

Story of the 7th In Camp and Battle

How New York Men Took Their Baptism of Fire German Trench Raiders Get a Hot Reception—The National Army Men Hold Their First Line Alone and Obtain Control of "No Man's Land"—Company B Goes "Over the Top."

By J. M. Loughborough

(Former Captain, U. S. A., and Intelligence Officer, 305th Infantry.)

THE 306th followed the 305th into line, and then came the 307th and 308th. The 307th met with rough treatment. The men were having their first night in the trenches when a "box barrage" was thrown over a company front. A "box barrage" means an almost constant fall of shells within three sides of a square. The fourth side is left open for the entry of the enemy, while the unit thus besieged is unable to retreat or obtain relief. Trained German soldiers swooped down on the trench. The Americans fought blindly. Several of them were taken prisoner, and the barrage was followed by a gas attack in which there were almost 200 casualties.

The next to suffer from a German attack was the 308th. On June 24 a German platoon attacked a platoon of Company B of that regiment. The platoon was commanded by Lieut. John B. Flood, who afterward was cited for bravery displayed after he had been wounded. The usual box barrage was thrown before the raid, and Flood's platoon suffered heavy casualties.

These raids, together with the incident of the sign on the observation balloon, indicated that the Germans had agents within our own lines who were keeping them informed as to our strength and dispositions. To understand the situation, it must be remembered that in the Lorraine sector civilians of German descent were occupying such villages as Hablainville, Migneville, Montigny, Ogeville and other places where civilians did not belong. There is no doubt that signalling took place from behind our lines toward the German positions, but it took place only when the 7th Division first entered the sector. A week afterward there was no signalling, and the Germans ceased their activities, while the Americans, now engaged in actual warfare, began theirs.

The Germans tried only one trench raid on the 306th, and they received a warm reception. A patrol crept up to within fifteen yards of one of our outposts and began bombing it, while they tried to advance. Four Americans and four Frenchmen were in the outpost.

"Tenez! Tenez!" (Hold! Hold!) cried the French, their purpose being to get help from another outpost. A German hand grenade, commonly known as a "potato masher," fell on the edge of the trench, exploded and tore away part of the parapet. Gravel flew in all directions, and a stone struck the helmet of a little Italian-American, who, believing he had been wounded, became wild with rage, swore loudly in the language of Sunny Italy and straightway began climbing over the top, while the other Americans hurled their hand grenades. The result of this display was that the German patrol retreated. The French cited the American Sergeant in the outpost for bravery.

Opposite our outpost, or first line, and about 200 yards distant from it, was the village of Domevre, occupied by the Germans. The church tower in Domevre was used by the Boche as an observation post, sniper's post and machine gun nest. We directed our snipers to watch the tower, and the Germans placed two dummies in it to draw our fire and thus get the location of our snipers.

One day Capt. Percy W. Husband, then a Lieutenant, visited an outpost and saw a third figure—a live one—in the tower.

"Give me a rifle," said Lieut. Husband, who formerly was an instructor at West Point and is a sharpshooter.

A private handed him an Enfield and he took a quick shot at the figure in the tower. A few seconds later a red flag was waved from one of the openings in the tower.

"Look at that," said Husband in disgust. "He's been in the American service all right. He's waving a 'miss' just as we do in our rifle ranges."

Capt. James D. Williams, Yale man, and prominent New Yorker, went on an inspection of the trenches early in the morning. With him was Sergt. Stephen Mongan, who in civil life was an employee of the Brooklyn Eagle. They were going through an open stretch when the Germans threw a barrage their way. It was probably a practice barrage, but it was realistic for Capt. Williams and Mongan. Quick action was necessary. Mongan dived for a shell hole. Capt. Will-



The Evening World Daily Magazine

For the Spring Bride's Trousseau

SUGGESTIONS FOR WEDDING GOWN, GOING AWAY GOWN AND NEGLIGEE OF DISTINCTIVE TYPE AND MODISH DESIGN



STUNNING NEGLIGEE MADE ON STRICTLY TURKISH LINES WITH TROUSERS OF PEACOCK BLUE TAFFETA FINISHED BY HAND IN GREEN WOOL. OVER-DRAPE IS OF BLUE AND GREEN BATIK, ALSO EMBROIDERED IN WOOL.

GOING AWAY GOWN OF BLUE POULETTE, HAND EMBROIDERED IN SAME SHADE AND PANELS EGGED WITH BALL TRIMMING.

