

The-Man-In-The-Street

By THOMAS ADDISON of The Vigilantes

"I like the stuff you fellows are getting out. It's bang up. But how about the Man-in-the-Street? Aren't you shooting over his head?"

The speaker was referring to the Vigilantes. He was a bit snugg, perhaps—but you might term, in the social sense, classed—but at that a good, earnest, aggressive American. I answered his question with another.

"Do you mean yourself or me? We are here in the street, well met, and talking."

He laughed comfortably. "Oh, pshaw! You know whom I mean. The man on the street corner. The chap who isn't posted; who only reads the headlines; doesn't think beyond them."

"I don't get you," I replied. "If you mean the 1914 corner leaver there are previous few of them left. Work or fight has sounded the knell of the species. But perhaps you mean the workman, the digger of ditches, the mechanic, the street sweeper, that policeman over there, or, in a generic way, the shop girl, washerwoman, janitor, woman, charwoman; in short, the everlasting proletariat. What?"

"Well, if you put it that way, yes," he confessed. "You've got to use primer English, primer facts, primer sentiment if you want to reach that class. You Vigilantes fly too high for them—Get into the Attitude of the War, 'The Body of the Soul,' 'Pro-Patria,' things like that. First rate, all of them, to the thoughtful man; but how about Bill Jones, Nittie Curious, Sarah Scrubbs, Izzy Einstein and that sort? They don't see your stuff, it isn't likely, but if they do—oh? Think they sense it?"

"Man With Dinner Pail Knew." "If they don't—though I'm not conceding it, mind you—then for their benefit you'd have to treat the great moral issues of the war in vandesive vein: Snappy stuff, slapstick argument, give and take, with a grand hurrah for the finish. Is it that you are driving at?"

"Oh, come. You know what—" "But I stopped him. A man with a dinner pail swinging from a gaunt and dingy hand was plodding toward us, an oldish man. An evening newspaper was stuck in his pocket. I made a rapid proposition to my friend.

"Here's one of these Men-in-the-Street now. Bet you the cigars he feels the war, in his own way, as much as either of us, and I don't know him from Adam. Done?"

"Done!" I hailed the man as he came up. "Neighbor, we are having a dispute, my friend and I, about the war. The question is, do the people at large see anything in it beyond the mere grapple to the death of opposing armies, or do they realize the vital issues at stake? I mean by that the spiritual issues, the things you can't measure with your eye or weigh in your hand, and yet are as the breath of life to all above the brute beasts of the fields. What do you say?"

I saw a secret smile curve my friend's lips. Here I was talking, as I wrote, over the head of the Man-in-the-Street. But the frowns were suddenly had become keenly alive. He looked from one to the other of us with what seemed almost a pitying glance.

"I have two boys in this war, in France now," he said simply. "Yes," I encouraged. "Well," he went on, "if I thought they was fightin' just to lick them Huns—nothin' but that—I'd curse the day they was born. But it's what the Huns represent they's fightin' against, an' we all know what that is—to crush into one mold of their own makin' the free peoples of the earth, to make 'em slaves to a murderin' ambition to glorify a state and not the souls of the millions on which it rests."

It is Easy to Understand. "Do you think it takes a college man to reason this thing out, mister? Well, it don't. Who's behind this war? Who's goin' to put it through? The statesman? The millionaires? The gentlemen an' scholars? No, sir! It's what them fellers there in Washington call the Plain People. That's me an' my boys, an' a long, long line like us. We've got to do the heft of the fightin', an' we're in it with our minds, an' hearts, an' souls wide open. Maybe we can't express ourselves—just how we feel—but there's them that can do it for us, an' we read what they say, an' talk it over in the shops an' in our homes. An' we think on it, an' an'—sorter grow inside, as you might say. The man was silent a thoughtful moment. Then he said:

"Maybe that's not the answer you're lookin' for, mister, but it's the best I can make you. We know the horror of this war, but there's more in it than that. There's beauty in it—for if there's anything more beautiful, more—what I read somewhere—splendidly sublime—that a bog—mine, yours, any body's—offerin' up his dear young life that the spirit of liberty may be preserved in the world, God hasn't given us the grace to see it."

