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AMERICAN YOUTH WINS FRENCH MEDAL FOR BRAVERY, DRIVING AMBULANCE DESPITE INJURIES

Continues Carrying Wounded to Field Hospitals Until He Falls at Wheel--Remarkable Experiences of Other United States Citizens Told in Letters From the Front.

New York, Sept. 1. -- About 250 young Americans are engaged in driving in the different services of the American Ambulance hospital in Paris. Some idea of the great work they are performing is contained in extracts from letters sent to relatives and friends in this country. The latest of these communications is from William M. Barber, twenty-one-year-old son of J. A. Barber, lawyer of Toledo, and one-time judge in the Ohio courts.

Young Barber is now recovering from a serious wound received in the performance of his duty at Verdun, where he displayed such exceptional bravery that he was decorated by the French authorities with the Medaille Militaire, the highest medal for military valor in France.

Young Barber started from this port on May 6 and was wounded on June 28. His captain, Lovering Hill, in reporting his case to the Ambulance hospital, said the boy was driving his ambulance with three wounded soldiers at midnight along one of the most dangerous roads at Verdun. He was of him. During a lull in the firing forced to stop by shells bursting ahead he started again, when a shell burst a few yards away. Many small fragments struck him, one penetrating a lung and another his side. Notwithstanding his wounds he went on until he fell, showing, as his captain said, the most splendid pluck, doing dangerous work with enthusiasm and coolness. Recovering from the effects of his wounds, Mr. Barber wrote from his cot in the American Ambulance hospital the following letter on June 30, to his parents:

er. (a great boy), who took me to the city of ---, where our post is. Here I was given first aid, and the medical chief personally conducted me in an American ambulance, in the middle of the night, to a very good hospital. They say I have the best doctor in France --in Paris.

"Well, I woke up the next day in a bed, and have been recuperating ever since. Everyone is wonderful to me. General Petain, second to Joffre, has stopped in to shake hands with me, and many are my congratulations, too, for, above my bed hangs the Medaille Militaire, the greatest honor the French can give anyone. Really, I am proud, although I don't deserve it any more than the rest. Please excuse my egotism.

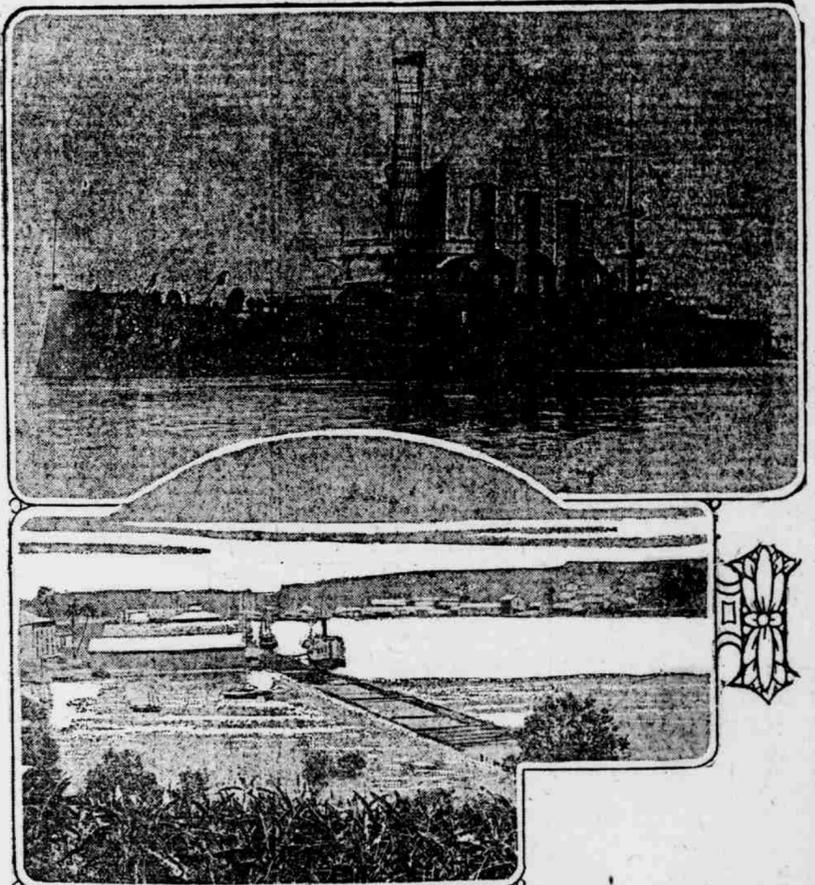
Just as Good as New.
"In three or four days I go to the hospital at Neuilly, where I can have every comfort.
"Of course you won't worry about me. I will be just as good as new soon, and really this is true.
"The Germans peppered the life out of my car. No one goes over the road in daylight, but the fellows brought me back the next day a handful of bullets taken from it, and they could get me a bushel more if I desired them.
"For three days I was not allowed to eat or drink, and could hardly move in bed. My spirits were high, too. I will try to write better and take more pains. Goodbye. WILLIAM.
"Neuilly-sur-Seine, July 19, 1916."
Later he wrote:
"Dear Folks:
"Well, I am here and fine. This is a wonderful hospital, and they surely treat you great. I am just getting back to normal and have no temperature. The doctors here are the best in the world and surely know their business.
"When my wounds heal up, which they are fast doing, I will be just as good as new, no scars at all. I am very happy here and hope every day that you are as happy and never worry about me. I think I have done a small part of a great work, and my medaille shows what the French think of my services. It is given for discipline and valor, and by the way, what amuses me, there is an annual pension of 100f. I have been treated wonderfully since I have it given to me.
"I am the only ambulance boy who has been given a Medaille, and I am told that Mr. Balsley, an American aviator, is the only other American

