

# McCLURE'S



Win-the-War

Magazine

JULY  
1918

15¢

Find out what is  
"Behind the Door"  
by  
Gouverneur Morris

Painted by  
Neysa McMein

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, NEW YORK



# THESE MOTHERS' SONS ARE FIGHTING FOR YOU

**25 Cents Lent to the Government Will Help Save a Soldier's Life**

**T**Hese God-given women—over a million strong—are giving their boys to make this a safe world for you and for me. And they ask nothing in return. Gladly they give what is more to them than their own lives without even a single complaint. Perhaps you and I can't go to war; perhaps we're needed at home. But that doesn't let us out. We've got to do our bit just the same.

And now comes Uncle Sam and says: "Lend me your pennies—25 cents at a time. I need them to help win this war and to save our boys' lives."

For today wars are fought with money, and every penny counts. 25 cents isn't much. It's a sum you can easily spare every few days, and you'll probably never miss it. But just think what 25 cents multiplied by a hundred million—the number of people in this country—amounts to. It's twenty-five million dollars! So you see, your pennies are needed—no matter how few you can spare.

## You Don't Give—You Lend

The mothers of this nation are giving the lives of their boys—yet you are not asked to give your money, but to *lend* it at 4% interest.

How can any man or woman, any boy or girl,

fail to serve and lend their pennies when their mothers are *giving* the lives of their boys.

And your money is as safe as your country. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS are backed by the entire United States and issued by the Government.

Surely there isn't a single person out of the hundred million who will fail to heed this call-for-thrift from good old Uncle Sam.

### How You Can Make Your Quarters Work for You

There are two kinds of War Savings Stamps—25c. Thrift Stamps and \$5 stamps. The \$5 stamps sell for \$4.16 during May, 1918, and for 1c. additional each month thereafter, during 1918. That is, \$4.16 in May, \$4.17 in June, etc. The Government will pay you \$5 for each of these W. S. S. in January 1923.

The 25c. stamps sell at all times for 25c.—The price does not change. When you buy your first 25c. stamp at the post office or any bank or store, you will be given a Thrift Card with spaces for sixteen 25c. stamps (\$4 worth).

When the card is filled take it to the post office, pay 16c. additional—if you do it in May, after that 1c. additional each month, and you will receive a \$5 stamp, which is described above.

**Your Money Back.** If you are obliged to sell your \$5 stamp any time before January, 1923, the Government will buy it back from you at more than you paid for it. Its value increases 1c each month, as it earns interest.

**War Savings Stamps** are for sale at post offices, banks, department stores, cigar stores, and other authorized agencies.

**National War Savings Committee**  
Washington



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U. S. Gov't Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

McClure's Magazine

New York City



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This set contains a Durham-Duplex Razor with white American ivory handle, safety guard stropping attachment and package of 3 Durham-Duplex double-edged blades (6 shaving edges), all in a handsome leather kit. Get it from your dealer or from us direct.



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# McCLURE'S School Directory

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN WASHINGTON, D. C., CONNECTICUT, GEORGIA, KENTUCKY, ILLINOIS, INDIANA, MARYLAND AND MASSACHUSETTS

### National Park Seminary

In Washington, D. C., Suburba  
**JAMES E. AMENT, Ph.D., D. D., President**  
 The definite object of the Seminary is to offer a condensed college course for young women graduates of high and preparatory schools. The formal courses of study are supplemented by complete departments of instruction in Music, Art, Education, Domestic Science, Physiology, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial Training, Library Methods and Business Law.  
 An illustrated and carefully prepared catalog, setting forth the purpose and details of the Seminary will be mailed upon request. Address:  
**REGISTRAR, NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY**  
 Box 152 Forest Gate, Maryland

**McCLURE'S MAGAZINE** offers a special school service free of charge to its readers. The purpose of this service is to assist you in the selection of a school or college. Read all the announcements in this directory. If you have difficulty in deciding the school which best meets your requirements, write to the School Service Department, McClure's Magazine, McClure Building, New York City, giving location and purpose of the school required, whether for boy or girl, and your own name and address. Our School Service Department will see that you receive the information you desire.



### BREAU College Conservatory

The College offers a special course leading to a B. A. degree. The Conservatory offers instruction in all branches of music including singing, drawing, and all modern instrumental music. The Conservatory offers instruction in all branches of music including singing, drawing, and all modern instrumental music. The Conservatory offers instruction in all branches of music including singing, drawing, and all modern instrumental music.

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 By direction of President Wilson, industry united for the Junior and Senior Divisions. Reserve Officers' Training Corps was established in this institution. The Government has the highest rating attached.

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The world demands leadership. The world needs brains. Brains that are efficient—the result of training, not inspiration. This is the age of opportunity in which men and women attain equally as never before.

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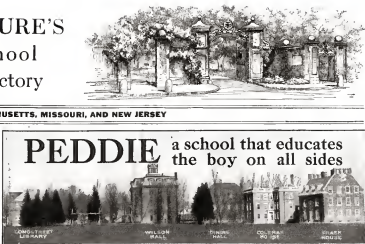
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# McCLURE'S School Directory



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only year. New building. Complete course in  
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RESPONSIBILITY, initiative, the simple  
R. made the steady, clear-thinking brain  
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POWDER POINT'S policy toward each boy,  
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EDUCATED leaders of men are in supreme  
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work now require, beyond any previous limit,  
that the American boy be fitted for college  
and engineering schools by virile, patriotic men  
in strong, democratic schools where ethical  
training is of the truest kind and where physical  
and military training fit their proper  
place.  
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A country school, 13 miles from New York, College  
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I want to tell you  
what a fairy godmother Ivory soap  
has been in helping me to get ready  
for my vacation.

My rather small salary must  
meet the needs of Little Mother and myself  
and the upkeep of our small home, there-  
fore a vacation trip means strict economy  
in planning clothes. Yet I do love to  
be fresh and dainty so here is where

my fairy godmother waves her wand  
and I find my soiled crêpe de Chine waist  
went into a basin of warm Ivory suds,  
was rinsed, dried in a bath towel,  
carefully pressed, and came out as pretty

as when it was new.

Then I sponged my last summer's  
suit with Ivory suds till it looked  
bright and fresh.

I had a pair of champagne colored  
pumps which were much soiled. Ivory  
paste cleaned them and new boys so  
transformed them that several have  
remarked, "What pretty slippers" Yet I  
had thought them quite beyond hope  
at the end of last season.

White silk gloves next received the  
magic touch and now come the  
question of transforming my black  
hat, which I had never liked, into  
something I should enjoy wearing.  
A thro' sponging with warm Ivory  
suds restored its glossiness and made  
the straw pliable so it was easily  
bent into another shape. Then I

bought a white satin rose and tacked  
it on jauntily. When my city cousin  
saw it she said, "Your new hat is  
awfully cute."

That my hair might lie softly  
beneath the hat it received an Ivory  
shampoo. And when my suitcase  
was packed on the very top lay a new  
bar of Ivory, for even a fairy godmother  
must sometimes repeat her magic.

As I reflected happily on how  
much I owe to Ivory, the thought  
came to me that perhaps you might  
use some part of my experience with  
Ivory for one of your divo advertisements.  
If not I shall at least have had the  
satisfaction of saying a thank you for  
the happiness Ivory added to my vacation.

Very sincerely yours,

Eva E. W.





"Over Tavish's  
shoulder I saw  
it, too. It looked  
like. . . . I  
clutched Tavish  
for support"



Illustrations  
by  
W. H. D.  
Koerner

## Behind the Door

by Gouverneur Morris

I COULDN'T sleep for a cent. I was either wide awake and worrying about things that weren't of the slightest importance, or else I was ridden by nightmares. This was natural enough, but mighty unpleasant. Tavish, the mate, was having a bad night, too. Sometimes, when we were both awake at the same time, we talked.

"Damnation," said Tavish once, "you might know that soon or late the German streak would crop out in him; never showed a sign of it before, though."

"Blood's a thick thing," I answered. "Personally, though, I didn't want to see the man drown. And

I'd started to turn away when the skipper jumped — how high is the bridge above sea level?"

"A good thirty-five feet," I said, "I never saw a finer rescue."

"Oh, that part was all right. What gets my goat is the way the skipper coddled the brute when he got him aboard; puts him in his own bed, has blankets and

prog heated special. That torpedo didn't *wreck* more than get by."

Tavish shivered as if he were cold. I could hear him. "I suppose," I said, "that when you've saved a man's life you can't help kind of softening toward that man — but what a peach of a shot Ryan made! First crack right out of the box! I suppose they felt so sure the torpedo would get home that they came up. Idiots!"

"How does Captain Krug know," said Tavish, "that the German commander — what is he, a lieutenant? — hasn't murdered women and children? By Gawd, I think it's sickening, and I'll tell him so."

"I won't go as far as that," I said, "but it sickens me, too."

Tavish got up, stepped into his sea boots, and went



out. I think I dozed off, but I was awake when he came back.

"All serene?" I asked.

"Yep."

He kicked off his boots and lay down.

"I keep dreaming that I hear something groaning," I said.

"Something groaning? That's just what I thought I heard. That's why I went out just now. It's the ship, I guess. All old ships make spooky noises at times. The *Robert E. Prill* seems to be a groaner. Did you hear that? . . ."

"That wasn't the ship, Tavish. . . . I'll go this time."

I had my legs over the bunk and was feeling groan for my boots, when the groan was repeated. It was the groan of something in awful pain, but too sick to make much noise. It didn't seem to come from any particular direction.

I listened at Captain Krug's door, and then went on deck. The whole sky was on the move, wet clearing-clouds ripping and tearing across the face of the moon. Rags and streaks of the scudding clouds had been caught on the sharp top of Gibraltar. The little bay held at least a hundred ships of all descriptions. I could make out the camouflaging on the one nearest us. She pointed to the sea like a Nuke falling down a stair.

The wind came in gusts—soft and wet. I prowled about for a while, listening; but the groan wasn't repeated.

"Nothing doing, Tavish. I guess it's our nerves. You don't dodge all the subs in the Mediterranean for nine days and nights, without feeling the strain somewhere. Good night, again."

"Good night to you," said Tavish.

It was anything but.

We made a light after a while, and played fan-tan, and nipped into a flask of whiskey that I had bought in Genoa.

We heard a door shut, and then someone knocked on Krug's door. It was the skipper himself.

Captain Krug looked white and drawn.

"I saw your light," he explained, "and knew you must be awake. Come and visit with me. I'm going to boil coffee."

**CAPTAIN KRUG** had swell quarters. A little sitting-room with a shelf of books and an easy-chair and a sofa; and a thing with lots of drawers for his clothes; and beyond that his bedroom; he had an iron bed instead of the usual bunk; and beyond this, mighty cramped, but a big asset, was a jogue like a sentry-box in which he had set up a first-rate shower-bath.

"Sit up," said the skipper, "and make yourself at home."

In the middle of the table, very nicely stuffed and mounted, was a fine specimen of black-breasted plover. Captain Krug was very proud of it. And when you were invited to his cabin you always admired it.

"With a little teaching and practise," he said, "I could have made a living mounting birds and beasts.

I did a real good bald eagle once, but this fellow is my *Chiff Dover*. In 1916 I came pretty close to leaving the sea and taking up my old hobby seriously.

He moved his masterpiece to the top of the bookshelf and replaced it by a small boiler and spirit lamp arrangement.

"Your shower's leaking again," said Tavish.

The door into the bedroom was ajar. Captain Krug pulled it to, very gently.

"I don't believe a cannon would wake him," he explained, "but I don't want to take any chances." With the complete closing of the door, the steady dripping sound to which Tavish had called attention was cut off.

"He sleeps like a lamb," said Tavish. "I supposed that all Germans snored."

"No," Lieutenant Brant, said Captain Krug. "He used to, I believe; but he had an operation to fix his breathing."

"Then you knew him before?"

"Yes. And I recognized him. That's why I went overboard after him. I wouldn't have done it for any other Boche—and don't forget it."

"He nearly blew us to Hell and gone."

"I know; but—" Here Captain Krug had to give his attention to the spirit lamp.

"He didn't recognize me at all," said he, when he had checked the incendiary and kindled the pale flame. "I guess it's my beard. I used to shave smooth."

Tavish and I were side by side on the sofa. The skipper's head being turned away for the moment, Tavish nudged me and pointed to the skipper's hands. But I had noticed for myself; they were shaking and jumping the way hands do when their muscles are very tired or after their owner has had a very, very bad night and his liquor, as we Americans say, has dried on him.

"Hadh't shaved for some days, though, when I met with Brant, and I haven't shaved since. First trip I made in these waters was in a tanker—the gas caught fire just as we steamed into Genoa harbor—you can see all that's left of the old *Haleyan* on the rocks off Quarto. I started back for New York on an English liner, the *Bristol*, traveling first-class; paid the difference out of my own pocket. There was a mighty sweet little girl on that ship, a mighty sweet little girl. Her folks were New England and she'd been let to study in Milan. She had a beautiful voice—I thought. But it seems it wasn't big enough for grand opera, and never would be. So she was going back home. It was the way she took her disappointment that got me. There wasn't anything in her heart or mind that wasn't sweet and sure. She couldn't be a star? Well and good! She'd be something else; and she'd put her whole soul into it."

"We made a mighty cautious run to Gibraltar, into Toulon and stayed all day, and all day in Marseilles, and we had so many bot drills that I got nervous myself. Then you could tell from the fitful way the electric lights burned how busy the wireless was—we'd hear that subs had been sighted here and there; that the So-and-so was being chased; that the Thingum had got lost and gone to the bottom. She and I were assigned to go away in the same boat—No. 5 on the port side, and it was at the first drill that I made her acquaintance. She had the shoulder-straps of her life belt too long, and I told her, begging her pardon, that if she went overboard that way she was liable to float feet up instead of head up, and I took a hitch in the straps and fixed her right."

"After that we played around together a lot. And I wouldn't wonder if we made the submarines an excuse for sitting up more than half the night. She was the friendliest little girl I ever saw—"

"Was she pretty, Captain?" I asked.

"Pretty? She was better than pretty. She had

character in her face. I think the keynote of her character was faithfulness. I've never seen another human being who had the same look that she had in her eyes—sometimes I've seen it come into the eyes of a dog."

"She wasn't one of your delicate doll girls, but a sturdy, smooth moving little thing—in a big white sweater she wore, she had sort of a boy look to her."

"We'd lean against the white road that led from the coast ship lay. And we got hold of a hook that told about lots of the places. We put in one whole day off Ross on the Bay of Rosas—Rosas on the Bay of Rosas—and she got her mind set on coming back some day and taking the white road that led from the little town to the big hills. 'To Rosas on the Bay of Rosas—and beyond—by the straight road,' that's the way she put it. It was the straightness of that road got her—it hadn't a kink or a turn, and beyond," she'd say, 'by the straight road to the Spanish Castle in the hills.' I'd pretend to look real hard at the hills and study over 'em, and I'd say, 'Are these things hills—these blue billowy things?' And then she'd look and pretend she was studying them over again to make sure—and she'd say, 'Why, no—they're clouds!' And then: 'By the straight road to the Spanish castle in the clouds!'"

"And I'd say: 'What color is the lining?' And she'd say: 'Silver—they're lined with silver.'"

"You know a day's a long time. We fooled a lot about that straight road; but we always came back to the line of talk I've been telling you. I'd be afraid. Sometimes she said the things I've said she said, and sometimes I said 'em. Even when we pulled out of the Bay of Rosas we kept it up. She'd say, 'And beyond?' And I'd answer, 'In the clouds!' Or I'd say, 'How about a Spanish castle in the hills?' and she'd say, 'It would be nicer in the clouds if they had the right kind of lining.' Sometimes I'd pull a silver coin out of my pocket and say, 'What is it?' And she'd say, 'It looks to me like a dime.'"

It was a good tin of ship's coffee the Captain had brewed. Strong stuff; with sugar and condensed milk it went down fine, warmed the lining of your stomach and took the jump out of your nerves. We had two cups apiece with some biscuits. Krug had a queer way of getting his coffee into it. He bent his head close to the cup and used both hands. Possibly he couldn't trust them to carry the cup a longer journey.

"Maybe," said he all of a sudden, "I had to be old to be skyralking with a young girl. Well, I'm short of thirty. It was losing her and the way of it that made me look the way I do."

"No need for me to tell you about the territorial waters of Spain. A ship is just as safe inside the three-mile limit as she is outside of it. We ought to know—we three! One night of a fierce off-shore wind that blew the water flat we got ours; got it into the engine-room and began to sink fast. Noboddy saw the sub. All you could see was the looming Spanish mountains, close to starboard, and the lights of a town."

"The English behaved splendidly; the officers cool, insistent and helpful. And it was nobody's fault that when it came to lowering away the Number Five hoist, the bow tackle broke, so that she dropped from the horizontal to the perpendicular and spilled her whole contents, sailors, men, women, children, curs, muskies into the sea, and then came diving down into the mess nose first. When I came to the surface she was the first thing I made out; and the next was my girl clinging to her and calling me by name—not wild and frightened, but clear and distinct—to show me where she was."

"I was alongside in a few strokes, and once I'd climbed into her, I reached down and got Alice under the arms and pulled her in, too. I could feel her heart beating against my hands, strong and quick, but not frightened. The wind had

[Continued on page 32]



Toward dawn she got sleepy like a little child and cuddled against me and hid her eyes from the light



*Designed by F. Graham Coates*

**Their Last Dance Together, Until—?**

# Thingumajee Thingumajee Jones

by Achmed Abdullah

THE fellow shouldn't be allowed in the Club. He makes the wife of the community face," said Sir Silas Holden, that red-necked, purse-mouthed British merchant knight, one evening at the Shanghai Club over his sherry and biscuits.

"By?"

"Because he's such a preposterous ass. Saw him swing down the Bund this morning, a black cape across his shoulders, thrown so that you could see a bit of the lining—and it was crimson, y'mind! Malacca cane in his left hand. Dragged it rather like a sword. I heard the ferrule click against the pavement. Romantic sound! Steady, sort o' battlin', what? And . . . his hat! Broad-brimmed, floppy! I can't imagine why he doesn't stick a purple ostrich-plume in the band to complete the picture."

Laughter rippled round the table, and Sir Silas continued:

"What! That isn't all. You've seen him like that yourselves. But passing Endicott's Emporium he bumped against a fat old slit-eyed Whangpo River dame shuffling along where she had no business to be—blasted Chink! I bumped into her, and swept off his hat with a grandiose gesture as might be to a bloody duchess. Craved her pardon in English and in what he thought was first-chop Mandarin. And every crowd Chinaman in this city of Shanghai looking on and grinning—and some wine of a half-caste Portuguese shrewt inquiring what inspiring variety of liquor the chap had been imbibing. Gad!"

"Why," chimed in Addison, local agent of the British-India Navigation Line, "even his name's highly improbable. I ain't kicking about the last part: 'Jones.' Regular name, that. But his Christian names! My dear Lord! 'Calthropo de Winton Lee Blesnerhasset'—and then: 'Jones.' C. de W. L. B. Jones! Like a wire-haired fox-terrier wagging a docked tail!"

**P**LURRY Yank edition of a lighted Sir Walter Raleigh, hunched Carley, the Australian who was directing the Shanghai fortunes of the great McDoune export house of Rosenblatt, Macdonald and Co., and who had the face of a cherub that for years has been set on unrelenting chaps, Cumberland pig and Scotch whisky. "Plurry Yank," he gurgled.

Kent, the American consul, nodded him smilingly.

"Wrong there, old man. Jones isn't a Yankee. He's a Virginian, and that's why he sports the lengthy scrag of iron names to that. Look at little Carley over there. Spiffed to the plimsol mark every night. I grant you, but did his share in this town. Fought the Hun's Turkish sick-kick in Mesopotamia—and let his right arm."

"I can lift the glass with my left just as well."

"And you, Silas," Addison went on unheeding, "you're old and fat . . ."

"You're thick. But that didn't keep you from going into the yard at Kiaochow. And our American consul—his country hasn't been in the scrap so long, but I have

it from his clerk that he has sent in his resignation and is only waiting for a cable to hop across and don khaki. And—well—myself. . . ."

"You did yours and got yours at the Marne."

"We all did. But what about Calthropo Thingumajee Thingumajee Jones?"

"Exactly!" Sir Silas's voice rose a hectic octave. "What about our Virginian with his crimson-lined cape and his Elizabethan manners? What's he doing while half the world is clawing at the other half's throat to teach it decency? Is he doing his bit? Not at all! He spends his time drinking ginger-pop at the Club bar and raising his silly hat to slit-eyed Chinkies. No wonder he likes the Chinks—'for I tell you he's yellow'—"

"Good evening, gentlemen," came a soft drawl, and Jones entered, arm in arm with another man.

He had left crimson-lined cape and floppy sombrero in the cloak-room, but even so, in simple black-and-white evening dress, he was still a figure of romance. It was not how he walked or bowed, nor the way he waved his companion into a seat at a corner table not far from the other four. It was in his face: in the thick black hair curling over an ivory-white forehead, the curiously innocent brown eyes, the curve of his short nose with the wide, nervous nostrils, the intensely red mouth that seemed made more for kisses than prayers. The whole man was like the subtle vagary of a forgotten century when men walked about with rapiers at their sides and embroidered waistcoats reaching to their knees.

He had come to Shanghai half a year earlier bringing vague letters of introduction to the American consul from very nice and very official people in Washington. Promptly they had made him a member of the Club, proffering the hospitality—mostly liquid, and entirely hearty—of the small band of White exiles; and just as promptly he had forfeited their good opinion.

"Romantic, affected jekkanapes!" was the dictum. "Thingumajee Thingumajee Jones!"

And, after a while, the savage, grumbling query: "Why isn't he doing his bit?"

They had never said so to his face. But, entering the room at the tail end of Sir Silas's peroration, he must have overheard, and the American consul put it in an embarrassed whisper:

"I wonder if he . . ."

"What of it?" demanded Sir Silas belligerently.

**A**RE you that lonely fellow who envies his neighbor's service flag? Even if you have neither kith nor kin in the war, Dana Gatlin's story "A Star in the Window," coming in the August McClure's, will point a way to service and to honor

"I spoke the truth." And, suddenly, glancing at the corner table: "Isn't that von Pappenheim with him?"

The others turned and looked.

The man with Jones was tall, thin and angular. His narrow face ended in a predatory chin and was furrowed by the dark abyss of deep-set, cynical eyes. The nose heaved away audaciously. There was about

The thrilling yarn of a chap who had been shipped somewhere East of Suez, and a girl who wasted kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot

Illustration by Hamlin Gardner

him an air of steely assurance, superb self-satisfaction hooded under his sharply arched eyelids.

"Yes. It's von Pappenheim." Addison rose, rage distorting his features. "I'm going over there and I'll . . ."

Kent had a hand on his arm.

"You'd do no such thing. We want no scandal in this Club—no fight."

Addison had turned deathly pale.

"You're right, Kent," he said in a headlong and vehement whisper that carried the length of the room. "But I still have the right to pick my company." He swept a long arm round the table. "Come along, you chaps. This room is tainted—with that!"—he pointed openly at Jones—"and that!" pointing at von Pappenheim.

He stalked out of the room, and the others followed. Jones smiled at his companion.

"I'm sorry," he said. "The gentlemen were exceedingly rude. Victims of old-fashioned patriotism, I reckon. Think every German has a dozen hoo. I'm very sorry indeed. What'll you have?"

## II

**C**AME excitement and gossip whirling up and down Shanghai like a leaf in the meeting of winds, from the gaudy opium-houses in the Chankiang Road to the last homesick violet in the gardens of the Foreign Concessions and the palatial Neo-Renaissance trade palaces on the Bund, from the Bubbling Well to that famed mandarin's tea-garden which is said to be the original for the willow-tree pattern, from the yellow, stinking shallows of the Whangpo River to the *Osaka-tu*—the "Praise to Buddha"—curved on the struts of the Fo K'eng temple. French, British, American, Portuguese, and half-castes, all had their say, in the eternal refrain:

"Did you hear about Thingumajee Thingumajee Jones? He's paling up with von Pappenheim—the damned!"

The meanest shrewd-bargering clerks for half-price instant cements on duty, three years outlanded, the yellowest half-breeds complacitor talking of chando and silk with furtive-cyed lascar sailors, the veriest "pajin" Christians of the Old Town, trundling along their putty-faced workmenfolk on creaking, rickety wheelbarrows, added their bit to the flood of sissy abuse. Rightly so.

For von Pappenheim—"Reichgraf Egon Hort Marie von und zu Pappenheim, Major à la suite des *Ersten Garde Dragonen-Regimentes*," to give him full rank and title—was a German, an enemy. Not only that. They might have forgiven him his nationality with the ready sporting instinct of Whites caught in the eddy of a foreign, Yellow world; but he represented to them everything which they hated in the very sound of the word "German"; everything which they counted were trying to crush with blood and iron and treasure and the tears of women—unscrupulous, algæmic cunning, serenely calculated brutality.

For, captured at the taking of Kiaochow and paroled, the man had broken his pledge, had got away from Japan to Russian Manchuria. There, somehow, mysteriously, gold had come to him—also rifles, munitions, and dynamite—and, efficient, coolly couaged, he had spent the gold, distributed the rifles and hacked by thousands of rebelling natives, had waged private war on the Russian Bear and destroyed the



She saw the German come on, fists raised high, features distorted, rage burning in his deep-set eyes. "You—you yellow swine!"

metal of the Trans-Siberian Railway for miles. Again he had been caught and paroled, again broken his word of honor. He had escaped into Chinese territory and shown his fine hand in various unsavory intrigues in the hidden interior provinces, in Shensi and Kansuh, until on the complaints of France and England the Peking authorities had him removed to Shanghai.

Here the Allied consuls had clamored—were still clamoring—for his internment. But the Chinese Government shook his head. He was very, very sorry, he said, but China was not at war with Germany.

"Not yet!" he added with a slow wink in the general direction of Japan. "Of course any time the Allies would speak words of harmonious wisdom to . . ." again a wink towards Japan. . . . "China might declare war. In the meantime China and Germany are at peace. Von Pappenheim is the guest of China, and hospitality is a sacred duty according to certain wise words in the Kin-Kong-King."

But—argued the consuls—von Pappenheim had done this and that. Was doing this and that.

"Have you proof?" asked the Governor.

"No!" It was Sir Silas speaking. "But the German is very intimate with Duke Kung Yi-Hsin, the Manchur. And the Duke is an imperialist, an enemy of the Chinese Republic."

"Have you proof—of that—whatever you imply?"

"No!"

"Ah!" the Governor would breathe, and give a final wink and an apologetic cough.

He had touched the sore spot. They knew that the German was continuing his intrigues in Shanghai, presumably with the Manchu's assistance.

But what was he doing? And how?

They would meet him on the Bund in the morning, and in the afternoon in the Foochow gardens. He laughed when in his hearing they made pointed remarks about the Fatherland. Not an angry nor even an indignant laugh; just an amused, a strangely vain, a strangely hard laugh. And one day when Sir Silas, who was in momentary danger of an apopleptic stroke, relieved his blood pressure by stopping him and telling him in the rough diction of Lancashire what he thought of the man himself, his country, his Emperor, and his flag, von Pappenheim laughed more than ever.

"You—you're a damned Hun!" stammered Sir Silas. "You are . . ."

"Yes," von Pappenheim interrupted in his precise English, "I'm all that."

He owned up to it freely, arrogantly. Yes—his sole creed was the worship of Germany. Brutal selfishness? To be sure. Sir Silas was quite right. He believed in selfishness sprawling unashamed, sublimely unselfconscious, efficiently frightful. He acknowledged neither codified laws nor principles. Germany—he repeated—was his credo and his amen.

"But I do not shrink from my own selfishness, my own brutality. I like it. I glory in it. You people talk—while I am doing things. I am doing

them right under your so red and swollen nose. Sir Silas."

"You are . . ."

"Never mind what I am. Mind what I am going to be, what all Germany is going to be—what I am going to do, what all Germany is going to do."

"You're an infernal, impudent rascal, sir! You—you are ostracized—here—in Shanghai. Nobody'll speak to you. . . ."

"Sort of pariah, aren't I?"

"Exactly!"

And now Jones had brought him to the Club, was buying him drinks, was making a pal of him.

Thingumajee Thingumabob Jones! The cad! The damned traitor!

III

**E**VIDENTLY unmindful of the scandal he was causing, Jones continued to be seen in the German's company. They went for long walks, played billiards and double-dummy bridge, laughed and chatted and joked together.

One afternoon Kent called on Jones and put it up to him with sudden American directness.

"You can't do it," he said.

"What?"

"Go round with von Pappenheim."

Jones raised his eyebrows.

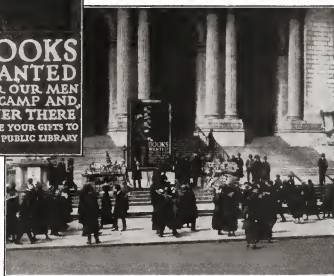
"Mr. Kent," he said, "we are [Continued on page 38]"

# Our Fighting Artists

Some That Have Gone Over the Top  
by Julian Street



"A poster," says C. B. Falls, who painted this one, "should be to the eye what a shout-cummand is to the ear." See how the people have responded to Mr. Falls's order



Of all the men and women, representing innumerable occupations, whose services have been drawn upon by the emergency of war, no group has responded more swiftly, more unanimously, more brilliantly, than the group representing pictorial art in the United States.

From men accustomed to handling large affairs, whether in finance, industry or commerce, most of us felt we had a right to expect a prompt and able answer to the war call. And so it has turned out—demagogues, I. W. W.'s, and the Bolsheviki to the contrary notwithstanding.

From labor, also, we felt we had a right to expect a whole-hearted response, not only because labor has profited so enormously through the war, but because of the simple and ghastly lesson of Belgium, coupled with the German promise that it will be our turn next. Labor knows the story of Belgium. It knows that the German conqueror starved men, women and children, that he deported and enslaved 130,000 workmen, forcing them at the point of the bayonet to leave their wives, children and sweethearts without male protection among the bloody-jawed spik-helmeted wolves.

But what of the artist?

Most of us, I fancy, have not thought very much about the artist in relation to war. In earlier wars he figured very little. His tradition is not military. France is full of paintings of battles, but an authoritative list of the world's greatest canvasses would include very few having war as their inspiration. At the moment I am able to think of but one—Velasquez's "Surrender of Breda."

Now, one of the things which helps us to achieve the wonderful and pitiful misunderstandings we do achieve of men and groups of men, is our tendency to try to typify them in the form of cartoons, either in our minds or on paper. A case in point is that of Roosevelt. Thanks to cartoonists, thousands of persons picture him as all classes, gnashing teeth and fure, and will tell you that though they admire what he did about it or that, he is prone to hasty and ill-advised action—this although his long and multifarious record of achievements reveals him as one of the clearest-thinking and most far-sighted patriots America has in her whole history produced, and one who—especially when the variety of his acts is considered—has made notably few mistakes.

So with groups of men, even up to nations. Before the war we had a rubber-stamp picture of a silly individual in a flat-brimmed silk hat, frock-coat and goatee, who represented what we con-

sidered "a Frenchman." The conduct of France in the last four years has shown us whether or not such a comic figure indeed represents the manhood of our heroic sister-Republic! Similarly, our rubber-stamp for Britain was a fat-headed hummock, with mutton-chop side-whiskers, whose principal trait was lack of comprehension of a joke. Is that our picture of Britain to-day? Hardly! A lean, determined fighting man, a lover of fair play, is the Briton we now recognize as typical, while as for British humor, have we not long adored such playboys as Stephen Leacock and W. J. W. Jacobs; has not the war introduced us to the gallant geniality of Captain Ian Hay Beth, as exemplified in his "The First Hundred Thousand," and other books, and has there ever been keener, more high-hearted jesting than in "Punch" during the past four years?

