

THEY ARE NOT ALWAYS FIGHTING



American soldiers in France not only enjoy their smokes, but cards as well. The game is probably "strip poker," as two of the men have already discarded their shirts. One has a large safety pin, ready for instant use in case of further losses, but then—note the horseshoe on his shoe.

TELLS OF WILD MOTOR RIDE OVER A SHELL-SWEPT ROAD

By CLARENCE B. KOLLAND.

Paris.—A man can be only so frightened. After that he dies suddenly, or laughs, or both. Also, no matter how scared you are, curiosity survives.

If a shell is coming, you want to see it land. If it is going to swat you, you want to see how it goes about it.

We were going back from the front—back. The battle was behind us. Privately each one of us didn't care how much farther behind us it got. It could pick up its belongings and move away from us as fast as we were moving away from it if it wanted. Nobody would hear a protest from any of us.

At a crossroads our meteoric progress was halted by a young and severe soldier with M. P. on his sleeve.

"You can't pass," he said; "they're shelling the road ahead."

He didn't need to tell us. We knew it. As a matter of fact we could have told him things about that road being shelled that he would never know.

A shell came screaming over our heads to "wham" down alongside the road a hundred yards beyond. It wasn't a big shell. In a calmer moment, and at a greater distance, I might have admitted that it was a little shell, an insignificant shell, a negligible three-inch shell. But when it went over my head I was willing to take oath that it was a 42 centimeter. When I was dug out of the ditch into which I had dived and the mud scraped out of my eyes I took a last look down the road.

Cap as Shock Absorber.

Something was paining me in the region of the knees. Also there was a sound resembling that made by Brother Bones in the minstrel show. Minute examination demonstrated that the pain was caused by the knees assaulting each other venomously. I stuck my cap between them as a shock absorber and looked again.

It was a busy little road. It was not a popular road. Everybody on it had taken a dislike to it and was moving away with enthusiasm. In the distance were three German prisoners and one American private. The private was on a horse. It looked a very fast horse, but the Germans were having trouble with it. It kept getting in their way. They stumbled over it.

"Wham" came another shell. It's explosion was almost drowned out by the sounds of concussion at my side. They were caused by the beating together of the knees of the driver of the Y. M. C. A. car and by those of a buck private. Their note was different, and the meter dissimilar, but the air was much the same. I could not quite make out which accomplished the most knocks to the minutes, nor which was loudest.

Several ration carts were approaching. It was no slow, dignified, matronly progress. Anybody who believes a team of mules is incapable of speed should have been there to see. The ration carts were filled with hard tack. The hard tack was as scared as anything else, and was trying to keep up to the cart—but it was out of luck.

It had no arms to hang on with. The air was full of hard tack. It flowed out behind those ration carts like a ribbon. It was a snowstorm of hard tack, and nobody paused to ask where it fell.

Ditches Are Popular.

Every ditch was unbelievably popular. It didn't have to be a deep ditch nor a clean ditch. Any common or garden variety of ditch would do. A six-foot man was perfectly able to conceal himself in a six-inch ditch. Heads would poke up, and another shell would land. Immediately it would become a scene of desolation, a lifeless waste.

After awhile an airplane went overhead to locate the battery that was causing all the rumpus. Then the battery stopped.

"Go ahead," said the M. P. "They're through now."

He is the last M. P. I shall ever believe. This is positive. He meant well, and spoke the truth according to his lights, but his lights were dim. We

NEAR BODY OF BROTHER WERE 7 DEAD HUNS

New Brighton, Pa.—"Today we were up on the battlefield to bury our boys and we found Verner among the dead. Now, dad, do not worry too much. He died game. He still held his rifle in his hands and there were seven dead Huns in front of him." This was in a letter received by John McFarland from his son, telling him of the death of another son on the Marne battlefield.

the seams of my pants for the same reason.

"Get in," said he. "I never saw a car so difficult to mount, so high to climb, but I got there. The driver cranked it and we started away with gay, nonchalant waves of the hand.

We had to climb a hill. I suggested that maybe the engine needed a little tinkering before we tried it, but the driver thought not. I could have found troubles in that engine that would have held us there a week. But we went on.

