

THE STORY THAT PRIVATE LEACH TOLD

"I say, there," called Private Leach sitting up weakly, "where you goin' with me blinkin' at?"

The dog cast a look back across his shoulder, wagged his tail pleasantly and continued to trot away, carrying Private Leach's cap in his jaws.

"E's got a bloomin' check, not 'alf!" observed Private Leach and lay down again. What difference did it make? He had clicked a bullet in his right thigh, and, what with the loss of blood and pain and hunger and all, a chap might as well "go west" without a cap as with one. Now that he'd managed to get a dressing on the wound and a bandage to hold the dressing in place, the bleeding was less, but the end of the smashed bone was gridding in the torn flesh. It wasn't a bit crushy, out there in No Man's Land, six hours in a shell hole with a bursted leg.

The dog had popped up from nowhere at all, with his alert eyes and sensitive, searching nose. Grit tightly about his body was the broad white band bearing the flaming sign of the Red Cross. He stood quite still while Private Leach painfully unfastened the first aid package from his back and, still more painfully applied the disinfectant, gauze pads and clean cotton tincture. Looking up, he whined a friendly, sympathetic whine, and the soldier patted him gratefully.

"Good old chap," said Private Leach "You've been knocked about a bit yourself, eh?" He touched the dog's ear where a recent hurt had left a sorely heaved scar.

And then the rascal had seized Private Leach's cap and made off with it toward the lines, paying no serious attention to the wounded man's remonstrances.

"Run little bloke," remarked Private Leach and frowned.

Private Leach sat on a sunny bench in the small courtyard of the convalescent hospital and explained matters to a compatriot, likewise recovering from the effects of boche courtesy.

"And the bloomin' surgeon, 'e says them dawgs is trained like that. The one that found me, 'e don't mind bullets no more than buns, 'e don't, a-wizzin' past 'is head. And when 'e finds a wounded chap 'e tykes 'is cap or anything that's loose 'e can get 'is teeth in, and away 'e goes to report to 'is K. O., like a good soldier. So then the stretcher bearers, they goes out and brings in the chap, same as they did me, d'ye see? Red Cross trains dawgs by hundreds. Great, eh, wot?"

"Righte," agreed Private Leach's companion. "Spect you'd like to meet that fellow again. Dawgs'll look a bit different to me when I get back to Blighty. Bli-me, I awlways 'ated dawgs, but now I don't."

"Look!" said Private Leach. "Ere comes one of the little beggars."

A wiry, short haired dog with a deal of bull in his makeup came limping along on three legs, the fourth held stiffly in front of him by an ingenious arrangement of sling and bandage.

"Clicked a bit o' Fritz's lead 'is bloomin' little self, 'e did, eh, wat? 'Ere, Bill. Nice old blokey."

The dog went and laid his head, friendly fashion, on Private Leach's knee and looked up into the soldier's face whining sympathetically.

"E knows 'ow it feels," observed Private Leach. Then "I say, there, old timer, look at that ear!"

"Scar," said his companion. "Been fightin' like as not."

"Bli-me!" cried Leach. "'E's the syme chap. 'Ere, now, where you goin' with me blinkin' at?"

The dog, holding Private Leach's cap at a provoking distance, viewed the two convalescents with a mischievous eye.

"'E's a cute un. Wish 'e was goin' back to Blighty wif me, not 'alf. Eh wot?"

"Sure," agreed the other. "I awlways 'ated 'em, but not now I don't. Red Cross dawgs is bloomin' humans Strafe me if they ain't?"

"Chamberlain's Tablets Have Done Wonders for Me."

"I have been a sufferer from stomach trouble for a number of years, and although I have used a great number of remedies recommended for this complaint, Chamberlain's Tablets is the first medicine that has given me positive and lasting relief," writes Mrs. Mrs. Anna Kadin, Spencerport, N. Y. "Chamberlain's Tablets have done wonders for me and I value them very highly." Obtainable everywhere.

THE BLUE DEVILS ARE TO AROUSE AMERICA

Frenchmen being sent Through Camps to see U. S. Preparations.

Charlotte Observer.

There is no longer any doubt of the coming of the Blue Devils to Charlotte Tuesday of this week. Yesterday Mayor McNinch and Chairman Carraway, of the local Four Minute men, received telegraphic information, from Washington to the effect that there will be no switch from Charlotte, as had been requested by Winston-Salem.

Mr. Carraway received a telegram from the speakers' division of the federal committee on public information, approving the program as arranged for the entertainment of the Blue Devils and also instructions to proceed with this program.

Every man of the party has the war cross. Most of them have been wounded five or six times. Their commander wears the Cross of the Legion of Honor as well as his war cross and five honor stripes showing the five wounds he has sustained in battle.

Blue Devils, the Germans call them, from their blue uniform and desperate courage, but they do not look like devils. They look like pleasant, homely men, some of them very young men, who are tired of fighting but will fight until France is free from her invader and then until the allies have won their battle for all time. They have reason to be tired. Lieutenant Jean Canal, of the Forty-third Colonials, explained it with a gesture toward a sleeping chasseur a pied, resting sprawled across a bench at Atlantic City a few days ago.

