

TRoubles OF THE ENGINEERS IN FRANCE



The engineers across the water are constantly busy making roads and reconstructing those that have been torn up by shells. Here is a roller that has got stuck in a ditch, and it takes husky Canadians like those you see to pry it back into place.

GOOD OLD "PEP" NEVER LEAVES YOUR UNCLE SAMUEL'S FIGHTER

In the Battle Line or Lying Wounded in a Hospital His Chief Characteristic Is His Indomitable Spirit—If There Is Yet an American Who Does Not Hate the Hun He Should Hear the Tales of the Heroes of Chateau-Thierry.

Paris.—The indomitable and unconquerable spirit of the soldiers from the United States is one of the outstanding characteristics that excite the admiration of all who come in contact with them. They make the American proud of his nationality and arouse the envy of those who, by circumstances over which they have no control, are denied the privilege to be one of them.

If there is yet an American who does not hate the Hun, he or she should have seen the first trainload of American wounded that arrived here from Chateau-Thierry. As these heroes modestly related their experiences, one had a mingled feeling of worship for them and intense hatred for the blood-maddened beasts who are responsible for the awful agony which the world is now suffering.

In a compartment with a number of French wounded was a nineteen-year-old boy from Chicago. He was all alone and surrounded by men who could not speak his language. He was in the most terrific pain, but managed to keep down the slightest groan. Nothing could have drawn a whisper from him before his French comrades in arms.

A Red Cross doctor asked him if there was anything he wanted.

"Just a drink of water, please," was the low answer.

He got it. The doctor asked if there was anything else he wanted. The boy wanted to be turned on his side. With a machine-gun bullet through his leg and a wound that had scorched its way across his hips, to say nothing of an injured arm, he was perfectly incapable of helping himself.

The doctor turned him on his side and then discovered the lad had had nothing to eat for 32 hours. Unfortunately he was only one of many in the same fix. The Red Cross did its best and soon had what emergency food it had in the hands of those who were still able to use them. The more seriously injured, of course, were the first to be removed by the long line of waiting ambulances.

Indomitable Spirit.

Before the train pulled in the ambulances were drawn up and waiting. So was a small crowd. As the first ambulance quit the station the crowd started to cheer. There was a dough-boy on the front seat with the driver, one arm in a sling, the other stuffing a sandwich into his mouth. He waved the sandwich in acknowledgment, while a contented look came over his drawn and tired face.

The crowd increased as the ambulances formed almost a continuous train. Words of sympathy were heard on all sides not unmingled with tears as the flower of young America that had marched forth so valiantly a few short months before was painstakingly transferred to base hospitals.

At the end of the procession came a cortege that the crowd grasped the meaning of in a moment. They were ambulances, but their destination was the cemetery and not the hospital. The women wept openly and crossed themselves, while the hat of every man in the crowd came off in a respectful salute to the dead.

The sight was one to wring the heart, but the indomitable spirit of America bobbed up whenever a man able to talk above a gasp was found. Many of the wounds were from shrapnel. Where they were not really serious the possessors told the tale of what they had been through.

It was five o'clock in the morning of July 15 before the platoon to which Louis Cooke of Rayville, La., belonged saw the Germans approaching.

"Our officer just yelled, 'Let's get 'em, boys!' and we started after them," said Cook. "The Heinies were coming up on the south bank of the

Marne and there were only eight of us to about sixteen of them, but we sure cleaned out that first batch. My pleasure ended right there, though, for a piece of shrapnel banged me in the left arm and it was back to the woods for me. But, believe me, my company did its share in driving the Huns into the river."

Didn't Know When to Quit.

If anyone wants to know why the Americans were at first driven back from the river bank, they are hereby referred to Lonnie Shelton of Burdine, Ky. Shelton's unit alone took over 500 prisoners when the Americans returned to the counter-attack, and but for the fact that a number of them were knocked out, as Shelton was, they would have still been going. "They knocked us back at first by the most terrific barrage I ever saw turned loose, but we didn't stay back long," declared he. "We got the order to counter-attack, and the way we waded back into Mr. Boche was something to write home about. I've never seen such a bunch as we had. They advanced yelling like hell, bayoneted and shot down every Heinie that didn't know enough to get out of the way. Those guys could never beat America in a thousand years, and tell 'em I said so."