EXQUISITE WEDDING GOWN OF CRYSTAL BEADED CHIFFON OVER DUCHESS SATIN. VEIL EXTENDS OVER A CORONET OF PEARLS AND DIAMONDS.

Fourteen Points for the League of Matrimony.

TYRANTS AGAINST WHOM THE LEAGUE MAKES COMMON ISSUE.—NO. XIII.

By Nicola Greeley-Smith

THE Czar is abhor of power and one Kaiser has abdicated. These public tyrants were put out of business before the war was ended. But the thousand czars of the home, the multiple overlords of the hearthstone, who does not know them?

Greatest of all enemies of the League of Matrimony, the domestic tyrant is just as apt to carry a vanity case as to use a safety razor. To be sure, any Judge who deals with the tribulations of the unhappily married will declare chivalrously that men are more to blame than women for conjugal bankruptcy. Popular authors, playwrights, suffrage orators and politicians say the same thing. But if we consider the question ourselves and base the answer on our own personal observations of men and women we know, we shall be obliged to admit there are quite as many despotic wives as domineering husbands.

Considered in the abstract, man is a tyrant, if you like; but viewed as an individual and a husband, he is pretty apt to be a meek, long-suffering creature whose patience and docility astound his friends.

"My wife is an ardent Prohibitionist," a well-trained husband told me not long ago. "She refused to allow me to have beer in the house until I got a doctor, an old friend, to prescribe it for me as a nerve tonic."

There are comparatively few homes without some similar summary law established by a husband or wife to regulate the manners and morals of a unit. There can be no happiness where such laws exist.

Another enemy to married peace is the attitude of semi-humorous suspicion which many couples maintain toward each other. Many women seem to regard their husbands as tottering always on the edge of infidelity, and some men—usually those who are as steady as the Rock of Ages—are immensely flattered by the idea. Once I forget for what reason I suggested to a sedate young husband

that he take his wife a bunch of flowers. "I'd like to, but I don't dare," he replied. "I can't even take her a box of candy, for she always suspects it is a form of atonement. If I took her flowers she'd be unhappy for days."

We all know husbands—generally much younger than the women they marry—who do not venture to stir ten feet from the side of their wives, and who would rather be caught stealing the spoons at a party than be seen talking with a pretty woman. I always feel like notifying the S. P. C. A. when I meet such men, muzzled and leashed and needing only a red flannel blanket about their middles to be complete poodles.

Jealousy is the most common form of domestic tyranny, but there are many other varieties. There is, for instance, the food dictator, who insists on having only the fried atrocieties of native cooking served in his home. Sometimes, to be sure, the food dictator is a wife who from long reading of the Ladies' Home Journal has come to believe that the most necessary ingredients of a meal are a sliced lemon and a Mexican pepper. Then there is the sartorial arbiter who knows to a half inch how long a skirt should be and to what depth a moral décolleté may be cut. There are the wives who refuse to allow the shackled fancies of tired business men to find expression in waving whiskers. Many an honest husband has been tempted to crime because his wife would not allow him to grow sideburns or a Kaiser mustache.

You see, men are pretty much muzzled by civilization. Among many things that they yearn to do only one is really safe and legal. So far there is no constitutional amendment against growing hirsute excrescences on the face. Yet what man does not long to make himself hideous in that way? "I won't allow that magazine to come in the house." "If you bring that man here to dinner I'll not be at home." Who has not heard these and a hundred other expressions of domestic tyranny? Yet home should be a sanctuary against all the tyrannies of life, the one safe retreat from every form of despotism. The happiest home is that which has the fewest laws, the least rigid judgments and wherein no attempts to introduce any amendments to the Golden Rule.

Here's How to Make That Apple Pie Worth a Ten-Mile Walk to Mr. Taft

YOU couldn't exactly call it the pie that made a President famous, for the claims of Mr. Taft to honor and distinction rest on more substantial—if not more delectable—foundations than the apple pies made by his aunt, Delia Torrey. But the recent death of that "grand old lady" at the age of ninety-three in her home at Millbury, Mass., recalls the country-wide interest in her apple pies, for a bite of which the former President would have walked ten miles. Of course anybody who ever lived in New England knows that a GOOD apple pie, chaperoned by a small slab of cheese, is worth a ten-mile walk—whether said pie be served hot with whipped cream or ice cream, or cold with a glass of cool, creamy milk. The pale, anemic New York pie, cut so thin that it looks as if it were wanting, is not worthy of the sacred name!

