of the foreign legion and a strong force of artillery, armed with guns firing melinite shells.

It was Gen. O’Connor’s plan to advance upon Figuig in three columns and post his artillery on commanding hills surrounding the rebel stronghold.

Mosque Blown to Pieces.

At 9:30 a. m. the French troops occupied Jutve hill and another eminence, both strategic positions, by a surprise movement. The ramparts of the town were then twelve hundred metres distant, and, like the houses which were half a mile behind them, built of compressed earth. From these hills the artillery made excellent practice, the melinite shells making a big breach in the ramparts and destroying a multitude of houses the inhabitants of which had fled at the first shots. Finally, the fire was concentrated on the mosque, which was much venerated, and the edifice was blown to pieces.

This destruction of the mosque is expected to have a great moral effect. The Moors, concealed in the palm groves, replied with artillery to the French bombardment, but without effect. At 11 o’clock the French guns were withdrawn to Djennan-ed-Dar, where Gen. O’Connor was awaiting offers of submission when this dispatch left.

All the women and children left the town before the action. The French fired a few shells at distant parts of the oasis in order to impress the Moors with the power and range of the French guns. Throughout the engagement there was no loss on the French side.

The French artillery fired six hundred shells at the town. The native cavalry, the Chasseurs d’Afrique, and the troops of foreign legion were posted during the bombardment at points surrounding the town, but the infantry did not fire a shot.

Throwing Bouquets.

At 3:30 o’clock this afternoon an envoy from the ameer of Figuig arrived at this place. Gen. O’Connor has received congratulations from the commander of the Nineteenth army corps on the skill with which he conducted the operations. The French troops have returned to their encampment. No decision has been taken regarding future operations. It is possible that if the Figuig tribesmen do not come to terms, other villages in the oasis will be bombarded. The expedition will rest tomorrow. Gen. O’Connor has issued a general order congratulating the troops.

The bulk of the population of Figuig is expected to be friendly to the French, as neighboring tribes are assisting in the operations of the punitive expedition.

France has formally notified the powers that she has no intention of taking Moroccan territory, and will only punish the Arab brigands who were responsible for the recent attack on the escort of Gov. Gen. Jonnart. Gen. O’Connor was instructed to give the men and children of Figuig an opportunity to leave the town before the bombardment. A friendly Arab courier bearing a notification to this effect to the women and children was killed.
DUTCHMAN, WHO WAS A MEMBER OF THE FAMOUS FOREIGN LEGION FIGHTING FOR FRANCE, RETURNS TO HIS HOME AND CHILDREN, HAVING LOST A LEG IN BATTLE.
AMERICANS OF FOREIGN LEGION AWAITING BUGLE'S CHARGE!

The negro pugilist, Bob Scanlon, is one of the tense figures peering through loopholes toward the Germans. In the French offensive in the Champagne many of the Americans of the Foreign Legion were named in the casualty lists.
FOREIGN LEGION HAS REAL MASCOT

Strange Tales Are Told of a Mysterious Child Known as "The Little Duchess."

COMPIEGNE. Zone of the French Army, 1917.

The first French Legion has an extraordinary and mysterious mascot, and if you believe half I tell you about the Little Duchess you will find yourself in deep water. She has been the subject of so much talk and speculation that her presence in the foreign legion has caused many to wonder what she is like. She is said to have a certain charm and grace that make her stand out from the crowd.

It is a girl child, 9 or 10 years old, very small, wiry, not beautiful, plain, unpretentious, with deep-set eyes, high wrinkle forehead, and stern expression. She was born in a small village in the Loire Valley and brought up by a poor farmer who took care of her. She learned to speak and read at an early age.

She was intelligent, and of such size and height that she was easily mistaken for a dwarf. She had a quick mind and a quick wit, and was always ready to talk and to make fun of others.

She had a passion for riding horses and for hunting, and she was a good shot. She was also a good swimmer and could swim across the Loire River without getting caught.

