

## PREPARATIONS FOR OVER SEAS

Camp Dodgers Prepare for Overseas Duty—Several Thousand Men to Form Different Units.

GETTING READY FOR NEW MEN  
Twelve Hundred Army Tents Have Been Pitched Just West of the Arsenal Drill Grounds.

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS, Camp Dodge, July 22—Preparation for overseas duty is well under way. The latest movement is the order for the placing of several thousand men in the different units.

The order involves the transfer of nearly 4000 men from the 163d depot brigade to the division proper and places the 88th as a divisional unit nearer war strength than at any time since its organization nearly eleven months ago.

Although the enlisted men included in the order have been members of the depot brigade, they have been attached to the division units for quarters, rations and preliminary training and the order transfers merely stations them permanently with the organizations to which they heretofore have been only attached.

Men are from among those who were held in the depot brigade from earlier increments. They have been examined and declared fit for overseas service and have been selected as capable for the strenuous training which is being given preparatory to transfer to France.

As a part of the training to bring the maximum number of men here to a point where they will be physically fit for overseas service, a development battalion has been formed.

Getting Ready for the New Men.  
Twelve hundred army tents have been pitched just west of the arsenal drill grounds. These tents will accommodate 12,000 men.

Every barracks at Camp Dodge is filled to capacity at present, and when the selectives from Nebraska, South Dakota and Montana arrive the camp will have the maximum number of men it is able to handle.

The work of laying out the tented city was commenced Wednesday under the direction of Col. William Newman, commanding the 163d depot brigade. All preparations must be completed by Monday. The task is an enormous one, and includes the installation of water mains, sewer systems, drainage and many other essentials.

Thirty-five companies are to be lodged in the tents. Each tent is to accommodate eight men.

At the west end shower baths are to be installed and the latrines, canvas kitchens are to be erected at the west end of each company street. Officers' quarters are to be erected—they also will be tents—across the road east from the new camp.

The work of installing the water system will be the duties of a branch of the quartermaster's corps under Capt. Roy Johnson of Des Moines. The engineers from the 313th engineer regiment have been called on to lay out the camp site.

Conserving Clothing.  
The records in the reclamation branch of the quartermaster's department show that nearly 9,000 separate pieces of clothing have been repaired since February.

Some of the "don't" urged upon the men of the camp by Captain Rosenwasser and Lieut. Paul Phillips, the officers in charge of the conservation work, are as follows:

Don't destroy the packing cases or boxes received by the companies by opening them with a hammer, or busting them open with a crowbar. Use a nail puller which is more efficient, and which will save the cases for future use. They are scarce and greatly needed.

Don't wear garments that are ragged. Be neat. Get your clothes repaired before they need large unsightly patches. "A stitch in time saves nine." The reclamation office will fix it for you free of charge.

Don't throw away tin foil, old empty tooth paste or shaving paste tubes, or other lead or metal cases. They are valuable and can be re-used.

Don't even cut your hair is to be thrown away if the program that the conservation officers urge is followed out. Horse hairs are valuable, and are used for many purposes. When horses are clipped or their tails and manes reached, the hair is saved and sold, thus helping to buy uniforms for the men of the army.

Sending Parcels to Soldiers in France.  
Strict orders have been given relating to sending parcels overseas.

Hereafter no exceptions will be made to the rule that parcels when presented to the post offices, express companies or freight stations for shipment must be accompanied by a written request from the soldier, approved by a major or higher commanding officer. Persons connected with the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross and other organizations in France must make a request for articles in a similar manner, the approval of an executive officer of the organization being necessary in such cases.

About 1,000 letters in which requests are made for permission to send parcels to France have been received daily recently by the adjutant general's office. Up to this time it has been possible for relatives and friends to submit to the adjutant general's office for approval requests from France made prior to May 1st which did not bear the signature of a major or higher commanding officer.