It is a good thing for us to discard the old rubber-stamps now and then. And it pretty nearly takes a war to make us do it.

Consider, for example, the time-worn figure labeled "Artist"—a dissolute individual with a pointed beard, Windsor tie and velvet coat, snapping his fingers at conventions, rent collectors and responsibility. That is one of the rubber-stamp pictures which should have gone to the scrap-heap long ago.

Do you know what sort of man the successful artist really is? In the first place, he dresses and behaves like a keen business man. There are no "artistic" tags on him; that sort of nonsense went out of fashion years since. He is neither eccentric in costume nor—what is more important—in thought. He has vision but is not a visionary. His eye is things as they are, and his mind is trained to try to understand things as they are. For this reason you find very few artists of ability lined up on the side of the ultra-radicals who were opposed to the draft and who love the I. W. W. and the Bolsheviki.

The proof of this lies in what American artists have accomplished since this country entered the war, for they could not have done the big things they have done were not their hearts, brains and loyalty in exactly the right place.

When the war came to us there had existed in New York for a good many years an organization called the Society of Illustrators, among the two hundred or more members of which were numbered most of the men and women who design the covers and make the illustrations for the magazines you read, and who make the pictures which accompany the best advertisements.

THIS society started, some fifteen years or so ago, as a semi-protective association. One of its earliest achievements was the settling, once for all, of the question whether or not the illustrator sells to the magazine his original drawing including the right of reproduction, or whether the original becomes his property after it has been reproduced. The case was decided in favor of the artist, and it has since come to be generally recognized that where there is no specific agreement to the contrary, the illustrator owns his drawing.

Aside from this, the Society of Illustrators has, for some years, held an annual exhibition of the work of its members, first in New York, then in other cities.

Of late years, however, the trend of affairs in the organization has been toward festivity. Two events—one a costume ball, the other a theatrical performance devised and acted by members—are held annually, and are the choicest occasions of their kind in the New York season. Such was the status of the Society of Illustrators when the United States reverted from pacifism in April, 1917.

A day or two after war was declared seven or eight of the leading illustrators met at the studio of Charles Dana Gibson, president of the society, to discuss what art could do for the war. A committee representing not only the illustrators but the allied arts—painting, architecture and sculpture—was soon organized, and a group of men from this committee betook themselves to Washington for the purpose of offering the best of American art, gratis, to the American Government.

These men represented the ablest artists in the United States; the artists desired no money but wished to give their services; yet what between



"Lend Him a Hand"  
BUY  
LIBERTY BONDS

Gari Melchers, the famous painter, thinks this Sarka poster one of the best that any American has yet done

the lack of any central bureau to deal with, the general confusion and absence of co-ordination between departments, and utter want of artistic appreciation in some quarters, the representatives of art fought themselves for a time in an exceedingly curious situation.

One often hears of the human tendency to regard with suspicion that which is offered free. Whether that trait had anything to do with their early difficulties I cannot say. Suffice it that in many instances the drawings they submitted were mislaid, lost, or put aside in favor of inferior designs submitted by commercial lithographers who were in Washington looking for big government orders.

**N**O business man, seeing government business mishandled in this crisis, could be more sickened by the spectacle than a capable artist would naturally be at seeing government art mishandled. The artists were, then, in precisely the position in which many experts in various other branches of war work found themselves. They saw things going wrong, they offered to set them right without expense to the government, and their offers were held in abeyance, or refused.

We expect the artist to be more high-strung than the business man, and it would not, therefore, have been surprising had the committee of artists become discouraged with Washington conditions (so many men in other walks of life frankly were), ceased to try to give their work to their country, condemned the authorities as ignorant intruders, washed their hands of the whole matter and gone home in a rage.

But that is just what the artists didn't do.

They stuck. They went from department to department, from committee to committee, from Alpha to Omega, from pillar to post, and then back again and around Robin Hood's barn. By degrees they succeeded in interesting some of the powers-that-be. Here and there they got work to do — for nothing. And, at last, to make a long story short, they managed to present their gift-horse to George Creel, of the Committee on Public Information, who quickly recognized the admirable animal for what it was, and without looking into it in the mouth, promptly placed it in a box stall in his publicly racing-stable. That is to say, he constituted the artists' organization a branch of his own committee, under the title, Division of Pictorial Publicity.

Charles Dana Gibson is chairman of the artists' war organization, with Herbert Adams, E. H. Blashfield, Cass Gilbert and Joseph Pennell as associate chairmen. F. D. Casey, art editor of *Collier's Weekly*, is secretary, and H. Devitt Welch, assistant secretary. Mr. Welch, who is the active office man at the headquarters of the Division of Pictorial Publicity, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, is the only paid worker. The members of the executive committee are: William J. Beaulieu, F. G. Cooper, C. B. Falls, Louis Fancher, Malvina Hoffman, Wallace Morgan, Herbert Paris, Henry Reuter Dahl, W. A. Rogers, John K. Sheridan, Harry Townsend, Adolph Treidler, C. D. Williams, Frank J. Sheridan, Jr., Walter Whitehead, Henry Guy Fagel, Ray Greenleaf, and George Illion.

These men meet at dinner once a week, when anyone, artist or otherwise, having requests or suggestions to make regarding pictorial work in connection with the war, may appear and be heard.

When a call comes for a new war poster of one kind or another the requirements of the case are discussed by the committee and the work is assigned to those artists who are

considered best fitted to make the designs. One of the committee members is then appointed a "captain" to take charge of that especial job. The "captain" does not necessarily make a design himself, but is an executive whose duty it is to see that the work is assigned, that the specifications are understood by the artist, and that the drawings are ready on time.

Where an artist chancies to have some special association with one branch or another of the government, he naturally becomes "captain" for the art work of that branch. Henry Reuter Dahl, for example, has long been regarded as the navy's "pet artist" — as Zogham was before him. Marine paintings by Reuter Dahl adorn the steel plates of the ward-room bulk-head of more than one American war craft. Naturally, then, when war came, Reuter Dahl almost automatically took charge of art work for the navy, doing some of it himself, and ordering the rest from his fellow artists. Incidentally, he now wears the uniform of a naval lieutenant.

In a like manner, C. B. Falls, one of the ablest poster men in this country, has adopted, or been adopted by, the Marine Corps. One of the most spirited posters the war has given us is Mr. Falls' flat-tone drawing of a United States marine uttering the Marine Corps yell.

The posters for the Food Commission, which have been numerous and excellent, are handled by "Captain" Illion; those of the War Savings campaign by "Captain" Greenleaf; those made for the ordnance department, with a view to instructing workmen upon certain phases of the war, by "Captain" Whitehead, and so on.

Several large paintings have been done out of doors by members of the Pictorial Publicity Division. Mr. Reuter Dahl, for instance, painted a naval battle, far up upon the wall of a Broadway skyscraper, and Mr. Falls did a large version of his poster appeal for looks for soldiers and sailors, in front of the New York Public Library.

**F**IGHT artists of the organization were recently commissioned captains in the Engineers Reserve Corps and sent to France, where they will make pictures for the government for purposes of illustration and for historical record. There was a great demand among the artists for these commissions, and some wire-pulling occurred, but the executive committee of the Pictorial Division stood firm for the selection of the men best fitted for the work, and with one or two possible exceptions the best men were sent. Every one of these men made a great financial sacrifice in order to go, for the least of them can earn, as an artist, two or three times an army captain's pay, and there is no chance for them to add to the pay of their rank by doing outside work. For \$2,400 per annum the government has purchased the right to send them anywhere to make drawings which shall become government property. From which it may be seen that the government deals less liberally with Art than with Labor. Nor

Three artists who have done wonders for recruiting are Howard Chandler Christy, whose famous poster is at the left; Henry Reuter Dahl, centre; and Charles Dana Gibson, right. Their work leaps at you from every fence in the country



Adolph Treidler captured a \$1,000 prize with this War Savings Stamp poster. He deserved it, didn't he?

does Art ask it to do otherwise. Art is not built that way.

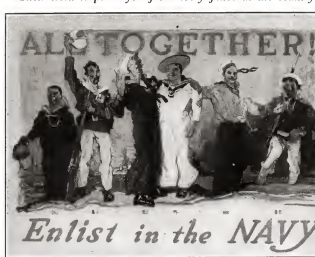
The eight artists who have taken this assignment are, Captains Wallace Morgan, Walter Enright, Harvey Dunn, Walter Jack Duncan, Harry Townsend, W. J. Aylward, Andre Smith and Ernest Peixotto. Perhaps by the time this article appears some of their drawings will have been issued by the government for publication. But it is with posters that we are particularly concerned.

What is a poster? At its best it is a predigested idea in simple, striking pictorial form.

When you are walking along the street or riding in a car, and in passing catch sight of a poster, you should have to think hardly at all. The thinking has already been done by the artist. It is your part merely to react to his appeal — to feel impelled to do the thing the poster urges.

Mr. Falls has succinctly described the theory of the poster. "A poster," he said, "should be to the eye what a shouted command is to the ear."

An excellent definition. Yet, necessarily, some themes lend themselves more readily than others to this form of expression. Also, sometimes the artist works under limitations resulting from [Continued on page 34]



Lieutenant Roberts

Captain

Graw

Corporal Holmes

## Up in the Air

By Lieut. E. M. Roberts, R.F.C.  
Author of "A Ticker in the Trenches"

ONE trip which I made in the air was so filled with thrills that I find it difficult to decide which moment of the journey was the most thrilling. It was on the night of July 2, 1916, and several hundreds of our Fomnies had been cut off by the Germans. Their trench was under constant fire and they had no means of escape. Our commander knew they were somewhere behind the Hun lines and called for a volunteer to find them. I undertook the job, and with the squadron commander for a pilot, sailed over the lines about dusk. As we were flying low over No Man's Land I received two sledge-hammer blows in the head, from machine-gun bullets, and became unconscious. In a few minutes, however, I regained consciousness and saw that we were miles behind the German lines and only a few feet above the ground. A few moments and the machine would have landed. I could see the Huns running up to catch hold of the machine. The pilot's face was covered with blood, and I thought he had been hit, too, but I afterwards learned that the blood had streamed into his face from the wounds in my head. Ours was a dual-control plane, and I had just enough sense and strength to pull open the throttle and "joy-stick" at the same time. We began to mount higher but I was getting weaker. The blood had saturated my hair and now it was running into my eyes. I tried to keep my senses but could not, and lapsed into unconsciousness. When I again awoke, we were well up in the air and the pilot had control of the machine and was headed home. At my request he turned back for one more effort, and this time I was delighted to see below us, frantically waving their helmets, the very troops we were searching for. They signaled us to send every kind of assistance, as they were out of food, ammunition, and water, and in imminent danger of being captured or shot to pieces, and it afforded me great satisfaction to send a lurry-up wireless message back to headquarters giving the exact location of the lost battalion.

## My Most Grievous Moment

By Capt. Malcolm C. Graw, U. S. Medical Reserve  
Formerly Lieutenant Colonel, British Army  
Author of "Rescue Grows"

I HAVE had a number of exciting experiences during my eighteen months with the Russian armies. But the most exciting time to my mind was not the occasion when I went "over the top" with the Russian troops in the face of a murderous machine-gun and shell fire, nor the time when I walked into a German dug-out and stumbled into pistol fire at close range. It happened one evening after several German attacks on our forces, when I dropped down to get a few weeks of sleep in an old barn near the firing line.

Thoroughly exhausted by days of constant work with the wounded Russians, I did not give a second thought to eight or ten Russian soldiers lying on the barn floor who were also evi-

## Daredevils!

These men have had tremendous experiences in the Great War. There have been many great moments in their lives. Here each tells what he considers his most thrilling instant of danger. It's hair-raising reading

dently trying to snatch a little sleep. Later I was awakened by a terrific crash as a shell burst close to the barn. Then another came screaming over, and I wondered what would happen if a shell should drop right on the barn. Then a third exploded nearby, covering us with a shower of dirt and straw. I began to think it strange that the other men did not waken during this bombardment, and I decided that we had all better clear out. So I yelled in Russian, "We had better get out of here!" The soldiers did not budge. "Come on, now!" I repeated. "Wake up! We have got to get out of here!" And I reached out and clutched the one nearest me and shook him and shouted in his ear. Still he gave no signs of waking up, and the truth dawned on my drowsy brain. Feeding in my pocket for my electric torch I flashed it on him. His face was the color of ashes. His eyes stared at me with a fishy stare. His lips were drawn in an awful grin. He was dead! Every one of them was stark dead! My companions were corpses! I was sleeping in a mortuary!

## Buried Alive

By Corporal R. Herby Holmes  
Author of "A Ticker in the Trenches"

WHEN a man has been sixteen months in the trenches there are sure to be some days well filled with excitement, and when asked what was the most exciting time of all, my mind goes back to a night and a day spent in an improvised shelter on the side of a little sap adjoining the German trenches. We had written this sap from the Huns one night in September, 1916, on

the Somme, at one of the points where the British and Germans are now fighting again. There were three of us lying there, without food and with no immediate prospect of getting any.

The Germans were only twenty yards distant from our position, which made conversation almost impossible. We lay there the rest of the night and well into the following day, when shells of considerable caliber, possibly 3.9's, began dropping around us. The worst of this was, they were from our own side. It was the beginning of an hour's barrage fire, preliminary to a noonday attack, and we could do nothing except wish each other luck on the "journey West" which apparently awaited us all.

Then there was a sudden whir and smash, and the lights went out. When I came to hours later, it was dusk, and opening my eyes was about all I could accomplish, for I had been buried alive. Only my face was exposed. My sensations as I lay there are hard to describe. I suffered from hunger and thirst, my joints and limbs tortured me from the weight of earth resting on them. I had no idea what had become of my companions, and it was only reasonable to expect death from shell fire, or perhaps capture by the Huns.

Fortunately I lapsed again into unconsciousness and at midnight awoke to find myself lying on a stretcher and safe with my own battalion. I asked a stretcher-bearer, "Where are the others?" and he replied, "There aren't no others; they're all blinkin' well gone West!"

## A Hole in His Wings

By Lieut. Bert Hall, of the Lafayette Escadrille  
Author of "En Fia Vie"

IT was in the early morning of June 22, 1916, above the lines at Verdun that I had the greatest and the most exciting of all my engagements in the air. And in all I have had over a hundred combats. On this occasion three German two-seated machines attacked me while I was flying a single-seated, 110-horse-power Nieuport biplane. One of the German planes was in the lead and I kept above him. Looping the loop as the machine passed under me I fired a few shots at it for luck. I must have hit the observer, as shortly afterwards I noticed red blotches of blood on the wings of my plane, spattered there by my opponent's propeller, as we shot past each other a few feet apart. The pilot had evidently bad enough, as he withdrew and descended.

Two Boche machines remained and already they were peppering mine. Although my ammunition was running low I decided to see the thing through. One of them was manoeuvring above me and I made for him, letting loose with my Vickers gun at a distance of about sixty feet. It was sure death—for one of us. Luckily the bullets went true, as flames burst forth from the machine and in a twinkling it was burbling to the ground, leaving a trail of black smoke.

I had a few cartridges left and looked around for the third Boche. He was above me, preparing to dive on me from above and behind. I did the only thing left for me to do in the circumstances. I reformed a rear-erement. [Continued on page 33]



Lieut. Hall



Lieut. Collier



Lieut. O'Brien



# The Perfect End of a Day

Anderson Crow Gets One on the Kaiser

by George Barr McCutcheon



**A** LONG, low-lying hank of almost inky-black clouds hung over a blood-red horizon. The sun of a warm, drowsy September day was going to bed beyond the scalloped hills. Suddenly the red in the sky, as if fanned by an angry wind, blazed into a rigid flame; catching the base of the coal-black cloud it turned its edges into fire; and as the flame burnt itself out, the rich yellow of gold came to glorify the triumphant cloud. The nether edge seemed to dip into a lake, the shores of which were molten gold and upon whose surface craft of ever-changing colors lay moored for the coming night.

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

Anderson Crow, Marshal of Tinkletown, leaned upon his front-yard fence and listened to the rhapsodic comments of Miss Sue Becker on the passing panorama. Miss Becker, who had contributed several poems to the columns of the *Tinkletown Banner*, and more than once had exhibited encouraging letters from the editors of *McClure's*, *Scrivener's*, *Harper's*, and other magazines, was always worth listening to, for, as everyone knows, she was the first, and, so far as revealed, the only literary genius ever created within the precincts of Tinkletown.

"You'll have to write a piece about it, Sue," said Anderson, shifting his spare frame slightly.

"No mortal pen, Mr. Crow, could do justice to the grandeur, the overpowering splendor of that vista," said she.

Anderson took another look at the sunset—a more or less stealthy one; it must be confessed, out of the corner of his eye. Sunsets were not much in his line.

"It's a great vister," he acknowledged. "I don't know as I can think of a word that will rhyme with it, though."

"There is such a thing as blank verse, Mr. Crow," said Miss Becker, smiling in a most superior way.

Mr. Crow was thinking. "Blister wouldn't be bad," he announced. "Something about the vister causin' a blister, I don't know as you are aware of the fact, Sue, but I wrote considerable poetry when I was a young feller. Mrs. Crow's got 'em all tied up in a pink ribbon. It's a mighty funny thing that she won't even show 'em to anybody."

"Oh, but they are sacred," said Miss Becker feelingly, as she looked over the rims of her spectacles at a spot in the sky some forty-five degrees above the steeple of the Congregational Church down the street. "I don't know as I meant 'em to be sacred at the time," said he; "but there wasn't anything in 'em that was unfitting for a young lady to read."

"You don't understand. What could be more sacred than the outpourings of love? What more—"

"Course it was a good many years ago," Mr. Crow was quick to explain.

"Love's young dream," chided Miss Becker coyly.

Mr. Crow twisted his sparse gray beard with unusual tenderness. "Beats all, don't it, Sue, what a poet'll do when he's tryin' to raise a mustache?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Miss Becker stiffly. "Speakin' about sunsets," said he hastily, after a quick glance at her shaded upper lip, "how's your pa? I heard he had a sinkin' spell yestiday."

"He's better." A moment later, with fine scorn: "His sun hasn't set yet, Mr. Crow."

"Beats all how he hangs on, don't it? Eighty-seven last birthday, an' spry as a man o' fifty up to—"

He broke off to devote his attention to a couple of strangers farther down the tree-lined street; two men who approached slowly on the plank sidewalk, pausing every now and then to peer inquiringly at the front doors of houses along the way.

Miss Sue Becker, whose back was toward the strangers, allowed her poetic mind to resume its interest in the sunset.

"Golden cloudlets float upon a canal. What did you say, Mr. Crow?"

"Ever see 'em before, Sue?"

"Hundreds of times. They remind me of the daintiest, feeblest puffs of air."

"I'm talkin' about those men comin' up the street," said the old town marshal sharply.

Miss Becker abandoned the transient sunset for something more durable. Forty-odd summers had passed over her head.

For one professedly indifferent to the opposite sex, Miss Becker went far toward dislocating her neck when Anderson Crow mentioned the approach of a couple of strange men.

"I've never seen either of them before, Mr. Crow," she said, a little jump in her voice.

"That settles it," said Anderson, putting on his spectacles.

"Settles what?"

"Proves they ain't been in Tinkletown more'n twenty minutes," he replied, not too pompously to suit Miss Becker, who favored him with a look he wouldn't have forgotten in a long time if he had had eyes in the back of his

"You are the Marshal of Tinkletown, I believe?" said the florid stranger

head. "They must be lookin' for someone," he went on, squinting narrowly. "Good-by, Sue. See you to-morrow, I suppose."

"I'm not going yet," Mr. Crow said, moving a little closer to the fence. "You don't suppose I'm going to let those men pursue me all the way home, do you?"

"They don't look like kidnapers," he said. "Besides, I ain't dark enough yet."

"Just what do you mean by that, Anderson Crow?" she snorted.

"What do I mean by what?" he inquired in some surprise.

"By what you just said."

"I mean you're perfectly safe as long as it's daylight," he retorted. "What else could I mean?"

The two strangers were quite near by this time—near enough, in fact, to cause Miss Becker to lower her voice as she said:

"They're awfully nice looking gentlemen, ain't they?"

Evidently Mr. Crow's explanation had satisfied her, for she was smiling with considerable vivacity as she made the remark. Up to that instant she had neglected her back hair. Now she gracefully, ingenuously fingered it to see if it was properly in place. In doing so, she managed to drop her parasol.

TO her chagrin, Marshal Crow took that occasion TO behave in a most incredible manner. It is quite probable that he forgot himself. In any case, he picked up the parasol and returned it to her, snatching it, in fact, almost from beneath the foot of the nearest stranger.

"Oh, thank you—thank you kindly, Mr. Crow," she giggled, and proceeded to let it slip out of her fingers again. "Oh, how stupid! How perfectly clumsy—"

"Did I hear you addressed as Mr. Crow?" inquired the foremost of the two strangers, halting abruptly. He was a tall, florid man of forty or thereabouts, with a deep and not unpleasant voice. His companion was also tall but very gaunt and sallow. He wore huge round spectacles, hooked over his ears. Both were well dressed, one in gray flannel, the other in blue serge.

"You did," said the town marshal, straightening up. "You dropped your umbrella 'agin, Sue," he added.

"Yes, sir, my name's Crow."

Miss Becker waited a few seconds and then picked up the parasol.

"The celebrated Anderson Crow?" asked the man with the glasses, opening his eyes a little wider.

Mr. Crow suddenly remembered that he was in his shirt-sleeves. His faded blue sack-coat—"undress," he called it—hung limp and neglected on the gate-post.

"More or less," he admitted, wishing to goodness he had on his best pair of "galluses" instead of the ones he was wearing.

"Marshal of Tinkletown, I believe?" said the florid stranger, raising his eyebrows slightly.

"Excuse me," said Anderson, conscious of a certain disparaging note in the speaker's voice, which he quite naturally laid to the "galluses." Without turning his back toward them he retrieved his coat from the gate-post, remembering in time that those "plaguey" suspenders had played him false that day and Al Reesing had volunteered to "tie a knot in 'em," somewhere in the back of it. I could fine myself five dollars for goin' without my uniform," said he, as he slipped an arm into one sleeve. "It's one of my hide-bound rules," and his other arm went in—not without a slight twinge, for he had been expecting a touch of brutality in that shoulder. "Yes, sir, I'm the Marshal o' Tinkletown," he added, indicating the bright nickel star that gleamed resplendent among an assortment of glittering and impressive dangling emblems.



Mr. Bacon emitted a startling sound that began as a yell

The man with the spectacles peered intently at the collection on Mr. Crow's breast.

"You appear to be almost everything else as well, Mr. Crow," said he, respectfully.

"Well, I guess I'll have to be going," put in Miss Becker at this juncture. "Give my love to the girls, Mr. Crow."

She moved off up the board-walk, her back as stiff as a ramrod. Anyone with half an eye could see that she was resolved not to drop the parasol again. No savage warrior or his lieutenant ever gripped his elph with greater determination.

"So long," was all that Marshal Crow could spare the time to say. "Yes, sir," he went on, making a fine show of stifling a yawn, "yes, sir, I've had a few trifling honors in my day. You gentlemen lookin' for anyone in particular?"

"Not now," said the florid one. "We've found him."

The spectacle man had his nose quite close to Mr. Crow's badge. He read them off, in the voice and manner of one tremendously impressed. "Grand Army of the Republic, Sons of the American Revolution, Sons of Veterans, Tinkletown Battle-field Association, New York Imperial Detective Association, Bramble County Horse-Club Detective Association, Chief of Fire Department. And what, may I ask, is the little round button at the top?"

THE marshal was astonished. "Don't you know what that is?"

"It doesn't appear to have any lettering—"

"It don't have to have any. That's an American Red Cross button."

"So it is—so it is," cried the other hastily. "How stupid of me."

"And this one on the other label is a Liberty Loan button,—one hundred dollars is what it represents, if anyone should act you up."

"I recognized it at once, sir. I have one of my own." He raised his hand to his own label. "Why, hang it all, I forgot to remove it from my other coat this morning."

"Well," said Anderson drily, "there 'pear to be some advantage in havin' only one coat."

"Mr. Marshal," cut in the larger man brusquely, "we came to see you in regard to a matter of great importance—and, I may add, privacy. Having heard of your reputation for cleverness and infallibility—"

"As everybody in the land has heard," put in the other.

"—we desire your cooperation in an undertaking of considerable magnitude. Quite frankly, I do not see how we can succeed without your valuable assistance. You—"

"Hold on! If you're tryin' to get me to subscribe to a set of books, so's my name at the head of the list will drag other suckers into—"

"Not at all, sir,—not at all. We are not book-agents, Mr. Marshal."

"Well, what are ye?"

"Metallurgists," said the florid one.

"I see, I see," said Anderson, who didn't see at all. "You started off like a book-agent, or a lightnin'-rod salesman."

"My name is Bacon,—George Washington Bacon,—and my friend here is an even nobler monicker, if that be possible. He is Abraham Lincoln Bonaparte—a direct descendant of both of those famous gentlemen."

"You don't say! I didn't know Lincoln was any connection of Bonaparte's."

"It isn't generally known," the descendant informed him, with becoming modesty.

"Well, I'm seventy-three years old and I never heard—"

"Seventy-three!" gasped Mr. Bonaparte, incredulously. "I don't believe it. You can't be more than fifty, Mr. Crow."

"Do you suppose I fought in the Union Army before I was born?" demanded Mr. Crow. "Where'd I get

this G. A. R. badge, lemme ask you? An' you don't think the citizens of this here town would elect a ten-year-old boy to the responsible position of town marshal, do you? Why, gosh snap it, I been Marshal o' Tinkletown for forty years—skippin' two years back in a misadventure I reclined in favor of Ed Higgins, owing to a misunderstanding concernin' my health—"

"It is incredible, sir. You are the youngest-looking man for your years I've ever seen. But we are digressing. Proceed, Mr. Bacon. Pardon the interruption."

Marshal Crow had drawn himself up to his full height,—a good six feet,—and, expanding under the influence of a just pride, his chest came heroically near to dislodging a couple of brass buttons. His keen little grey eyes snapped brightly in their deep sockets; his sparse chin whiskers, responding to the occasion, bristled noticeably. Employing his thumb and forefinger, he first gave his beard a short carress, after which he drew it safely out of line and expostorated thinly between his teeth with such astounding accuracy that both of the strangers stared. His objective was a narrow slit in the tree-box across the sidewalk.

"I couldn't do that in a thousand years," said Mr. Bacon, deeply impressed.

"You could do it in half that time if you lived in Tinkletown," was Anderson's cryptic return. "You ought to see Ed Higgins. He's our champion. His specialty is knot-holes. Ed c'n hit—"

"Are you interested in metallurgy, Mr. Crow?" broke in Mr. Bacon, a little rude.

Anderson pondered a few seconds, squinting at the tree-tops. The two strangers waited his reply with evident concern.

"Sometimes I am, an' sometimes I ain't," said he at last, very seriously. "He even went so far as to shake his head slowly, as if to emphasize the fact that he had made a life-long study of the subject and had not been able to arrive at a definite conclusion."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Bonaparte. "That proves, Mr. Crow, that you are a man of very great discernment, very great discernment indeed."



*"It wouldn't surprise me in the least to see you elected President of the new Confederation, Mr. Crow"*

Mr. Crow brightened perceptibly. "I have to know a little of everything in my line of work, Mr. Lincoln."

Mr. Bonaparte made no attempt to correct him. As a matter of fact, for a moment or two he was in some doubt himself; for he was only indulging in a hasty bit of mental joggery that he decided his friend couldn't possibly have introduced

him as Bonaparte Abraham Lincoln, or Abraham Bonaparte Lincoln. He wished, however, that he had paid a little closer attention when Mr. George Washington Bacon arranged his names for him.

"We should like to have a few minutes' private conversation with you, Mr. Marshal," said Bacon, lowering his voice.

"Fire away, gent's."

"I—ahem!—I said private, Mr. Crow."

"Well, if it's anything you don't want the birds to hear, I guess we'd better go up to the house. If you don't mind that woodpecker up yander, an' them two sparrers out there in the road, I guess this is about as private a place as you'll find in Tinkletown."

"Haven't you—an office, Mr. Crow?" demanded Mr. Bacon.

"Yes, but it ain't private. Whenever I've got anything private to 'tend to—or even think about—I allus go out in the middle of the street. Shout ahead: nobody'll hear you."

"It will take some little time," explained Mr. Bonaparte, anxiously. "Have you had your dinner?"

Anderson looked at him keenly. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Mr. Bonaparte means supper," explained Mr. Bacon. "He is a bit excited, Mr. Crow."

"He must be," agreed Anderson, glancing at his watch. "Half-past six. Go ahead. We won't be interrupted now till it's time to go to bed."

"The two strangers in Tinkletown drew still closer—so close, indeed, that the town marshal, having had his pocket picked one or twice at the County Fair, fell back a little from the fence."

"You must be careful to show no sign of surprise, Mr. Crow," said Bacon. "What I am about to say to you may startle you, but you—"

Anderson reassured him with a gesture.

"Perceed," he said.

Whereupon the spokesman, Mr. Bacon, did a tale unfold that caused the town marshal to be awake nearly all night and to pop out of bed the next morning fully an hour earlier than usual.

As the time being, however, he succeeded so admirably in simulating indifference that the men themselves were not only surprised but a trifle disturbed. He wasn't conducting himself at all as they had expected. At the conclusion of this serious fifteen minutes' recital, rendered in paragraphs by Anderson's frequent interruptions,—the eager Mr. Bonaparte exclaimed:

"Well, Mr. Crow, doesn't it completely bowle you over?"

"What's that? Bowl me over? I should say not! Why, I've known for I can't tell you how long that there's hold up yander in my piece of timberland on Crow's Mountain. Knowed it ever since I was a boy."

His hearers blinked rapidly for a few seconds.

"Really?" murmured Mr. Bacon.

"Do you mean to say there actually is gold—?" hegnn Mr. Bonaparte, but he got no farther. Whether accidentally or otherwise, Mr. Bacon's foot came sharply into contact with the speaker's shin, and the question terminated in a painful look of surprise, directed with some intensity and a great deal of fortitude at a nodding in particular.

"WELL, you are a wonder, Mr. Crow," said Mr. Bacon lustily. "I am immensely relieved that you do know of its existence. It gets me matters tremendously. It has been there all the time and you've never known just how to go about getting it out of the ground—isn't that the case, Mr. Crow?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Crow.

Mr. Bacon shot a significant look at Mr. Bonaparte, and that worthy put his hand suddenly to his mouth.

"Well, that's what we're here for, Mr. Crow—to get that gold out of the earth. If our estimates are correct—or, I should say,

"—if our investigations establish the fact that it is a million dollars in a little pocket, there ought to be a million dollars in that piece of land of yours. Now, let me see. Just how much land do you own up there, Mr. Crow?"

"I own darned near all of it," said the marshal promptly. "Bout seventy-five acres, or so."

"Nothing but timberland, I assume—judging from what we have been able to observe."

"All timber. Never been cleared, 'cept partly well down the slope."

"And it is about five miles as the crow flies from Tinkletown, eh?"

"I generally say as the wild

*(Continued on page 33)*

*"Oh, gosh-a-mighty! I—I can't accept the honor. It's too darned much of a responsibility"*



# Saving a Million Soldiers for Uncle Sam

by  
Cleveland Moffett



WE have been told that various things are to win this war—ships, food, guns, airplanes and so on. Henry Ford says machinery will win it. Our enemies say submarines will win it. Lloyd George says that wars are won by money, following the opinion of Bismarck; but I cannot see how money or any combination of material advantages can win a war without the right kind of men to use the money and to make the most of the advantages.

