

THEY ARE NOT ALWAYS FIGHTING



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

TELLS OF WILD MOTOR RIDE OVER A SHELL-SWEPT ROAD

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

If a shell is coming, you want to see it land. If it is going to swat you, you want to see how it goes about it. We were going back from the front—back. The battle was behind us. Privately each one of us didn't care how much farther behind us it got. It could pick up its belongings and move away from us as fast as we were moving away from it if it wanted. Nobody would hear a protest from any of us.

At a crossroads our meteoric progress was halted by a young and severe soldier with M. P. on his sleeve. "You can't pass," he said; "they're shelling the road ahead."

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

A shell came screaming over our heads to "wham" down alongside the road a hundred yards beyond. It wasn't a big shell. In a calmer moment, and at a greater distance, I might have admitted that it was a little shell, an insignificant shell, a negligible three-inch shell. But when it went over my head I was willing to take oath that it was a 42 centimeter.

When I was dug out of the ditch into which I had dived and the mud scraped out of my eyes I took a last look down the road. Cap as Shock Absorber. Something was paining me in the region of the knees. Also there was a sound resembling that made by Brother Bones in the minstrel show. Minute examination demonstrated that the pain was caused by the knees assaulting each other venomously. I stuck my cap between them as a shock absorber and looked again.

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

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

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

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

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

started, and we continued. We continued so rapidly that the scenery looked like a green fog, for Fritz was not through.

A shell landed alongside the road and a telephone wire dropped across our faces. If it had been a range of mountains it wouldn't have stopped us. People who saw us pass will never know what we were. It will remain a mystery to them to their dying days. We were a pale streak, a very pale streak.

We were not traveling for pleasure. We were on business. Our immediate business was to go away from there, and our next immediate business was to fill the flyover with cigarettes and chocolate from the Y. M. C. A. warehouse and get it back to the boys back there. It was several kilometers to the warehouse, but we did it in ten flat by the ditch, arriving in a state of profound calm. We were not ruffled. Nobody would have known we were excited except for a few minor matters. Of course we were knocking splinters off our teeth with the chattering we felt it our duty to do; we were a trifle pale, say as pale as fresh snow. Aside from this with our hearts beating so they sounded like a dilapidated cannon engine, with our hair standing out like spines on an angry porcupine, our appearance and bearing were normal.

"Going Back?" "Sure." With nonchalance we filled our tonneau with supplies. "Going back?" somebody asked. The driver looked at me and I looked at the driver. "Back?" said he. "Oh, he means back," I said easily. "You understand back. That way." "They're shelling the road," said the manager of the warehouse. "Indeed," said I. "Shelling? Why, we hadn't noticed it. Regular shells? We just come down the road. It was peaceful—peaceful as a—cow pasture."

"So you're going right back, eh?" "Sure," said the driver, standing with his legs far apart so his knees couldn't hit. "Of course," said I, hanging onto "Back?" said he. "Oh, he means back," I said easily. "You understand back. That way." "They're shelling the road," said the manager of the warehouse. "Indeed," said I. "Shelling? Why, we hadn't noticed it. Regular shells? We just come down the road. It was peaceful—peaceful as a—cow pasture."

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NEW BATTLEPLANE IS SPEEDSTER

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

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

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

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

COOK GETS FORTUNE BUT STILL ON DUTY

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

NEAR BODY OF BROTHER WERE 7 DEAD HUNS

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

the seams of my pants for the same reason.

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

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

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

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

Knew It Was a Roof.

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

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

"We're doing sixty an hour if we're doing an inch," he said. It was not true. I can prove it. It took us 12 minutes, actual count, to pass a tree. Afterwards the driver told me it wasn't a tree, but a woods several kilometers long, but he was mistaken. I know a single tree when I see it, and I counted that tree again and again.

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

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

Which was true. I am the champion sprinter. Chooses Army to Trial. St. Louis.—Judge Bass, in the court of criminal correction here, gave Joseph Luzynski, twenty-three, the choice of enlisting in the United States tank service or facing trial on the charge of burglary in the second degree. Luzynski decided to enlist.

MRS. WILLIAM J. SMYTHE

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



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

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, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 29 REVIEW.

SUBJECT—What It Means to Be a Christian. SELECTION FOR READING—I John 3:1-24. GOLDEN TEXT—My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed, and truth.—I John 3:18.