The camp refrigeration plant, located

Depot street, is in operation. It will take care of all perishables in division headquarters. The plant has a four days capacity.  
Crack Regiment from Camp Funston, Camp Funston, Kans., has contributed a swell bunch of soldiers to this camp, over 1200 of them. They are presumably to be on duty here after the 88th division leaves for France. With such a large increment of new men it is necessary to have a lot of well trained soldiers. Several hundred well equipped men have been brought here from other camps also. Among the recent arrivals of negro conscripts were 600 former Pullman porters, waiters on dining cars and cooks and porters from hotels and barber shops. They are educated, and have seen much of the ways of the world and are quite different from the contingent from Alabama and Tennessee.

Sentenced to the Penitentiary.  
Because he refused to put on a uniform and stated that he "would not fight for the United States against Germany, since he was part German," Recruit Albert Christ of Minneapolis, a member of the depot brigade has been tried by a general court martial and sentenced to 15 years in the disciplinary barracks at Ft. Leavenworth.

Private Chester M. Malloy of Mt. Airy, Iowa, a former member of Battery E, 339th field artillery at Camp Dodge, has been tried by a general court martial on charges of desertion and passing fraudulent checks to the amount of \$76, and sentenced to 10 years in the government disciplinary barracks at Ft. Leavenworth.

Against Gambling.  
A word of warning has been issued to soldiers here in a division order which says manufacturers and dealers in crooked gambling devices including marked cards, strippers and loaded dice are disposing of these in large quantities to enlisted men in army posts and cantonments. In practically every organization here there is an order preventing gambling. It is the desire of the authorities, however, to put enlisted men on their guard against the possibility of being roped in on a crooked game of some kind.

Marriages Are Numerous.  
The matrimonial bug is still getting in its work. During the month of June 319 marriage licenses were issued by the county clerk here and of this number 75 per cent were to soldiers. Add to this the number of marriages by soldiers stationed here at the home of the bride elsewhere and it can readily be seen that matrimony is a very popular adjunct to army life. This does not hold good among the enlisted men for the navy. A license is seldom issued to a Jack.

Overseas Officers Here.  
Lieut. W. L. Kobb and Frank Gibbs arrived enroute from "somewhere in France" to Camp Dodge. Both men are from Massachusetts and were attached to a Massachusetts division in overseas service. They have been temporarily detached for instruction work at Camp Dodge and further assigned to the 349th infantry.

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Mennonites Are Questioned.  
Conscientious objectors have had another hearing before army officers sent here to investigate the claims made by those whose religious scruples bar them from military duty. Secretary of War Baker delegated Maj. R. C. Stafford and Judge J. W. McLaughlin to examine the men as to their contention. These officers are making the rounds of all of the cantonments on this same mission. The objectors here are mostly Mennonites. Some of them are from North Dakota, some from Minnesota, but mostly from Henry and Washington counties, Iowa.

Major Stafford is a Muscatine man, son of the pastor of the Methodist church of that city, and Judge McLaughlin is from Wapello, Iowa.

Numerous Promotions and Transfers.  
Capt. Constantine N. Schmidt of the 351st infantry has been detailed as an instructor at the division machine gun school, relieving Maj. Charles H. Karstad, Lieut. Col. Charles B. Stone has been relieved from assignment with the 349th infantry, and assigned to the 352d infantry, and Lieut. Col. J. Hennessy has been relieved from duty with the 352d and assigned to the 349th infantry.

Private A. Parsons, a member of the veterinary corps, has been discharged as an enlisted man and commissioned as a second lieutenant, veterinary reserve corps. Corp. Thos. F. Fisher of the division pigeon detachment has been made a sergeant. Three corporals in the quartermaster's corps have been made sergeants. They are: Owen E. Thomas, James E. Bradbury and John R. Bedford. First Lieutenant James L. Monson, Frank B. Appleby and Second Lieut. Elmer J. Jones have been relieved from duty as instructors at the division school of musketry. Privates Earl Prosser, Daniel Masucci and John Gordon, all of the quartermaster's corps, have been transferred to the depot brigade. R. L. Burroughs, leader of the 352d infantry band at Camp Dodge, has been commissioned a second lieutenant. Previous to his coming to Camp Dodge Lieutenant Burroughs was band leader of the first cavalry band in the regular army.