No, money is necessary, material advantages are necessary, but, other things being reasonably equal, it is *men* that will win this war or not win it. Men behind the guns! On the ships! In the trenches! And at home! If they are the right kind of men with the right kind of commanders and organizers, they will win, though heavily handicapped by conditions, because they will *compel conditions*, as has happened in history a thousand times. If they are the wrong kind of men, they will lose, though all skies smile upon them, because they will *deserve to lose*.

Applying this to America, let us consider what manner of men we are. Let us take honest account of our faults and weaknesses, so that we may remedy them. Let ours not be the pride that goeth before destruction.

Suppose we consider, first, the physical condition of our younger men, the ten million or so between the draft ages of twenty-one and thirty, upon whom we must chiefly depend for victory. Evidently something is wrong here, since our army doctors have already rejected one-third of those examined in this class as unfit for military service. *One-third!* Which indicates that over 3,300,000 Americans in the prime of their young manhood, under thirty, are not qualified to stand up against German soldiers in this struggle for world freedom!

Again, according to the report of the Surgeon General of the Navy for 1916, out of 106,392 applicants for admission to the Navy, all under thirty, over 74,000 (70%) were rejected as physically unfit for service.

Why is this? Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, head of the Life Extension Institute, answers that question: "He says, speaking of the American army draft: 'An analysis of the causes of rejection in the recent draft (one-third



*It is men that will win this war—perhaps the last million American men*

were rejected) justifies the statement that *sixty per cent. of the impairment found is preventable by proper health education, physical training and periodic medical examination and supervision.*"

In other words, we have failed to bring up the children of this nation so that, as men and women, they will have the physical health that they might have, that they ought to have, that they *must* have if they are to be efficient either in civil life or as defenders of the flag. This is true, not only of millions of American children born in poverty and shameful city slums (the shame is ours), but of children in our best families, those that go to exclusive private schools and expensive colleges. A recent physical examination of the freshman class at Harvard University showed that *more than half of them were below the standards of military fitness.*

The physical impairment of our man-power is a more serious matter in America than in other countries, owing to the fact that our population includes millions of ignorant, ill-nourished, under-sized foreigners, who have swarmed here from the slums of Europe and have given birth to millions of more or less defective children. This situation must be recognized and dealt with.

How can it be dealt with? What can we do about it? Are we to understand that Germany has handled this public health problem better than we have?

As to the last point—yes; Germany has practically abolished slums in her large cities; and she has dealt with poverty questions and birth-control questions far more wisely and efficiently than we have; she may have done it for selfish reasons with a view to having sound soldiers and great armies, but she has done it.

As to a remedy for unsatisfactory health conditions in America, it has been suggested that we have in the Cabinet at Washington a Secretary of National Health, who would devote all his time and energies to promoting the physical welfare of our people. He would see to it that our public schools, private schools, colleges and, possibly, churches adopt a plan of universal physical training as the foundation of American safety and prosperity. Is there anything in our national life more important than this? Is there anything that has been more lamentably neglected? Is there any better way of preparing our boys and girls for the stern civic and military duties that are before them than to give them sound bodies? Remember: there are wise men who believe that this war with Germany will last many years yet, and will be followed by other wars. *Must America always be unprepared?*

Such a Secretary of National Health would see to it that a large number of our young men who have been rejected from the draft but are reclaimable by proper care and training, receive that care and training. Dr. Fisk estimates that one-third of the rejected—that is, a

million young men in the three million—can be restored to a good measure of health and efficiency, and made available for some form of military service, if they are handled the right way. This means proper food and medical attention, perhaps minor operations, with care for the eyes, teeth, feet, etc. It is not difficult to organize this national service of soldier reclamation. Germany would have done it long ago, for it means the saving of thirty or forty army divisions, now wasted, but somebody must do it, somebody must see to it. To take only two items in a long health-deficiency list: a quarter of a million (in the ten million) of our young men not available for military service by reason of underweight, and a hundred thousand of them not available by reason of incipient foot trouble, can, I am assured by experts, be changed into perfectly good soldiers after a few months in a special training camp. But somebody must organize such a camp.

WE may be sure that a Secretary of National Health, if we had one at this moment, would also give anxious consideration to the bodily condition of the middle-aged American, this being a matter of immense importance, since it is in their hands that the control of the war rests. They are the officers, generals, admirals, surgeons, administrators of the war. They must be our Hindenburgs, Ludendorfs, Falkenhayns, Mackensens. If they fail, everything falls. If they die before their time or break down or become inefficient through preventable disease or neglect of health precautions, it is a national calamity. There are a dozen Americans of middle age or older, whose untimely taking off would hurt our war prospects more than the loss of a dozen regiments.

President Wilson has said with noble inspiration: "It is not an army we must shape and train for war; it is a nation." But if it becomes necessary for America to call her sons to arms up to the age of forty-five, as may happen, then there will be a sorry showing of efficiency, for estimates of the Life Extension Institute show that "sixty per cent. of *unfitness* between thirty-one and forty-five would be a conservative estimate if reasonable standards are maintained, standards that aim to exclude men who would almost certainly be injured and broken by war service, even though unwounded."

There is no doubt that this middle age American health picture has many shadows in it. Vital statistics prove that we break down shockingly in the forties and fifties, as compared with European nations, from preventable, degenerative diseases (heart, kidneys, blood-vessels, and the ten or fifteen years before our time. Why? Because we do not take care of our bodies.

American insurance companies regard as their worst life-risk the self-made American business man between forty-five and fifty-five, who has gained a million or two by his own efforts and now wishes to take out a

\$30,000 or \$100,000 policy. He is the client that dies suddenly on their hands. There are thousands of such men all over the country who, by their courage, intelligence, industry, thrift and business shrewdness, have made what is considered a great success of their lives—made, that is, they have accumulated a fortune; but they have paid such a shattering price for it in worry, in overwork, in loss of sleep; they have for so many years broken the rules of health, of diet, of exercise, that their success comes only a moment when the grave is beckoning to them. Yet they are men in their prime who should have before them twenty or thirty years to enjoy the fruits of their labors; they are our leaders, our most forceful citizens, the best man-stuff America has produced, with immense potentialities for national service, if they could learn to live right, if they have learned everything except how to live right!

This war is teaching such men how to live right. It is teaching our physically inefficient professional men how to live right. It is teaching the whole nation, our young men, our poorer classes, our women, to realize that all achievements are vain things unless there goes with them the achievement of health. And it is teaching them in precise detail what they must do to gain and to keep their precious, elusive thing—health!

What must they do?

They must realize, we Americans must all realize, that as individuals we can double our usefulness, our joy in living, and as citizens we can save a million soldiers for Uncle Sam (that is putting it very low) by avoiding these sins that make against health, happiness and efficiency, namely:

1. The sin of over-eating.
2. The sin of under-exercising.
3. The sin of selfishness.

Of these three the last is the greatest. Selfishness is the sin of the human mind. Ultimate cause of poverty and war! Selfishness, that makes for disorder and disobedience!

Generations of money worship and lax discipline, both in the home and in the school, have made us not only lax but rebellious against rules and restraints. The great mass of Americans have no idea what obedience means; but war will teach us. And war will teach us to be unselfish.

**T**HIS reminds me that the other day one of our aviators comes back from France, his breast hung with medals, a young American who for three years has faced a thousand deaths in the air, fighting gloriously for the Allies, and he said in frank surprise and disgust: "You can't walk a block on Broadway that isn't crowded with loafers and parasites. Yet everywhere there is a howl for labor. I believe we've got to have industrial conscription in this country, if we ever expect to win this war." And he added that it might be a good thing if New York City could suffer a mild bombardment by the enemy to wake us up.

I agree with him. We must fight these forces of disorder, disobedience and selfishness that are undermining our national efficiency. It is high time that we set our alcohol-bled idlers, loafers, tramps, criminals, paupers, alien enemies at some work that will benefit this nation. There, right off, is an available industrial army of a million men—factory hands, farm laborers, food producers—that we can save for Uncle Sam by merely organizing the thing. Incidentally we will save these undesirable men from their own weaknesses and evil propensities, and perhaps make men of them. Does anyone doubt that Germany, in our place, would have done this long ago, thus changing a national burden and reproach into a power for victory? How the Kaiser must smile to read that we are content to support in concentration camps several thousand German prisoners whose only occupation is to make paper dolls and toy villages and get up private theatricals! When France needs food!

As to the sin of over-eating, we all know what our duty is; we have learned it a thousand times, yet we fall in the

performance. Alas! Now it has become a patriotic duty. We must eat much less meat, a little white meat once a day, or once every two days is quite enough; we must eat freely of vegetables, salads, coarse bread with bran or agar in it, fruits, nuts, simple desserts; we must keep our weight at the normal point, avoiding over-weight by cutting down on sugars, starches and fats when necessary; we must at any cost see that the bodily waste is regularly and sufficiently eliminated. Let us remember what kind of cleanliness it is that is next to godliness. No one ever dies because his hands or face were not clean, but men and women

soldiers or civilians. We must exercise our bodies every day, enough, not too much—setting-up exercises in the morning, walking, golf, horseback, dancing, gymnasium work—no need to go into details, each one knows what is reasonable and beneficial for him or can easily find out. A man's patriotism is fifty per cent impaired by a poor digestion or a poor circulation and it is almost impossible to be a hero if one's skin refuses to do its important duty. We must take care of the lungs, the heart, the kidneys, it is certain that war victories and peace victories are gained by men in whom these organs function properly and are lost by men in whom they function defectively. If George Washington had not been so splendidly physical condition we should never have gained our independence.

And how inspiring to-day is the example of Woodrow Wilson, who regards regular physical exercise as a sacred duty not to be interfered with nor neglected. Balm or shine, whatever the pressure of events, the President of the United States takes his exercise—golf, horseback, vigorous walking. In that way alone he bears a burden of responsibility greater than any man ever bore. We have many patriotic societies in America, but I suggest that a new one, with a pledge by members to imitate the President in this matter of adequate daily exercise, might do more to make efficient citizens and soldiers than all the others put together. How would the following do for a simple war pledge?

Realizing that health and efficiency are promoted by physical training and abstinence from diet, especially in meat, I promise, as a patriotic duty:

1. To devote one hour a day, rain or shine, to brisk walking or to some form of physical culture.
2. To moderate in eating and not eat meat more than once a day.
3. To use my influence in favor of universal physical training in our public schools and colleges.

Signed.....

I paid a visit recently to Walter Camp, famous for years as a trainer of athletes at Yale University and now head of the Naval Commission of Athletics. I found him devoting most of his time and strength to the work of organizing games and sports at camps all over the country and to spreading the propaganda of health for victory. He believes that one of the best ways to save American soldiers is to save the men who will control the destinies of these soldiers, the men who must make war-decisions and are certain to make war-mistakes unless they are kept in health and physical efficiency.

"One of our most valuable assets in this war," said Mr. Camp, "is our men of brains and experience between forty-five and sixty. There are only a limited number of such men and, once gone, they cannot be replaced. We are trying to conserve coal, food, ships and other national resources, why not conserve the most precious of them all—superior intelligence? Why is it that thousands of American men of brains, big factories, business organizations all over the country are more or less disorganized? It is because the brainy men who directed these activities have been called away by the war, and they are missed."

Walter Camp met a rich man some months ago, the head of a great corporation of national importance, who said to him: "We have in our concern about fifty men who are drawing salaries of anywhere from \$20,000 up to \$50,000. They are of immense importance to us and, as long as we can keep them efficient, the more we profit, for their experience gives them added value to us every year; but we find that the strain of our work wears them out in from three to five years, and back they go into the ranks or into the scrap-heap. Now if you can show us, as I [Continued on page 40]



Walter Camp, head of the Naval Commission of Athletics, believes that one of the best ways to save American soldiers is to save the men who will control the destinies of these soldiers, the men who must make war-decisions and are certain to make war-mistakes, unless they are kept in health and physical efficiency

die by tens of thousands every year or become discouraged, broken-down invalids because their bodies are poisoned by the auto-intoxication products of neglected food refuse. Let those who wish to serve their country remember this; also that the wickedest thing in the world is a *table d'hôte* dinner!

"Thank God, I have sown my *table d'hôte*," said a friend of mine.

As to the sin of under-exercising, a caution is necessary for middle-aged men who have allowed themselves to grow soft and fat, that they may harm themselves by going to the other extreme of over-exercise, especially in the zeal of a sudden physical-culture enthusiasm. Let them not be led astray by the bulging muscles of some professional athlete, who advertises health miracles in newspapers. Such athletes are short-lived as a rule and many persons have suffered by following their excessively straining admonitions. To toy with hundred-pound dumb-bells and attempt similar "strong-man" feats is as foolish and injurious for the average citizen as to take no exercise at all. A person suffering from heart disease or kidney disease may easily aggravate these ailments by entering upon a course of violent exercise; in fact, the wise man will never put himself in the hands of a trainer or physical culturist without first consulting an experienced doctor.

All this being granted, it remains true that under-exercise is a national sin to be valiantly fought against if we expect to render efficient war-service, whether as



Is there any better way of preparing our boys for military duties than to give them sound bodies?



# Licking the Huns!



Edited by H. C. Witwer

## Foreword

**A**N American officer captured by the Huns at the time of their defeat at Verdun in 1918, was taken to the fortress of Metz by the fleeing Germans. The fortress surrendered to General Pershing, an event which hastened the end of the Great War and made secure the freedom of democracy throughout the world. The American was sent into Berlin by his captors and put to work in a bakery to relieve a man of five-by-five for the trenches. At that time the Kaiser was forcing old men, children, and even cripples to take up arms in a last desperate attempt to stop the victorious drive of the Allies. Germany was torn by internal strife, the people were starving and clamoring for peace. Berlin was the center of rioting, munitions plants were burned and strikes spread throughout the nation. The American met a beautiful young German girl, Frieda Bernhard, in the bakery and fell in love with her. He explained to her then that the purpose of the Allies was to free the German people from the bondage of Kaiserism and Kultur, and that America felt more sympathy than bitterness toward the German people themselves. A mob destroyed the colossal statue of von Hindenburg in *Unter den Linden* and began a march on Potsdam, but was turned back by superior forces of Prussian troops. Berlin was put under martial law and drastic measures taken to stem the rising tide of the revolution. The Krupp works at Essen were destroyed by the rioters and the Kaiser called a special session of the Reichstag which he intended personally to address. He was forestalled by Philipp Scheidemann, the Socialist leader, who, in a sensational speech, disclosed the true military and internal situation of Germany and called upon the Kaiser to abdicate.

**F**OLLOWING the sensational speech of Scheidemann in the Reichstag, when the Socialist leader electrified the world by calling upon the Kaiser to abdicate, Wilhelm returned to his palace, virtually a prisoner, and to all intents and purposes, a king without a throne. One of his first acts was to command fifty thousand troops withdrawn from the Western front to put down the revolution and preserve order in Berlin and its environs. Von Hindenburg strongly opposed this move on the grounds that the withdrawal of so many soldiers from the firing line at a time when the Allies were at the height of their victorious counter-drive, would weaken his front to such an extent that the progress of the Allied armies into Germany would be practically unopposed. It was characteristic of the "All Highest," however, that his only thought was of his own safety, rather than that of Germany, and he was firm in his command which was reluctantly obeyed.

To realize the desperate position in

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

which Wilhelm found himself at this time, it is only necessary to recall Germany's military situation in the late summer of 1918. General Pershing's army had stopped the great Spring Drive of the Huns, which in April and May had thrown back the outnumbered, but valiantly fighting English and French, at the cost of half a million German lives. Metz had fallen to the Americans, the French had regained Alsace-Lorraine, and by September the Allied armies under Generals Pershing, Haig and Foch, were at Leipzig. The great Hun guns which had shelled Paris from a distance of more than sixty miles in April had been captured by the Allies who in turn were preparing to use them against Berlin. Airplane raids on the German capital were also being planned.

The internal situation in Germany grew graver with each passing day. By distributing food which the nobles had hoarded in their palaces and with gifts of money that spelled ruin for his already sadly depleted treasury, the Kaiser had succeeded in keeping about a third of the German population loyal to the Imperial Government. The other two-thirds were heart and soul with the revolutionists.

After being howled down in the Reichstag with cries of "Deutschland über Wilhelm!" on the memorable occasion of Scheidemann's speech, the Kaiser made no further attempt to address his people personally, but from time to time proclamations were issued from the Imperial palace. These called upon the people to lay down their arms against the government, proclaim their allegiance to the Emperor and deliver Scheidemann, Liebknecht, Harden and various other revolutionary leaders to the authorities. For several days, loyal soldiers went about Berlin in the dead of night posting

these proclamations in conspicuous places. Invariably on the following morning they were found to be torn down, mutilated or otherwise defaced. Photographs of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince and von Hindenburg suffered a like fate. In many instances these were covered with crudely written threats and frequently vile epithets directed at the originals.

For a week following the sensational episode in the Reichstag, Berlin was comparatively quiet. There were sporadic clashes between the people and the military, but these gradually decreased in violence and an ominous calm took their place. Parades were held daily, and on more than one occasion the Kaiser was openly hanged in effigy before the soldiers could disperse the mobs. Two attempts on the part of Wilhelm to leave Berlin were frustrated, after which he remained in his palace, guarded by several regiments of picked soldiers night and day. Machine-guns and light field pieces were mounted at every available point around the royal prison.

While Wilhelm was waiting for his fifty thousand veterans to march into Berlin and win him back his place in the sun with his own people, the revolutionists called a convention to draw up a constitution for the new Fatherland and nominate a candidate for president of Germany! The date chosen for the convention was September 10, 1918, and not only was no attempt made to conceal the purpose of the convulse, but it was given the widest publicity possible. General von Steufel, made military governor of Berlin at the beginning of the revolt, immediately addressed a proclamation to the revolutionists, warning them that enough troops would be on hand to suppress the meeting and that all who attended would be arrested and summarily executed as traitors.

At six o'clock on the morning of September tenth, ten companies of infantry, five squadrons of cavalry and a battery of light artillery took up positions on the *Wilhelmstrasse* surrounding the great hall which had been chosen by the revolutionists for their convention. All adjoining streets were roped off and heavily policed for a radius of a mile and hundreds of "Verboten" placards placed at intervals along the ropes. The soldiers deployed in an immense square all about the hall and there they waited for the word to slaughter. The convention was scheduled to begin at 10 A. M.

In the daily newspaper which the Imperial Government was having printed at that time, the entire front page was devoted to the precautions which had been taken to prevent "a disorganized, traitorous rabble, who would flee at the first sound of gunpowder" from holding their convention. What this "rabble" accomplished is now history—history that marked the beginning of the democratization of Germany.



Some fanatic fired a revolver in the air. Upon the instant, the street became a battle-field. The Prussian infantry charged the mob. Scores fell on both sides





Meanwhile my own position was far from being an enviable one. While I had been released through the advent of the revolution from the military authorities and was in a measure under the protection of Doctor Liebknecht, I was still an alien enemy and, therefore, the object of a great deal of natural distrust from the other revolutionary leaders. I was allowed my freedom to a certain extent—always under the eyes of one of Liebknecht's lieutenants—but was barred from all conferences, to which Frieda had welcome entrance. I was living at this time in the home of Frieda's agent aunt in the section of Berlin which was wholly under control of the revolutionists. Frieda also lived there, but besides the affairs of the Reichstag I had found little opportunity to talk with her alone. My situation was decidedly irksome and I fumed and fretted constantly over the fact that I was performing a slinker in a world where even the lowliest were doing something to rid their habitation of the curse of kaiserism. My countrymen were doing their share either with bayonet or Liberty Bond, each a weapon as effective as the other, and here in Germany these now enlightened slaves of Kultur were fighting for their own salvation. All were working to the one end—that this world given us by the Almighty should be made fit for His creatures to live in. I stood idly by, a mere spectator, and being young and red-blooded.

I needed torture, I must state as a fact. It was impossible for me to rejoin my command in the American army and do my bit there, but since we were all fighting kaiserism, I resolved to bear a hand in any possible way and cast my lot with the revolutionists. I felt that if I could take any part, however small, in ridding the world of the Hohenzollern scoundge, I would be loyal, not only to my country, but to humanity itself.

There was, of course, another thing. I was as certain of my love for Frieda Bernhard as I was of my devotion to my country. This beautiful, fearless girl, representing the best type of the real German people—not the Prussian—who was risking her all to save her country from the ruin brought on by its ambition-mad ruler, had entwined herself eternally around my heart. I resolved, therefore, to make an opportunity since none had presented itself, to bare my heart to her and beg a place among her people where I could do my part.

The night before the convention of the revolutionists, I got my chance. Liebknecht's headquarters was almost directly opposite the house where I lived. Frieda as usual had gone there after dinner for the nightly conference of the leaders. As a rule, she returned to the house at about ten o'clock and retired almost immediately, her room being on the first floor directly under mine. It was my custom to repair to my room as soon as I had eaten the sparse meal, made meagre by the food famine in Germany at the time, and busy myself with the notes from which this narrative grew. When Frieda came in she would knock softly on the ceiling of her room and I would return the sign—that was all. A mere reassurance to each other that we were both safe.

This night, however, I waited impatiently until about half-past nine and then crept softly out into the dark and harrassed street to wait in the shadow of the house until Frieda should return from the conference. A figure brushed past me in the darkness and I huddled behind the steps of the house to avoid being seen, since my presence at that hour might be misinterpreted, owing to my peculiar status. Perhaps a half-hour passed, the minutes seemed interminable, and then I saw Frieda come down the steps across the street. I was my object to intercept her before she reached home, so that I might have a few moments together in which I could make my plea.

She was half-way across the street and I had already started out to meet her, when a man darted out of the gloom and addressed her in a low voice. I saw her start back in apparent surprise and they conversed together in subdued tones. Of a sudden I heard the throb of a motor and a high-powered car, bearing no lights, purred into the narrow street and stopped almost opposite me. I had but time to observe the phenomenon that it had heavy armor plate on its sides and a wicked-looking machine-gun on the driver's seat, when I heard Frieda utter a low cry. The next moment she swayed dizzily and would have fallen to the ground had not her companion lifted her in his arms and begun to half drag half carry her to the car.

Although unarmed, I sprang forward instantly and bumped sprawling into a thick-set man who had jumped from the car with the evident intention of rendering assistance to the other. He gave vent to a guttural oath and peered at me sharply in the darkness.

"Have you secured Liebknecht, swine?" he whispered hoarsely—in German, of course.

I rallied my scattering wits, for my bewildered brain could concentrate on nothing but Frieda's safety. The blood pumped through my veins until it seemed as though the hot fluid would burst its sheath. I thought quickly,

reash him he brought forth something that glinted dully for an instant in the uncertain light, and at once I felt a searing pain in my left arm. There had been no report, no sound, in fact, yet the warm blood was already spurting through my torn coat sleeve. As he backed around the side of the car, using it as a shield, it flashed across my tumbling brain that his revolver was fitted with some sort of silencer, and three sharp hisses past my head told me that he was a perfectly good murderer and a bad shot. I wasted no further time in speculation, but dropped on my knees beside the car. He must have thought I was badly hit for he threw caution to the winds and came running toward me. Raising on my elbows I commanded him to stop, a good German, to halt. His answer was a bullet that clipped my cheek. Then I took careful aim and fired—once. He flung forward almost on the report and tumbled at my feet, an inert mass.

Well, there was no silencer on my revolver and the sharp report brought lights to many windows and sounds of running feet. People came rushing into the street from all directions, and it was Liebknecht himself, startled and querulous, who found me supporting Frieda with my one good arm.

I briefly narrated the circumstances of the encounter and a physician was immediately roused to administer to the girl and myself.

Liebknecht gave some sharp orders for the disposal of our assailants and I felt relieved when I saw the one I had shot showing signs of life. Frieda was suffering from chloroform poisoning, but owing to her splendid vitality was quickly revived. The wound in my arm, though painful, was fortunately not a serious one. The doctor, a squat, ruddy-faced, bespectacled German of pleasant mien, considerably left us alone after the usual dressing of my arm—he was anxious to view our three prisoners and learn more of the encounter. The door had scarcely closed after him when Frieda came over to where I sat ruefully viewing my injured arm. I had long impudently pleaded all carefully rehearsed to make to her earlier in the evening, before the foregoing events had occurred, and at the time of its conception I considered it a masterful effort. It now was, however, completely gone from my throbbing brain, and all I could think of was that she was madly and beautifully and that I was in considerable pain. She bent over me until the soft tendrils of her golden hair affectionately caressed my face and lips brushed my cheek and in her face and tried to rouse myself from my stupor and tell her what was in my heart—when it was she who spoke.

"I love you!" she said, so low I scarcely caught the words—and her lips brushed my bruised cheek. I forgot my wounded arm—forgot it even though the bandage rattled and loosed itself in the mad embrace I caught her in. When the doctor, Liebknecht and the others poured into the room a few minutes later, I was dazed and happy, and a prospective bridegroom!

As Liebknecht advanced to the center of the room, the others fell back to a respectful distance and the great leader of German democracy eyed us anxiously for several seconds without speaking. Then the little physician came forward with an impatient exclamation to rebid my arm, and Liebknecht smiled quizzically, breaking the tension.

"Here Captain," he said, addressing me, "you are indeed a remarkable man! For a non-combatant in this terrible war, I should say you are most vigorous. I am sorry you are not a German—but perhaps then you have had German ancestors, yes?"

I shook my head.

"Hein!" he said. "That is his too bad—but not too

[Continued on page 56]



He lifted her in his arms and began to half drag, half carry her to the car

"All is well!" I answered in his own tongue—and lunged for him!

We thudded together on the hard earth and rolled snarling into the gutter. Taken by surprise and running more to fat than muscle, he succumbed quickly to my frenzied grip on his throat, and while he was yet relaxing in my grasp I had found and secured his revolver, a heavy automatic. I scrambled to my feet to meet head-on the driver of the car, who flashed a spot-light in my face an instant before he went down without a cry under the impact of my clubbed gun. I swung around almost joyously to meet the other, or others, if there were any. After these weeks of inactivity and clamping on the bit for action, this conflict was as raw wine to my parched being. I felt like yelling aloud with the pure joy of battle, and the hot blood rushing through my veins stimulated me as a potent drug.

The same incidents had been so brief and almost noiseless, that the man who was dragging Frieda to the car was unaware of their happening until he reached it. Stumbling over the prostrate body of the driver, he uttered a sharp exclamation and released his hold upon Frieda, who staggered to the side of the car and clung there, gasping. I sniffed an odor of chloroform so sickeningly pungent as to bring water to my eyes, and then the man tugged at his coat-pocket. Before I could



# Our Real Enemy

by Arthur Guy Empey

**W**HEN a nation enters a war, there are three main issues to be considered in order that victory may be attained:—

The first must be a thorough knowledge of the enemy; that is, the nation most know whom it is fighting.

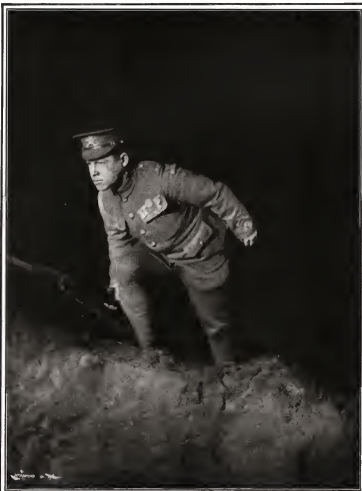
Second: It must immovably realize the damage the enemy is able to inflict upon it.

Third and last, but really the most important: What damage is the nation able to inflict upon the enemy?

The United States is now at war. It has been at war for over a year; but still there is a large percentage of Americans in this country who do not know it, or, if they do, they attach very little importance to the fact. You and I have often heard this expression: "Why don't they do something?" The people asking this question do not realize that they themselves are at war; that if the war is to be won, they must ask themselves the question, "Why don't I do something?" When the time comes, and it will, as sure as there is a God in heaven—when ninety-five per cent. of the American public ask themselves the question, "Why don't I do something?" then, and only then, will victory loom in sight.

Who is the United States fighting? Americans, to answer this question, we must come down out of the clouds. In the early days of the war nearly all of us joined the Flying Corps, and we have been up in the air ever since on this vital question. We have been so high up in theory and sentiment that we have lost sight of the ground. To win this war, every American must plant his feet firmly in the mud, and look the truth facts squarely in the face. Only then can we lick Germany. We are not fighting Prussianism and Militarism alone; we are at war with Germany, the German people, and everything connected with Germany, and the sooner we realize this, the sooner our boys will come marching home, with German helmets stuck on the tips of their bayonets, and with that baby-killing, muflying Kaiser, and his idiotic son, the Crown Prince, by the scruff of the neck.

What damage can the enemy do to us? The Germans under me will be taken care of by our fighting forces. Our army and navy are fully aware of the damage that can be inflicted by the enemy at the front and on the sea, but our real and most dangerous enemy is the German right here in these United States. It is not the German who gets out on the street, and shouts, "Hoch der Kaiser," that we have to fear. We know that from him. It is the German who wears the Red Cross and Liberty Loan buttons below this flag and who, under a camouflage of patriotism, stabs our fighting men in the backs; holds up war action; spreads his snake-like propaganda; creates an anti-Ally sentiment; preaches an iron-clad peace; spreads rumors of disaster to our troops at the front, and tries to cause general dissatisfaction against the method our government uses in conducting the war. Americans, it is the German, and not the American that is arrested as a spy. It is the one who has lived next door to you for twenty years, who has broken bread at your table, and who right now, this very minute, extends to you the glad hand, and boasts of what the



Photograph by Lejars Hillier

**Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey going over the top. He has fought not only in France, but here. He was among the first to cry out against the German-language press in this country; and his ringing words have thrilled thousands of listeners. He is first and last a soldier—a soldier with a message**

United States will do to Germany. It is the one who has an oily smile on his face, and who is always displaying his patriotism. This is the type who, as soon as your back is turned, whispers "Deutschland über Alles!" Beware of the German who sympathizes with you and sheds crocodile tears when he reads the name of your son in a casualty list. When he leaves you and is alone, he takes that same casualty list and glazes over it, and prays to God that it will continue to lengthen.

Russia was not put out of the war by German and Austrian force of arms; she was defeated and poisoned at her own family table by the German assassin in the interior of Russia.

The Italian reverse was not caused by the German and Austrian armies; Italy was betrayed by the German propagandists from within. But mark my words, Americans, Italy is coming back, and is coming back strong, and will march beside the Allies when they enter Berlin. Her chin will be high in the air, on a level with the up-tilted chin whiskers of our dear old beloved Uncle Sam!

Remember, Americans, every citizen of the United States has a right to arrest any person uttering pro-German or anti-Ally sentiment. Remember this, and act accordingly. Constitute yourself a secret-service agent, and if at any time you hear a remark against our

Government or against our Allies, no matter how trivial or unimportant it may seem to you, either arrest that person, or report to your nearest post station his or her name and address. Quick action will follow. The case will be very carefully investigated by the Department of Justice, and if the charges are substantiated, that German is going to disappear. Perhaps after the war we will see him again, and perhaps we won't. Let us hope we won't; for the United States will be well rid of a parasite on the folds of the Star Spangled Banner.