Perhaps the best way to review the lessons of this quarter will be to take the several lessons and note their bearing on the subject chosen for review; namely: What it means to be a Christian. In order to get the best results, assignment should be made of the several lessons to different parties to come prepared to give the teaching of the particular lesson on the subject. The following is suggested as a possible way of presenting the matter.

Lesson I. It means that each individual must exercise faith in Jesus Christ as a personal Savior. One may have his heart opened by the Lord while listening to the Word of God at a stated meeting, like Lydia, or be convinced through the manifestation of the mighty power of God, as the Philippian jailer. In all cases it is the one Savior and the one faith.

Lesson II. It means that those who have really exercised faith in the Lord Jesus Christ will attentively read God's Word. Even a great statesman like the Ethiopian Eunuch will be blessed in its reading, for the Word of God converts the soul, makes wise the simple, puts gladness into the heart, enlightens the eyes, satisfies the longing soul, warns against dangers, and brings reward to those who obey its precepts.

Lesson III. It means a life of personal prayer and communion with God. The one who has become a child of God has the glorious privilege of coming to him with his needs with the assurance that God will supply them. God is more willing to give to his children than any earthly father is to his children.

Lesson IV. It means a life of obedience to the Word and will of God. Prompt and definite obedience will be rendered, even to the separation from business, and the ties of nature, when such stand in the way. Peter, Andrew, James and John obeyed, and it meant to them great spiritual blessings. From fishing for fish, they were promoted to fishing for men. Obedience to God pays. The disciple of Christ will treasure up his words.

Lesson V. It means growth in grace. Jesus himself grew in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man. Merely accepting Christ is not enough; there must be growth.

Lesson VI. It means a life of helpfulness to others. One who has been made a partaker of the Divine nature will, like his master, give himself in helpful service to others. He will be a neighbor to the needy and unfortunate, even as the Good Samaritan. Being good in himself, he will be doing good to others. He will use every opportunity to do good.

Lesson VII. It means attendance at the place of worship, receiving the teaching of the Word of God, partaking of the communion, and rendering service in some capacity in the church.

Lesson VIII. It means confessing Christ before men, and waiting with expectant hope for the coming of Jesus Christ from Heaven. The grand incentive for faithfulness in witnessing for Christ is the assurance that he will come again.

Lesson IX. It means that we will give of our possessions to the poor and needy, love our enemies, and refrain from censorious judgment. God estimates our gifts, not by their size but by what we have left.

Lesson X. It means that one will strive to conquer his evil propensities, not allow covetousness to master him as did Ahab, and separate himself from those who walk in darkness. He will exercise great caution lest he become overcome by the devil.

Lesson XI. It means being holy and true, in order that we may preserve from corruption the great mass of men and enlighten those in darkness, preaching the Gospel to every creature, conscious that the presence and power of Christ will abide.

Lesson XII. It means that every talent entrusted to us will be put to use, so that when the Lord comes we can make an account to him which will secure his commendation and reward.

The Greatest Teachings. There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the prophets; and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.—Milton.

No Place for Grain Crop. No grain crops should be grown in the orchard. It doesn't pay. Cultivated crops may do while the trees are young and their roots do not need all the space; but that time is soon over, and then the trees should reign supreme.

Grapes Easy to Grow. Grapes can be grown anywhere, over arbors, along fences, over windows, or in vineyards on hillsides, that are fit for nothing else, and these can be mulched to advantage, also.

LONG SKIRT IS IN LIMELIGHT

New York.—War necessity everywhere! Ingenuity expressed, therefore, in a thousand ways. Turning and twisting to find out how good results can be obtained through uncharted channels is the effort of each individual, the mass of shops, and the host of designers.

This is the summing up, writes a fashion authority, of the entire spirit as expressed in women's apparel. It is not a continental spirit; it is a world spirit. It pervades lands where fighting is unknown; it rules in homes from which no fighters have gone and in which there has always been a serene confidence in the ability to arrive at a comfortable conclusion.

The old, easy method of dressing has vanished. Perhaps it is gone forever. It is a temptation to dip back into the past and recount the episodic adventures and experiences through which women have gone when great wars devastated a country and used up its raw materials.