Catching up the Defectives  
More than 800 soldiers at Camp Dodge who have been examined and designated as "physically unfit for overseas service" are to be re-examined and as many as possible placed in division units for service in France.

Col. J. R. Shook, division surgeon, will direct the examination of these men by regimental surgeons in the

Prof. and Mrs. Stanfield have also had considerable experience and report success.  
Don't be afraid to try it. There is no danger if you follow directions carefully, and the jars are properly prepared for the processing.

## DEMONSTRATOR OFFERS ADVICE

Miss Mercer Tells of Cold Pack Process and Answers Many Inquiries Regarding the Same.

NO DANGER; FOLLOW DIRECTION  
Proper Adjustment of Cover on Can, and Allowance for Swelling of Vegetables Must Be Observed.

Since the accident which happened at the Klinker home last week inquiries have been made regarding the dangers involved in canning by the cold pack process. Miss Mercer, home demonstration agent, has made the following explanation of the accident: Peas swell during the process of sterilization and therefore the jars should not be packed tightly. In all cold pack canning we must make allowance for the steam that will be generated inside of the jars during the long period of sterilization. Therefore, we fill the jars only to the neck, and just cover the product with boiling water or syrup, leaving the neck of the jar to take care of the expansion of the product. In the case of corn, allow one inch at the top of a one quart jar as corn swells more than any other vegetable.

The proper adjustment of the cover during processing is very important. The steam generated by the jars must escape or its accumulating pressure will blow the cover off, as it did in this case.

If we use a jar with a screw cover, we tighten it as much as we can at first, then, placing the thumb joint against the seam of the jar, move the cover back the length of the first thumb joint. That leaves sufficient space for the escape of the steam and does not permit the water outside of the jar to enter.

The self sealing covers which seal with a spring are merely held in place by that spring, and it is not tight enough to keep all of the steam in the jar. Such covers seal by force of the vacuum formed when the product cools and settles, pulling the cover down tightly so that the rubber composition which melts in the cooking, hardens about the top of the jar like sealing wax.

Jars of the type having clamps, one over the cover and the other at the side of the jar, are sealed sufficiently to keep all of the steam in the jar. Mrs. Klinker used this latter type of jar, but while she had the spring clamps adjusted properly, the jar was packed too tightly and there was no room for the peas to expand, so the cover had to come off of the jar. The explosion occurred after the peas had cooked one and one-half hours, and not as soon as Mrs. Klinker lowered the jar into the sterilizer.

Mrs. Klinker has done a great deal of canning by the cold pack process and has had splendid success with it. She tells Miss Mercer that her recent experience has not dampened her enthusiasm and she intends to continue using the method. It is hoped that this accident will not prevent others from saving their fruits and vegetables. There are numbers of little points to consider in all canning, and the demonstration agent will be glad to give any assistance she can to those who are just beginning to use cold pack. S. S. G. Wright is the co-operating demonstrator in Denison and will gladly give her assistance.

## PLAYING GAME ON SQUARE

Editor Hueschen Comments Mr. Patterson's Work As County Administrator

West Side Journal: Rest assured, people, that when other towns in this county are supplied with hard coal, Mr. Patterson, of Denison, will assist us in getting that which is coming to us. We sincerely believe that Mr. Patterson is one of the county fuel administrators of Iowa who is playing the game on the square, and the people will get a square deal from him. Plenty of good Iowa coal is coming in here right along and but very little more is needed to supply everybody. Some people are very obstinate and point blank refuse to store their supply; not because of financial troubles, but of sheer conservatism. We have done our part according to instructions from headquarters, and have continually urged and begged people to store their coal, and we can assure those who turned a deaf ear to our pleadings that very little relief will be given them when the thermometer registers 25 below, and their coal bins are empty. Get your coal now, or as soon as possible, and take no chances on future deliveries. If you have not placed your order do so at once for a reasonable amount.

## \$60,000 CHURCH FOR ARCADIA

It Has Been Decided to Build a New Church to Take Place of One Destroyed by Storm.

