

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Garth Gets a Taste of Trench Life And Finds the Struggle To His Liking

(Being the letters of Stacy Garth, formerly a plain civilian and now a buck private of the Rainbow Division, "Somewhere in France.")

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CHAPTER III. "OVER THERE."

Mother: I'm not going to waste precious space in these home letters filling the pages with descriptions of trench life or of local color and all that.

Besides, a hundred professional writers have described every detail of "Over There" life a million times, and if you crave more knowledge of it, all you need do is to walk around to the public library on Amsterdam Avenue and read till your dear old eyes are tired.

But before I go on with my story I want to answer a question or two that you asked in the letter that was brought in this morning.

No, the trenches are not "like pig-pens." Not one bit. They are as clean as your own dining room in the 84th Street flat. The man who leaves cigarette stubs or a bit of paper lying around on a trench floor is due to get what our Tommy friends call a "wiping."

The trenches are swept and scoured and cleaned till you could eat off their floors and sides. Of course, now and then the rain gets in, sometimes knee deep. But as soon as we can get the place dry again there is as much of an orgy of cleaning as you instituted the time the leak in the roof flooded your living room.

And the men are made to keep themselves as clean as the trenches whenever they can. The chap who likes to go around with his tunic un-

in gradually, as a man is trained for a ring fight or for a race. And just now we're learning trench life and getting used to hearing an occasional shell rattle over our heads without ducking. Presently they'll take us where the work is hotter, I suppose, but not till we're fit for it.



"THE WHOLE GERMAN ARMY CAME OVER."

them. Sometimes it makes their brain stop working for a while. I suppose that's due to their age and because, after thirty-five, there is less buoyant resiliency to the human system. I'm glad I still have nine years to go before I get to that extreme and decrepit age.

THE ROAD OF AMBITION HOW SUCCESS LED A MAN BY STRANGE PATHS

Begin It on This Page, Monday, January 21

said in all that time he had never once set eyes on a German. Sometimes here a sharpshooter on one side or the other tries his hand at sniping. Sometimes, on one side or another, on a very foggy night, a patrol party ventures out in the No Man's Land strip. That and the occasional shelling are all we know yet of actual war. But it will come—the real thing—pretty soon, I hope.

Yes, Old Glory flies here. Of course it does. And when I see it here, in a foreign land, it means a lot more to me than ever it did at home, just as you and your love for me, mother of mine, seem more real and more precious away out here than when it was all a part of my daily life.

That's the way it is with Old Glory. At home, when I used to salute the flag, I did it with no more emotion than if I was lifting my hat to some woman I hardly knew. But I can never do that again. Always, hereafter, my salute to Old Glory will be as full of love and reverence as if I were saluting my own mother. For I know at last what the flag means—what it stands for.

No, I've seen nothing, heard nothing of Adele Dufrene. And I have begun to lose hope. "Over There" ten thousand brave Frenchwomen are working in one way or another for the army. Adele is one of them. But she may be in Paris or in Flanders or at Boulogne, or anywhere else. I have no way of finding out. I can only wait. I have asked one or two Red Cross nurses and hospital attendants about her. None of them has heard of her. That is only natural.

All I can do is to try to hope, and in the mean time to make myself a little more worthy of her. Thank you, mother dear, for the way you write to me about her. It was just like you. And it made me happy all over. I—

I began this letter ever so long ago. So much has happened since I sat snugly in my bunk and wrote so patriotically to you about camp life and all that.

I feel at least a century older now. A million things have happened. And I am going to try to write them out in their proper order.

As I was writing the first half of this letter to you a company sergeant came and routed me out for special duty. I stuck the half-finished letter in my pocket and slouched off after him, grumbling. I supposed the "special duty" would be some such patriotic stunt as peeling potatoes or slicing onions or swabbing a bit of trench. It wasn't.

It was to go out on patrol duty that night. The rain had stopped and a mist as thick as a pall of bean soup had rolled up.

The Boche "star rockets" (flares they send up every twenty minutes all night from a sort of pistol-Roman candle things that burst in mid-air and make all No Man's Land almost as bright as day) wouldn't be able to do much illuminating in such an atmosphere.

So it was just the night to break in a new lot of us to the duty of patrolling. And I was lucky enough to be one of the eighty men chosen.

I was as tickled as a boy with a new away word. It would be a fine change from the dreary camp routine, and it would be my first experience "over the top."

I had always looked forward to going "over the top" for the first time at a dead run, with my bayoneted rifle gripped in both hands, and charging, full tilt, at the Boche line. I had pictured how it would feel to see the other Sammies sweeping along beside me, with the Captain three paces ahead, and the lot of us cheering our heads off, and our artillery at the rear pounding a path for us as we flung ourselves at the German trenches.

Well, this was different. Instead, we were to patter out, single file, in dead silence, and move like ghosts along the ghostly No Man's Land, and then back again. Not a very thrilling outlook, was it? But better than drawing dikes of water or paring spuds. So I was wildly excited over the prospect.

Well, our eighty men with our Captain and the Second Lieutenant went into the first trench—a trench that has only a sentry in it, generally at night. And we were to wait till 1 A. M. before starting out.

Some of us made believe to sleep. Some of us tried to read or match papers by the meagre light we were allowed. All of us were on edge. I thought I'd look over the trench. The fog was so thick it made our trench misty. And it was clammy cold, too. A chap sneezed. And he got called down for making a noise and was warned not to do it on patrol.