She was a bit of a troublemaker, and she was not always easy to get along with. She was often in trouble with the other children, and she was sometimes even in trouble with the police.

One day, she was out hunting with her father, and she saw a beautiful white horse. She asked her father if she could have the horse, and he said yes. She was very happy to have the horse, and she named it "The Little Duchess." She rode the horse every day, and she became very attached to it.

One day, while she was riding the horse, she lost it, and she was very angry. She went to her father and asked him for another horse. He said no, and he gave her a piece of cloth to replace the horse. She was very upset, and she said she would never ride another horse again.

She was a bit of a loner, and she was not always easy to make friends with. She was very independent, and she did not always like to be told what to do. She was a bit of a rebel, and she did not always like to follow the rules.

She was a bit of a mystery, and she was not always easy to understand. She was a bit of a daydreamer, and she was not always easy to get along with. She was a bit of a troublemaker, and she was not always easy to get along with.

She was a bit of a troublemaker, and she was not always easy to get along with. She was a bit of a daydreamer, and she was not always easy to understand.
WINS BACK NAME
BY HIS GALLANTRY

REV. FREDERICK FARRAR WINS HONOR IN FRANCE—WITH FOREIGN LEGION.

New York, Nov. 13.—The Evening World says:
Another man has emerged from the European war purged of disgrace, according to information received today. Frederick Farrar, of the French Foreign Legion, has been decorated for valor in the field. He disappeared five years ago after his friends here and in England learned that, as the Rev. Dr. Frederick Farrar, rector of Sandringham, domestic chaplain to King George, he had been dismissed from his court posts. He had not been heard of since until a few days ago.

The Foreign Legion.
For a year he has been fighting in the foreign legion. His persistent courage finally drew attention to him. In addition to other honors it is understood he was offered a commission in the British army by the king, but declined.

His wife was Miss Nora Davis, of Philadelphia, a sister of the late Richard Harding Davis.

It was reported that he was suspected of an offence that made the retention of his high office impossible, and he disappeared. It was reported later he was in British Columbia.
VETERAN LEGIONARY WANTS TO GO BACK

Christy Charles Keen for Trenches After Three Years of It

RELIEVED BY AMERICANS

Yanks' Arrival in Toul Sector Saw Withdrawal of Veteran Machine Gunner

"I want to go back to the trenches," he writes. "And he means it.

You might think that Christy Charles, who put in over three years as a machine gunner in the French Foreign Legion, coming over in August, 1914, and taking part in the big shows of Champagne, 1915; the Somme, 1916; the Aisne, 1917, to say nothing of having been amon the defenders of Verdun for two long periods when things were hottest there—you might think, if you didn't read his letter, that Christy Charles couldn't be blamed for being a bit fed up on war. Not so; he likes it, and in a recent letter to a friend he makes his liking quite plain.

"I want to go back to the trenches," he repeats. "I was anxious to get away when I left, and I never thought I would feel as I do now. It may be very hard for some people to understand, but anyone who has had a few years' service out there could imagine the feeling."

"A few years' service," eh? Yes, quite a few; for Charles went right into the early trenches, which weren't the comfortable trenches they are today by a long shot. His preliminary training was only about six weeks long. With the other Americans in the Foreign Legion he helped hold the lines before Craonelle in Champagne early in the autumn of 1914; and there were no leaves for any of the outfit until the following July. In fact, he has been in the thick of it from that day right up to the time the Americans went in north of Toul last winter, when he came out of that sector with the Zouaves and Legionaries that make up the Moroccan division—relieved, as it happened, by his own countrymen.

Younger Brother Drafted

Hearing that his younger brother, René, had been drafted into a machine-gun company of the National Army, Christy asked to be transferred to the American forces, as to be in with him.

Inasmuch as his brother was not yet in France, he requested, in common with a number of other Legionaries of technical experience, to be transferred to the American engineers, hoping at a later date to go back to his old trade of machine gun plying in company with "the youngster."