A new church, to be built entirely of brick and somewhat larger, is to replace the church edifice destroyed by the storm of May 21st. The cost will be about \$60,000 and the work will start in the near future.

When the Arcadia Catholic church was destroyed it was believed that the building had simply collapsed, and fell in a heap. On cleaning away the ruins the workmen noticed the absence of heavy timbers which supported the roof. Up to the hour of going to press neither these 3x12's or the shingles have been located and the citizens of this tip top town of Arcadia are wondering where they are.

Perhaps not many of our readers know that when the Northwestern first built its line through Arcadia in 1867, a switch station was established and the station was then called Tip Top. The reason for this name is that the town is located on the divide, dividing the waters that flow toward the Mississippi valley and those that reach the Missouri valley.

We understand West Side derived its name from the fact that it is located on the west side of the divide and that Maple River was first called East Side, because it was located on the east side of the divide.

The Carroll Herald pays the following compliment to our townsman: "Sears McHenry, of Denison, is the new director of the state fair association from this district. He is one of the best qualified men in the state for such a position; he knows something about stock raising as well as agriculture."

## GAY OLD PARIS REFUSESTO WORRY

Though Bombarded Day and Night, Metropolis in France Maintains Its Gaiety and Cafes Crowded

PEOPLE ON STREETS, UNAFRAID  
Watch the Bursting Shells of the Huns As They Come to the City on Their Mission of Death

PARIS, June 19—Gay Paris! Her streets are thronged with mere fragments of men and black veiled women. Thousands of refugees stream into the city from the battlefields. Just yonder to the north, from a point about as distant as Newton is from Des Moines, we hear the sullen roar of mighty guns as they hurl their death messengers in quest of young lives.

All the day long comes the thud, thud of shells from long distance guns as they strike cement pavement or stone wall. Every night the air is vocal with the uncanny screech of siren whistles announcing the approach of flying boes, followed by the terrific barrage of French guns that border the city. Soon the rattlesnake b-r-r of the machines overhead, and from the streets is seen the spectacular battle of aerial navies.

At 6 o'clock last evening a Y. M. C. A. secretary stopped his car in front of our hotel. He had driven the eight kilometers from the front in an hour. He brought the news that the Germans had reached the Marne! While he was telling his thrilling story a shell from a big gun struck a church three blocks away, exploded and shook the ground beneath us as a dog shakes a rat.

Walking to the scene of the explosion I passed a cafe where a hundred men and women were dining, gaily chatting as if nothing unusual had happened. As we stood looking at the demolished masonry, a smiling courtesan solicited a group of Y. M. C. A. men.

Sounding the Alarm.  
Later in the evening when the whistles sounded the alarm, I went to the streets. When the Hun airplanes crossed the allied lines at night in the direction of Paris, notice is telephoned to the city. All the way back there are listening posts and as the flyers approach the city their course is reported and the whistles are blown.

This notice is given in time for the people to get off the streets and under cover. Comparatively few, however, seek other refuge than their own homes, a store or doorway. The safest places are the subways and thousands crowd therein. In every block there are "Abriss"—basements designated as safe places.

Into these places go people from the streets and others who live in the immediate vicinities. I visited several such places. Always room is made for the American. Two ladies, seated in the window of a basement, invited the "Monsieur Americain" to share their seat. There were about one hundred in this cellar. There was no apparent fear. They talked and laughed and later sang the "Marseillaise." It reminded me of the stories of Girondist meetings in secret, dark places of this same city during the French revolution. Many people remain on the streets watching the bursting of shells in the air and long

beams of searchlight sweeping across the sky. The barrage is thrown into the air and over the city from all sides and from guns stationed in the heart of the city.

Terrific Explosion.  
The noise is terrific. One can readily distinguish between the noise of the guns and the explosion of a bomb when it strikes the earth. Never before have I heard such an infernal noise as these explosions make. Had General Sherman ever heard it he would have apologized to hell. It rocks the very ground on which the city stands. It is not just one explosion that ends as suddenly as it occurs. There is a continuous explosion lasting several seconds, tearing the air with shrieks of hate against all that is fair and beautiful. It is the voice of the Hun arousing women and children of Paris from their midnight slumbers, protesting against the peace and quiet of the home, emphasizing the brutal philosophy of frightfulness.