Kentucky had another man in that same scrap that didn't know when to quit, even after a piece of shrapnel had cut a nasty gash in his right leg. He's Arthur Baker of Doorway, "Kaintuckee," and he had just gone into line with his company when the ball opened. The barrage got him, but didn't put him out. A little later, when the Germans came over to see about it, Baker was still on the job, working his gun for all he was worth. When the Americans had to go back Baker was so exhausted he couldn't retire. His comrades picked him up and carried him.

They Didn't Last Long.

"Heinie" tried out one of his favorite stunts of dressing up some of his soldiers in French and American uniforms, according to Anton Zolnowski of 2848 South Turner avenue, Chicago. "We saw ten men on the edge of a little wood a little distance away, eight of them were in French uniform and two in American. We yelled to them to come over and join us. They advanced a few paces and then opened fire on us."

Zolnowski smiled rather unpleasantly as he patted a right arm that bears a machine-gun bullet.

"They didn't last long. We made one dash for them. Not one of 'em got away. They were Germans all right. There was another group coming up. I got a private and then the officer in charge called into me. I tried to shoot him with my rifle, but it was broken. I got him all right, though."

The Chicagoan seemed inclined to end the conversation there.

"How'd you get him?" I asked, after a little pause.

"Just turned the butt end of my gun around and clubbed him over the head with it," replied Zolnowski in the most matter-of-fact tone.

When the Americans came back at them it didn't take long to clean every German out of their territory, declared Elmer Sturtz of Wellsburg, Pa. Before he got a Mauser ball in his right shoulder Sturtz had the extreme good fortune to see two pontoon bridges the enemy had thrown across the river destroyed by the accurate fire of the American artillery.

Content to Be Going.

They were filled with Germans, too. Some of them were coming, but there were others who seemed very content to be going. Two shells from American six-inchers lit squarely over the

bridges. There was a terrific report followed by an inferno. Both bridges crumbled in the middle. Both were crowded beyond their limits. Bits of Germans came raining down for almost three minutes, according to the spectator, while from the rivers the wild cries of the injured and drowning made a picture Sturtz will always carry with him.

For a few minutes the river was literally choked with bodies. The Germans were at last moving on Paris, but in a way they had hardly reckoned.

Between puffs of a cigarette, the first he'd had in a day, Frank Hogan of Galveston, Tex., confirmed Sturtz's story of the wholesale drowning of the enemy. The Texan was working a Stokes gun a hundred feet from the southern bank of the river when the first waves of field-green began to cross.

"You can't say enough for those artillery guys," he said, as he tried to twist into as comfortable a position as a wounded thigh permits. "Ten minutes after the orders had been telephoned to the batteries they had a perfect range on that river. While we were pouring bullets into the Heinies the guns got their numbers with both small and large shells. At the spot where we were stationed I reckon there must have been about 3,000 of the Fritzies got across the river. They didn't all go back. In fact, I don't think there were hardly any of that bunch that'll go back to Germany. We captured over 1,500 ourselves and killed easily 500. The rest were trying to beat it back to the other side when our shells hit their bridges."

Some Sharpshooter.

A Pittsburger, N. G. Rameno, who was injured in the arm by a piece of shrapnel, says there's one American sharpshooter that made a record anyone might be proud of during the first of the mixup. While the German engineers were trying to throw their first pontoon bridges over he picked off twenty-eight of them with his rifle. I couldn't get his name, but he already wears a sharpshooter's medal. He deserves another.

Lots of soldiers believe in "hunches."

James L. Paul of No. 730 Spruce street, Philadelphia, does, and it's a fortunate thing for him that he played his. With a comrade Paul was in a dugout during a barrage. Shells were landing all around. Finally one blew in the entrance, so Paul decided their dugout was becoming a little too warm. He waited for a short lull in the terrific firing and then darted for another shelter. He had not gotten fifteen feet away from the dugout when a big one scored a direct hit on it. His companion was killed, but Paul escaped with a wound from a splinter that will keep him out of action for several weeks.