"Our men are tired," he said simply. He smiled affectionately at the sleepy soldier, and then his voice grew serious. "Yes, our men are tired, but we who have been in the trenches four years would be tired. We have had our losses, heavy losses, almost 4,000,000 since the war began. But America is coming. I can see it as we go around. You are all in the war. We want to see that, and our men will tell of that when we go back to France. It will help to know how much you are doing."

They are being sent through the training camps in the east and through the middle west to see for themselves what America is doing to prepare men to take their place beside the poilu. American troops, more American troops, and still more American troops are being made ready for France as France made ready troops for us long years ago. The Blue Devils see everything just what they want most to see, and will take their message back to their comrades.

Charles Poult was for five years a butcher in New Orleans. Now he wears the military medal, and the Croix de Guerre with two palms and two stars. Each palm and each star means a separate citation for bravery. On one occasion he went out across No-Man's Land and brought back a wounded French officer from the German barbed wire. Everyone else thought it would be hopeless to attempt to do it. Poult did it. Again, he was caught by a shell-hole with his squad and every man but himself was killed or wounded. That was on the Somme in 1915. He lay like a dead man while a German patrol of a hundred and fifty men passed over him and then, quite alone, he attacked them from the rear with bombs and grenades, rousing the trench sector to the danger of assault and helping in the almost complete annihilation of the German raiding party.

Lieut. Le Hoel is in command of the detachment. With his men are also Lieut. Roger Cluzeau of the famous Fourth Zouaves, and Lieut. Podevin. Lieut. Marcel Lev'e, of the Blue Devils, can speak from first-hand knowledge of the German prison camps, as he spent four months in one of them. He was blinded at Verdun, but continued at his post until he was wounded again and captured by the Germans. He was treated—or mistreated—by German physicians for his blindness and at the end of four months was exchanged as permanently incapacitated for fighting. French physicians were either more skillful or more merciful than Germans, however, and he has recovered just a little of his sight. He can see well enough to make out Americans in khaki everywhere he turns, and when he is again in France he will see still more of them.

Farm Loans to Cost More

Winnipeg, Man.—The Manitoba Government, after lending about \$10,000,000 under the farm loan plan to farmers at 6 per cent, has decided to advance rates. Just what figures has not yet been determined, because difficulty has been experienced in financing the scheme further. Money has cost the Government 5 per cent, and the plan has been conducted at a slight loss to date, but has been very beneficial to farmers.

Women Campaign For Republicans.

New York, N. Y.—Under the leadership of Miss Helen Varick Boswell, chairman of the Women's Division of the Republican County Committee, some 3000 women who have already declared their allegiance to that party have begun a house to house canvass of the Borough of Manhattan to urge women to enroll May 25, in order that they may vote at the primaries in September.

According to the ruling of the state Legislature, women citizens of cities and villages with a population of 5,000 or more may enroll in the party of their choice May 25 between the hours of 8 a. m. and 10 p. m. In smaller places enrollment by a certificate, signed in the presence of a witness, may take place from May 16 to June 15.

"We have a woman leader in every one of the 23 assembly districts in

Manhattan, and a woman captain in each of the 728 election districts," said Miss Boswell.

"We require each of these election district captains to have a minimum of five regular helpers, the more she has the better, but she must have at least five. So you see that gives us an excellent organization and we have a goodly company of women workers to send out on this canvassing. We have supplied each of the canvassers with leaflets explaining what the Republican Party stands for."

General Smuts Sure of Victory

Glasgow, Scot., (Saturday)—Speaking at Fairfield yard, during his visit to the Clyde shipyards on Friday, General Smuts said that the enemy was making his great blow now.

"The reverses we have had" General Smuts said, "were in a certain sense good for us. We feel today that we are in it up to our very necks, and

if we are to win this war we shall have to strain every nerve. It we do that, I do not feel doubtful about the result for one moment.

"The enemy has made us realize the great danger ahead of civilization and he has awakened the Americans, who have at last realized that there is great business on, and a great danger to the world.

"Our American allies," General Smuts declared, "are coming over, I might say by hundreds of thousands, every month, in order to bear their fair and proper share in the struggle."

General Smuts believes that the enemy would make greater attempts to strike greater blows than ever.