**I**F the United States throws an army of ten million men on the front against Germany, the war cannot be won unless this mighty army is backed up by a still more powerful army—"the army of the people who stay at home"; the over-aged, the women, the physically unfit and the under-aged. We are all privates in the army of Uncle Sam, whether we wear civilian clothes or a uniform; whether we are men, women or children; and Uncle Sam expects you to do your duty as a private. This war is not going to be over in a few months. We have three long years of fighting before us, and the United States must bear the brunt. There will be thousands of our boys who never will come home. They will rest under little wooden crosses somewhere in France. Did you ever see a little wooden cross somewhere in France? Do you realize what it means? Let me try to explain its significance.

Go over to the American Sector in France, this very night, about six or seven hundred yards behind the front line trench. A German shell bursts in the air and lights up the ground with a red flare. In this crimson light, ploughing forward, sinking over your shoe-tops in the mud, and in some places up to your knees, you will see, silhouetted against a red sky-line, two little rough pine boards, nailed together in the shape of a cross, standing at the head of a little heaped-up mound of dirt. Perhaps you will have to scrape mud from this little cross to decipher the crude inscription in black paint. It will read something like this:

Private John Smith, No. 5382,  
Co. A, 109th U. S. Inf., 54th Brigade.  
Killed in Action, July 1, 1918.  
R. I. P.

This little wooden cross means that an American soldier is dead, and is buried in the ground of France, thousands of miles across the water, and that he is never again going to see his God's country of ours, and God's people. It means that he is lying over there, lonely, his soul praying to the army of the people who stay at home, either to avenge his death, or to support his mates, who are fighting along the head in the trenches of France. In time the elements will destroy that little cross, and perhaps a bursting shell will level that little mound of dirt, and all trace of the resting-place of that heroic soldier who gave his life for his country is wiped out forever.

It is up to the "army of the people who stay at home," to say whether or not hundreds of thousands of these crosses shall spring up all over France. For if you do not support our fighting army, it means that they will improperly equip and improperly feed, thus causing hundreds of thousands of deaths. Even now, our wounded soldiers are returning. Some have an arm missing, others a leg gone, while others are sightless. Soon it will be something to see a wounded soldier hobbling along on crutches, leading a blind mate—good pals, tried and true.

Now remember, Americans, [Continued on page 46]



# Through the Haze



The American "Mr. Britling" and a Rattling Good War Novel

Chapter V

ON Sunday afternoon the same old crowd met again at the Country Club. Only this time Don was not with them.

While the others (except the ballroom dancers, who had returned to the city) recuperated themselves over Adalco cocktails, Don lay one more upon the sloping hill. It was not his to know that in the stratum of American life in which he was attempting to adventure, even the cows kept the Sabbath. So, fruitlessly, he waited. Yet not entirely without result. A much-marked slip of paper between his elbows bore words—the words with which man, in contradiction to the flowers and the birds, strives so pitifully to express himself. Again he had the wrong ones.

"The hours may come, the hours may go—"  
 For a long time he thought, impatiently; a multitude of scratched-out lines showed how laboriously.

He looked down the green hill toward the little cottage. No living thing could be seen. He sighed. He looked back at the golden treasure, half wrought. Suddenly there came to him other lines, of dross, latent in his recollection.

As a sculptor who crushes the half-formed clay that refuses to yield to his soul, he scrawled the first words:

"The hours may come, the hours may go—"  
 But when they come from I don't know—"

By and by he rolled over on his back and gazed up at the fragrant blossoms. He wondered vaguely where the robin was.

Vagant thoughts flew through his mind. There came at length the thought of going home; which led him to think of those who live there, which again brought him to the Country Club where they had gone; and at length to his sister. He had been thinking something about her. What was it? He pondered deeply.

At length it came to him. She had looked unhappy. But she had said that she wasn't unhappy. Now he remembered! Could one be unhappy without knowing it? That had been the thought.

Could one? He wondered. Suppose he applied the thought to himself. Was he happy? Certainly. He felt all right—a bit tired, perhaps; but that was only natural after being up all night and going horseback-riding besides; and nothing worried him.

But after all, that was a negative sort of happiness. Was he really happy?

Well, when you come down to that, what is happiness, anyhow? Isn't being happy the state of not being unhappy?

Meanwhile, at the Country Club, all made ready to go to the Hathaways' for bridge, until perhaps ten. All were tired; and the men, or most of them, would have to go to the city on the following morning.

Craig helped Constance on with her silk dust-coat. For the moment Constance found herself almost wondering if what had happened the night before really had happened, after all.

Chapter VI

TO tell what people are, it is easier, sometimes, to tell what they are not. As the Amesces were neither of the very rich nor very poor, very intelligent nor very ignorant, very good nor very bad, very intellectual nor very foolish, neither were they of the many other things for which Americans have at times been so variously and vigorously scolded.

It has been said of us of America that, while being a nation of democrats, no country has been more impressed, and by the forms and usages of aristocracy. Certain classes of us have been reproached for being social climbers and title idolaters.

That there have been and are, social climbers, is undeniable. But social climbing is but a mild sort of dissipation. It inflicts injury to none; and misery to but the climbers themselves who, because of the very fact that they are what they are, can never be

Illustration by Clarence F. Underwood

happy. As Alexander sighed for new worlds to conquer and found them not, so do social climbers, at whatever height, long for yet rarer altitudes. Social climbing, like ambition, is the fever of contentment; and unlike ambition, the result of uselessness. And it, happily, popular world opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, is confined to the few.

And as the Amesces were not any of the other things to which we have alluded, so were they neither title idolaters nor social climbers. With what they were, and where they were, they were content.

Their world was an irregular ellipse that went as far as west certain of their friends or interests, and there curved gracefully to meet the east.

Meanwhile they flipped and flipped in the golden flood, much as plays a school of tarpon in the shimmering waters that are their own.

BUT even to the tarpon, all does not glitter. And so

came the summer day to the Amesces, in their armetest play-ground, came Uncle Victor.

Ames it was that brought him; a thin wisp of a man, sandy-haired, sandy-skinned, with a long sandy mustache. He was sitting that in hand on the bench in the outer office when Ames returned from lunch. Ames did not notice him then. His presence first became known when, on reaching his desk, Ames saw the little electrically-driven pencil of his annunciator (and upon its end the name of Mr. Victor Warren).

To Ames the name meant nothing. So he rang for his secretary.

"Mr. Victor Warren?" he asked, indicating the written name of the visitor.

"He says he's Mrs. Ames's uncle," the secretary answered.

"Mrs. Ames's uncle?" repeated Ames. "I didn't even know she had one!"

He considered.

"Wait a minute," he commanded. There came to him hazy recollections of strange Christmas cards depicting foreign scenes with a wealth of color beyond anything to which Nature might ever hope, or dare, to aspire; cards on which were written, in a painfully cramped yet at the same time dashing flourish hand such sentiments as, "A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year from Thy Respectful Uncle Victor," or "His humble but warm wishes you wish us with us." Other post-cards he recalled that contained printed sentiments of an almost passionate devotion. He remembered, also, two small and very green gold nuggets. To his secretary he said:

"Show him in, by all means."  
 Uncle Victor came, hesitantly, almost timidly.

He grasped Ames's hand with a strength entirely unsuspected. With a quick lighting of little blue-white eyes he inquired as to the health of Constance, and of Don. On being told that they were well, and at home, he expressed so earnest, so sincere a desire to see them that Ames, carried off his mental feet by the unprecedented circumstance of a visit from an in-law whose existence he had quite forgotten, closed his desk and offered to take him there at once. . . . An offer of which he later repented.

The trip from the office was of the strangest and of the most uncomfortable, within Ames's recollection. Personalities exhausted, there seemed to be no other subject that suggested itself.

To be sure, taxi-ing to the station, Uncle Victor expressed a sincere conviction that the municipality in which Ames conducted his fiscal endeavors was "some town!" His appraisal of the railroad station was couched in similar phrasing; as was his opinion of the train; of the station at which they alighted; of the car that there met them; of the house at which they finally arrived.

Leaving him twiddling his old bald head uncomfortably, in the great, cool hall, Ames went to find Con-

stance. Her uncle's eyes lighted up again on seeing her. On her part, she tried to cover the sudden sinking sensation that she felt with an air of cordiality that she did not feel.

He gazed at her with a besotted expression, his jaw dropping.

"My, my!" was all he was able to say. And again, "My, my!"

The greetings over, they turned him over to the august hospitality of Wason, the butler. And in the privacy of their own rooms, Ames attempted to explain, while Constance attempted to listen.

"But what could I do?" he demanded. "He seemed to take it for granted that we'd want him—that he'd be welcome here. I tried to suggest a hotel, or a club—I could have sent him to the Union; it's so much like a hotel that he wouldn't be noticed—but he just kept saying how anxious he was to see little Connie, and the baby—I suppose he meant Don by that—and—and—oh, confound it, I hadn't the heart to throw him down cold! And," extenuatingly, "he is your uncle, you know."

Constance, placing silken ankles together, surveyed the jeweled luckies of tiny slippers.

"But what *could* we do with him!"  
 "We'll have to put up with him, I suppose," returned her husband; "that is, until we can make some decent excuse to get rid of the poor old chap."

"We might," she said, "if it weren't for that dinner to-night."

"Dinner?" murmured Ames.

"Good heavens! You hadn't forgotten, had you?" she cried.

He nodded slowly.

"His coming, like this, just knocked everything out of my head!" he muttered.

"And I don't suppose," said Constance, "that he has even a dress-suit."

Ames recalled painfully the battered telescope bag that had been his uncle-in-law's sole impedimenta.

"I could lend him one of mine," he ventured, despectively.

She shook her head.

"Don's would fit him better. But even a dress-suit wouldn't make him *fall* right! Did you hear that awful thing he said?"

"No," he said. "What was it?"

"It was about his going to Mexico, or some such outlandish place—from which he's just come; and he said, 'If I'd a' known them felers was a-goin' to do that I wouldn't a' went.' . . . He tried to shake hands with Wason!"

Ames was silent for a moment.

"But what," he queried, at length, "would you suggest?"

She shook her head.

"That's just the trouble!" she cried. "I can't!"

"Well," said Ames, defensively, "he's your uncle, you know." She flashed a glance at him. "That may be true," she said, with a haughty unmoved of so colorful a thing as truth, "but all the same I don't think it's very nice of you to—to rub it in!"

WHEN Don came back from golf, they broke the news to him. He seemed more interested than horrified.

"Uncle Victor here?" he repeated. "Why, I thought he was dead!"

"He's alive!" rejoined Constance; "and what is worse, he's here, and I'm afraid we've got to ask him to dinner to-night."

"Why not?" demanded Don. "He's probably hungry."

"Wait," said Constance, coldly, "until you see him."

Don turned. "Is he as bad as that?" he demanded.

"Worse!" sighed Constance, with a shudder. "He's quite impossible!"

"I'll go and have a look at him," volunteered Don. "Maybe we can mend him up some way. Put him next to me. I'll see that he doesn't break anything; and at that I'll





"Father reads a great deal," she said; "mostly German papers—and a few books. He seems never to forget that he is German"



"And you?" asked Don. "Do you feel that you are German, too?" She shook her head

enjoy him better than Enid Haynes. He won't try to flirt with me, anyway."

"Don!" cried his sister. "Listen, sis," he adjured. "I'm a free-born American citizen. And if there's any one thing a man should be allowed to choose for himself it's a wife. . . . Where is he? Uncle Vic, I mean?"

"In the blue room."

Don went to inspect him. He found him seated in a chair, in the mathematical center of the room, his hat on his knees, his telescope bag at his feet. . . . He had not moved since Wasop had placed him there.

"Uncle Victor?" queried Don, advancing with outstretched hand.

The old man blinked, his jaw dropping. He was speechless.

"You are Uncle Victor, aren't you?" asked Don. Uncle Victor swallowed.

"Who're you?" he demanded.

Don laughed. "I'm Donald," he returned.

Uncle Victor blinked again. "I got 'em," he murmured, softly. "I know I got 'em!"

"Is there anything the matter?" asked Don, puzzledly.

The old man pointed at him a gnarled and wavering finger.

"You," he mumbled, hoarsely, "you ain't—the baby!"

"I was a baby, I suppose, once."

The old man's head was shaking. Realization was slowly coming.

"My, my!" he murmured. "My, my, my!" He shook his head again.

"I leave him a nursin' baby an' I come back an' find him nine foot high an' wearin' long pants! An' it don't seem like I be'n gone a minute, hardly!"

"Time flies," laughed Don.

"Flies!" said Uncle Victor. "She don't fly. She shoots!" He shook his head again. "If your pore mother could only 'a' lived to see you now! . . . And little Connie! She's growed, too."

"Yes," agreed Don, seriously. "She's quite a big girl now."

Uncle Victor caught the mischievous light in his eye. He grinned, widely.

"Shake," he said, thrusting out his hand. Don did.

And suddenly all barriers of strangeness between them had gone.

"Been makin' out good?" demanded Uncle Victor, at length.

"Yes," said Don. "How about you?"

"Oh, all right," returned Uncle Victor. "I got a little dinero left in the war bags; though at present,"

he continued, "I'm sufferin' what I once heard one o' them orator fellers classify as a hiatus. It struck me as bein' a good word at the time; so I looked it up. It's come in a heap useful to me ever since."

"A hiatus?" queried Don.

"Hiatuses, that way, is common, in Mexico," said Uncle Victor.

"Have you been in Mexico?" queried Don.

Uncle Victor nodded.

"Off and on," he replied. "I've had to come up once in a while for air. That's why I'm here now."

He went on. "It's the open season for white men down there now. So I think to myself I'll just come away until the law goes on again. An' thinkin' about comin' away. I thinks where'll I go? An' thinkin' about where'll I go, I thinks about here. An' so here,"

he finished, "I am."

"And I'm mighty glad," said Don, earnestly, "to see you."  
 "Thanks, son," said Uncle Victor, "I believe you are."

It was Don who arranged him for dinner. It was a task from which he emerged worn and disheveled. Coat, waistcoat, shirt, trousers and collar had fitted well enough. For, although Don was a bit taller, the current fashions had proclaimed a scantiness in apparel that sufficed to dignify Uncle Victor at least longitudinally; and they were of about the same lateral measurements. But it took the combined efforts of both of them to enmesh Uncle Victor's feet into Don's patent pumps.

"Show me the feller that says you can't put a quart into a pint measure," continued Uncle Victor, ruefully surveying his pedal extremities, "an' I'll show him how it's did."

#### Chapter VII

THE dinner that evening included several new guests, and several old. Craig had been invited. An unattached bachelor of means, presentability, charm and distinction is well-nigh irreplaceable.

It was with the least bit of a qualm that Constance had set his name down upon the list, and only after she had exhausted all other possibilities, even to the extent of appealing to her husband for suggestions. Amused quickly and a little impatiently, had suggested the very name that even then she had begun to write.

As for herself — well, it had been one of those very lively parties. Craig had perhaps been drinking a bit too much. And nothing like it had ever happened before.

She had not told Ames of what had happened. She feared that it might create bad feeling, or result in a scene. Above all else, Constance dreaded and hated scandal. It had no place in her life, and no room, and of course, it would never happen again.

There were, as other house guests, Mrs. Blair, charming, indolent and adaptable, just back from two weeks on the waters; Gordon Blythe-Durrien, a broad-shouldered, lean-lipped Canadian whom they had met while crossing on the *Lusitania*, and Mrs.

"HAT," said Maude to me as we were taking a taxi home from rehearsal, "now that we are New York favorites we ought to go about among the best people."

"Why?" I asked bluntly.  
 "Well," she replied, "sort of thinking it over. Not that she thinks much. I do the thinking — she's the feeling. 'Well, so what can we feel we're just as good as anybody.'"  
 "I expect at her. Is that the reason women lose so many of their old friends, and make new ones?"

"Yes. They can't help it — something drives them onward and upward."

"Like second-story men. They go higher than that. They are more in the class of that youth named Execlvor who keeps up-love-uplifting himself up the slopes."

I looked at our nice clothes and our gold purses without a subway ticket in them, and full of money to pay for the taxi. I up-love-uplifted ourselves along artistically, and that ought to be enough."

"But," "No," she contended, bouncing out of the world as we hit a loose Broadway plank, "this is something that is the our families."

I could understand what she meant by that. That was something I could get my teeth into, as we say of a good ride. I speculated on it while we were slewing about the other vehicles on Central Park West. (I always try to think of something far removed from death when on that street.) Maude and I come from two of the very nicest families in our Iowa town. My father ran for mayor three times and was almost elected, and Maude's had been sheriff until her mother made him send in his notice — in stage parlance — so that he wouldn't have to hang a sort of relative of hers. We simply know all the best people out there, and

## Free!

by Mary Carolyn Davies

"I'M having the time of my life,"

He writes, "Don't worry for me."

For it took danger and strife

To make him free.

War gave him the freedom and friends

That poverty cheated him of. . . .

Shells, do not drop near his post!

Bullets, fly safely above!

There's a long line of men for your prey;

There are men who have lived more, to hit.

He has found his youth now. Shrapnel, guns,

Let him enjoy it a bit.

Drayton, a neighbor in the city whose husband had been lost on the *Titanic* and whose only son, a boy of Don's age, deprived of fatherly guidance, was beginning to go the pace. Constance asked her largely from sympathy. Not that she was unattractive. She had been altogether charming. But her black gowns and helpless eyes were rather a damper.

And there were, as dinner guests, besides the Anstruthers and the Hathaways (and, of course, Enid Haynes), Senator and Mrs. Evans, and the Gifteds. Senator Evans was by way of being of the type of vanishing statesman that, happily, is beginning to be as obsolete as the hoop-skirt. He affected the regalia of the frock coat, the string tie and the soft hat, and ran to ornate and cotidian periods. Physically and sartorially a relic of the mid-Victorian period, his mouth had never given him a chance to grow. Yet he was supposed, by the still unthinking, to lend tone to an occasion — like a family portrait or a Britannia cup. His wife, through years of self-imitation, had come to be a sort of asexual ditto mark.

The Gifteds were of the type of modern thinkers,

so called because they are not modern and do not think. But they were esteemed and revered because no matter what anybody said, they disagreed. They were against anything that is, and for anything that isn't. They were tortoise-shell glasses, shrewd and severe, nearly as flat as their heads, and didn't believe in marriage, religion, art, science or ethics. They even expressed some doubts as to the multiplication table. Yet while filled with a consuming scorn for anything that did not abide in, or emanate from, a certain section of New York that had formerly consisted mostly of stables (and sad it is to reflect to what base uses really good stables can sometimes come!), they were seldom, if ever, known to refuse invitations to eat, drink, or visit elsewhere. Possibly they felt that they were the divine missionaries of Truth carrying the light into the darkling shadows of civilizational beneightedness. If they didn't, at least this was what they said.

During the cocktail hour that preceded dinner, Uncle Victor kept close to Don with an almost pathetic timidity. He was a child, with a certain strange phobia, fears to lose the sanctuary of his father's side.

He confined himself, on introduction, to a handshake with the men and a quietly embarrassed, "Your servant, ma'am," with the women. He strove valiantly to keep his eyes from gowns cut extremely décolleté both at top and at hem. He knew their wearers must be good women, else they would not be found at the home of his niece; and yet never before had he seen good women

Caviar-laden crackers, passed with the cocktails, he inspected twice. But on seeing Enid Haynes nibbling daintily, he bravely gulped one down. The cocktails themselves he eyed scornfully.

"Liquor?" he queried.  
 Don nodded.

"Take one," he urged. "They aren't at all bad."

Uncle Victor shook his head.

"No, thanks," he said.

He surveyed the guests with marked interest: an interest not at all tempered by the fact that by the guests he was usually ignored. Strange relatives have become, in America, a common cross to be borne as painlessly and as unobtrusively [Continued on page 29]

# Benefits Forgo

by Louise Closser Hale

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

during the first years in our profession when we were struggling so hard to get New York engagements, we often remarked what a curious thing it was not to know any of the best people in the metropolis.

They have photographs in the trenches and they have vaudeville and side-shows back of the lines — all of these to take the bitter taste of war away for a moment or two. That's why we put a gay story like this into our *Win-the-War Magazine* every once in a while

For some time after we began creating rôles on Broadway we forgot about the best people. It was all sufficient to go among the very finest of the actor crowd, and I could see that this renewed desire of Maude's to become fashionable was prompted by her mother. Both of our maternal parents kept writing to ask who called upon us, and sending us card-salvers for Christmas gifts. Except that the increase in our salaries would suggest it our mothers couldn't see anything successful in New York all year when we was so much pleasanter to travel and observe the scenery.

We tried to quiet them, but it was no use writing home that we went to the Fifty Dancing Club every

Saturday night after the play, and there met just the dearest people in the world — who, of course, are players. We did write once, and both mothers hurried postals to us hoping on them that we got back to our flat before Sunday morning. To be sure, we had made the acquaintance of some young men who were carrying with more or less dignity names great enough for Iowa, but a sort of instinct kept us from writing to the folks about these boys.

Yet along with the mothers and their sisters and their aunts two young men of the very cream of society were woven into our lives, and I may add right here, were ravished out again with satisfaction to — oh, I am glad the breeze chicken our colored maid was of our social experience.

One could see how the idea of being fashionable had taken hold of Maude when we discussed it, and how proud we had been the first time she showed dissatisfaction with our surroundings. "It ought to be on the East Side," she murmured, as we let ourselves in with a latch key and smelled the breeze chicken our colored maid was cooking.

It made me rather grim when I recalled how we had longed for a flat over near Riverside, and once acquiring it, how proud we had been when the davenport had been derrickped up through the window. "To Iowa visitors living on the East Side means Chinatown," I told her. "They visit it in Yap wagons."

"It isn't what Iowa thinks, it's what They think," said Maude. And when I heard her referring to the best people as They I knew she was pretty well under the spell. Heretofore we had spoken only of managers as they.

We kept on arguing as we were freshening up for our early dinner, calling from room to room so that about forty families with bedroom windows also on

the court knew that Maude thought them socially unfit — and for three days afterwards the cream was missing.

"You may get into society, Maude," I called, "but you might as well live in a pig-sten for all 'Theirs' care." One must understand that Maude and I, having made hits for three seasons in New York successes, had already gone about a little, and we were not at all desirous as to the social status of the merely rich, who now and then asked us out to supper after the play. They did it because they didn't have anyone else to ask. Indeed, they were rather proud to be seen with us, and I swallowed their food without a struggle for it was giving them the best of myself while they were giving me their best. It was, vulgarly speaking, "fifty-fifty."

"Perhaps you don't realize that we have already started toward the goal," Maude said, as she came out of her room looking as well coiled and pretty that one would think she could walk into any house that pleased her — yes, and be kissed by the lutler in welcome.

"I haven't noticed it," I answered stonily.

"One doesn't. It's like evolution, but we've uplided quite a little socially." Trace it back.

**G**ETTING into society from the first step is all business. When a girl makes a hit in New York about the first person she sees the second night of the play is the press agent. He doesn't want to take her out and buy her anything, he just wants some photographs. So she rushes off early the next morning, and pretty soon they are in the Sunday papers. Shortly after she gets into the press he brings around a newspaper man, who doesn't want to take her out or do anything either that involves money, but he gets an interview and after it has come out she writes and thanks him for expressing her so well, although she probably thinks she could have written a letter on herself.

However — he comes back to see her a little later with a young man who is interested in the theatre and hopes to have a very, very little one himself some day. That's the man that asks a girl to go out and have a bite — that's the first bite offered her — but, of course, she doesn't go, and it disappoints the reporter. She invites him to call on her some day, for you never can tell what kind of roles there might be for her in these little-theatre productions. "And bring your sister," Maude always adds, to give the invitation tone.

He never brings his sister, although one of them Maude met later said she had wanted awfully to come but her brother thought it would put a crimp in his style. Yet he does bring an earnest young woman along with him, who has a great deal of personality in her hair, and believes his little theatre has a great future. She wants to be the play reader.

In our first case of this sort the little-theatre young man passed out of our lives as soon as he said that true disciples of art took no cognizance of salary, adding that he would begin rehearsing the plays as soon as his subscription list was satisfactory. But the next

Sunday evening we attended what his companion called a bohemian supper in her house.

"What is a bohemian supper?" Maude asked me as soon as they were gone.

I had to think it over, for that's the way I am — thoughtful. And it wasn't until we had attended a number of such parties that I decided a hostess called a supper-bohemian when she wasn't sure if it was going to be good. Maude got mad when people kept asking us to such affairs. It was her fixed idea that a supper was called bohemian because we were expected. That's the funny thing about the application of the word as regards people: all who aren't bohemians want to be and all who are — if an artistic calling stamps them as such — refuse to entertain the idea for a moment. As far as I can make out, as soon as you say you're a bohemian you aren't.

Anyway, we went to this party given by Miss Dreer — she of the individual hair — feeling that since she lived in an entire house we were getting on rapidly. It was in Greenwich Village, she said, which we feared would be a long way out in the country but was really quite near Eighth Avenue with grocery stores all about it — very convenient, as I told her when we got in.

Getting in was most inconvenient. She had said that she hoped it wouldn't be raining, as the tunnel was so damp, but I put that down as some figurative expression until we arrived in front of an area door with the number of the mysterious house (which we couldn't see) chalked up over the mouth to the tunnel. We found it by striking matches which went out, as it was raining very hard indeed. Maude had the matches in her pocket and I scolded her right on the pavement, for anyone could see that she was preparing to learn to smoke. She snapped back that she would have to learn sometime if she was going out in the world and she'd rather have the first experience in some other house than her own — which was disgusting.

By this time the door had swung gruesomely open in response to our ring and a far light invited us to wade through the tunnel which ran under the house facing the street, and evidently led to Miss Dreer's fortress. When we had heeled through the water, our toes in the air and arrived at a paved court, we saw a whole row of small houses running in between those facing the two streets, such as we put up at home for negro families. Many of the small windows were lighted, entertaining us with views of draperies upheld by spears.

"So this is where they've gone!" exclaimed Maude. "Where what's gone? Don't keep me in suspense."



"I'd like you in the family," she said

"Cozy corners," she replied, for even in Iowa cozy corners have folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away — evidently to Greenwich Village. We could see our hostess working herself up by a series of contortions from the sagging springs of her cozy corner and advancing to the door. Miss Dreer's house is the rather old kind that makes you say when you go into the living-room, "What a lovely fireplace!" as there is almost nothing else to say.

I shouldn't go into the form of entertainment, although it was very elevating. Maude didn't bring out her little package of cigarettes at first for fear she would shock them and later, when Miss Dreer smoked a short pipe she was ashamed to bring them out, as a lady smoking cigarettes seemed so old-fashioned. So, I am glad to say, she hasn't begun yet. They were all scornful of anything that happened out of Greenwich Village. They said it comprised the best of everything, and that was when I spoke of the grocery stores, remarking that they looked very nice. But here's a funny thing; the woman who received the most attention of all was the secretary of a prominent society leader.

**I** WOULDN'T bother to speak about it save that it is most important. As Maude and I went through all the layers of New York life we found this same respectful attitude toward anybody that had to do with society. Maude used it as one of her justifications for getting acquainted with the best people.

"We're all trying for the same goal, but we aren't after it for the same reason," she would contend.

"What's ours?" I grumbled out.

"My gracious, I've said it over and over. Since to be in society is the highest peak of metropolitan aspirations we've got to get up on that peak. It's due our mothers."

Maude said this a month after the taxi ride which began this story. Our play had opened and we had made such a hit that I hoped she would forget about this extraordinary way of being kind to her mother, but as soon as she had read her notices she was scouting over the same trail, glorifying her ambitions now by calling them aspirations. I was about worn out and I finally said to her:

"Be gracious, if you and I get up on that peak — if I help you to get up — will you promise to come right down again?"

"Yes," she promised; then, coughing slightly, "unless we find the atmosphere invigorating."

So we went on up the ladder and I think even Maude would have enjoyed sitting down on one or two of the rounds where we found awfully kind and amusing people; and as for me, I tried to arrange to keep on



It wasn't so very different from a play

the good side of them so that we could make protracted visits on the return trip.

We left Miss Dreer far behind, associating ourselves with the secretary of the *femme du monde* (they use that in our third act) for a while, who invited us to her club. It was clubs that did it at last, but we suffered frightfully meeting all those women and fearing that we were not progressing dubiously. It seemed to me at times that instead of poeb-climbing we were down in the ether clinging to a way through to China.

"Dear, you know," I would groan on the way home from these affairs where we had been guests of honor, "don't you see they're only using us? They just do to do us as a courtesy and we're really there just to add a crowd."

"I get it all," disposed Maude briefly. "And so do they, but what they don't get is that it's we're using them too. Now, some day we'll find a woman guest at one of those clubs who is trying to learn them also, and that's the one for us to hang on to."

The very next time Maude's prognosis — (can't spell it) predictions came true. We heard all about it on the other side of the screen in the cloak-room of the club. One of the club members, the kind that gets up things and always-waits until the last minute to dress, was talking to a fellow member.

"We have procured two actresses — they're decorative, if dull — and Mrs. Jastrow will do the talking. I got her."

We didn't care a bit if we were decorative and dull; what was interesting to us was the probable meeting with Mrs. Jastrow. It would be a great relief to Iowa to have as our name was in the papers as often as our names were — only in different columns. I wasn't afraid of her, for I understood that she would have a kind of feeling because we were all three working to some secret end or we wouldn't have been there.

Mrs. Jastrow didn't keep her secret. She never — at least not from us. She came in late, smiling amiably but not apologetically, and nodding to those who looked as though they wanted to pretend to know her. You could see she was out for something. When we were presented to her she extended her hand graciously, then as we seemed to embrace us with understanding.

"Of course," she exclaimed. "Your girls are in all the plays worth while these days. I went with my son last night. So amusing! Such charming frocks!"

And as she paid us compliments we could see a sort of purpose stealing into her face, an intention of commercializing us — of adapting us to her needs. Even I saw it although I didn't yet believe *haute monde* had any needs they themselves couldn't gratify.

WHEN she made her speech to the club she was every inch on the job. She said she hadn't come to talk but to meet women; said she was fond of women, although she had never before been within its hospitable door, that she was fond of this club; said it represented the flower of America; the women who did things (I could not find that they did anything except go to the club); said the great desire had come upon her as she had mounted the platform and looked at the sea of faces to make her interests theirs; said it is the women who do things of whom we are things.

Maude and I drew spring upon them her pet charity, and with lightning rapidity enrolled all the club members as hard-working members and collected dues from some. She declared that she was staggered by their response. It made her feel that each woman felt as Mrs. Jastrow left them — never to come again — that the social world was hers.

Maude and I did better than that: we drove home with her to tea. For Maude had whispered in her ear a single word that made plain to me her whole plan of attack. It was no doubt the word that Mrs. Jastrow intended her to whisper, for Mrs. Jastrow as well as

Maude appreciated that its seven letters link the social and dramatic world. It is the only word that does — the word which old Webster admits is "advantage; profit; us"; as though abetting us in our scheming. But he grants one more defining word, and that is Service! And if Maude and I did not grasp the import of that lovely synonym at first, we later recognized its sweet significance. Yes, now that it is all over I think that humble Service is always present, no matter how proud the Benefit.

FOR it is by Benefits that we players come in touch with the Mrs. Astrows of life, and again, I say it, the game is "fifty-fifty." The able lady knew to a cent the value of our services. What staggered me was the consciousness that we were of value. A sensation of power filled me as I sat drinking tea with Mrs. Jastrow and talking over our plans and plays.

That was the beginning of many teas and informal calls upon her and other women, who seemed to do nothing but have their hair marcelled but really accomplish more work than the actor has any knowledge of. Right from the start we were not awed by our surroundings — we have always been in society plays and have sat on just as good furniture in just as good rooms done up by the very best scene-painters.



We pushed open Maude's door without preliminaries. "I should think," said Mrs. Jastrow, "that this is hardly the moment for illicit love-making!"