He smiled mistily, but his head was high, and his step now as the march of soldiers as he went his way. I turned to my friend. "Well?" I remarked. "I lose, and gladly," he admitted.

German spread the lies far and wide that negro soldiers were being sacrificed at the front; they were put in the most dangerous places, and when wounded were left to suffer and die unattended on the battlefield. Here again the boomerang turned and hit the conspirators. If they hadn't started the treacherous propaganda the American public would not have heard General Pershing's opinion of the colored troops. After denying the truth of "the stories, probably invented by German agents," he adds: "I cannot commend too highly the spirit shown among the colored combat troops, who exhibit fine capacity for quick training and eagerness for the most dangerous work."

Proud of Colored Troops. The head of the Red Cross came forward to testify that the same care and attention was given by the society to the colored men as to the white.

Returning travelers and soldiers add a few details. They say the negro troops are tremendously popular in all the French villages where they are billeted; that their smart appearance—every button polished, every button shining—their unfailing good humor—their glorious bands and mellow singing voices, and above all, the high spirits and eagerness for the fight that they are bringing to war-weary France is arousing enthusiasm wherever they go.

"Complaining that they are given dangerous jobs?" The officers commanding colored troops report that the only complaints their men make are against being held back; they beg for the first line; they glory in the danger.

Thank you, Mr. German Propagandist, you have helped the people all over this country, East and West, North and South, to realize that our negro troops are men to be proud of; loyal Americans every one of them!

as either of us, and I don't know him from Adam. Done?"

"Done!" I hailed the man as he came up. "Neighbor, we are having a dispute, my friend and I, about the war. The question is, do the people at large see anything in it beyond the mere grapple to the death of opposing armies, or do they realize the vital issues at stake? I mean by that the spiritual issues, the things you can't measure with your eye or weigh in your hand, and yet are as the breath of life to all above the brute beasts of the fields. What do you say?"

I saw a secret smile curve my friend's lips. Here I was talking, as I wrote, over the head of the Man-in-the-Street. But the frowns were suddenly had become keenly alive. He looked from one to the other of us with what seemed almost a pitying glance.

"I have two boys in this war, in France now," he said simply. "Yes," I encouraged. "Well," he went on, "if I thought they was fightin' just to lick them Huns—nothin' but that—I'd curse the day they was born. But it's what the Huns represent they's fightin' against, an' we all know what that is—to crush into one mold of their own makin' the free peoples of the earth, to make 'em slaves to a murderin' ambition to glorify a state and not the souls of the millions on which it rests."

It is Easy to Understand. "Do you think it takes a college man to reason this thing out, mister? Well, it don't. Who's behind this war? Who's goin' to put it through? The statesman? The millionaires? The gentlemen an' scholars? No, sir! It's what them fellers there in Washington call the Plain People. That's me an' my boys, an' a long, long line like us. We've got to do the heft of the fightin', an' we're in it with our minds, an' hearts, an' souls wide open. Maybe we can't express ourselves—just how we feel—but there's them that can do it for us, an' we read what they say, an' talk it over in the shops an' in our homes. An' we think on it, an' an'—sorter grow inside, as you might say. The man was silent a thoughtful moment. Then he said:

"Maybe that's not the answer you're lookin' for, mister, but it's the best I can make you. We know the horror of this war, but there's more in it than that. There's beauty in it—for if there's anything more beautiful, more—what I read somewhere—splendidly sublime—that a bog—mine, yours, any body's—offerin' up his dear young life that the spirit of liberty may be preserved in the world, God hasn't given us the grace to see it."

He smiled mistily, but his head was high, and his step now as the march of soldiers as he went his way. I turned to my friend. "Well?" I remarked. "I lose, and gladly," he admitted.

German spread the lies far and wide that negro soldiers were being sacrificed at the front; they were put in the most dangerous places, and when wounded were left to suffer and die unattended on the battlefield. Here again the boomerang turned and hit the conspirators. If they hadn't started the treacherous propaganda the American public would not have heard General Pershing's opinion of the colored troops. After denying the truth of "the stories, probably invented by German agents," he adds: "I cannot commend too highly the spirit shown among the colored combat troops, who exhibit fine capacity for quick training and eagerness for the most dangerous work."

Proud of Colored Troops. The head of the Red Cross came forward to testify that the same care and attention was given by the society to the colored men as to the white.