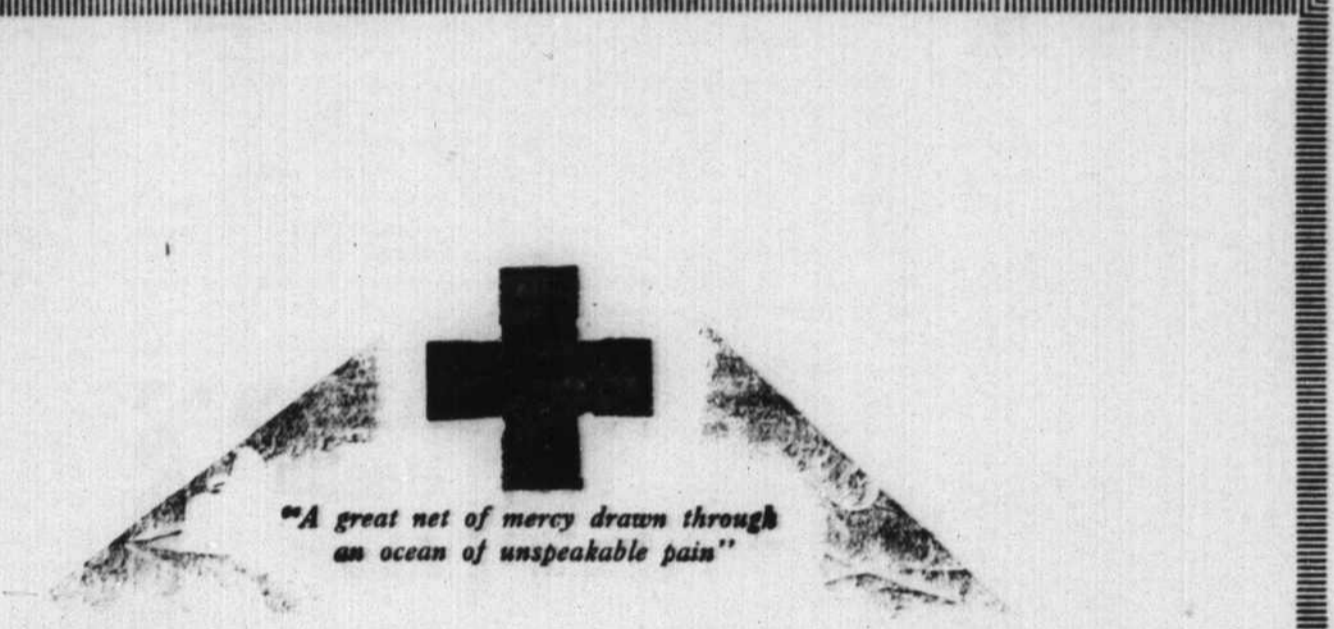
"Let them do so," he said, "for it is only in this way that the war will end." One statement of special interest was the General's declaration that "we do not want any indemnity. We want no countries nor annexations. We are not fighting for these, but for liberty, freedom, and the

rights of nations, large and small.

"We do not," he added, "want to abolish Germany or exact indemnity from anybody. We want to see liberty, freedom, and the rights of all nations safeguarded for us and for other nations and a lasting peace."

St. Louis, Mo.—The Retail Liquor Dealers Association, carrying on its membership rolls practically all the saloon keepers of the city, has begun the issuance of monthly black list containing the names of business men and merchants who are actively supporting prohibition. In the first issue two merchants are named and members are advised to tell "your wife and children where to go."

The circular announces that "a monthly statement will be issued in the future informing the trade of who is who among the wets and the dries." The association is forming plans to defeat all candidates who endorse prohibition in the fall elections.



*"A great net of mercy drawn through
an ocean of unspeakable pain"*

HAVE you ever lain in No Man's Land, with a shattered thigh and a throat that burned with thirst?

Has your wife ever begged food for her children and herself at the mess-kitchen of a soldiers' camp?

Has your little son ever torn his mother's heart with a plaintive cry, day after day, for food she couldn't give him?

Has your little daughter, clad in a ragged dress, her *only* dress, ever shivered night after night in the ruined cellar of what was once her home?

Has your city ever been destroyed—nay, powdered, bricks, stone, timbers and all so ground into the dust that one scarce knew where street ended and building began?

It is exactly such suffering that the Red Cross is organized, here and in Europe, to relieve.

The Red Cross asks for One Hundred Million Dollars as the least it needs to carry on this work.

Can you—*dare* you—refuse to give to this work—and give till the heart says stop?

Every cent of every dollar received for the Red Cross War Fund goes for War Relief.

The American Red Cross is the largest and most efficient organization for the relief of suffering that the world has ever seen.

It is made up almost entirely of volunteer workers, the higher executives being without exception men accustomed to large affairs, who are in almost all cases giving their services without pay.

It is supported entirely by its membership fees and by voluntary contributions.

It is today bringing relief to suffering humanity, both military and civil, in every War torn allied country.

It plans tomorrow to help in the work of restoration throughout the world.

It feeds and clothes entire populations in times of great calamity.

It is there to help your soldier boy in his time of need.

With its thousands of workers, its tremendous stores and smooth running transportation facilities it is serving as America's advance guard—and thus helping to win the war.

Congress authorizes it.

President Wilson heads it.

The War Department audits its accounts.

Your Army, your Navy and your Allies enthusiastically endorse it.

Twenty-two million Americans have joined it.

This Space Contributed by
W. E. MERRITT COMPANY