There was nothing at all terrifying about the people who owned these houses. Their unaffected cordiality was disarming, and as time went on even I wondered if they were not accepting us because they liked us and not because they liked the Benefit. Of course Mrs. Jastrow didn't count on her boy, Roy, falling in love with Maude, and I am sure that bubbling little Mrs. de Perez had no thought of her dreamy son, Mendoza, taking to anything as blunt and practical as I am.

The two young men demonstrated differently, or, as we would say in the theatre, treated the same situation from different angles; but the conclusion was the same. It wasn't so very different from a play, and I think I may say that the ending was more satisfactory than the average drama nowadays, from which you go away not knowing whether they did or they didn't.

Roy might be put down as the juvenile, a perfectly transparent character, but Mendoza was a peculiar type who would have kept any audience wavering

between thinking him a detective, a leading man intent on good, and the villain.

There was no subtlety about Roy except that he loved to sit in the dark, hunched — the villainous — I mean — while Maude would be rehearsing on the stage. I sometimes thought he did this to hide from his mother who had grown so hosianna that she would actually enter by the stage door — that is if the stage doorkeeper didn't throw her out — and she asked out to act as promoter for the play Maude was in, and bought a beautiful portfolio like a parchment missal in which to carry the extra manuscript back and forth from the rehearsals. It made the stage-manager sick.

But it didn't make Maude sick. I could see that she was touched by this desire to make her interests his. She said he might develop into a producer — not have anything to do with the play, understand, but just put up the money. "I would keep him from offering suggestions," she boasted.

We were having supper alone the night she said this and I put down my chicken leg and arraigned her. "You're perfectly cloud-headed! You'll actually work this boy for his money."

She went right on with her own leg — chicken leg — so complacently. "You don't want a man when you're married to him; at least, you don't call it that. It is called sharing each other's joys."

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

"He asks me every day." "What do you say?"

"I say 'after the Benefit.'"

I stared in horror. To think that only a Benefit stood between her and a marriage service with that alien! It was really serious. If he had clung to his polo and squash court she would have felt as lonely as an Hawaiian dancer at a Sunday-school, but he had gone over to her side, fooling her with the idea that the union would be one of artistic value to the world. He wasn't asking her to abandon anything, as Mendoza was asking me.

I HADN'T told her much about Mendoza because I couldn't find out what it was he wanted me to abandon. He was one of those awfully sensitive young men to whom anything like a direct question would act as a cudgel upon his quivering nerves. He had a lot of principles — he had principles, striking out all over him, and he had a noble desire to share them that almost drove me crazy.

Yet he was lenient, oh, yes, lenient. If I came into a restaurant a little late for our luncheon appointment and would start to tell him of the splendid row I had been having with the property man he would smile indulgently and shake a reproving finger at me. "I am not your keeper," he would say, as though he didn't believe what my story and thought I had been sniffing cocaine up an alley — as though he preferred to believe it. And he would want me to drink champagne! I don't like champagne. We don't have it in Iowa

and it goes up my nose, yet I never had a bite with him at any hour of the day but he would say: "You are to have a little bottle just to prove to you I'm not a monster."

"Well, what are you, anyway?" I would long to shout at him roughly. And sometimes when I got impatient and founced about he would say gently: "There are happier times ahead of you, dear girl. Sit tight and bite on the bullet," or "Go to mother. Oh, the loving-kindness of mother's knee!"

This was absurd. In the first place, I had no bullet but I did have a mother of my own, and in the second place, I knew his mother much better than he did. She was a peach although she never offered me anything long enough for me to find out about her loving-kindness.

Mendoza was less impetuous than Roy. He didn't propose to me until two hours before the doors were opened for the Benefit. The mere fact (Continued on page 40)

# The Re-born Spirit of '76

by Anna Steese Richardson

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

**P**ERHAPS you have met him, too—the kind of professional pessimist who does more to help lose the war than he knows. I ran across him only yesterday. The skies lowered, the news from overseas was depressing, a senatorial committee had unearthed fresh evidences of profiteering, and a broken water-main had flooded the cellar of his suburban home. He regarded me with a gloomy eye.

"The entire world has gone mad! The nations which are not at war are on the verge of starvation. America hasn't a ghost of a chance. Eventually we'll have to sign a peace treaty, whether it hurts our national pride or not."

I shook my head.

"Yes!" he stormed, "and you and I will pay taxes that will make this year's income check look like a hell-koj's tip. Why, look at our army! What is it?"

"A magnificent fighting force," I shot back. "Your estimate of the army is founded on congressional squabbles and sensational headlines. You are merely drawing conclusions. I have been studying the new National Army in the making, and I know. You judge armies from numbers, equipment, training. I have been watching the reincarnation of that American fighting spirit which is popularly supposed to have died with our Revolutionary ancestors. Stand behind the American men in France and in training, and they will protect you from the Imperial Tax Collector."

He uttered an incredulous grunt and rang for his stenographer. I fare forth from his presence, head high and lips smiling; which is the way I have walked ever since my return from a tour of the training camps!

**F**OR the re-birth of the fighting spirit in twentieth-century Americans is the most significant, the most hopeful, the most poignantly inspiring feature of life as it lived in a training camp. The American Revolutionists whose courage and patriotism we had were pioneers who came overseas to blaze a trail in freedom's name. Whether they went forth to till the soil, to trade heads for land, or to worship God, they carried guns on their shoulders. But the men in the training camps from which I have just come were born in the liberty for which their forefathers died. They were trained in peaceful pursuits, lived under the slogan of Safety First, and were subject to arrest and fine if they carried firearms.

The hero of '76 fought for liberty in its simplest and elemental form. Fully seventy-five per cent of the 1917-'18 drafted men when mustered in did not realize that America's liberty was threatened. They had been fed up with the German propaganda that this is England's war, France's war, Europe's war—any nation's war but America's.

To-day, whether or not they have had time to analyze the real aims and designs of the Prussian military party, they believe that the United States having gone into the fight, it is their present job to win it. And they have gone at the tremendous unfamiliar task in the same absorbed, intensive fashion that they once brought to bear on athletic contests in school or college, or success in business. Best of all, thousands of young men who were floundering in civil life for lack of direction are developing unsuspected concentration and power in the army.

The development of this feeling which army officers describe as *esprit de corps*, but which to the layman looks like simple, elemental courage and patriotism, is a thrilling thing to watch.

Years find a sparkling veil over events and motives, and foster hero worship. But my tour of the training camp has eliminated from my vocabulary that phrase of unwaranted contempt, the good old days. As a child I often stood spellbound before two fine engravings which hung on the wall of my grandfather's home—"Washington Crossing the Delaware," and "Washington's Prayer." To-day I cannot believe that Washington's tattered frocks, having the ice-choked river on the trail of the Hessians, were one whit more cour-



"I should think General Pershing would be sent for you. My, but that uniform's becoming!"



ageous than the little group of men I met the other day in a Southern encampment, returning from a gas-mask drill held in a hut filled with deadly fumes. And the same spirit of humility and faith which illumined the engraved face of Washington kneeling in the snow at Valley Forge, I saw duplicated in the living faces of men who, with the Red Triangle of the Y. M. C. A. on their sleeves, turned out one gray, rain-soaked day, here to meet and serve a thousand recruits who entered the cantonment with the fear of military slavery instilled by German propaganda, chilling them marrow and soul.

Watching one regiment on parade, watching another building trenches and a third at bayonet practise is interesting, but the simple relations of camp life, man to man, officer to private, are convincing.

As an example, permit me to introduce Private S—. On the day I first met him, nearly a hundred men who could not write, speak nor understand English had been mustered in. Under the direction of the Depot Brigade Chaplain, a fine military figure with a profound respect for rules and regulations, they had been herded into the class-room of a Y. M. C. A. Auditorium.

They personified sullen despair. Some had come from collieries, some from lonely farms, some from factories. Most of them here the stamp of under-nourishment and impure air. Many were pallid with fear of what the next hour, the next moment, might bring forth. As distant doors opened and closed, the blood flowed and ebbed in their cheeks. They moistened dry lips with nervous tongues. Their hats hung from lifeless hands. They huddled together staring dumbly at the floor, or occasionally shot fearful glances at the Chaplain who leaned against the wall, his strong arms crossed on his broad chest.

The door opened quickly, and a lithe, wiry, upstanding young figure strode into the room. Keen, but kindly brown eyes illumined rather sharp features, tanned from drill in all sorts of weather.

Private S— saluted the Chaplain and turned to the group of recruits on his right, saying in purest Italian: "Italiani, I welcome you. We are glad that you have joined us to fight for the land of your birth and for this, your adopted country. We must all be good soldiers together."

The spirit like a wave of warmth swept over the group of Italians. They raised their heads and smiled with quick Latin sympathy. Some of the brown eyes were filled with tears, tears of relief and happiness.

Private S— swung to the left and spoke in Yiddish. Again that impalpable wave of relief, and more heads were raised. While the Russian Jews listened intently, the Italians began huddling among themselves. The Chaplain spoke sharply.

"Tell them they must not talk when you are speaking."

Private S— saluted and swung back into Italian. Silence fell upon the room. He turned apologetically to the Chaplain.

"They did not mean to be discourteous, sir. They were so grateful to hear their own language in what they felt to be an alien camp."

The Chaplain unbent and flung the shining-eyed Italians a kindly glance. They caught it and beamed. Here was another understanding man!

Private S— turned to the smallest group of all. He tried Bohemian, German, Finnish. The men shook their heads. A man who was plucking at a huge cap made of black and yellow cut-skin, muttered a few words. Private S— bent closer and smiled.

"Ah, Danish!" Without a second's hesitation he rattled off his little welcome in the language which these young farmers could understand. And their heavy faces lightened.

At the conclusion of these greetings, Private S— took each group by turn for its first lesson, the single but significant word, "Halt." Next he announced, simply and explicitly, where each group would find its religious services, Knights of Columbus buildings for the Catholics, Y. M. C. A. Huts for the Protestants, and Young Men's Hebrew Welfare House for the Jews.

As the third step, he separated into one class all those who could not write their own names, even in their own language, and the balance, according to nationality, for interpretative lessons in the manual of arms.

**A**ND finally, he led them all out for "colors," and as the hand struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," he explained to them with rapid-fire changes from language to language, how to stand at attention and the meaning of this beautiful every-day ceremony in camp.

Day after day, I saw Private S— give these men intensive training in military English and then turn them over, one by one, to the different Depot Brigade Sergeants. Just a private with the gift of tongues, but, in common with the Y. M. C. A. workers and the officers who knew of his work, I often

felt the impulse to salute him when we passed on the camp streets.

Private S—— can speak and conduct correspondence in eight languages. When war was declared, he announced his intention of entering a training school for officers. His employers, a prominent importing firm, induced him to take his chances on the draft. They needed his services sorely. His number was among the first called. As he possessed the peculiar co-ordination of muscle and mind and the powers of concentration from which officers are made, he immediately attracted the attention of regimental officers as a likely candidate for the officers' training class. But one day when a lieutenant sergeant was struggling with a squad of Italian recruits, Private S—— volunteered his services as interpreter.

To-day, after six months of co-operation with the chaplain of the Depot Brigade, and the commander of the M. C. A. educational secretary, he is still Private S——, volunteer interpreter for the non-English speaking recruits. He has watched men less worthy of promotion pass from the ranks to the post of corporal or sergeant. He has seen men of less intelligence and efficiency receive commissions. But hardest of all, he has seen messmates march off to adventures and glory overseas.

My curiosity overmastered discretion. I asked Private S—— how long he expected to remain at the cantonment. He replied simply:

"As long as the Major General needs me here. This war demands specialists in every branch of service. My specialty is languages."

But army regulations provide no commissions for interpreters. Private S——, who received two hundred dollars a month as foreign correspondence clerk, is working for his country at this rate.

Sergeant Bill—Mess Sergeant, if you please— is another chap who made me head in the solidarity of this new army.

Private Bill brought to the cantonment an enviable record as an athlete. He won favor in the eyes of his drill sergeant, and his second lieutenant reported him to the captain as the one man in the company who had learned to make his head military fashion within forty-eight hours after being made head. The Y. M. C. A. athletic director promptly selected him as a leader in the sports.

And then Bill took his turn at kitchen policing, which is the army phrase for waiting on table. As a K. P., Bill offered the mess sergeant a few practical ideas he had acquired during many summers of camp life in Maine's fishing grounds. When the mess sergeant came down with the messes, he begged pitiously that Bill should substitute for him, and Bill did, with such efficiency that there was great joy in the company who fed at his board.

From time to time the mess returned, Private Bill's fame had spread to regimental headquarters. So one afternoon when Bill came in from a hike that had set every drop of blood in his stalwart body tingling, he was summoned into the presence of his superiors and ordered to take over the mess-hall for non-commissioned officers. The language which Bill used when safe beyond the range of official ears is said to have turned a perfectly good soldier into a liar, and it has no place in this story nor any other intended for polite reading.

One evening when the Y. M. C. A. secretaries were at a mess with the "non-coms" escorted me to Sergeant Bill's mess-hall for supper, his irate and apologetic father appeared suddenly on the scene. He was armed with a special pass from headquarters which he little dreamed was issued in compliment to the efficiency of his son. He arrived when the mess hall was practically empty and the Y. M. C. A. workers were lingering over the task of washing their mess-kits. Evidently Sergeant Bill had but recently visited home about his new job. He tried to stave the indignation off by saying that he supervised the mixing of Hamburger steak for the morrow's breakfast simultaneously.

"Cut it out, dad. Cooking's not mesial work in the army. It's making men fit to fight. And if I can make a hundred, two hundred men fitter to lick the Hun, I'm worth more to Uncle Sam than if I was carrying one gun over the top. . . . Hi, Pete, mix in more onion

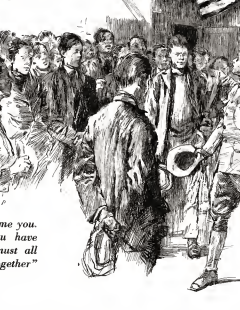
and mix it well. Don't throw in gobs like that. . . . I'm not crazy about feeding instead of fighting—but you and mother have got to understand that down here we take orders, no matter what they are. And I'm making good—I can fling balanced rations all over the place. I took my examination in dietetics yesterday. Sailed right through it as if it was trigonometry or physics. After this week, I won't be a chef. The C. O.'s going to put me in charge of three mess-halls—get that? I'm the one of Uncle Sam's dietitians."

Sergeant Bill's father went home unconvinced and rebellious, but Sergeant Bill whistled at his task of making men fit.

Of absorbing interest is the study of this clash between home and camp influences.

It is practically impossible for a writer with a large circle of acquaintances to enter a camp without meeting sons of relatives, friends or neighbors. So it is not remarkable that I had occasion to look up Eddie and Jack when I reached a certain National Guard camp. Eddie is the son of a moderately prosperous merchant, youngest child of his neurotic and emotional mother. He could not hold a position even in his father's store. His mother denied herself to keep him in good clothes and spending money.

On the day when he announced that he had "signed up" at the Armory, he came around the corner, his mother's hysterics penetrated to the apartment on the



"Italians, I welcome you. We are glad you have joined us. We must all be good soldiers together"

floor below where I was having tea with a friend. Mary Healey, privileged handmaid of my hostess, deposited a plate of golden brown toast before us, and passed, arms akimbo, eyes flashing scorn.

"Sure, and she might well be glad, for it may be th' makin' uv th' lad. It's me should be worried at th' thought uv her Eddie signed up in th' same company with my Jack. You should hear her when he comes in from his bivvy, orange juice. 'Eddie, dear, now have a bit uv orange juice.' 'This grand this morning.'"

For six months this doting mother has done absolutely nothing but devise "treats" for her soldier-son. Twice a week she has shipped boxes of food, his favorite crackers, cakes, pies, salads, pressed meats and sweets. She is an authority on containers and has made a study of mail trains. She sends him the same allowance that he enjoyed at home, and she refunds the premiums on the insurance which his officers shamed him into taking. Her daughters have been denied the pretty things girls like, that Eddie might have more knitted garments than an entire squad would require, a down quilt covered with khaki-colored sateen, and the finest grade of khaki silk handkerchiefs. She has taken no part in Red Cross work or Liberty Bond campaigns. From day to day she has lived on her boy's highly colored descriptions of the privations from which her boxes have saved him and his pals.

Her daughters, in other officers' camps, took their heads over Eddie, and admitted that he cares more for gambling than for drill. But Jack Healey is a sergeant of parts. Said he, saluting smartly: "You should see mother, tell her I'm doing fine, and th' war's grand life. Is she getting her allotment money regular, do you know? There's a heck here that it's not always paid. And tell her I'll be sending

her my Liberty Bond next week. And we've steam heat now in the barracks, as snug as our flak at home." His eyes twinkled. "And tell her if you like that I'm thinking how some uv the beatings she gave me has saved me many an hour in the guard-house here. 'Twill please her, no doubt.'"

If a boy writes to you that the life agrees with him and he likes it, believe him. Nine times out of ten he is telling the truth. If he is not, the very lie he has written proves that he is struggling toward that Spirit of '76 which some of us have mourned as dead. And then write him a letter bawling over with pride in his service to his country.

A STALWART, clear-eyed corporal asked me to help him pack an illuminated Roll of Honor, with his photograph in the oval.

"This will please your mother immensely," I commented as we fastened the cord and adjusted the stamp.

"Think so? Well, she's some mother. You ought to taste the war hell she makes—sent me a loaf in a tin can. She writes they haven't had white bread on the table in four months. That's going some! Thanks for your help."

He touched his campaign hat and turned away. The Y. M. C. A. secretary at my request followed to observe.

"I'd rather figure with a stamplingly reminiscent glance.

"You ought to have seen that lad when he landed in this cantonment five months ago. It had rained furiously all night, and just at daybreak I heard our religious worker shaking down the stove outside his room; then a door slammed and the empty auditorium rang with the thud that brought every secretary in the building out of bed. But as we stuck our heads out of the door, the religious worker signalled us to step clear—and we knew he would handle the situation. It turned out that a train load of recruits had arrived in the night, and a green officer had halled things up.

The poor devils had been marched through the rain to the mustering office where they had gotten their first shot (inoculation); then they had been marched through more rain to barracks, which were already filled. While the officer in charge of the recruits hustled off for orders, the boys huddled under a tree. This particular lad had seen the sign, 'Everybody Welcome' and the light flare up in the religious worker's window, so he had taken a chance and run for shelter.

"There he stood before the fire, water dripping from his clothes, and curs words from his lips. He laid out President Wilson for declaring war, the draft, the officers of the camp and the M.D., who had inoculated him. The religious worker stepped out on the porch, fire and taking an occasional look at the pot steaming over his little alcohol stove. Finally, when the boy had exhausted his rage and his voice was beginning to break with wretchedness and homesickness, he turned on our man.

"You're over the draft age. What in— did you come here for?"

"The secretary handed the recruit the cup of coffee he had been brewing and answered quickly. 'Because somebody must be here to meet boys like you who might get the wrong idea of camp life. We're all bound to make mistakes—but we all right them in time. The result is going to be an entire army of soldiers. We pray for the officer who made this mistake. He will have a nasty half-hour up at headquarters!'"

But it was Private Bert J—— who proved to me the efficacy of camp life in developing stunted, warped man-power.

I met Private Bert through Mary Louise Hammond. A sudden downpour had sent me scurrying into the Y. M. C. A. Hostess House. The only other visitor in the large empty room, he was an Englishman. So I fixed my gaze determinedly on my steaming hot soles, but it was useless. Mary Louise Hammond had been silent just as long as a woman of her type could be.

"I'm waiting for one of the boys?"

"I wish my head.

"I am. Been waiting since (Continued on page 41)

PAUL ASHE made his second visit to Allentown frankly in quest of sensation.

"I am coming up," he wrote, "ostensibly to see you and my always adored Mrs. Allen, but really in the hope of getting material for another play out of that anachronistic you call your factory. I scorn pretences. 'Chained to the Wheels' has about run its course, and they want another of the same sort only more so."

Allen read the letter at the breakfast table, and handed it to his wife without comment.

"Well," she temporized, with a tolerant inflection in her voice. And then she laughed a little. "Shall you tell him about Anne?"

"Not a word." He spoke with energy.

"I'm afraid he'll be disappointed when he sees what you have done," she said. She was smiling, but she raised her eyebrows with an air of anxiety only half assumed.

"He got his old 'Chained to the Wheels' out of us," Allen said shortly. "That's enough."

"I wonder what he'll think about Anne," Eleanor Allen mused. She looked down into her coffee-cup with the blank gaze of a seer regarding the future. She had forgotten that she expected a reply, and started a little at the sound of her husband's voice.

"He won't come within a thousand years of understanding her," he was saying vigorously. "Ashe is clever—but his range of vision is limited to the seven primary colors. Anne Douglas isn't for his sort."

"No, he probably would find her rather dull," Eleanor murmured, with delicate malice. Of course Anne was her friend, but it wasn't necessary to speak as though she were unique in the world. And then, being Eleanor, she forgot her momentary pique. "It will be pleasant, having him here, won't it? Paul is so entertaining."

"You like concentrated extract of Broadway," Charles said, without enthusiasm.

Charles Allen was a shoe manufacturer by the irony of inheritance. He had expected to capitalize his taste and his knowledge of pictures by doing something in the line of art commissions for a living; but the year he left Harvard a cousin

had died and left him heir to an established business in a distant village named Allentown. Charles understood theoretically that the business consisted of the manufacture of shoes, but when his lawyer had gone out to the balance sheets with him, he could realize it in no other light than as an amazing manufacture of dividends. He promptly married Eleanor, to whom he had long been engaged on hopeless prospects, and they sailed for daily on a honeymoon which lasted for four years.

When they returned to Boston, they brought Paul Ashe in their train. Ashe had already written a successful play, and he now went about the world looking at everything as "material." A vivid personality, and an absorbing interest in his own relation to life, made him always the central figure in any group. Fame courted him, instead of waiting for him to sue. Allen, critical and fastidious by nature, regarded Paul's audac-



Fanny Munsell

She saw him fall, with arms flung wide and a still look on his face

# Anne — by Lily A. Long

Illustration by Fanny Munsell

ities with amused tolerance, but Eleanor frankly delighted in him.

It was on the occasion of their return to America that Allen made his first visit to his shoe factory. "I believe I'll just go up and look at that place," he said one day, on an impulse.

"I'll go, too," offered Ashe, promptly. "Maybe I'll get an idea."

Allentown proved to be a tiny old village hidden among the New England hills. It was in effect nothing but a setting for the shoe factory, about which it had grown up in a haphazard and unbeautiful manner. Allen regarded it with distaste, and Eleanor reflected with thankfulness that they were not going to live there.

They took a keener and more genuine interest in exploring the old Colonial house which had come to them as a pendant to the factory, and found that it

held some very good old mahogany. It was all interesting to the new owners, and they had a very good time. It did not occur to them till afterward that Paul Ashe was the one who had made himself acquainted with the factory, while its ostensible owner was studying the markings of the pewter in the ancestral dining-room. The result of Paul's curious interest was shown the next fall when his play, "Chained to the Wheels," was put on the boards. It was a dramatic picture of the conditions of the factory-worker's life, and it soon became an open secret that the dramatist had made his studies at Allentown.

Charles and Eleanor went to see the play, and as a result, the Allens moved to their country home at Allentown and Eleanor wrote for Anne Douglas.

Anne was an old colleague of Eleanor's who had "gone in" for social service; and while Eleanor was sipping esthetic honey from the flowers of Italy, she had been developing welfare work in a western factory.

"Anne doesn't talk much, but she is the understanding sort," Eleanor explained.

That Anne did not talk much was almost disarmingly evident when, in answer to their appeal, she freed herself from other engagements and came to them. There was understanding, certainly, in her still eyes, but there was no honey on her tongue. She did not even seem to regard the situation as extraordinary. Still, at the end of the year Allen drew a long breath, and sent to London for a descriptive catalogue of old pewter. The Anne Douglas experiment was a working so well that he could afford to let his mind return to its natural channels.

Allen's conviction that Ashe would not be sensitive enough to catch the peculiar shimmer of personality that made Anne's silence vibrant was apparently justified from the outset. So was Eleanor's intuition that the dramatist was going to be disappointed in Allentown as it stood to-day.

"What under the sun have you been doing to things?" he demanded. His tone was aggrieved. "Where are those frightful, tumbled-down houses that used to be here?"

"Turn down. Place

turned into that baseball ground."

Ashe looked at him as an artist might look at an artisan who had "restored" an old master.

"And you've moved your people into those bungalows, I suppose," he said sarcastically, turning to view some attractive cottages which were unmistakably new.

"Yes."

"And I suppose you have a club-room and rest-rooms and a restaurant and a reading-room in the factory itself."

"Oh, yes," Allen admitted cheerfully. "You must let Miss Douglas take you about and explain it all."

"Not while I have breath," said Ashe vigorously. "If this is the work of Miss Douglas, I don't care to meet her."

And although they dined together that evening at the Allens', and he saw her, perforce, every day of the

time she spent there, it might almost be said that he never did meet her. He let her, in a manner, slide past him.

Such an attitude, maintained beyond the first days, could not be entirely unconscious. You can't avoid meeting a day in and say out without being watchful of her comings and goings. If it was at the beginning something of a game on Paul's part, Anne's refusal to play up, her quiet acceptance of his attitude, made it all the end almost as serious.

There was, indeed, a hint of something apologetic in Paul's manner on the last evening of his visit, when Anne had gone up stairs, and the others had drawn together before the fireplace. It was he who broke the silence with the wholly irrelevant remark:

"She hasn't much to say for herself, your Anne Douglas."

"She doesn't chatter," said Allen, quickly defensive. "But what she accomplishes—! Eleanor and I won't soon forget the way she handled the situation when an epidemic of typhoid broke out the first month she was here. You should see her among those ignorant women and stunted children—"

"I can believe, without actually seeing Anne interested in the children," said Anne not a hint. But she had had you with your money and your authority, hack of her."

"I could give money and authority, but nothing else," Allen answered.

"She knows what to do."

"Yes, I understand that it is a regular profession," Ashe retorted. "They teach you how to improve your neighbors by rule and measure."

"Good heavens, man," said Allen bluntly, "it was your play that put us up to this impudent business."

"Then Anne Douglas ought to see some merit in me," he said, implying.

"The next morning Ashe departed on an expedition which promised more success in his quest for sensation, and Anne did not even know he was gone until she came into Eleanor's room in the afternoon for a cup of tea.

"Paul Ashe is just a bundle of impulses," said Eleanor with disapproval. "He reaches an idea as though it were a bird—something that comes to him out of space, and for which he has no responsibility. He just thought of this plan, and inside of an hour it was settled."

"What plan?" Anne asked, politely.

"Why, he's going over to France. To work with the American Ambulance Corps. He has gone to Washington now to get the necessary papers and pull wires. You can't just go, you know. It's to be arranged."

She glanced at Anne as she spoke, expecting some response, and while her heart beat twice she held her breath. Then she went on with her tale, and no change in her voice betrayed that she had seen.

Anne, with her chin cupped on her hand, was absorbed in fitting Paul Ashe into the mental pictures she had of battle-fields. In an illuminating flash of imagination she saw him guiding a heavy car over a ploughed-up field, she saw the shells raining upon him, she saw him fall, with arms flung wide and a strangely still look on his face—

"Lina! Lina! Be a better," she said casually. Then she went out without further words.

All her life Anne Douglas had suffered from the consciousness that she was unable to express herself. She knew there was that within her which was worth expressing. She had recognized her own when she read that haunting poem of Fannie Stearns Davis—

"My Soul goes odd in gorgeous things,

Scarlet and gold and purple wings,

And at her shoulder sudden wings,

"Lark long lines flicker through,

"O flock who scorn my stiff grey gown,

"My dull and foolish face,

"Can you not see my Soul fly down,

"A singing flame through space?"

Extensive experience had told her that she could not and did not, and she had finally reconciled herself to the knowledge, just as she had been obliged, in her serious childhood, to reconcile herself to the fact that her hair was not curly. There were facts in life which simply had to be accepted, even at the age of ten. Her hair was irredeemably straight and her tongue irresponsibly shy. Growing up had not greatly changed the latter trouble. Fortunately, in the work upon which she had entered, it seemed herself, doing was more important than talking.

And this had been on the whole sufficient until Paul Ashe came to Allentown. Then, for the first time since

she had grown up, the old childish agony about the discrepancy between the inner reality and the outer show returned.

She was quite aware of the fact that Ashe had had no glimpse of her.

"If I were a different hat, and came upon him in another town, he probably would not remember that we had met before," she told herself. There was amusement as well as bitterness in the thought, as she decided she would forget the whole episode.

Now, to set forgetfulness deliberately as a task is a very assured way of remembering. Anne had so completely failed to forget that when, at the end of six months, Eleanor announced that Paul Ashe was returning to America, and had cabled that he was coming direct

## THE August McClure's will be a war fiction number.

It will breathe patriotism from cover to cover. The authors who are helping make this great August number include such names as Booth Tarkington, Arthur Train, Marie Manning, Dana Gatlin, H. C. Witwer, Dana Burnett, Porter Emerson Browne, Cleveland Moffett, E. M. Woolley, Hildegarde Hawthorne and Frank Goewey Jones. The magazine will hold illustrations by the best artists, and in addition there will be two full-page pictures by Seddie Aspell and R. M. Crosby

to Allentown, she was for a moment paralyzed with an emotion not unlike terror. Eleanor herself seemed less elated than might have been expected.

"I suppose he will have no end of things to tell us," she finished lamely.

"What is he coming?" Anne asked, casually.

"On the twentieth."

"Then I shall probably just miss seeing him."

Eleanor stared, for once caught off her feminine guard.

"I came with an air of meanness. I have been thinking for some time that I'd like to go away for a while, and now is a good time. There is nothing here that can't get along without me."

"Good heavens, we shall be lost without you," Allen protested. Then he caught a glance from Eleanor.

"Thought of course you mustn't consider that," he added.

Anne smiled, a little wilyly.

"Thank you," she said.

Charles waited impatiently to appeal to Eleanor for enlightenment.

"You don't think she is in for a nervous breakdown or anything like that?" he asked. "I should think she would at least wait a few days to hear what Paul has to tell us."

Eleanor did not answer, but Charles was sometimes disconcertingly perceptive. He opened his eyes suddenly and then turned abruptly away with a muttered "Oh!"

So it came about that when Paul Ashe arrived in Allentown, Anne was not there.

"Where is Miss Douglas?" he asked with his second breath.

"Gone away for a rest. Were your letters subject to censorship, Paul? You have been most uncommunicative."

"Too busy to write. Where has she gone?"

"Who? Oh, Miss Douglas? South, somewhere. I suppose you have come back with loads of material."

"She got not much to follow the old conversational trail his hosts left open, but he cut his visit to Allentown quite short. Before he went he had a brief but tense interview with Eleanor.

"Will you be so good as to let me have Miss Douglas's address as soon as you know what it is?" he asked.

"Oh, of course," said Eleanor, easily. "Or I can forward anything you want to send her."

"I don't want to send her anything. I want to see her."

Eleanor opened her eyes. "But you hardly know her! You never noticed her? She was an ancient reproach in her tone as well as a new surprise."

"Nevertheless, I have a message for her," he said doggedly.

But Eleanor had her own ideas. Later when Paul telegraphed impatiently, "Haven't you got address yet?" she wired back, "Anne is traveling, no permanent address," and left her conscience to settle matters with her judgment as best it could. She would certainly have been surprised if she could have known that Paul had practically given up for the time being every interest in life except the willful determination to find Anne Douglas. All trails led to Allentown, and either Paul or Anne had at last followed them in person.