Returning travelers and soldiers add a few details. They say the negro troops are tremendously popular in all the French villages where they are billeted; that their smart appearance—every button polished, every button shining—their unfailing good humor—their glorious bands and mellow singing voices, and above all, the high spirits and eagerness for the fight that they are bringing to war-weary France is arousing enthusiasm wherever they go.

"Complaining that they are given dangerous jobs?" The officers commanding colored troops report that the only complaints their men make are against being held back; they beg for the first line; they glory in the danger.

Thank you, Mr. German Propagandist, you have helped the people all over this country, East and West, North and South, to realize that our negro troops are men to be proud of; loyal Americans every one of them!

Then the busy little bee began another flight, and worked up feeling among the ignorant whites against the negro. Here he was more successful, as the riots in St. Louis proved. But they drew the attention of thoughtful people and it was asked: "Why, if the negro were at fault were there more colored men killed than white?" If, as propagandists were shouting, the colored people were a "problem" and a "menace to civilization," how came it that the troubles were invariably started by white men attacking blacks? The German propagandists discovered to their dismay that their tactics were having the effect of drawing general attention to the wrongs of the negro and arousing interest and sympathy for him on all sides. The mute protest of the colored women and children, all in black, marching down Fifth avenue, with no bands, no orators, no disturbances, simply carrying banners appealing for protection and justice, created a deep and lasting impression. Finally, in a sort of desperation, the

Man With Dinner Pail Knew. "If they don't—though I'm not conceding it, mind you—then for their benefit you'd have to treat the great moral issues of the war in vandesive vein: Snappy stuff, slapstick argument, give and take, with a grand hurrah for the finish. Is it that you are driving at?"

"Oh, come. You know what—" "But I stopped him. A man with a dinner pail swinging from a gaunt and dingy hand was plodding toward us, an oldish man. An evening newspaper was stuck in his pocket. I made a rapid proposition to my friend.

"Here's one of these Men-in-the-Street now. Bet you the cigars he feels the war, in his own way, as much as either of us, and I don't know him from Adam. Done?"

"Done!" I hailed the man as he came up. "Neighbor, we are having a dispute, my friend and I, about the war. The question is, do the people at large see anything in it beyond the mere grapple to the death of opposing armies, or do they realize the vital issues at stake? I mean by that the spiritual issues, the things you can't measure with your eye or weigh in your hand, and yet are as the breath of life to all above the brute beasts of the fields. What do you say?"

I saw a secret smile curve my friend's lips. Here I was talking, as I wrote, over the head of the Man-in-the-Street. But the frowns were suddenly had become keenly alive. He looked from one to the other of us with what seemed almost a pitying glance.

"I have two boys in this war, in France now," he said simply. "Yes," I encouraged. "Well," he went on, "if I thought they was fightin' just to lick them Huns—nothin' but that—I'd curse the day they was born. But it's what the Huns represent they's fightin' against, an' we all know what that is—to crush into one mold of their own makin' the free peoples of the earth, to make 'em slaves to a murderin' ambition to glorify a state and not the souls of the millions on which it rests."

It is Easy to Understand. "Do you think it takes a college man to reason this thing out, mister? Well, it don't. Who's behind this war? Who's goin' to put it through? The statesman? The millionaires? The gentlemen an' scholars? No, sir! It's what them fellers there in Washington call the Plain People. That's me an' my boys, an' a long, long line like us. We've got to do the heft of the fightin', an' we're in it with our minds, an' hearts, an' souls wide open. Maybe we can't express ourselves—just how we feel—but there's them that can do it for us, an' we read what they say, an' talk it over in the shops an' in our homes. An' we think on it, an' an'—sorter grow inside, as you might say. The man was silent a thoughtful moment. Then he said:

"Maybe that's not the answer you're lookin' for, mister, but it's the best I can make you. We know the horror of this war, but there's more in it than that. There's beauty in it—for if there's anything more beautiful, more—what I read somewhere—splendidly sublime—that a bog—mine, yours, any body's—offerin' up his dear young life that the spirit of liberty may be preserved in the world, God hasn't given us the grace to see it."

He smiled mistily, but his head was high, and his step now as the march of soldiers as he went his way. I turned to my friend. "Well?" I remarked. "I lose, and gladly," he admitted.