He has been doing his work hard and well at a certain engineering headquarters, his experience in warfare standing him in good stead, but his former turns in the trenches only serve to recall to him what he is missing; for—to get back to get his letter—he says he isn't going to wait for his brother any longer. He writes:

Restless to Think of It

"It has made me restless to think of all the fun out there while I am sitting here.... The men I am working under have been more than kind to me, but... in the trenches... the sun always shines as I look back.

"We all know life is not any too sweet out there, but it seems I was brought up in those trenches, for in them I passed from a wild kid into almost a man, and I feel as I had lost my best friend since I left. We are all anxious to get away from danger, once we have gone through it, but after we have been away for a while there comes a longing to go back, and I can assure you the feeling is very strong.

"You may think it's only a change of ideas, but look at Dr.----, who was with us in the beginning. He got a nasty wound during the Champagne affair and was glad to go back home, but after a certain time he got a longing for the old excitement and today is back in the trenches, happy and content. O.---- and the other boys are the same way...

"Tell the boys back home that if they want to see real life, try the doughboy's game, and then they will be able to go back home with a light heart, ready to prove that they have done their bit at a real man's game."
BOY CAPTURED THIRTY
GERMANS SINGLE-HANDED

Richard Allen Blount, son of R. E. Blount of North Carolina, who captured 30 Germans single-handed while fighting with the foreign legion at Verdun. Young Blount joined the foreign legion over a year ago and has seen heavy fighting. At the time he enlisted his father said he wanted him to account for five Germans. The young American has far exceeded his father's expectations and is still going strong. He was awarded the croix de guerre with palm for his heroic exploit at Verdun.
THE FRENCH FOREIGN

HUMAN DERELICTS WHO FIGHT
UNDER FLEUR-DE-LIS.

A Famous Corps in Which are Many
Distinguished Men who Wish to Hurl
The Past in War’s Oblivion.

Much has been written from time to
time about the French Foreign Legion,
that strange mysterious medley of
men, recruited from nearly every quar-
ter of the earth, who belong to the
French regiments on service in Alge-
ria. The armies of all the great pow-
ers contain men of many different na-
tionalities and interesting past, but the
French Foreign Legion is made up
almost entirely of these nondescripts.
In this cosmopolitan corps are to be
found rubbing shoulders together no-
blemen and gentlemen who have lost
castes, disgraced officers broken down
bankers and notaries, artists and stu-
dents who have failed in life, desertsers
from various armies, escaped convicts,
thieves, pickpockets and men who have
managed to cheat the guillotine or the
halter.

Many Men of Talent.

It is certain that there are numer-
ous Teutons and especially Alsatians
in the legion, but, then, many of the
Austrians also put themselves down
as Germans, while Frenchmen who
desire, for reasons best known to
themselves, to remain utterly unknown
inscribe themselves as Belgians, Swis-
son and sometimes as Italians. Among
the adventurers and castaways there are
men who are to be heard discussing
Kant, Leibnitz, and, in another
connection, Wagner in their barrant
rooms or along the free shaded prin-
cipal street of Sidi-bel-Abbes. There
are common legionaries who know five
or six languages, and who can quote
ancient and modern writers. Others
are marvelous musicians, actors, ac-
countants. When they die in the col-
onies or in battle they are thrown into
a hole and covered up, but there is
generally a prayer said over the dead
comrade by somebody who “plays the
priest” for the occasion.

In such a collection of men vice is
naturally rampant. The greatest vice
in the corps is love of drink. A legi-
onary would laugh at the apostles of
temperance or teetotalism. In Alge-
ria ten bottles of wine can be had
for a franc and ten glasses of absinthe
for fifty centimes. In these circum-
stances it is not surprising that a
course of Algeria is detrimental not
only to the legionary, but also to the
ordinary French messman.

Officers and Men Alike.