Sky Ride Over to Europe In Your 'Air Limousine' And 'Radio Phone' to Shore

Radio Phone Development Must Keep Pace With Airplane of Future, for Transatlantic Pilots Will Have to Calculate Their Course by It—Radio Engineers Propose Powerful Land Stations on Both Sides of the Ocean.

Communication by radio telephone has been maintained between two swiftly moving airplanes at a distance of twenty-three miles, in the announcement today that it is likely to startle the scientific world. It follows closely the report of Secretary Daniels's telephone talk to President Wilson on Saturday, when the Chief Magistrate of the Nation was still 800 miles at sea.

By Prof. W. I. Slichter

Head of the Department of Electrical Engineering of Columbia University. (Written Expressly for The Evening World.)

A recent lecture Capt. Ian Hay of the British Army related that on the day of the signing of the armistice he was in Paris, and after having visited various quarters of that city observing the attitude of the French people on the subject, it occurred to him he would also like to see the reaction of the London populace to the news. Hunting up a friend of his who was an aviator, he proposed that they make a visit to London. Within a few hours they were in London and had an opportunity of observing the actions of the British populace.

This incident suggests to the imagination the practical convenience of an aeroplane in the future. A similar episode is that of Gen. Kenly making the trip from Washington to Columbus, O., by aeroplane to attend the dinner in Columbus in honor of America's foremost ace, Rickenbacker.

The main problem in the development of universal aeroplane travel is the establishment of suitable fields for the landing of aeroplanes in convenient proximity to all cities. While the launching of an aeroplane from a restricted space such as the deck of a ship is successfully accomplished, the landing is a more serious problem. It is true that a French aviator successfully landed on the roof of a building in Paris on a space of very restricted size, but this was a stunt and attracted much attention by its daring.

It seems that flying fields may have to be established by the State or municipal Governments as highways have been in the past, in order that this means of transportation may be open to all. Whether the Federal Government should take the whole matter in charge is a matter which no doubt will soon be discussed in political circles.

The availability of the large aeroplanes capable of carrying five or six passengers in a totally enclosed and protected car, where one may ride with the same comfort afforded by a limousine, makes it certain that this means of travel is a definite certainty in the future. The principal difficulties to be met with will be those due to the weather, and of weather conditions probably fog is the most serious as it makes observation and determination of position very difficult.

In transoceanic flight another difficulty will be encountered in that it is impossible to take an observation of the sun from an aeroplane, as is the universal custom among mariners in order to determine their position at sea. The reason for this difficulty is because the mariner measures the angle between the sun and the horizon to determine his position, and the horizon is a definite thing to one located within a few feet of the level of the sea. But to an observer in an aeroplane the horizon changes with every change in altitude, and in order to make a careful calculation the observer would have to know his height above the sea very accurately and then make very complicated calculations.

That is why radio engineers are so interested in the problem of transoceanic flight; because they have a scheme by which the aviator may determine his position at any time of the day or night, in fog and cloudy weather as well as sunshine. In this it has an advantage over the present practice of the mariner. To assist the transoceanic flyer it is necessary to have two or three powerful land radio stations, such as at Washington, D. C., Newfoundland, Ireland and France, send out signals of a definite strength at definite intervals, say once an hour. The operator in the aeroplane could by means of the well known directional effect of radio receiving apparatus determine the direction of any two of these stations and thus locate himself on the map by finding the intersection of two lines drawn in the proper direction from the two land stations. Two stations are all that are necessary theoretically, but as the plane might be travelling on the straight line connecting them, he would not always be able to tell his distance from his objective without a third.

It is to be hoped that in the two transatlantic flights about to be attempted in the very near future by an English aviator in one direction and an American navy aviator in the eastwardly direction this scheme will be tried. It is still in doubt, as radio engineers have not as yet attempted to reach great distances to aeroplanes with their messages, but in view of the enormous strides being made in radio it is quite probable, as it is merely a matter of size and weight of equipment.

This is one of the many cases where the developmental work in preparation for war may be put to permanent use in the arts of peace.

EVENING WORLD PUZZLES.

By Sam Loyd.

How Wide Is This River?

TWO ferryboats started from opposite sides of the river at the same instant and met 720 yards from the nearest shore. They remained in their respective slips 10 minutes and on the return trip met 400 yards from the other shore. How wide was the river?

Answer to a Puzzling Score. The Giants were the victors, because if they, first at the last, had the 3 score, the Dwarfs, according to usage, would not have continued after scoring 3 points.