It is not only the constitution that follows the flag; it is women's apparel that follows it for years after the flag has ceased to be a symbol of battle and remains only a symbol of patriotism. All the great wars have definitely changed the course of women's clothes, although they may not have left upon them the lasting impressions that wars have left upon men's clothes. The male portion of the world rarely thinks of this fact—that every garment he wears is almost directly responsible to some explosion of mankind.

Reverting to Pioneer Days. It is no simple thing to saunter down Main street today, drop into a shop and buy any kind of gallow, braid, embroidery or other ornamentation for gowns. One finds that manufactured articles are becoming more and more limited. The war industries board has gone into the situation with such thoroughness that manufacturers have been requested to lop off several thousand items that are considered as nonessentials.

Once upon a time this world, which dearly loves a phrase, twisted and turned the words "irreducible minimum" in fantastic ways to suit a variety of meanings. This phrase was a sister in popularity to President Cleveland's famous "innocuous desuetude." Today the expression that has superseded all others is "the elimination of nonessentials," and there are thousands of women who will tell you that that means both "irreducible minimum" and "innocuous desuetude." It

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quite content with composition gowns that have only a dash of wool in them, and often none at all. A woman depends on furs, capes and top coats for warmth.

As for the materials which are available today, they may last through the winter. There is much talk of wearing satin, taffeta, pongee and



Wide tucks trim the most fastidious gowns. The frock is of heavy Chinese silk, with tucks from hip to hem and a row of white crochet buttons. The full sleeves are held in with tucked wristlets.

rious heavy Chinese silks throughout the cold weather, making them comfortable for the open or for heatless houses by the addition of warm underwear and top coverings.

The designers have banked heavily on the usage of thin materials for next winter and therefore they have brought about this resurrected fashion of trimming a gown with itself, which is quite easily done when the material is soft and pliable.

When tucks are used they are arranged horizontally. They do not confuse themselves with pleats, which are vertical. A few of the new skirts are tucked from the bone of the hips to the hem, the tucks touching each other and made from an inch to two inches wide. Sometimes this constitutes the entire trimming of a gown. But when the skirt is extra narrow at the hem the barrel effect is more striking than it has been for two years.

Foulard First Choice for Autumn. There is really an extraordinary amount of foulard worn in the changeable September weather. It is so comfortable in the house, and so easily covered in the open, that it presents itself as first aid to being well dressed.

There are broadly checked foulards in black and white, and others that have a dull blue or orange stripe or figure running through the checks. Whatever the choice, they are made simply. One does not go in for Chinese blue, pink or amethyst these days, except when one wears gowns in the house that have served through the summer, but colors such as black and white, purple and brown, gray and deep blue are chosen in these foulards for the street.

This fabric lends itself admirably to self-trimming. The skirts are tucked from hip to hem or knees to hem, and when there is a peplum or a long chemise tunic it has five or eight tucks to finish it.

Affecting the Waistline. There is no possibility of reducing our waists to a small measurement. The planked-shad type which has prevailed for eight years can wear its sashes where it pleases, but what about the thousands of other women, thin and stout, who have allowed their waists to broaden out into sculptural measurements? These waists have muscles that are strong and unyielding, and they will not be squeezed in by corsets. Therefore, only the willow type—the slim, little, boneless youngster—can pull in her waist and tie a sash around it with impunity.

One thing is practically certain: If the tight, draped skirt brings back the normal waist, women will allow the straight line of their figures to continue, and they will merely drape the waist in its new, large measurements without an attempt to make themselves uncomfortable.

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Use Furniture Fringe. They are trimming hats with furniture fringe.



The sketch shows a gown of heavy black satin, with a barrel effect obtained in the skirt through width at the hips and narrowness at the hem, and the whole surface laid with flat tucks. The tight bodice finishes at the normal waistline with a narrow cravat belt. There is a fence collar of white organdie. The fluted hat is of black satin with a crown of ermine.

is well for an extravagant continent that the irreducible minimum can be arrived at through compulsion.

Trimmed With Bits of Themselves. A report of what women have done in devising ornamentation for their clothes would read as an interesting bit of war history. Out from the depths have come some of the ornamentations. The designers, however, have found that the best way to trim a gown is with itself. There is very little danger then of its becoming a patchwork quilt.

Tucks have returned, therefore. They have been launched on the new autumn gowns as something of a novelty. They are not permitted in woolen clothes, because the government asks us to omit every inch of superfluous material, but we are omitting it by the yardage instead of the inch, and are finding ourselves