German spread the lies far and wide that negro soldiers were being sacrificed at the front; they were put in the most dangerous places, and when wounded were left to suffer and die unattended on the battlefield. Here again the boomerang turned and hit the conspirators. If they hadn't started the treacherous propaganda the American public would not have heard General Pershing's opinion of the colored troops. After denying the truth of "the stories, probably invented by German agents," he adds: "I cannot commend too highly the spirit shown among the colored combat troops, who exhibit fine capacity for quick training and eagerness for the most dangerous work."

Proud of Colored Troops. The head of the Red Cross came forward to testify that the same care and attention was given by the society to the colored men as to the white.

Returning travelers and soldiers add a few details. They say the negro troops are tremendously popular in all the French villages where they are billeted; that their smart appearance—every button polished, every button shining—their unfailing good humor—their glorious bands and mellow singing voices, and above all, the high spirits and eagerness for the fight that they are bringing to war-weary France is arousing enthusiasm wherever they go.

TAKEN PRISONER; HIS LIFE IS SAVED

American Bombing Base.—Dr. Albert M. Stevens of New York, medical officer at this base, owes his life to the fact that he was taken prisoner by the Germans, while Dr. Harry J. Dooley of Chicago, successor to Doctor Stevens, assistant surgeon, owes his liberty to the fact that Doctor Stevens is a prisoner.

It is one of those weird romances of the sea and war.

Word was flashed to the bombing base one afternoon that a seaplane was down on the surface of the water about thirty miles off the coast. A fast motor boat, ready for such emergencies, was sent out. A surgeon always accompanies such expeditions. Doctor Dooley in ordinary circumstances would have gone. But Doctor Stevens was just retiring from the post, and he thought the trip might do him good.

"I think I'll go," he said to Doctor Dooley. "It will be my last trip and the journey will be something of a relief."

He jumped into the boat and was off. There were six others aboard. They reached the stranded seaplane in a little under two hours. The flyer's men had got her into condition again and were just ready to start off. They left the motor boat and landed back at the base in good time.

Shelled by Germans. It was dark. The surgeon, seeing what he thought were lights of a town near the base, headed the motor boat in what he supposed the correct direction. They surged through the light seas for an hour or more. They approached close to the supposed home lights, when suddenly the scream of a shell was heard coming straight at them. It exploded directly in the back of the boat. A second shell dropped about two hundred yards in front.

"The Germans are shelling us," called one of the men. "Where are we?" asked the skipper. They were under German guns. The lights they thought their base lights had been far off. They had been steering straight toward German-held ground.

"Jump into the water!" commanded the surgeon. The men went overboard. Half a minute later a shell struck in the center of the boat. It blew a great hole in her and sank her.

A strong current was running up the shore. Doctor Stevens and one other man, being strong swimmers, headed for the nearest point of land. They reached the beach. They were dragging themselves through the surf and had just reached the shallow water when a squad of German soldiers marched down the sands with drawn bayonets and commanded: "Surrender! You are on German territory!"

Doctor Stevens and his companion surrendered. Meanwhile the other five men were trying to make land. Two of them headed down with the current, looking for any chance to make land. One of this trio was drowned. The

other two got to land and were captured by the Germans. The two men who were left swimming in the current were in a weakened condition when two British officers ashore made them out. The Britons jumped into the surf, swam out and dragged the men ashore. They ran to a telephone and called the bombing base.

"We have two of your men suffering from exposure and exhaustion. Their boat was sunk by Germans and two of the men taken prisoner," said the voice.

German Raid Base. Maurice M. Moory of Washington, D. C., jumped into the camp jitney and started for the place where the rescued men were. He had to drive over exposed roads, but he made the up-journey safely, his car loaded with blankets. He took the men aboard and started home. Suddenly shells began exploding in front of him and back of him. But through the canopy of bursting shells the little jitney made speed safely for more than five miles, getting in without even a scratch. Meanwhile the German bombing

planes started to raid the base. The sound of exploding bombs dropping around the air base was heard by Mr. Moore even before the automobile was near home.

"Where is Stevens?" asked the executive officer, as the car drew up. "Taken prisoner by the Germans," was the reply.