The officers of the French Legion
are in many respects like their men.
Many of them are, of course, “rank-
ers,” and all are as brave as their
men. Their isolated life makes them
studious, and they are not above tak-
ing lessons from legionaries possess-
ing more erudition or technical knowl-
edge than themselves. They have ap-
pointed as one of their lecturers a
corporeal who had been a colonel of en-
gineers in the Austrian army. Al-
though the legionaries do not read
many newspapers, echoes of far off
events reach them from time to time
and they occasionally call each other
by the names of men famous in the
world beyond Sidi-el-Abbes. Thus a
German Alsatian named Kirchner was
usually called the sirdar, in allusion
to the post formerly held in Egypt by
the present English commander in
chief in South Africa.

Distinguished Persons in the Legion.

Those mysterious men of the legion
enter it one fine day and as soon as
they are clothed in uniform sedulously
endeavor to forget their pasts. They
never speak of themselves, and they
die as they lived in the legion—human
enigmas. Nothing can ever be known
about them or their antecedents. A few
have been identified or found out by
the officers. One, for instance, had
been a leading tenor in the opera
house of a great European capital. A
Prussian who was killed in Tonquin
was found to be a genuine count and
the son of a high military official. In
1897 one Albrecht Friedrich joined the
Second Battalion of the legion. He
was about 25, of distinguished man-
ners, reserved and silent about his
past. He died at Fort Geryville, Al-
geria, and three days afterward a par-
y of German official persons came for
his body, which they took away with
them on board their special steamer,
bound for Hamburg. According to the
authorities, the dead legionary was a
cousin of Emperor William of Ger-
many.
STRENUOUS LIFE OF FOREIGN LEGION

In Trenches With Americans of Famous French Unit.

READY FOR FEAST OR FIGHT

There Are Men From Every Part of the United States and From the Higher to the Lesser Degrees in the Social Scale—Galveston Negro Serving as Cook Mourned by All When Killed.

London.—Always ready for a feast or a frolic and the greatest fighting unit in the French army is the description applied to the French-American Foreign legion by one of its members, Phil Rader, Chicago writer, artist and soldier.

Back on a furlough from the trenches, where sometimes waist deep in water the troops hide from the terrific artillery fire, the Chicagoan painted an intimate word picture of the type of men who have adopted the tricolor as their flag in the present war.

"There are Americans in the service from every part of the United States and from every walk of life," said Rader. "I think the most interesting of the whole lot that I met was Eugene Jacob, whose wife is running his butcher shop in Pawtucket, R. I., while he fights for France. Both he and his wife were born in Belgium.

"Jacob is the most fervent German hater that I know of. Even during the Christmas truce he refused to lay his feelings aside, and just before we left our trenches to meet the Germans and exchange cigars and greetings he fixed his bayonet and declared that if we brought a single German into the trench he would kill him. And all day Christmas he sulked.

Fought, Then Shook Hands.

"Then, later, one day a German who was drunk wandered into our trenches and taunted us, but we respected his bravery and admired him. But not Jacob. He and the German had a dandy fist fight in the trench, but afterward they shook hands and became friends. Jacob told the camp if he had whined he would have killed him, but that he had found that he was a man even though he was a German.

"Bartlett Donnell of Brooklyn was killed by a shell while I was near him. He told me that he came to the war because his girl had told him to go out into the world and accomplish something. I don't know who the girl was, but she lost the coolest, quietest and bravest man in the legion.

"Another American is from St. Louis, John Street, an evangelist. He grew very hopeful that a reconciliation was coming during the Christmas truce, when we smoked, walked arm in arm and played with the Germans. The following day Street got out of his trench in the early morning and waved his hand to a German friend in a trench fifty feet distant. A bullet went through his head and he dropped dead.

Missed Negro Singer.

"George Ullard, a Galveston negro, was our cook and a fine one. He was the best singer for hundreds of feet on both lines of trenches, and the Germans loved his songs. He taught them to sing 'Sailing Down Chesapeake Bay,' but one day a shell blew Ullard's trench to pieces and he was killed. Next day the Germans yelled to us to have George sing. When we told them that he was dead they yelled back that they were sorry, as all of the riflemen in the trenches had agreed not to shoot the cheerful black man who sang so well."