"Are you trying to hide Anne Douglas from me?" he asked Eleanor with an unsmiling directness that made evasion impossible.

This was hardly the Paul of other days. Eleanor saw the new lines of purpose that marked his mouth and eyes, and the gleam in his eyes that told her what she did, she went to her writing desk. Anne's latest note had indicated that she would be in New Orleans, and either Paul or Anne had at last followed them in person.

"No time to lose," he said cheerfully. "I'll just be able to catch her."

The glint in his eye said more.

Yes, certainly Paul was charged. Some weeks after Paul made his first polite inquiries for Miss Douglas

in Allentown, he walked up a stranger, as he felt in the old French Quarter of New Orleans, and encountered Anne herself coming down. For a breathless moment they looked into each other's eyes, questioning, declaring, denouncing. Then, though Anne's heart had gone as far beyond her reach as a lark that had soared into the sky, she murmured with formal sweetness—

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Ashe?"

Paul smiled. "Let us to where we can talk," he said.

Yet when they were walking down one of the narrow, shut-in streets that give old New Orleans the air of isolation of a foreign city, he did not speak. Glancing aside she saw his tense face, and a sudden panic overcame her.

"Do you know New Orleans?" she asked, ditching hastily at the nearest conversational straw.

"No," he said, "but I know the streets for a lark and a piece."

"I want to tell you—I must explain—"

She guided him to the old Place d'Armes—scene of many surrenders—and he chose a spot screened by oleanders and viburnum from the passing tourist.

"I have been trying to find you ever since," came back, "he said abruptly.

He turned to look at her a moment, and then dropped his eyes. "It is hard for me to keep in mind that to you I must seem almost a stranger. You know so little of me, and that little—"

He shrugged his shoulders. "But I have thought of you so continuously—I feel so sure in my knowledge of you—"

Again he broke off.

"It was remembering that you were in the world that saved me from—I don't know what—when I was at Verdun. I didn't suppose that anything in the world could go on without anyone else. But when I saw what madness could do, I thought for a time that I, too, would go mad. Then, for my salvation, I remembered you. It was like a steadying hand. I saw you gathering up the tragedies of life and somehow transmitting them, in your heart, into something. You were something to rest on, to believe in, when everything else had gone down in the smash."

He shuddered in the grip of memory, and drew a deep breath.

"I could not have captured anyone else. But you did, impudently. I tried. I turned in thought to the other women I have known. They were all too shallow.

My God, what do safe people know? But you—when I thought of you, I can still believe in something.

There was a great man once—I remember reading it—who said to his wife, when he lay dying, 'In thy face have I seen the Eternal.' Well—it was just that.

Verdun has meant different things to different people, but to me it means to follow the only conversational trail his hosts left open, but he cut his visit to Allentown quite short. Before he went he had a brief but tense interview with Eleanor.

"Will you be so good as to let me have Miss Douglas's address as soon as you know what it is?" he asked.

"Oh, of course," said Eleanor, easily. "Or I can forward anything you want to send her."

He looked at her half defiantly, half in pleading.

Anne dropped her eyes, he should read too soon the answer that was already there.



# Food of Patriots

Are You Friend or Foe?

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

**T**ODAY there are only two classes of people in the United States—friends or foes, and the time has now come when those who refuse to hear the food cry of the world must be regarded as definitely in league with the Germanic.

In spite of a food situation that has grown increasingly critical, and in spite, too, of the increasing reports from Washington both in the number of food-savers, and the quantity of food saved and shipped to Europe, in spite of our wheelless and homeless homes, our homeless clubs, hotels, towns, counties, even states, there are still at large among us those who do not or will not realize that a food-need exists. Personal appetite, habit, desire must be catered to at the cost of life and freedom. These people claim allegiance to an protection from our flag, they accept without conscience the sacrifice of those who, singing as they sail away, renounce without a thought for self, all that youth holds, and life in its fullest can ever offer.

That this is so, is unthinkable, but it is true, nevertheless. We hear it from the woman who sits next to us in the street car, from the man we pass on the street; we realize it when our hostess at dinner serves wheat bread, spaghetti, wheat dumplings with the chicken, and later, fine white cake or pastry for dessert; we realize it again when the grocer's clerk, who is trying to do his bit by diverting the orders of his customers into a safe channel as follows:

"I am an order clerk in a country grocery store, and for the last year we have all been preaching economy in the use of foodstuffs.

As a general thing, our talks on this line are received by our patrons with the proper spirit, but for all that we find that a goodly number of our customers, and they without exception are in very moderate circumstances as far as finances are concerned, refuse to take the little sacrifices on conservation, and demand the best the store has in stock, with no regard as to price or quantity available. I am very sure that half of my trade are in that frame of mind at the present time, and if it were possible to procure wheat flour without a substitute, they would not hesitate to do so."

How many there are still among us who refuse to be inconvenienced, who still think of self, and appetite, and taste, and flavor in this hour of need and sacrifice and slaughter that the world is passing through, they do not know. That they do exist we do know. Whatever work we can do at home toward the freedom of our world is important, but at least it is small compared to the sacrifices made in Europe. Unless we are willing now, to-day, every one of us—to make of every meal a sacrifice, to have every right to the protection of the trenches? Unless we think now, before we eat, is the day of the "hunger flag," even in this great land of growing things, impossible? Ignorance on food matters can no longer be accepted as an excuse for not meeting to the last crumb the plea that come from our Food Administration. Food literature in every conceivable form—great quantities of it is ours; we have only to ask, or reach. If you do not know where to find it, look over the following list:

**WHERE TO GO FOR HELP**

Valuable information covering every phase of the food problem—production, control, conservation—may be obtained from the State Agricultural Colleges, or through the Office of Information, or the Office of Economics, the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or from the Washington office or any state branch of the United States Food Administration. Bulletins, news sheets, food leaflets and cards prepared by specialists of recognized authority and containing the most practical information, advice, and instructions are issued from time to time by these institutions, and are available free of charge for the asking.

or for a very nominal sum only. Special bulletins containing series of lessons arranged for school, club, and neighborhood work are also available. Become familiar with and take advantage of this free information and wealth of material that is printed and so generously distributed by these agencies. Watch for new bulletins as they may be announced. Letters asking for special help in solving any food problems are answered with the best advice obtainable.

A food conservation bibliography containing a comprehensive survey and summary of current food literature, both books as well as articles in periodicals, is also available from the United States Food Administration.

Before writing to Washington, however, for any information consult the Official Bulletin—a Government newspaper published under the "authority of and by direction of" the President. It is possible the needed information may be printed somewhere on its pages, and the paper is published primarily to save time, national expense, and congestion in the mails. This publication prints every day "all of the more important rulings, decisions, regulations, proclamations, orders, etc., and they are promulgated by the several departments and the many special committees and agencies now in operation at the national capital, and is posted every day in every post-office in the United States—more than 50,000 in number, and may also be found on the list libraries. As a general thing, the Bureau of Commerce, the offices of Mayors and Governors and Federal Officials. By consulting these files most questions will be found readily answered. There will be little necessity for letter-writing; the unnecessary congestion of the mails will be relieved; the railroads will be called to carry fewer correspondence sacks, and the mass of business that is piling up in the government departments will be eased considerably. Hundreds of clerks now answering correspondence will be enabled to give their time to essential war work and a fundamentally patriotic service will have been performed by the public."

In addition to the above sources of information, the following publications are invaluable and intensely interesting:  
The Food Problem, Kellogg and Taylor, The Macmillan Co., New York.  
The World's Food, Volume LXXIV, No. 163 (Nov., 1917), of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, 30th Street and Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia.

Food in War Time, Graham Lusk, W. B. Saunders Co., Philadelphia.

Successful Canning and Preserving, Oia Powell, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.  
The Journal of Home Economics, Published monthly by the American Home Economic Association, Baltimore, Md. This periodical in addition to practical articles on the subject of food publishes each month a bibliography of recent food books, pamphlets, and current periodical literature, dealing with the very various phases of the food and feeding problem.

Articles covering particular and timely aspects of the food problem may also be found in The Journal of the American Medical Association, the Economic World, the Atlantic Monthly, the Scientific American, and other publications of merit.

"Garbage Utilization," a recently published and particularly timely bulletin. U. S. Food Administration, Washington, D. C. This bulletin contains "aside from methods of disposal, garbage collections, household separating, drying and storing fruit and vegetables. These bulletins were prepared by specialists and are obtainable free of cost from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. This list will be sent to you on request. Address the Editorial Department. This service is free to McClure readers.

"Food and Freedom" by Mabel Dulon Purdy. Harper and Bros. \$1.00

## When Shadows Fall Westward

That is, in the morning—let a dish of some Puffed Grain greet your folks at breakfast.

If you serve berries, mix the puffed grains with them. Or serve like any cereal. There is no other way even half so delightful for serving Rice, Wheat or Corn.

These are bubble grains, puffed by steam explosion to eight times former size. They are thin and flimsy, crisp and toasted, and they have a nut-like flavor.

They seem like breakfast confections. Yet they are grain foods—two of them whole grains. Every food cell has been blasted to they easily digest.

These are the ideal foods, the desired foods. Start every summer day with one of them.

Three Bubble Grains  
Puffed Corn  
Puffed Grain  
Puffed Rice  
Each 15c—Except in Far West

## When Shadows Fall Eastward

At supper-time or children's bedtime, serve some Puffed Grain in a bowl of milk.

Here are airy, toasted morsels, vastly better than the best of bread or crackers.

In Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat you get the whole grains. In Corn Puffs you get hominy puffed. In all you get scientific foods, made by Prof. Anderson's process. Every granule is broken so that every atom feeds.

Then scatter these flaky, flavorful grains on your dishes of ice cream. Use them in your soups. Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat like peanuts when at play.

Puffed Grains are all-day foods in homes where children get what they like best.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

(1920)



## Daredevils! — Continued from page 14

which enabled me to turn and go to him head on, and then jockey for position. He was shooting all the time, but by luck and dexterity I escaped getting hit, and before I could assume my position I wanted, in order to use my remaining cartridges to the best advantage, my opponent suddenly dove toward his aviation field. I had scarcely started for home when the German anti-aircraft batteries almost got me, one of their shells exploding not more than forty yards away and ripping a hole in one of my wings. Altogether, it had been a rather thrilling flight.

## In a Shell-Hole

By Lester Collier  
(Formerly of Section 7, 21st Div.,  
French Explosives Corps)

IT was on the road between Soissons and Laon, in the famous Drive on Laon, that my most thrilling moments were spent, more thrilling even than those anxious days we spent at Verdun. We were right in the midst of some batteries that were being shelled, and this post was the transfer point for grenades and other ammunition, which were deposited here by wagon and carried into the lines by hitro- or man-power. We were afforded only one ambulance at a time; at this point, as the danger was great that the whole place might be blown up at any time. Rain had fallen all day and the roads were full of pools. The car ahead of us at the field hospital had been hit with an air bomb, and so had the hospital, and all was excitement. We delivered our load and went to the relief station, where a shell narrowly missed us. Darting down the open stretch to the post, again and again we escaped being hit by narrow margins, in evidence of which I might add that one piece of shell buried itself in the back of the seat between my comrade and me. Then directly ahead of us an incendiary shell struck an ammunition dump, and in the resultant roar and confusion

amounting almost to panic, my car got into a deep shell-hole and stuck. The car was so exposed that it would make an excellent mark for Hun airmen, and my most exciting moments were now to follow. I had no recourse my way over that shell-torn road on foot. As the shells came whistling over I would often drop to the ground to reduce the chances of observation. One thing that added to the strain was the fact that I did not dare to smoke, for a light would have promptly drawn the fire of the Germans. I covered the distance, finally, half-dead, but unharmed, and succeeded in bringing back another car and towing my own out of that shell-hole before daylight.

## Crawling Back to Safety

By Lt. Col. Pat O'Brien, R.F.C.,  
Author of "Outfitting the Line"

FIGURE that the most exciting moment in my life was after I had spent seventy-two days getting across three countries, Germany, Luxembourg and Belgium, and I was finally huffed by the electric wires. I had made a crude ladder that I thought would enable me to get across those wires, which guard every foot of the frontier between Belgium and Holland. The Germans had learned that there was no man living, I could get through. I had tried to get over with the ladder, made of small trees, but as it still contained sap, it answered the purpose of a conductor of electricity, and I was almost killed.

I didn't know exactly what to do last I knew then that the only way to get over was to dig underneath. I had dug a hole just big enough for my body to pass underneath surrounding wires, and between the wires and my body there was not over an inch or an inch and a half at the very most. I crawled through that hole, with my head and shoulders in Holland and the rest of me in Belgium and hostile territory. That was the most exciting moment of my life.

All of the "Daredevils" mentioned in this article are lecturing throughout the United States under the direction of Mr. Lee Keechik



THE flower boxes in the windows of many of our buildings are only outward and visible symbols of the freshness and cleanness that prevail within the kitchens and throughout all the Heinz establishments.

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# HEINZ Vinegars

In bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

IT is difficult to describe a flavor. That is why we cannot express in words the appetizing taste that Heinz Vinegars give to foods. And that is the purpose of vinegar—to impart a flavor—not simply a sourness. All of the care taken in selecting materials, the skill in preparation, the aging and the bottling of Heinz Vinegars are for the purpose of creating and retaining that rich, mellow tang which has made Heinz Vinegars worthy of a place among the 57.

These vinegars, which have made so many of our own foods so desirable, are offered you, so that you can put something of the Heinz flavor into the food you prepare.

Three kinds: Malt, White, Cider,  
in pints, quarts and half-gallons.

HEINZ  
Imported Olive Oil  
In bottles and cans

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada



## The Perfect End of a Day

(Continued from page 16)

goose flies," said Mr. Crow, somewhat curdy.

"Well, you have heard the proposition I bring from my employers in New York City. Think it over to-night, Mr. Crow. Then, we will meet to-morrow morning at your office to complete our plans. I shall be prepared to hand you a draft for two hundred dollars to bind the bargain. What time do you reach your office?"

"Generally some 'ere between six and a quarter past."

"My God!" muttered Mr. Bonaparte. "We will be there at six-fifteen," said Mr. Bacon firmly. "Good evening, Mr. Crow."

"Far in the night, Mrs. Crow peevishly mumbled to her bed-fellow: "What asks you, Anderson Crow? Go to sleep!"

"Never mind, never mind. I can't tell you, so don't pester me. All I ask of you is to wake me at five if I happen to oversleep."

"Well, of all the—do you suppose I'm going to lay awake here all night waitin' for five o'clock to—"

"How in thunder do you expect me to go to sleep, Eva, if you keep jabberin' away to me all night long like this? Ding it all to gosh, here it is after one o'clock and you still talkin'. Don't do it, I say. Don't ast your question till five o'clock, an then all you got to do is to ast me if I awake."

"Ump!," said Mrs. Crow.

MESSRS. Bacon and Bonaparte were an hour and forty minutes late.

It was nearly eight o'clock when the two gentlemen came hurrying around the corner into Sickle street, piloted by Alf Reesling, the town drunkard.

A long, important-looking cigar propped Mr. Crow, and after Mr. Reesling and other citizens had been given to understand that the strangers were figuring on buying

all the timber on Crow's Mountain, the three principals set forth in Anderson's back-lane.

"In due time they arrived at the top of the 'Mountains.' Now, Crow's Mountain was no mountain at all. It was a thickly wooded hill that had achieved eminence by hopping to be a scant fifty feet higher than the knolls surrounding it.

Just before the Boggs City National Bank at the county seat closed that afternoon Mr. Crow appeared at the reeve's-telegraph's window. He deposited two hundred dollars in currency. Mr. Bacon had decided that a draft on New York might excite undue curiosity.

"If people were to get wise to what we are really after up here on this mountain, Mr. Crow," said he, "it would play hob with everything. If it got out that we are after gold—why, the price of land would be so high we couldn't!"

"Lot of these hayseeds been wantin' to sell fer years, the derned rascals," broke in Anderson, pitying.

"Well, you get me, don't you? Keep our eyes open and our mouths closed, and we will be millionaires inside of a year—or two, at the outside."

"Mum's the word, as the feller said," agreed Mr. Crow.

"And of course you see the advisability of having our articles of incorporation filed secretly in New York. Our contracts we have signed will be ratified by our employers in New York, and the regular articles drawn up at once. [Continued on page 47]

**"CO-OPERATION Will Win the C War"**—a cartoon by R. M. Crosby will be given a prominent place in the August McClure's. For warm human feeling, Mr. Crosby has never done anything better than this

certain governmental policies. This is well illustrated by the four Food Administration posters, the work of four different artists.

The first of these was one of the early Food Administration posters. It was the policy of the Food Administration, at the time this drawing was made, not to appeal to our reason or our emotions, but simply to instruct us as to what kinds of food we might eat freely in order to save other kinds of food. The early posters, then, were purely educational. That is why this first poster was appetizing rather than dramatic. It represented an effort to interest us in the kind of food Mr. Hoover wished us to eat.

Later, the Food Administration began to allow the poster men more latitude. John E. Sheridan's poster, "Food Is Ammunition," represents the period of transition, when the idea of war was first definitely connected with the idea of saving food. We see an inviting basket of fruit and vegetables in the foreground, but in the background we see a vision of American troops. This poster, then, reminds us why we ought to eat fruit and vegetables, rather than beef and wheat. It is because of those soldiers, back there.

Wallace Morgan's "Feed a Fighter," reproduced with this article, showing a soldier having his soup in the trenches, is a further step in the direction of an appeal with a "punch" behind it. Besides being a superb drawing it calls upon our patriotic sense of fair play. "If our men are sitting in the mud of the trenches," it makes us think, "eating what they can get when they can get it, then the least I can do, in common decency, is to cut down on such food as they need. For they surely need it more than I do."

Later still in the food series is Henry Raleigh's lithograph, "Hunger," picturing the abject misery of a starving Belgian mother and her tragic little children. This poster, as much if not more than any the war has

produced in this country, touches the heart; and it is a fact (and one which sometimes seems regrettable) that, as a nation, we are more easily reached through our hearts than through our heads.

I doubt that the average citizen realizes the enormous influence exercised on public sentiment by graphic art. He does not see through the paint and visualize the artist, or the artist's creative effort. It is the idea expressed that engages his attention. His consciousness of the artist comes, if at all, as an after-thought. It is the same with the art of writing. When we read a story by O. Henry, we are not thinking of O. Henry himself, but of what O. Henry wanted us to think about. We are thinking about the story. We are wondering how the old hobo is going to get out of that house with the hundred-dollar bill, escaping the three thugs waiting at the gate. Thus our thought, and frequently our action, is directed by art, without our being in the least aware that art is the great power which is moving us.

In the perfect poster there must be two kinds of bigness: a big idea and a big art. There can exist, to be sure, ideas so big that they seize hold upon the public mind, even though they are expressed in common-place fashion—a fact well illustrated by Thomas Nast's conception of the Tammany tiger devouring the finances of New York City. Nast's idea has survived because of its own strength as



WOMAN  
U.S.A.

an idea; not because it was powerfully drawn. Look at Charles Livingston Bull's masterly poster of the fighting eagles, and imagine how Mr. Bull might have rendered Nast's idea, making the tiger a living, breathing, clawing beast.

Not all our war posters have expressed big ideas; not all of them have been expressed in a big way.

If the fate of the first and second Liberty Loans had depended upon the merit of the posters issued in the interest of these loans, Mr. McAdoo might now be scratching for the money to pay General Pershing's modest salary.

The outstanding fact, however, is not that some of the government's posters have been lacking in ideas and in art, but that so many of them have achieved both kinds of bigness. Daily, hourly, the country is being flooded with posters, the volume and nobility of which are steadily increasing. It seems possible that the great mass of war-born art confronting us everywhere, will not alone stimulate us to patriotic exaltation, but will tend to cultivate in us an improved national taste. And who knows but that from this development of taste may result the obsequies of that characterless, sugary, doll-faced darning, the stenciled "pretty

Neyna McMein, who does the covers for McClure's, is now on her way to the war zone, where she will send back her vivid work. This is one of her best posters

# HALT the HUN!



## BUY U.S. GOVERNMENT BONDS THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

Henry Raleigh has made a hit with this powerful pictorial appeal—a poster that is seen everywhere. A wonderful piece of composition

girl" of the magazine cover. Should such a change occur, the war will not have been entirely in vain!

The fact that we all hate war, that we all wish war might be abolished from the world, need not cause us to deny such benefits as the accursed thing may bring. War teaches us to face facts and think straight. If it endures long enough, it compels us to.

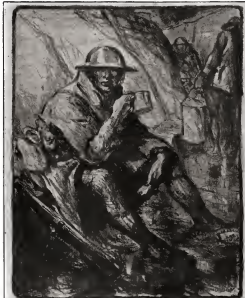
The Dogs of War are not only fighting-dogs; they are also hunting-dogs. They did out-harry, and (let us hope!) exterminate those fuzzy, futile animals of the mind, pacifism, internationalism, mawkish sentimentality, demagoguery and the rest, which, in times of peace, gnaw at the roots of thought in our intellectual garden.

Spiritually, we are in many ways better for the war, and, naturally, the artist, like the rest of us—probably more than the rest of us, because his perceptions are generally keener than ours—has been uplifted. His art shows it.

Here at last is a theme worthy of his highest aspirations. War! A subject for Kipling's artist in heaven who paints on "a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair."



Leyendecker's posters are sharp and realistic. They bring the war's grim hardships home to the man in the street



## FEED a FIGHTER

Eat only what you need—  
Waste nothing—  
That he and his family  
may have enough

Wallace Morgan is now a captain, sent to France to draw official pictures of actual fighting

That lad of yours, over seas.

All that is humanly possible is being done to see to it that he is well fed, well clothed and efficiently equipped. Organizations like the Y. M. C. A., are looking to his physical comfort, healthful recreation and clean fun. If he is sick or wounded the Red Cross will provide for him with tender, loving care.

Yet there is one thing that will bring a smile to his face and a joy to his heart that none of these can give; that only you can give—  
your photograph.

*There's a photographer in your town.*  
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



## AS NECESSARY AS HEAT IN WINTER

You would as soon dispense with your heating apparatus as to endure a sweltering summer without Emerson Fans, once they have made your nights comfortable and your days fit to work in.

The added efficiency that results from being comfortable 24 hours a day pays big dividends on the small amount invested.

And Emerson Fans are very sparing consumers of electricity. You will hardly notice the increase in your bills. Ask your dealer.

THE EMERSON ELECTRIC MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.  
Also manufacturers of ceiling fans and motors up to 2 h. p.

# EMERSON FANS

With 5 Year Factory-to-User Guarantee

MAN WITHOUT  
A COUNTRY

"PRISONER, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again!"  
—The Man Without a Country.

worth its weight in gold  
but yours for 50 cents.

## "The Man Without a Country"

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE

A MASTERPIECE of fiction—the noblest lesson in patriotism that has ever appeared between book covers—a volume every patriotic citizen should have in his home—is offered you at a price so small that you will not hesitate a moment in sending for a copy.

This book is bound in beautiful, red leatherette, title and decoration stamped in gold. It is from the press of a maker of fine books. To close out our small stock of them we offer them to you at a reduced price. Merely send us 50 cents and your copy will come postpaid.

At this price, these dainty little volumes will go quickly.  
First come, first served—order your copy at once.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 5th Ave. and 13th St., New York City

## Thingumajee Thingumabob Jones

[Continued from page 11]

both Americans. I know. But—"he drawled with a sort of nervous wonder—"don't you reckon that I can go round with whom I please?"

Kent felt mollified. The other was looking at him with that curious expression of innocence in his brown eyes. The boy (for he was not much more than a boy) seemed clean and free to core. Romantic! Yes. Perhaps even slightly affected, but quite apart from the muddy ways of treachery, too coquettishly suspicious of what he heard to his many names, his race, his breeding, to be attracted by the world-wide mares of a cause that had been taboo through accumulated decency of half the world.

And yet. . . .  
"Don't you know that von Pappenheim is a German? And a particularly unworthy specimen?"

"I reckon I can go with whom I please," repeated Jones, in two same languid accents; but somehow there was a hidden threat of finality in his last word which caused Kent to bow and leave.

IV

SO the indignation grew. Even far beyond the Model Settlements, it bubbled over.

Belle Ryan, San Francisco bred, known on the western "kerosene oil" circuit as "Dancing Belle Ryan," recently arrived in Shanghai on the off-chance of a vaudeville job that had not materialized, showed threatening claws to the French girl who was the star and glory of the local European theatre and who was giving her lodging and drink and food and an occasional amber-colored opium pill.

"Look a-here," she said. "Look a-here, Collette. That's a hully lot you've drawn, that Thingumajee Jones. I used to think him just a romantic nut, but—no Gawd!—he's a traitor! He and that Duke—he are as thick as thieves!"

Collette shrugged her dimpled shoulders. She continued massaging her face in front of the mirror, appreciatively studying her superb eyes and her russet-colored, unlikely hair that piled up in a carved golden Florentine helmet. "What do I care, mon p'tite?" she asked. "I—enfin—I know no man."

Belle Ryan, patriotic to the core, choked back the vituperative words that crowded on her lips. She could not afford to tell Collette what she thought of her and her economic views. For she had not succeeded in finding an engagement, however modest, with the shabby little local theatre; nor had Sir Sibus, in spite of vague promises, as yet seen fit to come to her assistance. So she could not break with Collette, but neither could she keep a sarcastic note from creeping into her voice as, looking out on the wild sweep of Foochow Road, she saw Jones, red-lined cape thrown across his shoulder, open the garden gate.

"Here he comes now," she said "your romantic—well, I hate to call him an American, Pappenheim with him. And, . . . Suddenly her voice leaped up extraordinarily strong, incredulity, amazement, and rage peaking to a cracked yell: "See! They got a Chink in town! Yes, sir—a Chink! And, as Collette did not reply, only laughed softly: "You don't mean to say you're goin' to let a Chink in here?"

Collette had stepped up to the window. "That isn't a Chinaman," she said. "It is Duke Y-Hsin. He's a German, a Manchu, an aristocrat. Some people say it was he who started the Boxer outbreaks. He is very famous—very generous—"

"I don't care, Manchu or plain Chink, he's yellow; and I ain't goin' to hobnob with Yellows. Not get swilled! Excuse me, Collette—and she bang out of the room, slamming the door.

A minute later the three men entered, ushered in by Wen Yat, the red-faced Kiang hutter. Collette shook hands with Jones and von Pappenheim, calling both by

familiar and undignified nicknames—"Hello Thingumajee!" "Hello, Pappy?"—and bowed before the Manchu Duke.

He was an immensely tall and immensely fat man with a square, dead-white, expressionless face. He looked at the world through narrow-lidded, purple-black eyes. His lower lip, coarse, sagging, sensual, was in hideous contrast to the upper which was thin and straight and ascetic. The whole impression was one of ancient culture, polished and smoothed by years of contact with the most efficient evil. The sunlight, drifting through half-closed blinds, danced on his loose loose jacket woven of star lambs and running water and embroidered over the left shoulder—in spite of the regulation of the new Chinese Republic—with a golden, three-toed dragon, the hereditary scutcheon of an Imperial Chinaman.

"Collette," said Jones, "allow me to introduce my friend, Duke Kung Y-Hsin."  
"You see," laughed the German, "I am ostracized by Shanghai society because I go about with the Duke. Thingumajee is ostracized because he goes about with me, and so. . . ."

"So you came to me," softly interrupted Collette.

Again she bowed to the Manchu, and he looked at her. He studied her as he would an exotic and rather amusing animal, not sure if he should pet it or simply ignore its existence. He did not say a word, nor did he smile. For he had an odd, magnetic trick of spreading a sort of hush about him. Gradually the silence became oppressive—boredom, oppression, a twisted, nervous crimson lining of his cap with nervous fingers, while the German stilled an evanescent frown.

Then, suddenly, Collette smiled at the Manchu.

It was a smile that was sweet and poignant; at the same moment she under her heavy eyelids, she sent out a sidelong glance—hard, keen, narrow, like the curving glint of sun-rays on forest.

The Manchu sucked in his breath. He looked at her steadily, and spoke.

"Your eyes are like the eyes of a hawk."  
He said it with the utter brutality of a Mongol gentleman, and he held out his hand. It was evident that he expected her to kiss it, and she did.

The whole scene was unexpected, ugly, in a way acutely tragic, and again von Pappenheim suppressed an impatient exclamation while Jones stood like a stone, staring straight ahead, something like a veil of pain blurring his curiously innocent brown eyes. As Collette passed him on her way to the couch he whispered to her, rather apologetically: "Don't you mind, Collette!"

Rapidity she whispered back: "Miss von, mon p'tite! It's you who must be mind!"

Kung Y-Hsin had taken a tiny, exquisite ivory fan from his voluminous sleeves and was fanning himself slowly.

"Mandelstiel!" he called.

"Yes?"

"You have champagne here? For sale, of course?"

She curtied.

"Nearly everything is for sale here, Duke!" The words were very low, very distinct.

"Ah!" whispered the Manchu; and this time von Pappenheim did quite well in checking back his impatience. He made a great gesture with his hairy fist and addressed Jones in furious, silent German:

"There are some Chink eyes in your stand for, Jones! In spite of hell and damnation!"

"In spite of Germany?" asked the Virginian, and at exactly the same fraction of a second the Duke turned and said grately, in English:

"I, too, speak the language of your interesting and civilized country, von Pappenheim. His purple-black eyes held the German's gray-blue eyes, but the best hold holds the picture of a cloudy sky. Then he smiled. "Let us drink," he went on as, Wen Yat, who had entered with trays and glasses, was pouring the bubbling wine—"let us drink to. . . ."

"—your ambition, and mine?" suggested the German with a forced laugh.

"Indeed!" agreed the Duke. "To—"

your ambition, and mine! To—Collette's red lips!" And he sat down beside the girl and put his stout arm about her waist with an air of calm, unshaken ownership.

Jones looked from the German to the Manchu. Then he drained his glass.

V

**SIR SILAS** was eminently middle-class British. His common sense was superior to his ethics, his shrewdness to his impulses. His staidness—in everything except matters connected with trade, wherein he was a genius—was genuine and spontaneous. He delivered a platitude, reminiscent of the Moral Leader, as impressively as if it were an epigram coined by George Ade, and he had the habit of stating tiresome truths that nobody cared to hear nor to believe. But what he was a strong man and often overruled those who came into contact with him.

For he was respectable. Even frivolity, under his influence, became inconspicuously Puritan, and Belle Ryan having left him shortly after midnight was still under the bleak shadow of his personality when she entered Collette's villa on the Foochow Road.

Thus, when she heard sounds of drunken revelry issuing from the Ming salon, she pursed her rouged lips in a markedly indolent manner. Crossing the yellow drawing-room on her way to her bedchamber, she saw the curtains to the Ming salon flung from in the scented garden breeze. She stood still and looked in.

Collette was sitting on the couch, her left foot doubled underneath her, the other, minus shoe and stocking, wiggling its tiny pink toes in an ecstasy of delight. The Manchu—still dignified, but with that grim, self-conscious dignity bred by alcohol—was holding her right slipper to his lips and pouring the bubbling contents down his throat, while von Pappenheim knelt in front of her, his head on her lap, sobbing as if his heart would break. He looked up once in a while and leaked into snatches of sentimental German song:

"Da—Da ligst mir im Herze,  
Da—Da ligst mir im Sinn,"

his rough bass croaked out, winding up in a tremendous hicough; and again he put his head on her lap and howled dismally.