All of a sudden the air filled up with the holler of a shell. It busted vehemently, but I didn't see it. I was where I couldn't see, with my head down among the control levers. A few pieces of roof and debris settled on my back, but I was not annoyed. The more that settled there the better I would be protected.

"Shall we go on?" the driver asked. "I'm just a passenger," said I with steady courage. "I can't jump out while you are moving—at this rate, anyhow."

Knew It Was a Roof.

Another shell landed, this time on the roof at our very elbow so to speak. I didn't have time to join the levers again, so I saw it. It landed on a roof, because I saw the roof just before it landed. I will never see that roof again. Our acquaintance was brief. As I looked the roof moved away from there hastily. It sought divers destinations, many of which were in, at or around us. Tiles and plaster and dust filled the air.

"Mister," said I, "step on her. She's standing still."

"We're doing sixty an hour if we're doing an inch," he said.

It was not true. I can prove it. It took us 12 minutes, actual count, to pass a tree. Afterwards the driver told me it wasn't a tree, but a woods several kilometers long, but he was mistaken. I know a single tree when I see it, and I counted that tree again and again.

"I hope," I said, "that the soldiers get this tobacco. I hope they get it soon. Let's see, they're in dugouts, aren't they? You don't need to bother about taking it to them. I'll do that. I haven't chatted with these boys for quite a while, and much as I dislike the closeness of a dugout I think I can sacrifice myself today and stay down with them a little while. By the way, it's a dugout with a thick roof, isn't it?"

"Mister," said he gravely, "the man that gets into that dugout first is the fastest runner in the A. E. F. Y. M. C. A."

Which was true. I am the champion sprinter.

Chooses Army to Trial.

St. Louis.—Judge Bass, in the court of criminal correction here, gave Joseph Luzynski, twenty-three, the choice of enlisting in the United States tank service or facing trial on the charge of burglary in the second degree. Luzynski decided to enlist.

NEW BATTLEPLANE IS SPEEDSTER

Machine Being Built at Cleveland Shows Up Well in the Tests.

Cleveland, O.—A new type of battleplane is now being turned out here at the new plant of the Glenn L. Martin company, and the first of the planes, now being put through its acceptance tests, has shown exceptional maneuvering ability for its size, as well as speed in climbing and straightaway flying.

The new Martin plane is much larger than the battleplanes now in use by the allies in Europe. It has a wing spread of 75 feet and is powered with two 400-horsepower motors. In addition to regular equipment it has a carrying capacity of 2,400 pounds, and is said to be so constructed that there is no "blind" spot, or line of approach which its guns do not cover.

The machine, equipped with machine guns, showed on first test flights that it could be handled as

COOK GETS FORTUNE BUT STILL ON DUTY

Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C.—H. H. Miles, cook at the patients' kitchen base hospital here, received notification recently that a distant relative died and left him \$150,000. Miles is still cook at the hospital and does not wish to change his career even if he could. Miles' home is at Tarboro, N. C. He has spent several years in the army and navy.

readily as the smaller battleplanes and answered to all requirements. Other machines of the same type are in process of manufacture and will be turned out in a steady stream from now on.

MRS. WILLIAM J. SMYTHE



Mrs. William J. Smythe, a New York society woman, as a member of the American Defense Society has obtained 5,000 signatures on a petition to congress urging the suspension of all German-language newspapers in this country.

A GOOD IMPULSE

By MILDRED WHITE.

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"What a change, Edna, in two short years! Life then was one round of pleasure." "Oh, cheer up, Alice Clayton. Busy yourself with what's going on today and you'll find enough to do. Here I am puzzling myself to find a way to pay car fares, room, rent, buy lunches and now a War Savings stamp each month, and all on a salary of \$10 a week."

The Claytons at one time had been among the wealthiest families in Seaville. Of late fate had dealt harshly with them; mother and father had been victims of an auto accident and a sudden change in the stock market had left them with little more than the old homestead.