JACKIES CAPTIVATE KIDDIES



Some of the French refugees and orphans who have been adopted by American sailors. Here their tall guardians are taking the tots on an outing, and Mignonette, Lulu and others are very happy. Our American sailors and soldiers have made a hit with the French kiddies and they are a familiar sight in the villages of France.

TURKS QUIT WORK ON UNHOLY GROUND

Antigo, Wis.—A series of misfortunes, including the drowning of one of their number and the murder of another, caused a crowd of Turkish railway laborers employed at Monico to demand that they be transferred to some other place, as they considered the scene of their troubles "unholy ground." Their request was granted.

Pronounce by Sneezing.

Bellaire, O.—The judge did not address the complaining witness or the defendant by name when Walter Zharickowsky had Salunnas Vojcelj-chowinskiswki arrested on a charge of provoking him. He tried the names several times and then took the case under advisement.

Strike Big Gas Pocket.

Fairmont, W. Va.—A 13,000,000-foot gas well was brought in on the Gump farm five miles southwest of Mannington. It is the largest gas well to be drilled in this section for five years.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By Rev. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D. Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (Copyright, 1918, by Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 8

CONQUERING EVIL.

(May be used with temperance application.) LESSON TEXTS—I Kings 21:1-29; Ephesians 5:6-21.

GOLDEN TEXT—Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness but rather reprove them.—Ephesians 5:11.

DEVOTIONAL READING—Romans 12:1 to 12:10.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Deuteronomy 9:18; Psalms 94:16; Luke 4:1-13; 19:41-48; Romans 7:14; 8:14; II Timothy 4:2.

The robbery and murder of Naboth is one of the darkest of human deeds. Failure to recognize the righteousness of Naboth's position, and to master his own personal selfish desires, resulted in this dark deed.

I. A Notable Example of the Triumph of Evil (I Kings 21:1-29).

1. Ahab's covetousness (vv. 1-6).

Near the king's palace lay a plot of ground belonging to a simple farmer which Ahab selfishly longer for. Naboth, loyal to the law of God and exercising his personal rights, refused to part with it, though the king offered him what it was worth, or even a better one in exchange. With Naboth it was not a matter of money value, but of loyalty to God and his fathers. It doubtless would have been gain to him to have complied with Ahab's desire, for he offered its worth in money, or a better one in exchange. Naboth put principle before worldly gain, or even a reputation with the king. Ahab instead of conquering his selfishness sulkily refused to eat.

2. Jezebel's wicked plot (vv. 5-16).

When she found Ahab putting she took matters into her own hands. (1) She taunted Ahab (v. 7). A weak man cannot stand to be taunted, especially by a woman. (2) A mock trial given (vv. 8-13). The charge made against Naboth was false. They played the hypocrite. His death was secured under the pretense of justice. Jezebel desired Naboth out of the way, so she secured false witnesses against him. (3) He was stoned to death (v. 13). (4) Jezebel informs Ahab of Naboth's death, and instructs him to take possession of the vineyard (vv. 14-16).

3. The doom announced (vv. 17-26).

(1) By whom—Elijah (vv. 17, 18).

At the command of the Lord, Elijah, who had fled from Jezebel, goes to meet the king as he entered upon the possession of Naboth's vineyard. He went to take possession but could not. God always finds a man to bring to the sinner the fruit of his wrongdoing. (2) What it was (vv. 19-26). (a) A shameful death (v. 19). The dogs were to lick his blood in the place where they licked the blood of Naboth. There is a retributive justice in the judgments which God metes out to sinners. " whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6:7). Jezebel was to share a like fate. The sinner should be assured that his sin will find him out. (b) Obliteration of posterity (vv. 21, 22). It was best that the children of such a man should be cut off so that there might be an end to such a wicked dynasty. It would seem that the world has now come to such a state as this. The dynasty which is responsible for the blood and sorrow of the world at this time would better end and its posterity be obliterated from the earth.

4. Ahab's repentance (vv. 27-29).

Through his humiliation he gained a respite from judgment. God allowed him to go for awhile before he permitted the judgment to fall upon him. A few years later he was slain in the battle of Ramoth-Gilead (chapter 22:37).

II. How to Overcome Evil (Eph. 11:18).

1. By separation from it (v. 11). The only way to overcome evil is to refuse fellowship with it, to withdraw from it. Lot, who had entered into fellowship with the Sodomites, was overtaken with disaster; but Abraham, who was separated from it, was able to deliver him.