The talking-machine in the corner was playing a faint-like rhythm from Berlin, throbbing with frivolity and light, foaming passion. The butler kept dropping in with bits of champagne, and, in the opposite corner, another servant was feeding incense crystals to a carved burner—a gold dragon rising from a pedestal of marble and ebony—that filled the air with a lusciously perfumed veil of smoke, glowing through lemon and myrtle-green to amber and deep rose pink, rising in an opalescent mass until the single, enormous electric globe, sunk into the center of the ceiling, looking down like a dim crimson star.

Jones sat a little apart, a pale gleam in his brown eyes, a fazed smile on his lips, his hands busy with beads and glass, his right foot keeping time to the wailing of the music. But even Belle, though hardly a trained student of psychology, could not help observing that he was affecting—and not very successfully—his devil-say-sure attitude. Too, she saw that now and again he flashed a glance at Collette, who would rapidly wink back.

The Manchu had taken a string of diamond-tipped jade beads from his wide sleeve with a connoisseur's hand gesture and was banging it about the girl's neck while the German, not to be outdone, was digging in his pocket and producing a fat roll of rupee notes.

Belle was appalled. A German and a yellow Chink! And Collette! And Thingumajee Jones! . . . She felt sick at heart and wanted to go, and the last she saw was the Virginian suddenly rising, crossing over to the talking-machine, switching off the operatic air that whirled its waxed disc, and inserting another record. It was a sensuous American ragtime. He started it with a twist and, as the tune gathered speed and noise and wickedness, he pinpoated into the middle of the room, snapping his long white fingers like castanets, and stamping his feet to the measure of the wild music.

"Come on!" he shouted. "Come on! Let's dance!" And with a warning shout Collette, von Pappenheim, and Kung Yih-ai jumped up, joined hands, and danced

around and around, roaring at the pitch of their voices, tripping over rugs.

A table fell over. Glass crashed and splintered. . . .

Belle Ryan related this incident and the many like it that followed to Sir Silas, cleverly using it as a lever wherever it pry enough money from his purse to come to better financial assistance. "You can't expect me to keep on livin' with Collette, can you, old dear?" she wheedled. "Say—a Chink, a Dutchman, and that Thingumajee Jones! Three of a kind—deuces remain wild—and little me! Can't be done. Come across!"

Sir Silas "came across"; and thus it was that the added prick of a personal injury that he held forth to his fellow members of the Shanghai Club.

"But Collette's a nice girl of her sort," insisted Addison. "She—and a Chinaman? Impossible."

"Impossible!" echoed the American consul. "I've been thinking about Thingumajee, and I tell you what's wrong with him. He's a romantic donkey. . . ."

"My dear fellow," interrupted Carley, "we had all that before. If he were romantic, he'd be doing his bloody bit."

"Wait," Kent continued. "Don't you see what I mean? He's young, and an enthusiast. The brand of romantic donkey who thinks it's—oh—anoated martyrdom to put himself above the opinions of the majority, the sort who . . ."

"Pence mt, you mean?"

"Sure. Humanitarian out. See that all the world fights shy of von Pappenheim, and so, out of mere, blessed, youthful, enthusiastic cussedness, he ties up his him."

"What about those goings-on on the Foochow Road?" repeated Sir Silas. "And what about that Manchu chap? Granted you're right about Jones and the Hun, that still leaves the Manchu unaccounted for, and even Jones must know the man's reputation. Why—Kung's the most dangerous man in Asia to-day. He stands for everything our countries are fighting—tyranny, oppression, brutality. He was a champion of the old Dowager Empress. He's a natural friend of Kaiser Bill. And there he and Jones and von Pappenheim chum it together at Collette's. You should hear Belle's tales."

"Belle may have lied."

VI

It's a few days later, as he was riding in the direction of Chinkiang to oversee the creation of state warehouses which his firm was building, he came face to face with an ocular proof that Belle had spoken the truth.

It was a splendid afternoon of late spring, scarlet and gold and deep fawn-brown, and even Sir Silas, choleric by birth and bilious through long residence East of Suez, fell under the spell. To the south, obligately away from the murmuring Whangpoo, the soil was a maraquet of emerald wheat and yellow mustard, red poppies and the delicate skink move of the yellow rice, with tiny shining turtles flowers nodding their feathery heads and over all the heavy scent of silt from the parent clover. The air was drowsy and warm, an enormous sun blazing in the sky, and one pure-white cloud pattering lazily in the distance. Little rice birds rose and fluttered behind his mare's patting feet; sometimes a beady-eyed lizard swished over a mossy stone; sometimes a grass mink unceremoniously strayed away like a narrow green flag.

The melody of spring was in the air, and Sir Silas was at peace with the world. Then, suddenly, peace flew away.

It flew away in a riot of voices, in brassy shouts, in loud song thung shamelessly to the sky, and a woman's metallic, staccato laughter.

From the opposite direction a low victoria, drawn by a brace of splendid Maltese Arabs, came breasting the whirling white dust of the road, preceded and followed by armed and mounted servants. They were typical Manchus, with their coppery faces, aquiline noses, high cheek-bones, wide shoulders, and narrow hips. They wore purple tunics bordered with orange and embroidered front and back with Duke Kung's initials in mandarin blue.

Sir Silas felt a little nervous. He was away from the beaten track, he was not popular with the natives, and the notes of these Manchus were making snatched of a prolonged optian spore. But he was not a



## A Lively Interest

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# Saving a Million Soldiers for Uncle Sam

(Continued from page 18)

"I think you go too far prolonging the efficiency of these high-salaried men for a few years, you will be doing us such a service that we can afford to pay you very handsomely."

The Yale veteran replied that he could not accept this tempting offer, as he was doing what he regards as a more important national service; but he agreed to give a practical example of steps that should be taken by our industrial magnates (and by the Federal Government as well) to safeguard the health not only of men who have superior intelligence, but of all kinds of men. And Camp did this.

He invited about fifty prominent men of New Haven, capitalists, presidents of companies, business and professional men, to meet him in regard to a plan for greater war efficiency. When they were gathered together he addressed them: "Gentlemen, you are all successful men, hard workers, but this war will put a greater pressure on you than you realize. You may be called upon to work twice as hard as you have ever worked before. How are you going to do it?"

"We can't do it," one of them answered. "It will kill us if we have to work under greater pressure."

"Exactly," agreed the health expert; "it will kill you unless you improve your capacity for effort. How can you do this? It is perfectly simple: by taking care of your bodies, by getting rid of interfering fat, by strengthening your muscles, especially your abdominal muscles, by eliminating intestinal poisons that slow up your efficiency. All of which means regular light exercise, I'm going to show you how to take it. If you gentlemen will sign up in this physical-culture club for nine days (this was in the spring of 1917) I will guarantee that you can bear the extra war-pressure without breaking down. In fact, you will go through this next summer, feeling better than you have felt for years."

This promise was more than fulfilled. Every morning Camp gave the class ten minutes of setting-up exercises followed by a vigorous walk for half or three-quarters of an hour. Sometimes he had the boys spring around on a gym about at double quick. Sometimes he would start the men with a brisk walk of five hundred yards, returning to the gymnasium at a quicker pace. Later on they did marching exercises, carrying iron rods cut in three-foot lengths, representing rifles and weighing about nine pounds each. On one occasion these physically lazy, short-winded, fat, half broken-down New Haven notables, all of them over forty-five and some over seventy, did a twelve-mile march without any bad consequences.

A few weeks ago in Washington I had a talk with Surgeon General Gorgas, who is not only an inspiring promoter of health-fulness but also an expert in his personal life of the benefits that come from right living. He is over sixty, but he handles with splendid efficiency the immense load of work and responsibility which he takes care of his body. Every day he walks a mile and a half and finds his home to his office and he practices abstinence in eating.

In the course of our talk the Surgeon General made the rather startling statement that, speaking in a broad racial sense, there will be no loss of human life for America in consequence of the war, but an actual gain in human life.

"What I mean," he explained, "is that, however great our war casualties may be, the gain, speaking in a broad racial sense, there will be no loss of human life for America in consequence of the war, but an actual gain in human life. It is the surety of every American doctor to keep himself in fine physical condition. To fail in this is to fail in patriotism."

Let the oldest, the fattest, the softest doctors in the land show by their personal example that they believe in physical fitness. Let them get busy in gymnasiums and on golf courses. We must set the fashion of physical fitness that is the way to health and life. It is now that will win this war — perhaps the last million American men!

years after the war, than the original hundred would have lived through, if there had been no war. And with this life gain, there will be the corresponding efficiency gain and character gain. Not only will these men live longer, but they will be superior men, better Americans than they have been.

How about middle-aged Americans, those who do not go to the war, but learn to live right in the matter of exercise and diet?"

I asked. "They will benefit correspondingly? If middle-aged Americans will follow out a proper physical-culture plan for one hour a day, six days a week, and will adhere to a restricted diet régime, with a little meat, plenty of fruit, vegetables, coarse bread, salads, consuming not more than 3,000 calories of food a day, they will add several years to their lives, perhaps many years."

"Do you favor universal physical training for our public schools and colleges?"

"Most decidedly. It would double the efficiency of this nation. God knows what trials the next generation will have to bear, and it is up to us to give our children this health foundation of sound manhood and womanhood. In my opinion there is no better service that the doctors, writers, ministers, American can render than to preach the gospel of universal physical training."

Strangely enough, there is no class in the nation who needs to follow these health precepts more than doctors themselves, and the war is compelling them to do this in two immense. Medical Officers' Training Camps, at Fort Oglethorpe, and elsewhere.

While I was in Washington I heard a story from Colonel K. L. Munson, who is at the head of the Medical Officers' Training Camps, that shows what a wonderful transformation this war is accomplishing in the medical profession. It seems that among the doctors who came to Fort Oglethorpe soon after war was declared, there was a distinguished specialist from one of our great American cities who carried \$40,000 or \$50,000 a year from his profession and was happy to give this up for the modest \$2,000 salary that his lieutenant's commission (he has since been promoted) brought him. It happened, however, that he was also the dean of a great university. His associates there soon so much missed by his associates that a special appeal was made to Washington for his release from military service. It was refused. But when the official document that returned this his doctor to civil life was handed to him, he simply wrote across it, "Recommendation disapproved," and refused to leave camp. The great university might worry along without him, he was getting back his health.

"Why I didn't know how to live until I came here," he said. "Our doctors never know how to live. We never exercise, we rush about in automobiles; we never sleep peacefully; we work too hard, we eat too much, we kill ourselves. Now we know how to live right here. This is the greatest thing I ever did—open-air life, horseback, wholesome food, and early to bed. My associates here are ten years younger and I feel—well, I'm a new man, hard as nails, stronger, more efficient in every way."

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Let the oldest, the fattest, the softest doctors in the land show by their personal example that they believe in physical fitness. Let them get busy in gymnasiums and on golf courses. We must set the fashion of physical fitness that is the way to health and life. It is now that will win this war — perhaps the last million American men!

A man sees another man in a restaurant reading a German newspaper. Finally, he looks up to the reader: "Do you know what country you are living in?" The man looked up from his paper and replied: "The same country you are living in!"

"Are you an American citizen?" "Yes, sir, I am proud to be one." "Then what are you reading that German paper for? Cannot you get the same news in an American paper?"

"That's my business," the man answered defiantly; whereupon the American struck him and the restaurant became the scene of a near-riot.

From next month's article by Cleveland Moffet—"A Level Head and a High Heart."



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### War Savings Societies

YOU can form a War Savings Society within another club — your "My America" League, church guild, sewing circle, or study club, or you can make it a separate organization, just as you choose. It is a very simple matter; you agree to list two things, both of which are to help your country. First, you promise to do your buying carefully, in order to avoid competing with the Government for labor, materials, and transportation, buying only what you need, and when you need it; and second, you promise to lend your savings to the Government, by buying a certain number of Thrift Stamps, or War Savings Stamps, each week or month. You, yourself, decide just how many you can afford to take, and how often. Elect a chairman and secretary. Their first duty will be to secure members for the society and see that each new member signs the application blank, and agrees to purchase stamps regularly. In addition to this the secretary makes a weekly or monthly report of memberships and total purchases of stamps to the National War Savings Society at Washington.

Here is a splendid opportunity for service if teachers will organize these societies in their schools. Not only will the children under their charge thus learn the valuable habit of the dry budget, but patriotic church services in every town, and then, of course, the young people will want a parade. Make it a Thrift Stamp parade, and let even your fun work for Uncle Sam.

The "My America" Editor will send you upon request a short novel programme suitable for a "My America" Fourth in your town.

Head of big business and factory owners organize War Savings Societies among their employees. In these cases it may be advisable to have short talks of ten minutes or more, and allow members to discuss the questions, and offer suggestions. For these little talks, or for longer, more formal meetings of a similar nature, speakers will be suggested, and material supplied by the National Committee.

Write to the "My America" Editor for plans and new ideas for raising interest in this work, and for Thrift Stamps to post in prominent places. Don't put it off until tomorrow — we all know that that wonderful time never comes. Talk the matter over with your club, League or guild, and then don't fail to write one to the "My America" Editor, McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

### Slogans and Spics

IN the March number of McClure's we had an article on the "My America" page about forming Slugs Clubs throughout the country.

The idea roused a greater interest everywhere than we had anticipated. From all parts of the United States, from big cities, small villages, and remote hamlets, came requests for sample slogans and directions how to start the movement. Heads of factories asked for suggestions offered their services to print the placards, business men's clubs wrote to us, schools took up the idea. Down in Charleston, West Virginia, a man who is at the head of a great printing establishment hit upon a practical plan. He gives the cards, the time of his men, and a splendid enthusiasm to the work. He has large placards printed for posting in cars, factories, and other public places, warning against the sale of goods to the public, where they might chance to overbear, and he also prints tiny slogan cards for distribution in trains, or for enclosing in business letters. We offer his idea to other "My America" Leagues. Do you not know some patriotic printer who will give an hour or two a week

to printing these warnings for your town? Write to us for our newest set of slogans and do your bit toward safe-guarding your country.

"A WISE SPY MAKETH A GLAD KAISSER. DON'T LET THE SPY GET WISE!"

### Our Service Editor

WILL be glad to be of assistance to officers or enlisted men of our army and navy, serving either here or in France, who wish any reasonable purchases made for them in New York shops. Owing to the crowded condition of the mails we cannot undertake to assume responsibility for packages reaching their destination, but all possible care on our part will be taken toward this end. Give full description (measurements, if wearing apparel), when writing, and money and McClure's



requests to Soldiers' and

### If You Are a Woman

KNIT and teach the young girls of your town to knit. Organize a unit of the Comforts Committee of the Navy League.

2. Make a war garden at least large enough to supply your own table this summer.

3. Put your kitchen on a war footing — conserve, save and send! Uge your neighbors to do the same.

4. Be faithful in your attendance at your local Red Cross work-room. No matter if the weather is hot, or you are tired. The boys are hot and tired often in the trenches. But they cannot stop work, and you must not.

5. Make over old - grown clothing for destitute French and Belgian children.

6. Send to the Chicago Chapter of the American Fund for Relief Wounded for their patterns for the little relief comfort bags.

7. Adopt a French or Belgian orphan through the American Girls' Aid, by paying a small monthly sum for its support. If you cannot undertake this, let your "My America" League or your sewing circle do it together for this purpose.

8. Form a sewing club in your community and secure the services of your State demonstrator.

9. Borrow your scrap-bag and your store-room. You can make ambulance pillows, capotes, and other things for the men in hospitals abroad out of clean scraps of white or colored wash materials.

10. Collect books and magazines for the army.

11. Keep a "Sacrifice Blank" for the purpose — and deny yourself little luxuries in order to buy Thrift Stamps.

12. If there is a cantonment near your town, make that your home place where the boys can come for a bit of home life. Invite a wife or two to Sunday dinner once in a while, or to some little evening gathering or dance.

Write to the League Editor to-day and start something. Ask for a "My America" button.

### If You Are a Child

SAVE your pennies, and earn more to put with them. Buy Thrift Stamps to help your big brothers fighting in France for you.

2. Learn to knit. Make "patch-work" quilts of various colored ends of worn-out long-staple cloth. Knit wash-cloths and mittens for soldiers.

3. Make scrap books for the sailors on our battleships, or for men in the contagious wards of our cantonment hospitals.

4. Make as large a war garden as you can take care of faithfully, or get three or four friends to make one with you.

5. Join the Junior Red Cross, and work with it.

6. Canvass your neighborhood for hooks and magazines for the army.

7. Join the Boy Scouts or the Girl Scouts. That will train you to your country, and train you in health and good habits as well.

8. Have "picking picnics" this summer, and let the Red Cross use your washers and can and preserve for next winter's supply.

9. Collect new three-strap stamps and send them to us for the "My America" League's French baby, little Helene Thilhaut.

10. Write to us one of the little Service Banks for savings for your brothers in France. Every child must help. Write and let us tell you how to form a "My America" League.

Sellers' Service Editor, McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

### If You Are a Man

ORGANIZE a "My America" League in your office, factory or shop. Good patriots are needed everywhere.

2. Interest your community in the problem of making real citizens of the aliens in your town.

3. Form one of the Slugs Clubs described on this page. Defeat the spies and propagandists by your tongue.

4. Plant a bigger war garden than last year.

5. The Boy Scouts need Scoutmasters; offer your services.

6. Put a few hours of your leisure at the service of your local Y. M. C. A.

7. Organize war gardening clubs among the boys of your town. Have a contest and offer some practical prizes for the finest vegetables.

8. See that the Four Minute Men are speaking regularly in your nearest motion picture theatre.

9. The navy is asking for telescopes, spy-glasses, binoculars, sextants, and chronometers. Have "Navy Day" in your town, and find out who have any of these things to lend their country.

10. Collect books and magazines for our men in the trenches. General Pershing wants 100,000 books a month.

11. Since you cannot knit, cut out a cigar or two and give the money-money to the free wool fund of the Comforts Committee of the Navy League.

12. Send tobacco to our boys in the trenches; they need it more than you do. Now get in line, get to work, and write to us at once. Join the "My America" League.

## Benefits Forgot—Continued from page 26

of his disturbing an artist at such a time showed what a *misalliance* it would have been for me. He would have been the kind of husband to invite a dinner party to the house on the eve of his wife's first appearance as a star.

It was during our only scenic rehearsal we had been able to arrange. The theater was in use at night, and as their staff was heavy it had been impossible to take it all out and get it back again for the evening except on the day of the Benefit. And there wasn't room for our scenery and that of the night bill, too. We had begun at eight and it was not over with the last skirt of the afternoon's bill just on. It was evident there would be no lunch—no and the players wanted any, they were too nervous—but the stage hands were cross and the charity committee sitting about the house almost frantic.

It was frantic but not about the performance or missing luncheon. I knew we would start on time and stop on time. But this last act—our *pièce de résistance*—was worrying me. It wasn't going well. The big star in the piece had a bad throat, and as I sat in a dim box—for I was in it in this play—I was so anxious I thought I should go out of my mind.

Then too Maude's Roy was acting like a fool. He was standing in the wings proudly prompting; not that he was ever there with that look when it was needed, but shouting out the lines of the actor with the bad throat before he got his cue. It was a very good part and you could see the prompter even playing it even from the wings. Maude acted opposite the sick man and one would have thought she would have become acquainted with Roy although he did want to marry her, but Roy didn't interfere with her lines, and an actress when at work that study of herself. It is a giggle, but it was.

It was at this stage of my mental agony that Mendosa came up behind my chair and began whispering. (What time to whisper?) I didn't pay much attention to him at first until I caught: "Dear heart, I have decided. I will help you over the rough places."

**A**FTER that I knew perfectly well what he was about. That was just the way Mendosa would propose. I did feel helpless just then. There were rough places, particularly the big star's tossle to be overcome, but I knew Mendosa would never think that they were bumps. I didn't see that putting my hand in his was going to resolve a fadful voice or mangle the prompter. If Mendosa had been a throat specialist or a puglist I might have considered him. I would have married anybody on the spot if it had turned us a smooth performance that afternoon. The Charity had done its share; the house had been sold out and it was up to Maude and me to deliver the goods. The weight of the responsibility was almost killing me, yet here was Mendosa wanting to take my hand and go hurrying over rough places.

I didn't know what my answer would have been—something stereotyped, I expect, for most of his current estimate of me was just an ordinary girl from Iowa, but in the instant of my reply, my attention was held by a two-voiced declaration of love being made to Maude on the stage. One was from the star, who was saving his voice by whispering, and the other from Roy, loudly and jubilantly, under the impression that the actor had given up altogether.

This was too much for the distinguished me. With a return to full vocal power he roared out, "Gag that star!" and then grew ominously silent. We could see his mouth and terrible words but his voice had completely gone, and with his hands to his head, our best bet of the afternoon fell shortly after his vision did—to return no more that night.

The players on the stage looked at each other in horror and Maude burst into tears and ran toward her dressing-room. We all felt the calamity of the loss; that is, all felt it but Mendosa. It never fazed him. Right through the fracas he was gently prompting me out of the chair and when I leaped to my feet by hater Maude he took it as a boy—no, —a leap of promise. "That's right, that's right," he encouraged. "Come behind the curtains and give me one word—one word!"

Well, I gave it to him. I don't suppose any girl from Iowa ever replied to a proposal before in such a fashion. It was:

"Oh, the devil!"  
"But as I brushed past him I caught in Mendosa's face a look of cation. He was glad I had said it. Amusing young man."  
I felt my way along the passage back of the boxes to the stage, and in the darkness ran into Mrs. Jastrow who had been out in front and was making for the scene of war also. Mrs. Jastrow had sense enough to know that the situation was serious, and together we sought out Maude's scene which could be done. Her dressing-room was on the prompt side. It took us a few seconds to cross the stage, our anxiety so great that we pushed open Maude's closed but not latched door without preliminaries. And locking in we added further to our troubles, for Maude, if you please, was in the arms of Roy!

"Dearest, I will save you!" he was murmuring.  
"Hand in hand," Maude answered ecstatically.

It seemed like some hideous new version of the Mendosa situation with what is generally called "a happy ending." Fortunately I didn't have to speak, so I don't know what either I might have said. Mrs. Jastrow did the talking. They separated at her exclamation but we could see they were perfectly unshamed.

"I should think," said Mrs. Jastrow coldly, "that this is hardly the moment for illicit love-making!"

"Bliss!" Maude, Roy and I jumped at that.  
"Pure as the snow, mater," said Roy ridiculously.

She waved him into silence. "It is now twelve-thirty; the doors open at two. If you find any solution to the present calamity by embracing I beg of you to continue—until the Benefit is over."

"I am sure Maude can explain," I hurried in, sure she could do nothing of the kind. Maude picked me up there, all starry-eyed and full of nobility. "I can explain Mrs. Jastrow, but I am not going to. If she offers you any relief, however, the solution is found already and the embrace was the result of it."

"I love her and she is going to be my wife," burst out Roy juvenily.

"Until the Benefit is over you can plan to be anything you please to this young woman," Mrs. Jastrow answered imperterbably.

I don't know why it is so insulting to be called a young woman, yet it filled me with anger even in it was admiring the way Mrs. Jastrow was keeping in mind that the play was the thing. If I had wandered from the opinion that we had any place in Mrs. Jastrow's life beyond being of use to her I was bounding back to it. I had forgotten all about being a factor, but it was evident that Maude had not. Maude was still beautiful, yet, somehow or other, she was beginning to look like a horse—a war horse, scuttling with a good deal of pleasure a coming back to it.

"I think it is for Roy and me to decide just what we are going to be to each other. Now, as you are the chairman of the committee I suppose you will come in on it."

"Come in on it!" repeated Mrs. Jastrow, six generations of men in her voice.

"Yes," said Maude, meaning to be ugly; "get a look in."

"Where are they?" I asked hastily, thinking as I saw Mrs. Jastrow's shocked face how delighted Mendosa would have been to have had me speak so roughly.

"Roy meant the wings. All outsiders say flies, and I hoped that it was of reprobation words to sweep over Maude at the possibility of marrying a man who didn't know the fly gallery from the floor."

"I'll call them down," I said pointedly, staring at Maude, but she never batted a humorous eyelid.

We met in the property room, as the dressing-rooms were full of actors not knowing whether to take off their clothes or put on their hats. The committee comprised Mrs. Jastrow and Mrs. de Penn and son, two other women and two more men—all worried over missing their luncheon. I think Mendosa was under the impression that we had summoned them to announce our engagement. He seemed charmed with

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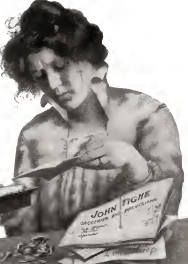
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## Our Real Enemy — Continued from page 21

when the peace treaty is signed, either in Berlin or in Paris or Washington, as we dictate it to be signed, it does not mean that those boys will get their arms back, get their legs back, or have their right restored. Perhaps in years to come, when this war is more or less dulled in our memories, and the deeds of our boys are forgotten, these handicapped boys will have to struggle for an existence. But the wonder of it is that on their faces is a beautiful smile. There is not a note of complaint in their faces. They figure it out this way: "Our country has been very generous to us. We offered our lives to her, and she saw fit to take only our arms, or our legs, or our sight."

Now, if these boys can look at it that way, what should we who stay at home do? It ought to make every American's blood boil. It ought to make every American give twenty-four hours a day to Uncle Sam for the dazation of the war.

Are these wounded American soldiers to come back to the United States, the country they fought and bled for, and hear the German language spoken all around them? There is only one logical way to look at this issue. We are at war with Germany. If a man cannot speak English, and can speak only German, that man must be an enemy of the United States, because we do not understand this wonderful democracy of ours, or the principles for which we are fighting. But, if a man can speak English, and prefers to speak German, then, since it is war-time, that man must be doubly an enemy of the United States.

American, and our ally, if you hear a German conversation going on around you, hunt right into the middle of it, and ask "What are they actually saying?" You must explain (which they cannot), but if they can, apologize, and say that you are only practicing a little American talk on the spot. But if they cannot give a satisfactory explanation, this is the issue: We are at war

with Germany. There are two men in front of you who can speak English, but prefer to speak German. I cannot tell you what to do, but if you are a true American you will know. You must figure it out this way: "If you can't fight over there, fight over here."

Are these wounded Americans, after returning to their own country, to be kept and bled for, to pick up a German newspaper from any newstand, and read an American constitution? They figure it out. Is that poor wounded lad going to be allowed to read under the caption "Wounded," his own name printed in German? Or under the caption, "Killed," the names of his mates, printed in German, whom he saw killed in the front-line trenches of France by the Germans?

American, this is an insult to the "Star Spangled Banner." This is an insult to your own intelligence, and an insult to every man who wears the uniform of the United States of America, and our Allies. I say, while we are at war with Germany (what you do afterwards, I don't give a damn) wipe out the German language in the United States, wipe out the German newspapers, and make this America for Americans.

If there are any persons in the United States of America who have German blood in their veins, or who have not German blood in their veins, and who take the slightest offense at what I have written, I am inclined to death, because I want to reach them. They are not one hundred per cent. Americans. They must be pro-German, and, mark my words, if this war is over, they are going to be put where they belong—in an internment camp, behind barbed wire, with a German soldier standing guard over them with a fixed bayonet, watching their every move. But if I had my way, I would war with Germany (what you do after a firing squad, and shoot them as traitors and enemies of the United States of America.

## Benefits Forgotten — Continued from page 44

cut—with a mind to the firm. "Your little friend, Maude, doesn't think so," she concluded, trying to smile.

A bucket of feet torn brown on me from the flies could not so completely have spoiled my humor. In my instinct to make up at the "half-hour," I had forgotten about Maude. Mrs. de Perex recognized my dejected dismay, as, kinship-wrapped, I hurried past her to peer out on the stage. The crew had struck the set and the space before the curtains was bare except for the chairs and tables Roy would not be released.

Roy was eating. Eating as he was dining through the lines and business with Maude. He could actually swallow! He was more. As he tore through his speeches and made the moves, he would snap the fingers of his left hand, Roy, never so calmly to show us how easy it was for him.

"Go on," I said to Mrs. de Perex, pushing her to the front of the stage, "I'll be on out in front and sting your friends for programs. I've little more to trouble me."

"Yes, isn't he splendid?" answered Mrs. de Perex.

At twelve-fifteen, amidst the slamming down of seats the curtain went up with me on the stage, "discovered" as usual. Roy was no longer worrying me, but I wondered just how anxious Maude was. He was a boy for me, small as I was—small as Roy. One too late to teach him that. I was actually with her, commencing enthusiastically on his being "pat" in the part. It was some small consolation.

He continued calm. When the play was to be begun I was to have never missed a line. Encouraged by the applause of his friends on his entrance he not only never missed a line but he never ever missed a line. He never missed killing everybody else's lines by speaking on them, cribbing other people's laughs by overgoing on them; never missed keeping in the spot-light.

Maude here it pretty well until she caught him nodding for a Johnny on the first line while she was delivering a long and serious speech straight to him. It staggered her,

but her training was in a hard school and she went on. Besides, she was working up a head of steam. In this war is over, she would have brought the hand of the afternoon. It would have brought it, but Roy stopped the applause as she was about to start on an idle gesture. That's enough to stop the biggest hand in the world. It was holding her powder-puff and mirror in the wings, for my work was over for the day.

"How I hate a had actor!" she said.

I didn't see myself how even Roy's friends out in front were going to give him a passionate love scene. But a group of fashionable men and women will applaud an actor in an American odd stage, and sit with languid hands through the best Broadway production. As one of the ladies who had been with me when it was all over: "You are different!"

Maude heard her. She and I stood on the stage, waiting for the curtain to fall. I had need of praise. Pat she took my arm at this and wedged me out of the crowd.

"Different?" she cried when the door was closed. "That's of course!"

Roy came to the door and I opened it. Mendoza was going by with a classic dancer who was jockeying for level. "Your face is bare; why shouldn't my legs be?" But Roy came in—and went out. Maude squinted to see me. "You're a little thing," Jastrov's wives, and while he vowed he would play with her side by side through life. "I am not," I said, "but I am sure that one with his future should not be tied down by mediocre talent."

We were both so tired in preference to the motor of the rich. Once more on a business basis we had parted cordially with our business partners. Maude had even promised to do some little thing for me next week—"A recreation, I think," she said to me as we lounged along as of old. It was too tired to remember and she lay back humming happily a little waltz. By and by she put words to the air as though in unconscious preparation for her next role and she lay back humming happily.

"Oh, East is East and West is West  
And never the twain shall meet."







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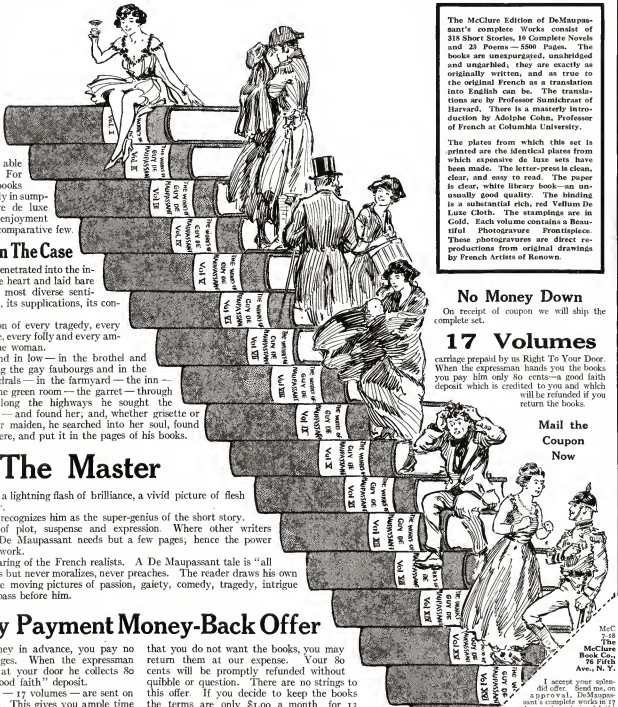
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"They have counted the cost and are ready to pay it"

**WHAT** does the future hold in store for us? Are there to be several years more of war, or is peace ahead within sight? Some military men estimate that the war will continue for three years at least, many of them say five years, and some even longer. To support their claims they frequently cite the Battle of Gettysburg in the Civil War. There the Confederacy made its supreme effort and, though it failed, the war did not end at once. In fact, it wore on for almost two additional years, and there was much severe fighting.