"I have it, Alice!" exclaimed Edna after a few thoughtful moments. "All that old jewelry we have in the bottom of our trunk I will take to the melting pot tomorrow. Guess I will at least get one War Savings stamp for all we have stored away, and that will be my stamp for June. Come along now and help me get it out. Oh, there's my little silver watch, nearly ten years old. I doubt if I used it a dozen times. How proud I was the night I first wore it." Lunch hour next day was devoted to disposing of her treasures, and evening found her overjoyed with the results. "Oh, sis!" cried Edna; "just look—two War Savings stamps! Isn't that great? I'm so happy I don't know what to do."

"Yes, Edna, it's fine," said Alice; "you're always so fortunate in all your undertakings."

"The little watch I gave to the Red Cross," continued Edna excitedly, "as they said it was too good for the melting pot."

An eventful month followed, and then came Edna's big vacation. "A fine chance to mend your old clothes," advised Alice as she was leaving for work Monday morning.

"Yes," said Edna as she curled herself up on the couch, buried in one of the latest novels.

Monday morning Fred Morse had been discharged from St. Vincent's hospital, and expected to sail for New York the following day. Two long weeks, the longest he had known in his whole life, had been spent in this hospital, the result of having been injured during his bit. Together with four others, he had been chosen to give a course of lectures at Camp Upland, and the next day they were to start for the U. S. A.

"I'm completely lost without my wrist watch," said Fred to his nurse, Miss Synd.

"Perhaps I can get you one; it was only last night the president of our Red Cross branch announced the receipt of some watches, and if there are any left I will get one for you."

"There," said Miss Synd as she presented Fred with a watch that afternoon, her great brown eyes sparkling with joy, "the only one left." Fred thanked her sincerely and, opening the case, a small piece of paper dropped out, on which was written: "Contributed by Edna M. Clayton, Seaville, Mass." Was he still unconscious, or was it really true? Yes, it surely was so, for there on the cover was the familiar monogram, "E. M. C."

For some time he sat dreaming. In fancy she was with him once again. He could hear her gayly chatting or humming a song as they paddled up river in his favorite canoe. And Edna, pink-cheeked and eyes of azure blue, with her fair golden curls blowing in the gentle summer breeze, resting so comfortably among the cushions.

"Well," thought Fred, "my dear old sweetheart, I'll give you the surprise of your life when I land in New York."

The persistent ringing of the doorbell roused Edna from her reading. What! A letter from Fred Morse postmarked New York! Could it be possible? Quickly tearing open the envelope she read of his receiving the wrist watch and the slip of paper inside. "Will be home by Wednesday. Could we plan for a canoe ride Thursday evening? I will phone you Wednesday night."

Fred could hardly realize that Fred was really coming to see her again, as she had thought he had long since forgotten her. Anxiously she waited for the phone call, and with still greater anxiety for Thursday evening to come.

The great, beautiful moon cast its silvery light upon the old familiar river as Fred and Edna slowly paddled to their favorite "cozy corner." Sheltered by overhanging branches, Fred settled himself down beside Edna. Gently drawing her head to his shoulder, he whispered, "Will you be my own sweetheart forever, Edna? I will be here for a month, and how happy I would be to know that you were really mine before I return to camp. Say yes, dear, and don't keep me in suspense." Edna faintly murmured the desired "Yes," and as Fred brushed back her fair golden curls he kissed and kissed the rosy lips soon to be his very own.

"It seems all too good to be true," said Edna a few hours later as they paddled toward the boathouse. "Who ever dreamed of so much good luck coming from that melting-pot scheme?" "It was well for you," said Fred gazing at his wrist watch, "that you were rescued from that melting pot or I would not be the happy fellow I am tonight. And hereafter, Edna, I shall take the greatest pleasure in providing you with stamp to the fulfilment of your pledge, my own sweetheart, the dearest girl in this whole wide world."

Frock and Fabric

Simple Garments Regarded Best for Present Wear.

Charm of Summer Clothes Has Worn Off and Fall and Winter Plans Receive Attention.

Just now is the bewitching and between season. The newness of summer fashions has worn off, and plans are being carried out for fall and winter clothes. One lives in the present these days, in fashions as well as everything else, and with the simple timely frocks, whose lovely fresh colorings and sheer textures are valuable aids in presenting to the world that "bien sougue" appearance that is the secret of true chic.