2. By reproof (v. 11). It is not enough to merely refrain from practicing evil. No neutral position is possible. There must be victory over it; it must be defeated. Antagonism of the evil is necessary.

3. By watchfulness (v. 14).

Living in the light of Christ is necessary in order to overcome evil. Deception is on every hand.

4. By a circumspect walk (vv. 15, 16).

Pitfalls are all about us. To walk without looking about us is most foolish, because the evil one is on the alert, doing his best to cause us to stumble.

5. By a sober life (v. 18).

6. By being filled with the Holy Spirit (v. 18).

Those who would overcome evil must abstain from intoxicating liquors and all the influences of the world which unduly excite.

The Spirit-filled believer has the wisdom and power to overcome.

Regenerated Life.

The best personal workers are those who have a zeal for others because of their own changed lives. There may be argument against some forms of reasoning and against various cults and "isms," but there can be no argument against a regenerated life.—"Something Doing."

Lace and Satin Dinner Gown



It always takes exceptions to prove the rule and to keep certain accepted styles from becoming monotonous. The handsome dinner gown which presents its brilliant accomplishment in black and white with such assurance here is an exception to the straight-line silhouette. It belongs to a small and exclusive company of exceptions to this feature of the styles for fall, for the straight-line figure grows more popular all the time and is destined to dominate in the styles of the coming season.

All-over lace and black satin join forces in the tunic skirt and bodice. There is an underskirt of white satin bordered with black. The tunic is set onto a body of black satin that forms a short yoke extending a few inches below the waistline, and has a border of black satin about its lower edge. The lace bodice is very simply draped over its satin foundation and the sleeves are of lace—rather full above the elbow and shaped to the arm be-

low. They extend a little way over the hand and are finished with a narrow binding of satin. A bit of white georgette suggests an underbodice of this lovely fabric where it shows through the lace at the shoulders and above the satin at the square neck.

If this gown started out with a declaration of independence as to its outlines, it makes amends by making the most of the vogue for long silk tassels. There is a very long girde of the satin that is wrapped about the waist, crossed at the back and looped over at the left side. The ends, finished with long, handsome silk tassels, fall to the bottom of the tunic and a little below the bottom of the skirt.

This gown is becoming to almost any type of figure. It is dignified and quiet, but it is also brilliant. In the picture a big black satin poppy adds its fine silken sheen to the finish of an exquisite frock. It is in black also, but might be in some brilliant color if occasion seemed to demand it.

Simple, Elegant Afternoon Gown



Magnificence is not a characteristic of any of the dressier gowns for afternoon and evening these days, but they rejoice in simplicity and elegance. These are the indispensable things in war time and the most satisfactory in any time. Ingenuity in the management of simple trimming takes the place of lavish work in elaborate embroideries. About all the chance left for millady to be splendid in sumptuous clothes lies in the direction of furs. Among these there are some superb pieces, but they are sought for a lifetime and so their case and that of gowns are not parallel. They are allowable even when good taste forbids other extravagance.

An afternoon frock as presented in the picture seems almost too simple to need a description. It is of blue georgette over an underslip of satin and is made with a bodice and tunic skirt. The tunic is plaited onto the plain crepe bodice at the waistline, which is a little higher than the normal waistline of the underslip. Straight bands of satin are applied to the bodice. One of them at each side extends over the shoulder and down the back. The three bands on the

front and back of the bodice between those at the sides, are pointed at the top. They all hang several inches below the waist and the end of each band is threaded through a bead. Two of these narrow silk bands are tucked about the waist and the bands that are applied to the bodice are threaded over and under them and then tacked to them. The ends hang free.

The same bands in five over-lapping rows are stitched about the tunic just above its hem. This is all there is to tell of a pretty afternoon gown which one must acknowledge achieves distinction by the simplest means. The round neck has a picot edge and so have the sleeves at the wrist. They could not be plainer and they fit the arm from shoulder to hand.

Julius B. Stroh

Camouflaging Moth Holes.

Moth holes in garments can be disguised by scraping the fuzz or lint from the material, filling the hole with this and backing it with a piece of rubber cement.