The great battles in France may be compared with Gettysburg. The German authorities frankly have staked their all on this effort. They advance and receive blows; they cheer their country with the promise of success and an early victorious peace. Their plans have not materialized and, as in our Civil War, peace is not necessarily at hand. If the Confederacy could fight on as it did, weakened and ill-equipped, how much longer can Germany continue the struggle? The rulers of Germany cannot stop now; they dare not stop. They may be hailed of victory, but are they ready to admit defeat? They are still strong and it is altogether probable that before they are ready to accept the only terms of peace the Allies will make, they must be soundly beaten. The day when this will become an accomplished fact perhaps is far distant.

It is not a pleasant picture. The world is saturated with the blood of men, women and children. Its surface is torn and scarred. Millions of people are homeless and penniless. Must we look forward to more destruction and sorrow and death? We think of Germany's military strength, and the picture brought before our minds is discouraging. But America and the Allies have made up their minds to see the thing through; they have counted the cost and are ready to pay it. They are sure that future generations may be spared a like experience. The world must be made secure for liberty and justice.

There is another picture, however, which is the true one—the one that we are to look upon—and it is more pleasing. Picture to yourself the results of France lined with the real troops, supply trains, cannon and ammunition—all moving toward the front. Picture these troops in ever-increasing numbers, and the supplies in greater and greater volume. Remember that she has a more treacherous than through Belgium, Germany has never accomplished anything so vital against England and France. Now to the splendid armies of our Allies, to be added the whole strength of our men and materials. Our

money and navy have behind them all the money and resources of our one hundred million people; they are backed by the whole power of every citizen of the United States. Can Germany stand up against us when our entire strength is in the field? She could not conquer France and England; can she withstand France and England and America, too? Is it not possible that pounded, battered and bled, the day will dawn when the fog lifting Prussian will give way and start to run? Is it not possible that the pressure of superior men and guns and morale will breach the German line, that our advance will sweep across the Rhine and permit a drive straight through to Berlin? Will not our great guns pound the Turenne forts to powder, just as the German guns demolished Liège and Namur and Novogorodsk?

**WHAT** is the picture we in America must keep before us and it will be made a reality if you and I do our part. As a matter of fact, it is not certain, from a purely business point of view, to become a reality if we set our minds to the task that lies ahead? American men, money and materials can make this vision come true.

No great picture was ever painted in a day, however, nor without hard work. Our task is difficult, but it can and will be accomplished. It may take a long time, but the result is more the less certain. We and our Allies will win. There will not be peace, no matter what takes place in Europe, until the United States has realized the purpose for which she entered the war.

What is going to happen to securities when that peace comes? No one can deny that the better class of bonds and the highest-grade investment stocks showed splendid resistance to the heavy demand on capital made necessary by the Third Liberty Loan. See how unfavorable news from France has been able to depress security values to any marked

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The low level of bond prices, railroad, public utility and industrial, seems generally to have been reached. In the absence of unforeseen developments, it would seem that further declines in these classes of bonds during the war will be slight. If a real peace should loom up unexpectedly there is small doubt that bond prices would show a prompt and favorable response. In view of the guaranty of earnings given the carriers by the government, it is also seems likely that railroad stocks will hold up well while the war lasts.

The prospect for many industrial stocks, however, may not seem so bright to investors who take uncertainties into consideration when they are purchasing. Price limits have been set, but it is not certain that these limits will be steadily and restriction faces certain non-essential industries. All these factors work against this class of securities while the war continues, and when peace comes, extensive readjustments will be necessary in many cases and the process will not be beneficial in every instance. Some companies in this class, however, should benefit by the return of peace, for the demands for materials to aid in the reconstruction work will undoubtedly be great, and what country can supply these materials so well as the United States?

**MONEY** is very much in demand in these times. The war is a hungry customer and its appetite seems insatiable. When the war is ended, the money used in its prosecution will be available for peaceful purposes. Railroad, industrial and public utility companies once again can take up their normal methods of doing business. The demand for capital will no doubt be extensive, but hardly as great as under war conditions. This will mean that corporations will not have to pay so much for the money they must borrow, or, in other words, they can sell their securities at higher prices. The result will be that the investor must pay more for the securities he acquires. It is a logical sequence that will be that the price of securities now issued will advance in sympathy.

All this is to say that securities are probably cheaper now than they will be when peace comes. If we have faith in the war resulting in the victory we all desire—and we must have that faith—it would seem that we have an almost unparalleled opportunity to acquire profitable investment under present conditions.

The general opinion seems to be that the advent of peace there will be a sharp, though possibly moderate, rise in the price of securities.

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after the war ends. Many stocks may suffer during the readjustment period, particularly common stocks of industrial companies, which have devoted their organizations to war work. Other common stocks will undoubtedly be benefited.

The main point is, however, that if people will select their investments wisely, they can take advantage of the low prices now ruling. They should not worry about the effect of the war on their purchases for, as one man expressed it, "the stock market has apparently discounted everything that can happen except blowing the British States off the map." By that he meant that the prices are about as low as they are going.

**Books About Stocks and Bonds Insurance and Banking by Mail**

S. W. Straus & Co. has issued a July investment list describing First Mortgage Serial bond issues to net 4% to 5%, together with their newest booklet, "Safety and 6%," will be sent to any reader on request. R. C. Megargel & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York, will send you booklets entitled "The Part-Payment Plan" and "Securities Investments." The latter is published semi-monthly, and the current issue contains interesting articles on Liberty Bonds—their market possibilities, cash value, collateral, conversion features—as well as many other interesting items. Write for these booklets, which will be sent free of charge on request.

"Bonds as Safe as Our Cities" is the title of an intensely interesting booklet on the subject of Municipal Bonds and their safety features.

William R. Compton Company, with offices in St. Louis, St. Paul, Chicago and Cincinnati) will be glad to mail a copy of this booklet to any investor requesting a copy. Address the nearest office.

Peabody, Houghtaling & Co., 10 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, has just published a new booklet ("Free") which describes a wide variety of attractive securities in established sections of the United States and Canada.

In view of the interest in government financing, The National City Company of New York is preparing a booklet, with reference to the financing of the war of 1812—1813—18 and 1817. Ask for it.

The "Functions of a Commission Brokerage House" is published for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Co., 111 Broadway, New York. This book clearly explains the details of buying and selling securities.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts to analyze the movement in securities, commodity, and labor prices.

Farson, Son & Co., 115 Broadway, New York, N. Y., will send upon request an interesting booklet dealing with new developments of the Globe Oil Company.

The Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich., will send upon request an interesting booklet dealing with the advantages of Detroit Real Estate Bonds. Send for booklet M. C. "Key to Safe Investment."

Booklet M-7 recently published by The F. B. Collins Investment Company, gives information regarding Farm Loans in the Northwest. Send for copy. Address: Oklahoma City, Okla.

E. M. Fuller & Co. has issued a new booklet on the Family Budget—a simple method of apportioning the family income to meet current expenses and provide for saving a definite sum each month.

The Twenty Payment Plan was originated by Slattery & Co., Inc., of 40 Exchange Place, New York City, and has been in successful operation for a great many years. Booklet 6-A describing the plan in detail will be sent to any one upon request.

"What is the Best Investment?" issued by E. J. Lander & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D., covers the subject of Farm Mortgages in the Northwest in a comparative manner. A copy will be sent upon request.

The Batarer Securities Corporation, 61 Broadway, New York, has published an interesting book entitled "Five Roads to Financial Independence." The book contains analytical and conservative reviews on thirty of the country's leading financial institutions and two distinct plans for buying securities.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by the editorial staff of the publication. The advertiser and the soundness of the proposition to be advertised are the only factors in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by the advertiser is not a recommendation that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

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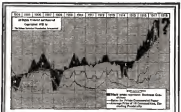
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Everything points to a very good security market for the next five or six months. This will be especially true after income taxes have been paid in June. There are now some 15,000,000 (fifteen million) in the United States. A year ago there were not more than 10,000,000. Consider what this means to investment houses. Most of these people never invest before what a bond looked like. The experience of clipping coupons is entirely new to them. It is our opinion that in response to that a large percentage of them will get it.

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## Through the Haze—Continued from page 50

by plain cutlery, with a castor containing pepper, salt, vinegar and proper sauce, and by each plate was a napkin rolled and inserted in a ring. As they entered, a woman, obviously the girl's mother, was settling upon the table a great steaming dish containing ham and cabbage and potatoes and beets. By the window, the girl's father sat in his shirt-sleeves smoking a pipe, his head immersed in the pages of a newspaper.

"Mother," said the girl quietly.

The older woman looked up. She seemed a bit startled, at first; she wiped her hands on her apron.

"This is he." She turned to Don. "My mother," she explained.

Don bowed.

"I am very glad to know you," he said. "Vane is my name—Donald Vane. My sister owns the place over the hill. I am visiting her there."

He turned to meet the father, to whom the girl was even now presenting him with a certain composed awkwardness that fitted her well. Don bowed to him, as he got somewhat heavily, upon his feet. He was a short man, with small blue eyes that gazed from between narrow lids.

"Glad greeting," he replied, in response to Don's salutation. He continued to stand, eyeing his visitor.

The mother alone seemed embarrassed.

"It's a nice day," she said, at length.

Don nodded. "Beautiful," he assented.

"Won't you sit down and have some supper with us?" she asked. "That is, unless you're afraid they'll wait years for you at home."

Don hesitated. "Shall I?" he asked.

The father was eyeing him, closely. "Why not?" he demanded.

Don smiled.

"Why not, indeed?" he returned. Then: "I'll stay; with pleasure, that is, unless I am inconveniencing you."

The father had already seated himself at the table head. The girl invited to Don the seat at her father's left. He stood, waiting for her to sit, and her mother.

"Beider side of your seat," advised the father. "It's gooding hot."

It is to Don's credit that he did not hesitate. Slipping his arms from the sleeves, he removed his coat, placing it behind him, on the chair.

The father began the conversation, as he dabbed out large portions of meat and vegetables, exchanging the heaped-up plate before him for the empty ones of that he served.

He confided his remarks solely to Don.

"Your name is Vane?" he questioned.

"Yes," Don replied.

"How old are you?"

Don told him—eighteen.

"You go to colliery, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Got colliery?"

Don told him.

"He is a good boy, too."

Don expressed a proper interest.

"He also is in colliery. He is in colliery," impressively, "in Chermany."

"Yes," said Don.

"Ve," stated the father, "are Chermans."

"Yes," said Don. "I supposed you were."

[To be continued]

"She," and the head of the house indicated his wife, "is only a Cherman-American. But I come out here later. I was born," he said, "in Munich."

"A beautiful city," opined Don.

"It is the most beautiful city in der world," stated the father.

"In an are of it," agreed Don, politely.

"Are Chermans in der greatest country in der world. Der order nations are cherman of Chermans," he continued.

"Are they?" queried Don.

"In manufacture, in commerce, in arts, in science, she is ahufe dem all!"

He was becoming argumentative. . . . Don was puzzled.

Throughout the meal, the father went on, in much the same vein. Don listened, politely. . . .

Don waited while mother and daughter cleared the table and covered the dishes. Then, with the girl, he went outside, upon the tiny porch. . . . She seated herself on the steps. He sank down beside her.

"Father reads a great deal," she said: "mostly German papers—and a few books. . . . They are German, too. . . . He seems to be a lawyer," queried Don.

"And you?" asked Don. "Do you feel that you are German, too?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said. "Why should I? I was born in America. My friends are American. I expect always to live in America. So, if I am any thing at all, I'm an American."

THEY were both silent now. It was very bright. The great moon of albinos mother-of-pearl rode high amid the splendor of the stars. All about them was a dimk so deep, so fragrant as to be almost tangible.

He turned to look at her—to find that she was looking at him.

"I am a little breath, soft, tremulous left her parted lips. She looked away. . . .

His eyes closed. He felt as though he were falling. He felt as though he were falling. . . .

His eyes opened again.

She had risen. He got up, and stood beside her. He felt that it was time to go.

"May I come again sometime?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

He could hear her say, "Yes. They were closed. But her lips answered.

"Yes!"

It was lower than the cricket's chirp—than the call of the frog. But he heard.

Delightful breakfast trays, going to luxurious, sunlit bedrooms in the big house of the Ames, bore next morning newspapers containing the first despatches of events that made certain the Great War in Europe.

Constance finished her breakfast. Without even looking at the big, black headlines she turned to an inside page.

Don read puzzledly. . . . What was it all about?

Ames, gulping his coffee, scanned hastily, tensely. Business would be affected. Stocks would tumble. God only knew how it would damage and how long.

Only Victor realized. And he, but dimly.

## You Will Find in the August Issue

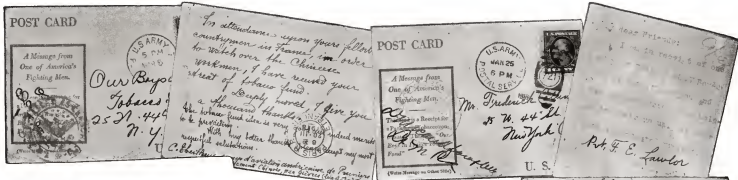
A story by Dana Burnett, "Red, White and Blue." This is a quick reading, quick acting, quick thinking tale of an aviator in France.

Living up to our policy of publishing every now and then a story not of the war, there will appear in the August number

"The Doormat and the Bulldog," by Frank Govey Jones, the popular business writer, who in this story "comes back" once more, stronger than ever.

Hildegard Hawthorne is in Paris. She has been in some of the biggest air raids that the city has seen and in the coming issue of McClure's she tells with extraordinary interest one of her thrilling experiences.





## Sophie Tucker—a "Smoke Angel" for Our Boys in France

THE war has revealed many excellent qualities in men and women that few dreamed existed. Sophie Tucker, for instance. To most people who have seen this breezy vaudeville artiste she has appeared to be just a care-free mortal who lives solely for salary and applause.

Rising from a six-dollar-a-week singer in a concert hall to one of the most popular and highest salaried vaudeville entertainers in this country, incidentally becoming known as "the Mary Garden of Vaudeville," who would expect Sophie to be other than a person interested mainly in her own fortunes?

Yet, just as she has reached the height of vaudeville success, she forgets about her laurels and becomes very much interested in our soldier boys "over there." She doesn't need a brass band to start her off—she takes her own band, and a willing band it is that accompanies her on all her trips while soliciting contributions for "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund." Since last October she has been working continually for the fund in some way. Today she has the honor of having collected more money for soldiers' smokes than any other person in the theatrical world, the total being more than \$50,000. Probably, also, she has made more postcards of thanks from soldiers who have found her



She puts "Jazz" into smoke collecting

name attached to their tobacco cartons than any other person, though this "Smoke Angel" will be credited by anyone who subscribes a large enough amount to the fund.

Sophie Tucker expects to leave for France during the latter part of July, to entertain our boys on the firing line. She will take a Jazz Band with her and will go wherever the committee in charge wishes, even to the first line trenches.

In New Orleans she had a piano placed on a truck and she and her band went about the city singing and playing and soliciting for smokes.

During the various drives that have been on she has collected money for the Knights of Columbus fund, has bought \$50,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, has sold more than \$500,000 worth of Liberty Bonds at the theaters where she has been showing, and has given her personal check for \$500 to the Smoke Fund.

When Miss Tucker returns from the other side she will immediately resume her work for "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund," and with the operation that has been promised her she hopes to collect at least \$100,000 while touring the country. If Sophie Tucker isn't worthy of the title "Smoke Angel" it is hard to find a high place in the annals of "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund." —w.h.i.f.

### Gallant Despatch Bearer Tells

April 11, 1918.

DEAR SIR: After receiving the tobacco and answering the enclosed card, I feel a note of appreciation is the proper thing to send. In my estimation the work you are engaged in, the sending of tobacco to the boys over here, is a blessing to the boys. It may interest you to know that some of the boxes have been issued to the boys in the trenches. If you could see the pleased faces and hear the many expressions of joy you would feel more than repaid for your good work. Though many cards may not be answered, don't be discouraged, the boys are doing a "man's job" and letter writing time is limited, also the number of letters by each individual is limited. You ask me to tell of my experiences. They are not

numerous and for fear of treading on military matters, I can't say very much. However, I might say that at present my job is in a despatch bearer from headquarters to the front. Outside of dodging shrapnel and "can't you, don't you" shells (high explosives) there isn't much to worry about unless you happen to stop some anti-aircraft shells as they shower down. Everybody keeps in the best of spirits and resorts to our favorite saying, "Well, we can't be worried about that."

Again thanking you for the tobacco and hoping this attempt at a letter don't bore you to death, I am,

Yrs. in struggle,  
Pvt. ELLIOTT H. WIORTH, Jr.  
81st Co. 6th M. G. Batt. U. S. Marines, A.E.F., France

### Wounded Soldier Explains Why Some Tobacco Donors Fail to Receive Return Postcards

GENTLEMEN:

AFTER a short visit to the front I was unfortunate enough to get slightly injured as well as passed, and of course had to be sent to the hospital, and as usual found myself without smokes, but only for a short time, for as soon as the nurse knew of my wants she brought me a box containing quite a number of them from "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund." In that box there was a card from the donor which I intended to answer just as soon as I was able.

Now that time has come and I regret to state that the card has been misplaced and I am deprived the privilege of thanking this person and to let him know the wonderful amount of pleasure I got from that box during my four weeks' stay in the hospital.

I am not the only one that is blessed with such a box, for every one that came in the Hospital received one and regardless of how serious the case was the smokes sure did help back home who have not forgotten us over here.

I am writing you in this hopes that you have some way to let this particular donor know, as well as the others who do not receive a personal acknowledgment that the boxes are being received, as many times circumstances will not permit the boys to write for some time afterwards, in which during the meantime the cards are lost.

With my very best regards to your organization and all contributors to the much-needed Tobacco Fund, I remain

Very truly yours,  
Pvt. C. J. BRENNAN,  
Co. M. 165 Inf. A.E.F., France.

### Have you sent your package of cheer to the trenches? MAIL THIS COUPON

A postcard of thanks comes back to you from the soldier who receives your cheer.

"OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND"  
25 West 44th Street, New York

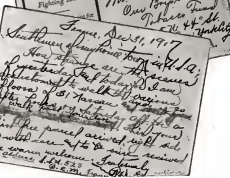
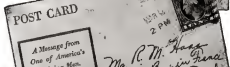
GENTLEMEN—I want to do my part to help the American soldiers who are fighting my battle in France. Since tobacco does it—I'm in for tobacco. (Check below how you desire to contribute)

I send you herewith my contribution toward the purchase of tobacco for American soldiers. This does not obligate me to contribute more.

I enclose \$1.00. I will add a soldier and send you \$1.00 a month to supply him with "smokes" for the duration of the war.

Name .....

Address .....



Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund  
25 West 44th Street  
New York City



## Licking the Huns!

Continued from page 20



important! You have done a great service to the cause of German liberty tonight, Herr Captain, and we are glad to see that the fools you frustrated meant to kidnap *Fräulein Bernhard* and myself and bring us as hostages to General Hindenburg. The Imperial Government thought thus to prevent our coming to-morrow, disgrace our officers by bringing us as hostages to the Kaiser, to be the basis of peace negotiations between the sons and the people — and afterward we were to get a thousand marks each, an iron cross of the first class and the privilege of calling themselves "sons." Their effort to prevent our coming to you, for they have confessed many a time of your capture to save their own necks. One of them in particular, Schillingburg, is perhaps the greatest operative in the Imperial Government's spy system. He was responsible for my arrest and imprisonment two years ago. You had better retire now, my friend, and rest after the evening's adventure. I will see that you have every possible care. If you are able to-morrow, I desire to confer with you on a very important matter the people are to make and in which, I trust, as a representative of America, you will play no small part. For the present, then, Herr Captain — *adieu* *adieu*!"

"With this last somewhat cryptic utterance, Liebknecht stepped to the door, his followers flung out before him.

"One moment! Doctor Liebknecht!" I called out. "Might I ask a favor?"

"With one hand on the door-knob, he nodded affirmatively.

"I cleared my throat.

"Is there — have you — are any of these men qualified to perform a marriage ceremony?" I asked.

Liebknecht smiled broadly.

"You Americans are nothing if not impatient," he said. "However, I think I can grasp the situation. If you have no objection to being married by a German, I am qualified to perform the ceremony."

And so *Doctor Bernhard* and I were married by *Dr. Karl Liebknecht* — first partner as performed by a German.

The next day, that fateful September 10, 1918, which marked the birth of democracy in Germany, dawned clear and bright. The sun shone in glorious splendor and the very air seemed charged with the momentousness of the occasion. *Frieda* and I breakfasted on a couple of severe coffee, a morsel of vile-lasting chocolate, and two ounces of the equally vile *Kristberg* (war bread). We ate for the most part in silence, for no mere words could do justice to our thoughts. This was virtually our wedding breakfast and might well be our last, for this was the day the revolutionists had chosen to hold their great convulse for the drawing-up of the constitution of the new Germany, and outside the huge hall in the *Waldstrasse* waited the Kaiser's infantry, cavalry and artillery — sworn to prevent the convention at all costs.

At half-past eight we both summoned *Dr. Liebknecht* to the door, and he had guests. The streets were black with people and as far as I could see, nearly all of them were armed in some manner — men and women alike — and they were ready by a majority — their wafes stamped with a gun determination to carry out their purpose. The observation that the Kaiser's machine guns might storm impotently, but never break — as was dashed against a mighty rock! — the Hindenburg line to demand a speedy peace. It was with the greatest difficulty that we made our way through the throng of excited millionaires and other ever-increasing numbers. Thousands of picked lieutenants kept some semblance of order in the dense throng, but there had been numbered a hundred thousand souls.

"I want you to stay as close to my side as possible," said Liebknecht, addressing me. "The moment we get away from him it is my wish to have you speak to our convention — this convulse of the German people means that the Kaiser has descended to the Fatherland. I want you to tell our people, as a citizen of America, just what your own attitude is toward them. Do you wish it is Kaiserism, and not Germany, which America would exterminate. I want you to

repeat the words of your President Wilson, that you are fighting for the world of the future and we are not. It is a great world that I have chosen you for, but in order to accept this honor it will be necessary for you to use the fire of the Prussian revolution which the Kaiser has sent to prevent our assembly. That there will be violence is obvious, but that we will not carry out our purpose is as inevitable as death itself. You are an American prisoner of war, and it is not my wish to see you die. I leave you the choice to you. Will you come and have a part in freeing a nation as your own country freed itself, or will you remain here?"

"WITHOUT hesitation, I grasped his hand. "Doctor Liebknecht, I will come!" I said, "and for the honor, I thank you."

Within the hour the great procession started for the *Waldstrasse* with Liebknecht, Scheidemann, Harden and other leaders at its head. No opposition was met until it reached a point about a quarter of a mile from the office of the Kaiser at the convention. There a regiment of the Kaiser's infantry blocked the way with fixed bayonets. The mob proceeded until less than two hundred yards intervened between themselves and the shining steel. Then several Prussian officers ran forward with drawn swords, shouting commands to halt. This was the signal for a storm of jeers and insults from the throng, and the Prussians, some fanatic, partly carried away by the excitement of the moment, fired a revolver in the air.

"At the instant, the street became a battle-field! The Prussian infantry charged the mob, firing as they came and the revolutionists returned the fire with interest. Scores fell on both sides and the first mad rush of the soldiers was checked. I sought to join *Frieda* as much as possible and did succeed in shielding her with my body as a gigantic Prussian lunged at her with a bayonet. The mob proceeded until less than a hundred yards intervened between themselves and dramatic interruption to the conflict of German against Prussian. No super-motivations affected the terrified Prussian and scenario writer ever conceived the spectacle that presented itself within the next half-hour. The Kaiser's infantry, in a mad rush and a terrific explosion shook the earth. There came another and another in ever-increasing volume. The hundreds of thousands in the streets started upward almost as one person, their startled eyes seeing the very heavens filled with manna of airplanes, flying about in a majestic and solid formation as a garrisoned flock of eagles. There must have been hundreds of them, some flying at an altitude of a mile or more, others so low that the pilots were plainly visible. It was on several of these that I saw an emblem that I felt led me to the very eye — the familiar circle and star of the American aviation squadrons. It flashed through my brain that the far-famed *Pilots* were attacking the whole of which the world had heard so much and which the beleaguered Allied armies had awaited with such prayers and hope. The America that "wouldn't fight" was bringing red terror to the heart of the Prussian empire. The longer-fought fighting planes were now in the air, and the Prussian army supply her Allies had appeared at last! Berlin was experiencing the horror that the Kaiser had visited in America. The Prussian machine was riding the German capital from the air!

A bomb fell booming in a square across the street and the Kaiser's machine gunners. Prussian soldiers died in wild panic, hundreds of them throwing away their arms that they might be unimpeded.



Will these things come true? Will American airplanes sweep over Berlin? Will Wilhelm sign his abdication of the throne of the Hohenzollerns? Will the German people realize at last, as Mr. Witmer has shown in this story, that a democracy can and must be the aim of the German people? Next month sees the conclusion of this powerful prophecy

in their mad flight. The revolutionists who could, piled into the convention hall while others, who were unable to find lodging and houses, from which the Prussian soldiers were barred. I found myself with *Frieda*, Liebknecht and *Dr. Scheidemann* in the platform of the huge hall, looking into a surging sea of bewildered faces. Perhaps ten thousand of the revolutionists gathered in the hall, the largest in Berlin.

The airplanes performed their main object of the revolutionists — the destruction of fortifications around Berlin and other places of military value. Unlike the Hun air men over London and Paris, a aircraft was not piloted by the American fliers to bomb hospitals or residence districts.

Thus the eleventh-hour intervention of the American airplanes had made possible the holding of the great convention that was to free Germany from the shackles of Hohenzollernism. In the ensuing panic, the Prussian soldiers, now completely demoralized, refused to rally, and many, reading the writings of the revolutionists, joined the mob. While the deep drums of the American bombs dropping on the fortifications of Berlin and paving the way for the triumphant entry of the Allied armies could be plainly heard within the hall, the convention was called to order and *Dr. Liebknecht* addressed it. In a masterful speech which is now a part of the history of the world, he defined the aims of the revolutionists and the aims of the Allies. These were principally the removal of the Hohenzollerns from power, the establishment of a republican form of government in Germany and the immediate arrangement of a peace party with the Allies. He declared himself wholly in favor of President Wilson's peace program and announced that a note would be transmitted to Washington to that effect, at once.

**SPEECHES** were then made by Maximilian Harden, Philip Scheidemann, Herr Mecklenburg, Herr Fischer, Herr von Tschannen, Herr Rysal and others. In a fervid address, *Frieda* spoke for the women of Germany who could not stand with their brothers, sons and husbands for the freedom of the Fatherland.

"I was received with tremendous enthusiasm, and then Liebknecht obtained order and beckoned for me to stand with him on the platform. In a few words he introduced me in what I thought was a highly flattering manner, inasmuch as he declared I had rendered the revolutionists some very valuable services, while for my part I was conscious of having done nothing. When he left my side and sat down with the others behind me, I stared down at the sea of faces, rather dazed. As I was an American, there was not a little hostility apparent toward me. However, I rallied myself and in a few words as possible, which I strove to make clear, explained my position. I was again assured that I thought the United States would feel the greatest sympathy with the movement to depose the Kaiser and free Germany from the militaristic monster who had scourged the world.

Following this, various committees were organized and the crowd read the new constitution of Germany, which followed in a great measure that of the United States, and which was signed by *Dr. Liebknecht* and thousands in the hall rose and with mighty voices vowed to uphold it, and then Philip Scheidemann proposed that *Dr. Liebknecht* be the first president of the German republic.

A veritable hurricane of applause followed and it might be said that Liebknecht

knelt was elected by acclamation. Several other important nominations were passed off with a minimum of delay. *Dr. Liebknecht* journeyed until the following day, while the people dispersed to their homes in an orderly fashion.

That night, Liebknecht, Scheidemann and the other leaders decided to make the greatest use of the revolutionists. It was the message of the events of the afternoon and the pause created by the appearance of the Prussian soldiers' palaces, which were armed and especially chosen revolutionists descended upon the royal palace. The guard was overcome and taken in a brief space the revolutionists were overrunning the sacred precincts of the "All Highest." Priceless art treasures, rare books, paintings, furniture, pottery and the vast treasures of the palace were thrown down and trampled upon as the liberty-minded people swarmed through the magnificent halls and rooms in their ruthless search for the Emperor. Wilhelm was finally discovered in his library where, surrounded by a handful of faithful retainers, he sat with blazing eyes and drawn sword, awaiting the invaders. Scheidemann, who happened to be leading the party that came upon him, ordered his followers to fall back. He then addressed the Kaiser calmly, telling him that the people of Germany had taken the reins of government into their own hands and that henceforth Germany was to be a republic. That resistance would not only be futile, but fatal.

**THE Kaiser** listened as a man in a trance. As the full import of Scheidemann's words dawned upon him his frame trembled and the sword fell clattering to the floor. He turned to his retainers and begged them to pass his shaking hands over his head, literally fell into a chair that an attendant had brought. Scheidemann, in a moment from his coat pocket and spread it out before the Kaiser on a table. The Prussian Emperor looked at the document with death — the death of the power of the great — despite the world had ever known!

"The Kaiser's eyes were fixed on the document, especially made for this occasion, and thrust it into Wilhelm's nervous fingers. "The Kaiser now will sign this!" he said in a ringing voice.

The Kaiser roused himself with a palpable effort and signed the document. His hands shook as with palsied fingers he signed a ghostly white. Twice his lips moved feebly as though to protest, but at length he seized the pen and scrawled his name across the bottom.

The document that the Kaiser had signed was his abdication as Emperor of Germany. While these stirring events were taking place in Berlin, the Allied armies under Generals Pershing, Haig and Foch had crossed the Elbe River and penetrated as far as Wittberg, or within approximately fifty miles of Berlin. The Allies had captured the monster cannon with which the Hun had bombarded Paris in March and April of 1918 and were now within striking distance of the victorious advance of the Allies, were used to shell Berlin. Every twenty minutes for five-hour periods night and day, a shell shrieked down from the sky and the German capital of Germany!

Meanwhile the Allies pressed steadily forward, their tank formations leading the way. Orders, arms and ammunition almost daily. The main body of the demoralized German army, which had been ordered to march, messengers from the revolutionists informed them of the successful uprising and the downfall of the Kaiser. It was later learned that divisions threw down their arms and refused to fight. General von Hoffman surrendered to the revolutionists and the Allies made their army free entry into Berlin.

The Allied armies with American infantry and British tanks entered Berlin on September seventh. Peace negotiations were begun by Liebknecht as president of the German republic on October first.

I reported at once to General Pershing and he listened to my remarkable story with the greatest interest. He was then taken to my rank and attached to his personal staff, where I remained as his aide until the evacuation of Berlin by the American army, when peace was declared.

[To be Concluded]

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# PALMOLIVE

*Explanatory Note—At the right is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3000 years ago. The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present day knowledge of the subject. Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.*

- (1) As for her who desires beauty.
- (2) She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives.
- (3) There cause to flourish these ornaments—the skin.
- (4) As for oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for reviving, making sound and purifying the skin.



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