Then, after a year of waiting, down there, in the fog, the Captain looked at his watch for the fiftieth time. He got up and ordered us to "fall in." We were glad enough to do. And what do you suppose happened?

Before the first man could get over the top, there was a guttural command, somewhere just above us.

And—the whole German army—came swarming over the lip of our trench and down among us.

(To Be Continued.)

Original Fashion Designs For The Evening World's Home Dressmakers

By Mildred Lodewick

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WOMEN who are anxious to aid the Government in the conservation of woollen material will make as much use as possible of such fabrics as satin and silk and cotton mixtures.



THIS DESIGN EASY TO COPY.

There are many delightful novelty fabrics such as velvet embossed on a chiffon foundation, either in stripes, plaid or figured effect, or figured satins or satin striped silk and wool textures, which appeal greatly to women of discriminating taste, but who are at a loss as to how to make them up.

My design of today offers a pleasing solution. A gray chiffon cloth or georgette crepe is plaided with an embossed line of wistaria velvet and combined with it is wistaria chiffon velvet or satin.

The sleeves are noteworthy in that they are extended from the waistline in kimono style, it being necessary to narrow them in a little toward the edge, where a velvet band finishes them at three-quarter length. The front and back of the waist is a straight panel of velvet which in front passes under the belt to form a bib on the skirt. The sides of this bib portion are fastened in the folds of the drapery which, laid over toward the front, give a distinctly new and pretty line. The softly draped belt of the heavier fabric finishes in a soft fall bow at the back, the skirt being slightly gathered all the way around.

Answers to Queries Fashion Editor, The Evening World: I am forty-five years of age and in need of an evening gown. Will you design a pretty style suitable for the use of some spangled or beaded material, as I want it to appear elegant? Kindly suggest color and fabric.

Have gray hair, good color, brown eyes, weigh 160 pounds. MISS D. You can buy one-quarter yard of beautiful beaded banding in points and use as a sketch with blue silk net over satin silver underclothes and ribbon belt. Blue beads.

What color and material would you advise for a pretty school dress? I like distinctive clothes, and would like something besides blue serge. Am 11 years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall, have brown hair, gray eyes, dark skin with good color. ANNA C.

Money Savers for the Housewife By Andre Dupont

DO YOU WASTE GAS IN YOUR STOVE? MANY women who pride themselves on their economy nevertheless waste a good deal of money on unnecessary gas by running the oven in their stoves at too high a temperature.

Some housewives test the oven heat by putting the hand inside and holding it there a moment. This is an unreliable method, for the hand gets so used to heat that it is not very sensitive. Others place a little flour in a pan and if the flour browns quickly, know that the oven is hot, while still others put strips of white paper in the oven and notice the time they take to change color. But the great quality just given at the amount of heat and therefore they never can tell whether their oven is going to be cooked all through or burned on the top and raw in the middle. But any woman who uses such cooking will find it will be to her advantage to buy a thermometer for it will soon pay for itself several times over as the gas it will save as well as the food.

The amount of gas burned depends on the position of the stove, some gas being lost through the door while the heat is being generated so that it will heat quicker and also so that the amount of gas that often attends the operation may be carried away before the door is again opened.

Deep Breathing FOR Health and Beauty BY PAULINE FURLONG

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THE strongest recommendation I can offer for the breathing exercises now being given to my readers is the fact that they are devised for young and old and are adapted to all sorts of conditions. The length of their practice must depend on the strength and vitality of each individual, and the force with which they are performed must depend, of course, on personal physical endurance.

Exercises are never beneficial when overdone or practised without regularity, and a little each day will prove far more beneficial than more strenuous efforts just once in a while.

Readers must remember to localize the effort to stimulate the important organs, stomach, lungs, liver, skin, heart, &c., as well as the muscles of the arms, legs and trunk, because these vital organs must function properly in order to send the blood through the body to feed the tissues, expel poisons, convert food into pure blood and introduce more oxygen into the blood through deep breathing.

It is a grave mistake to develop great muscular tissue at the expense of vital resistance and constitutional strength as so many athletes do, and a broad knowledge of physiology and anatomy should be possessed by all who value health and attractive appearance.

The exercise shown to-day is a stretching and breathing exercise combined.

Answers to Health and Beauty Questions. HAIR TONIC—MRS. G. R.: The following is a good, economical hair tonic: Rose water, 4 ounces; tincture cantharides, 1-4 ounce; glycerine, 1 ounce; witch hazel, 4 ounces; bay rum, 6 ounces.

RADISHES—MRS. H. N.: These contain a large amount of cellulose, the substance resembling and allied to starch, and should not be eaten by invalids. They are not easy to digest and are used principally as a relish and not as a regular diet.

WANTS WEIGHT—BERNIE R.: You should weigh about one hundred and forty-five if you are five feet

Tough Luck! By Maurice Ketten

Comic strip with 10 panels. Panel 1: Why so happy? I am just finishing my first sweater. Come in and see it. Panel 2: I'd love to see it. I have been working on it four weeks. Panel 3: I don't like to flatter myself, but it's a peach of a sweater. Panel 4: Everybody says it's beautifully knitted. Panel 5: Ye gods! It's all unraveled! Panel 6: The yarn caught on your shoe. Panel 7: Can you beat it! Panel 8: That's too tame! Why don't you swear?