who has it. WILLIAM."

Driving Under Fire.
Another letter vividly describing the experiences of ambulance drivers at the front, was sent by the young American who volunteered to take charge of the first ambulance provided by members of the New York stock exchange. In that letter to his parents the writer says:
"Well, I'm still alive and kicking, but the Lord only knows why. I finally started work at Verdun on the 21st of June. I quit the 7th of July. I hope never to put in a reign of terror like that again. The first night we started we were greeted with a gas attack and had to wear our masks for about three hours. Luckily they were the weeping kind, that is, it makes you cry like the devil. If you breathe enough of it, it makes you very sick, but it wasn't the asphyxiating kind. We went from Verdun to a poste de secours, just behind the first line of trenches, about 500 yards away from the Boches. It was in the cellar of what remained of a house; the rest of the place was nothing but piles of bricks, etc. There was another post half way between, and another a little farther to the left.
"The road out was under continual shell fire all the time, and the second night they shelled the poste de secours very heavily. I came up the road, and just at the entrance to the little town met Waldo, who said that they were shelling the place and to be careful. I started on, and when whistle and boom --just ahead of me at the side of the road a shower of stones, etc., no damage. I went on, got into a bunch of soup kitchens which were blocking the road and stalled my motor. I got out to crank it, just got it going, when the next one arrived--something hit me on the ankle and knocked me over. I got up, found my leg all wet and no feeling in it, so I concluded I was wounded.
"I got in the car and started back to Verdun to get it fixed. I got about three hundred yards away and then began to feel things in it, so I felt it again. It seemed all right, and my hands weren't red, so I concluded I wasn't wounded, and it must have been a piece of brick that hit me, so I turned round and went back again, and some more shells arrived. Found Dawson, and we took to a shell hole, and lay there about fifteen minutes.
"Barber and Johnson were lying under their cars just in front of us. It let up for a while and we went on to the poste. Found another man changing a tire in front of the poste, with part of the front of his car gone. He invited me to aid him. I couldn't refuse, but I never felt so like killing a person in my life. The crazy idiot, sitting there changing a shoe, with shrapnel bursting all around! Every time he heard a whistle he'd dive under his car.
"A Narrow Escape.
"Two brancardiers were killed right alongside of him and he wasn't scratched. Well, we got the tire on in a jiffy, and he went off. Just as he got to the end of the town one hit behind him and wounded the three 'blessees' who were inside, but didn't touch him at all. That was the worst night we had, really.
"Our French lieutenant found two shrapnel balls in his clothes, but he