There is apparently no limit to the variety of materials. All the old favorites and many new ones have made their appearance. Soft pastel shades and neutral tones with here and there a bright tint for emphasis, reveal a sense of fitness which with women is almost an instinct. Dotted muslin, organdie whose surface is broken by tiny hairline stripes or checks, embroidered batistes and voiles, as well as mull which is found in such a wide range of beautiful shades are featured in any number of delightful little frocks whose chic simplicity is accentuated by their lack of trimming. One type of gown is made of pale corn color mull with chemisette, cuffs and sash of crisp white organdie. It would be quite as attractive if developed in fine French voile or dimity.

Every woman to her taste this year, especially in the choice of materials, for happily the set rules of other days have gone by the board. It isn't so long ago that a silk gown was a costume reserved for occasions more or less ceremonious. There is scarcely any time during the day or night when silk garments cannot be worn with the utmost propriety. This summer is decidedly a silk summer, and nothing could be more attractive than the clothes designed for country wear. One dares not think what would happen to some of the startling costumes if they were subjected to only a few, for most of the silk fabrics are made to withstand the effects of rough wear.

The next two months are particularly trying. One does not feel like indulging in more summer clothes, and with the exception of hats, autumn modes are still in the distance. There are some wonderfully alluring veils whose interesting and novel patterns help to create that little air of elusiveness characteristic of a chic Parisienne.

Very pretty is a veil that has a large mesh and a delicate tracery undoubtedly inspired by the crinkle work of batik prints. The border is more definite, and while the veil may be worn entirely over the face, a far more piquant effect is given if it is arranged so that the border comes just to the top of the nose. Another veil as chic and most becoming has spiral designs made of graduated chenille dots. A wide border formed of inch-wide squares outlined in chenille, appears on a veil as smart as it is new.

SHIELD FOR CHIFFON SLEEVES

Protection Need Not Be Disfiguring or Conspicuous If Made From Fine Material.

Have you ever had any difficulty with your sheer chiffon and georgette sleeves drawing and wearing into holes across the upper forearms? Or perhaps you have been afraid to risk the danger of their doing this very thing, and for that reason have denied yourself the pleasure and satisfaction of putting transparent sleeves in your silk and serge frocks. In either event, you will be glad to know of a simple little device which is a sure proof against this particular form of annoyance and waste.

The beauty of a transparent sleeve is the lovely soft line it gives the shoulder of a blouse, and so its whole object would be entirely refuted were any bulky sort of lining made for it. But, as in most cases, it absolutely refuses to stand the strain of wear unaided; something must be done to reinforce it. This can be done very easily, and almost invisibly, by cutting.

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FOR LATE SUMMER MILLINERY



Feathers are a popular feature of late summer millinery. Above is shown a Russek hat that has been artistically adorned with two plumes which are especially graceful on this pale blue georgette creation.

LOOSE PANEL EFFECT



ting a shield-like shape from some soft and pliable material such as indestructible chiffon or china silk, and fastening it into the armhole under the sleeve and across the upper part of the arm. Then the transparent material of the sleeve is tucked lightly to the lower edges of this piece, thus removing all strain from the shoulder to the middle of the forearm. As this is the very area in which the greatest strain is applied, the use of this little device will ensure just about twice as long a period of wear for the sleeves thus safeguarded. And the shield protection need not be at all disfiguring or conspicuous if it is made from fine material of just the right shade, and set in carefully without drawing or pulling.

COZY, ARTISTIC LIVING ROOM

Sunshiny, Floor Covered With Neutral Gray Filler Carpet, Walls Blue, Woodwork White.

One of the most beautiful living rooms the writer has ever seen, observes a correspondent, was a bright, sunshiny one, with a floor covered with a neutral gray filler carpet. The walls were in plain old blue, the woodwork white. The tall brick fireplace, with the white overmantel, and the built-in book shelves, were quite noticeable features in the room and decidedly helped the colonial furniture.

For there was a mahogany gateleg table in the center of the room, a large armchair and a wall chair with a rush seat.