Rader was mentioned in dispatches for destroying a straw stack in which four German machine guns had been hidden. Rader and two companions fastened beef leaves to a gunny sack and, shielded by it, crawled to the straw stack through a beet field and set fire to it. For forty-seven days, Rader says, he was in trenches filled with water and mud.
Foreign Legion Proud of History

By ERNIE PYLE

SIDI-BEL-ABBES, Algeria. — The home of the French Foreign Legion was a great and pleasant surprise to me.

I expected it to be a slovenly tent-camp out in an almost unbelievable desert, with dirty cutthroat troops and brutal-looking officers.

Everything is just the opposite. The headquarters is in a city of 60,000 people, with fine sidewalk cafes and paved streets and modern, apartment houses. It is not in the desert at all, but in rich farming country.

The Legion buildings form a sort of academy, right in the heart of the city. There are four-storied permanent barracks, and fine parks inside the walls, with many flowers and extraordinarily clean grounds and buildings.

There are museums, and beautiful statues and monuments about the grounds. There are nice homes for officers and noncoms and their families.

Officers are uniformed as though by Bond St., and most of them might be American businessmen or professors as far as looks are concerned.

At St. Cyr, the West Point of France, the top man in each class has the privilege of choosing where he shall serve. And it is a tradition that he always chooses the Foreign Legion. So the Legion is led by career men.

Legionnaires tell me that many of the officers, though strict, are almost fatherly in their attitude toward the soldiers. And certainly the ones I've met are, without exception, gentlemen in anybody's country.

The French Foreign Legion was created in 1831. So it has more than a century of tradition behind it. The Legion is extremely proud of the two museums here in headquarters which depict its history.

On the museum's tiled floors there are beautiful brown-and-white Algerian rugs, somewhat similar to our own Navajo Indian rugs. Around the walls are cases after case of Legion mementos—old swords, flags, pieces of uniform, guns, bullets, decorations.

The walls are hung with hundreds of pictures of Legion members who have died gloriously. Life-sized wax figures standing around the wall of one room show the dozen or so types of uniform worn by the Legion over the years.

The museum isn't wild or exotic, as you might think. It is almost like a little section of the Smithsonian. A Belgian corporal acts as guide and gives you a little Cook's tour explanation of everything. Souvenir postcards and booklets are for sale.

The Legion's most prized memento is,

of all things, a wooden hand. Here's the story:

In 1854 the Legion fought in the Russian Crimea, and in that campaign a Captain Danjou had one hand shot off. So he had a wooden hand made to replace it. The hand is of fine workmanship, the fingers are all jointed, and the thing looks almost lifelike.

Well, the Legion went to Mexico during Maximilian's reign, and there was fought the most memorable battle in its history. A tiny party of 115 Legionnaires barricaded themselves in a hacienda at the town of Cameron, and battled a force of 4,000 Mexicans. All but three of the Legionnaires were killed. It was much like our own Alamo.

Captain Danjou with the wooden hand was killed in this battle. Later his hand was found, and sent back to Sidi-bel-Abbes.

The battle was fought on April 30, 1863. The Legion observes April 30 each year with great parades and reviews. Captain Danjou's hand is brought out in its glass case and stands there as a symbol of what the Legion means.

It all seems a little gruesome, but the Legion feels deeply about it.

The Legion, though hard, is just as sentimental as any other organization. You can see it especially right now among their cavalymen.

The Legion is abandoning its cavalry. Even before this is printed all its beautiful horses will have been sold to farmers, and the cavalry will be motorized.

When we visited the stables we caught them unawares, yet they were so clean and neat they hardly resembled stables. You know how cavalymen feel about their horses. As we came unexpectedly into the stables, we caught a glimpse of one young soldier kissing his horse's forehead as he finished currying it. He was a tough-looking boy who didn't seem capable of tenderness or sentiment.

Something will be lost when the Legion's cavalymen start riding iron horses.