It is the midnight marauder who strikes in the dark, the incendiary coward who applies the torch and runs away.

The shells bursting in the air over the city are from the barrage. The scene resembles a fourth of July celebration minus the come-tailored effect of fireworks. The falling shrapnel is heard on the roofs of the houses and on the pavement. It has caused one or two deaths. There is no fighting by the planes immediately over the city as the French planes do not enter the barrage. They attack the Huns outside the city. Fights between machines are sometimes seen at a distance, only the shooting flames from machine guns being visible. It is impossible for the folks at home to understand the tension under which the Parisians live. More impossible still is it for them to comprehend the stoic morale of the French people.

Paris Not Worried.  
With the Prussian legions literally swarming along the north bank of the Marne a few miles away, endeavoring to batter their way into Paris; with bombardment by airplanes by night and bombardment by long distance guns by day, they go about their business in the usual way without doubt as to the final outcome of the war.

Window of business houses are shattered and the man next door strips his windows with lath and opens his doors for the daily trade. The streets are thronged with people, unafraid. Greater than either of the seven mysteries of the world is the mystery of the morale of the French people.

It is illustrated by the story of the old French mother who was found among the new made graves near a battlefield in northern France. When soldiers remonstrated with her for being in the danger zone, she stated she had located the graves of five of her sons who had fallen on as many battlefields, and was looking for the grave of the sixth one, her last.

They pointed it out. She knelt a moment over the sacred spot, her tears mingling with the dust that covered her last born, then flung her hands in the air and shouted "Vive la France!"

Refugees Arrive.  
The day after the drive for Paris began refugees arrived. The American Red Cross quickly took over buildings and erected tents near the depots. Pensions were built about vacant lots and stockades formed into which refugees were huddled like rabbits in a warren. A hurried call was made by an officer of the Red Cross on the Y. M. C. A. forces and every day since representatives of these two American institutions have been good Samaritans under more difficult conditions than ever existed on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho. Thousands are fed every day. Special trains arrive from the battlefields carrying refugees only.

Hastily they had bundled up clothing, provisions and valuables and left their homes. A man, his wife and five small children had nine parcels. I saw the cover over a basket move and lifted it. In the basket were two half grown ducks. We carried several old sick women off the trains and laid them on blankets in the stockade. Two strong Y. M. C. A. men had just laid one woman on the ground when she made known her desire for a doctor. Two Red Cross nurses responded. The men carried her to a secluded corner behind a truck where her baby was born.

A "Prussian Target."  
A conductor carried a woman down the steps of the car and called "Some one take her." I took her in my arms. She was 80 years old and as frail and delicate as a piece of Dresden china. She didn't weigh over seventy-five pounds. Her face and hair were white as a lily. She put her frail arms around my neck, smiled and said "Mercee Monsieur." On her lap was a cross. A fair target this for Prussian guns!

The refugees are sent into the country and distributed by vans and trucks throughout the city. They displayed no fear, no hysteria, no tears. They went about the business of assembling their bundles and repacking them and caring for their babies and children as competently as they would go about their daily tasks on the farm or in the village.

One of the distressing tragedies of the war has been the flight of non-combatants from their homes. One and a half million of them trekked out of Belgium into Holland in front of the German army. Two years ago I saw thousands of them in Holland. At one place a double row of shacks, backs together, had been improvised. They stretched two miles across the commons and looked like a row of stables at a racing track.

Here lived several thousand Belgian refugees. Here ends the report, yet for three days afterward a bitter fight went on for possession of Freml's body, which lay about 100 yards from our lines and under a steady inflating machine gun fire. The fourth night two volunteers crept out, got a good grip upon the lieutenant's clothing and dragged the body in.

## OBITUARY OF MRS. J. E. WALSH

Well Known Lady Who Died July 15th, Laid to Rest in St. Ann's Cemetery at Vail.