wasn't touched. Waldo had put his pocketbook in his left hand breast pocket for the first time in his life that night--a shrapnel ball went clear through it and all the clothes, but he wasn't touched. Two men were killed right beside him.
"The night of the 26th poor Barber got wounded--a piece in his lung, one in his stomach, and a large chunk, as big as your fist, out of his back. However, he is getting on very well and is very happy, as he had the distinction of being the only American ambulance driver to have ever received the Medaille Militaire. The whole section is also very proud and happy--proud that one of us got it and happy because he is all right and is getting well.
"I rolled' all day the 27th, covering 180 kilometers and carrying eighteen 'couchees' and sir 'assis' all night, so I had twenty-six hours of rolling. Of course, I stopped for a bite of lunch and supper. Then I 'rolled' every night until we quit.
"We are now back on 'repos' and we're all dead tired. Everybody's car has holes or mudguards or something smashed. Mine was very lucky, and is whole and intact with the exception of a section of the rear mudguard about a foot long, which was bent up by an artillery wagon. Half the section went into Paris yesterday for forty-eight hours, permission granted for the good work we had done, etc. The French lieutenant gave the other half of us a dinner last night, which was very good fun, at which he announced that Mr. Hill had been cited again. That being his third citation, will give him a palm leaf, and that Jackson, Clark and I know you'll be very pleased. I also would receive the Croix de Guerre.
"When he called out my name I was so darned surprised that I must have looked at him very queerly, because he said, 'Yes, you.' I asked Hill why I got it later, and what he said meant a great deal more to me than receiving the C. G. However, I know you'll be pleased.
"Reign of Terror Over.
"The reign of terror is over and it all seemed like a bad dream. I've still got a black and blue spot on my leg where the brick hit me, but that's all, thank the Lord. I hope we don't strike anything like that again.
"I can't explain my feelings about it, except that I was terrified absolutely, and how I managed to go out night after night, and on an average of three trips a night, I don't know. The psychology of the thing is extraordinary. There were certain spots in the road where you felt perfectly safe, and others where I just had to make myself go through. Verdun, though, under continual shell fire, was always a blessed relief. In fact, I slept like a baby there one night from nine until twelve before I started. Everybody says the same thing. You can't imagine the strain you're under. Everybody was snapping at each other all the time about nothing, just from want of sleep. I've slept from about ten until five during the day, at least I always did. Some of the boys used to get up for lunch, but I slept instead, and was glad of it, because I lasted much better at night that way.
"TOM."

CRUISER MEMPHIS NOW ALMOST A WRECK FROM POUNDING ON SANTO DOMINGO ROCKS



ARMORED CRUISER MEMPHIS AND HARBOR OF SANTO DOMINGO CITY

The terrific pounding she received after being cast on the rocks in Santo Domingo harbor has practically made the cruiser Memphis a total wreck. Fouling on the rocks during a ground swell she quickly became disabled, her engine filling immediately with water, which made the rescue of her crew an extreme difficulty. The most tragic incidents in our navy in recent years. The heavy swell caught the craft in its grasp and practically hoisted it in the air and turned it upside down, giving the men no chance to save themselves. The Memphis has been on duty in Dominican waters ever since the recent revolutionary disturbances in Santo Domingo and Haiti started. The cruiser was the flagship of Rear Admiral Charles F. Pond, command the cruiser force on duty in the Caribbean. She was formerly the Tennessee, her name having been changed May 25 last. She had 14,500 tons displacement and a complement of 990 men. The accident in the harbor of Santo Domingo was not the Memphis' first mishap. In 1908, then the Tennessee, she had a boiler explosion off Port Hueneme, Cal. Seven men were killed in that accident. The cruiser at the outset of the war carried \$5,867,000 to Europe for the relief of American refugees who were stranded in the war stricken country. Later she transported American refugees from Havre, France, and English ports. She was commanded by Captain Beach.

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