MANY RELATIVES FROM AFAR  
Those Who Knew Mrs. Walsh Best Attest to Her Life As One of Love, Tenderness and Kindness.

The Review was unable to secure the obituary of Mrs. J. E. Walsh for publication last week and we are publishing the account of Mrs. Walsh's life this week because of the very large circle of friends in this vicinity, who knew and loved her.

On the morning of July 15th, Mrs. J. E. Walsh, nee Honora C. Breen, passed away, aged 85 years, 4 months and 6 days. She was born in Ballylongford county, Kerry, Ireland. She came to this country in 1851 with her parents, to Albany, New York. In the fall of '54, she moved with them to Peoria, Ill., later moving to Ottowa, Ill. At this place, in 1866, she was married to James T. Walsh, who preceded her to the grave about four years ago. In 1871, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh and family, moved to Crawford county living for a month in the town of Denison, later moving to Hayes township where they remained twenty years. They then moved within a mile of Vail, where they resided for some twelve years, when they moved into Vail where they resided until the death of Mr. Walsh, Feb. 26, 1914. She then moved to Denison with her youngest daughter Johanna, where she lived until her death. To this union were born four children, Edward dying in infancy, Margaret, Mrs. P. Naughton, of Denison, J. T. Walsh, of Vail, and Joanna, with whom she lived. Besides her three children whom she leaves to mourn her death, she also leaves one sister, Mrs. Margaret Riley of Friend, Neb., and ten grandchildren. The funeral procession left the home at nine o'clock Wednesday morning and was by auto to Vail where a solemn High Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Ann's church, Father Farrelly officiating as Celebrant, Father Harty as Deacon, and Father Murphy, Sub-deacon.

The remains were interred in St. Ann's cemetery beside her husband. The pallbearers were J. A. Houlihan, Maurice O'Connor, Daniel Scanlon, J. J. Walsh, Andrew W. Harrington and Thomas Meehan.

Mrs. Walsh has been failing in her health the past few years but retained her sweet and sunny disposition until the Angel of Death called her to that Happy Home beyond. She had no fear of death, but thought only of the sorrow it would bring to her numerous friends. Her life was always an example of love, tenderness and kindness. The loving mother will be missed in her home but the children have the hope of once more meeting her in the Happy Kingdom.

Relatives from a distance who attended the funeral were, M. J. Roche, and daughter, Mary, of Omaha; J. J. Roche and daughter, Margaret, of Lincoln, Mo.; Andrew, of Denver, Mo.; Mrs. J. W. Allen, Mrs. W. Longman and son, James, all of Friend, Neb.; Mr. James McVanev of Kearney, Neb.; Mrs. A. W. Crowley, of Cambridge, Neb.; Charles Breen, of Ames; M. Genevie, of Churchville, Mo. and Mrs. M. Breen of Dow City, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Král, of Vail, all nieces and nephews of the deceased.

WHY TOWNS GROW.  
Town growth is apt to depend on having a product the demand for which is increasing. For instance, here the case of two towns that 20 years ago were manufacturing shoes. One turned out very heavy, clumsy brogans, of a style rapidly growing obsolete. Another town of the same size kept more closely up to the times and produced a shoe of a lighter and more attractive appearance.

The town that made old fashioned brogans is now almost dead, its manufacturing industry. Nearly all its little factories are now filled with cobwebs. While the other place has in two decades doubled its population.

This principle applies to all manufacturing communities and in a slightly different way to agricultural sections also.

Thus a town depends very largely on the alertness of its producing element, in forecasting the future. If its industries can fix on some line for which there is going to be an increased demand they are certain to grow. The expansion will come almost without effort. All they have to do is to keep turning out a dependable product, and the orders keep piling in.

It is not enough for producers to keep turning out the same old thing year after year. And if they depend simply on what information they pick up from the trade in the ordinary course of business, they may fail to foresee the future.

The far sighted producer has no special gift of second sight. His foresight does not come by luck. He is a very close observer of the habits of the people, in their daily life and mechanical processes. He reads trade papers and works of technical information, and becomes expert in forecasting industrial development.

The only thing unusual about the manufacture of these submarine detectors is that some brilliantly edited magazine has not published a fully illustrated article telling Germans just how they work.

Gardening operations are now begun by those people whose principal tool is a bag filled on dark nights,

## Authentic Story of Lieut. Wesley Freml's Death

TRYING his revolver on his belt, to see that it moved easily in its holster, and making sure that his wire cutting nippers were in place, Freml pulled his tin hat well down on his ears, and at the head of seventy-two Americans, started for the German lines. When less than half the distance was covered Freml was hit in the neck by a machine gun bullet.

Two weeks ago we published an article in the Review telling of Lieut. Wesley Freml, Jr., being the first Crawford county man to be killed in France. He was a son of Wesley Freml, of Milford township, and enlisted in the regular army in 1902 and served continuously since that time. He was with the first detachment of United States troops which were sent to France at the same time General Pershing went.

Those who knew the young man will not be surprised to learn that he died like a hero. He was leading a raiding party on the Montdidier front. He was at the head of seventy-two picked men who had been detailed to do a very dangerous piece of work. While performing his duty he lost his life and the brave man with him did not desert their leader, even after his death. Read the following story which came from the battle front and tells of the work of the raiding party.

How Lieutenant Freml lost his life and how a corporal resented an insult—while carrying the body back to the lines—and how they fought a three day fight for the body.

It will be with a thrill of pride that relatives and friends will read of the brave young man, and it will also be a great relief to know that he did not fall into the bloody hands of the cruel Huns, but was given a military burial fitting with the work of the young man who gave his life that we might be free from the horror of German world domination.

A short time, so he considered himself very lucky when he obtained command of a recent raiding party on the Montdidier front. He had the trick of leadership and in a very short time he had won the esteem of his men.

After ten minutes of artillery preparation Freml, trying the revolver on his belt to see that it moved easily in its holster and making sure that his wire cutting nippers were in place, pulled his tin hat well down on his ears and at 3 o'clock one morning at the head of seventy-two men started for the German lines.

With a low yell our boys flung themselves forward carrying hand grenades and bombs, which they threw ahead of them as they advanced. There was no thicket of barbed wire to check the impetus of the rush; it had been cut by the artillery fire. Freml had gone less than half the distance when he was hit in the neck by a machine gun bullet; he went on, stanching the flow of blood by tying a handkerchief around his throat.

His party reached the enemy trench in the Bois de Fontaine and engulfed it as an ocean wave engulfed a cleft on a rocky beach and eddies about it. "Kamerad" indicated the taking of German prisoners. Some of the men passed over the trenches and beyond. Freml was still leading his men and hoarsely calling to them to be steady, when a high explosive shell fell close at hand. He shouted to his men to drop; by the advance group he alone was hit by a fragment and mortally wounded. Sufficient time having elapsed for the men left at the rear

to get on their way to the American lines with their prisoners, he ordered a withdrawal. Those were his last words.

A big private picked him up and carried him 200 yards, but shells were falling thick and the put-put of machine guns caused the sergeant in command to direct another refuge in the shell holes. When the movement of the small group to the rear was resumed a husky corporal took the lieutenant's body and carried it another 200 yards.

Here seven German prisoners picked up by the advance groups were standing by and they sneered at the corporal for carrying a dead man; they did not know that the corporal was a German-American and understood the German language. Instantly he dropped his burden and before his comrades could prevent him he had killed four of the prisoners with his revolver.

At that moment a heavy enemy barrage began to fall and the party was compelled to leave Freml's body behind under a clump of trees.

Altogether the raid netted in un wounded prisoners one officer and thirty-five men; our losses were Freml killed, one man severely and four slightly wounded. Here ends the report, yet for three days afterward a bitter fight went on for possession of Freml's body, which lay about 100 yards from our lines and under a steady inflating machine gun fire. The fourth night two volunteers crept out, got a good grip upon the lieutenant's clothing and dragged the body in.