"Well, I guess he is lucky at that. His pet place, in which he always stands when the raiders come, was blown to pieces half an hour ago."

"We have been wondering who is the luckier of the two—Stevens or Dooley," said the executive officer. "Dooley for not being captured or Stevens for not being killed."

London.—America has poured a veritable army of her womanhood into war-torn Europe. To date over 12,000 American nurses have been sent over. Within the year there will be right here on the ground more than 24,000 of these American "girls behind the men behind the guns."

This is the estimate of Miss Carrie M. Hall of Boston, head of all American Red Cross nurses in Great Britain. Of the 12,000 now here, between 600 and 700 are working in Great Britain; in the dozen or more American hospitals that have sprung into being within the past six months. The remainder are staffing hospitals behind the lines in France.

With the arrival of American soldiers at Vladivostok came a contingent of nurses from the American Red Cross unit at Tokio, Japan. As howl-bills and American casualties begin there these United States army regular nurses probably will be sent to Russia.

All Highly Trained. All women sent over so far are highly trained graduate nurses, bacteriologists, dietitians and college-trained hygiene experts. The war department in Washington has ruled that only these trained women may be sent over for the time being, at least.

For this reason General Pershing's recent call for 5,000 girl workers with the American army in France will be filled by British instead of American girls. England's women's army, the "Waacs" (Women's Army Auxiliary Corps) is now conducting a nationwide recruiting campaign here for

these British girl volunteers for duty as clerks, chauffeurs, typists, orderlies, telephonists, etc., with the American army.

Practically every troop convoy from the United States brings scores more of these women experts. From peace loving American homes that have not yet felt the grim hand of war these bimboled Yankee girls, like their big brothers, are plunging into this macabre war with a determination and efficiency that has won for them already the unstinted praise of all the allies.

They know they've got a man-sized job before them, stripped of all the so-called glamour of war, and they're tackling it in a man's way. Up in the field and home hospitals under shell fire and valiantly bearing all real torments, they're "carrying on" untriflingly, night and day, working unceasingly to save the lives of our boys.

Miss Hall, who was one of the first American nurses to arrive in France immediately after the United States decided to jump into this job of wounding up the watch on the Rhine, was witness of the sterling quality of American womanhood in this war under fire.

Morale is Perfect. "I was one of the first to come over with the Harvard Base hospital unit. No sooner were we landed than we were attached to the British and hurried up near the first line to staff a little tented hospital city near Cambrai. There were two other American field hospitals near us.

"It was a bright moonlight night our tents were struck up like a silver city. At midnight the alarm sounded. We leaped from our beds. There was no panic. The hum of the Boche machine was plainly audible. Suddenly five deafening explosions told us they had gotten our camp. It only lasted about five minutes, but in that short time their five bombs dropped in a straight line had nearly demolished our camp.

Tents containing American wounded were ripped to shreds, temporary hospital buildings moved down like a pack of cards. Six soldier patients were killed and a score or more injured. The morale of the nurses and doctors was wonderful. Forgetting self, they plunged into the work of rescue.

"One girl, Eva Parmalee of Boston was on duty in one of the tents most badly hit. One bomb fell so near her clothing was ripped and torn by bits of flying debris and pieces of sand lodged in the flesh of her face. Undaunted, she carried on through it all, rushing here and there aiding wounded and assisting in the work of rescue. Not until it was all over did she notice the state of her clothes or the bits of sand in her face."

CUPID GETS HELLO GIRLS. London Telephone Company Has Difficulty in Keeping Corps of Operators.

London.—Dan Cupid is playing havoc with the London telephone system. So many "hello girls" have been married lately that the staffs of the various exchanges are very short-handed. Wages up to \$7 a week and the lure of the telephone brings in raw recruits, but as soon as they are sufficiently trained some cooling voice over the phone interferes and there's a new untrained girl on the job next day; telephone officials complain.

Negro Women as Nurses. Kansas City, Mo.—The first free school in the United States to train negro women for nurses for negro soldiers with the American expeditionary force in France has been established here. Dr. William J. Thompson has charge of the work under the supervision of the city hospital and the health board. The course of training will be eight weeks.

MR. KAISER OF BERLIN FIRST TO REGISTER

Berlin, Conn.—That this town is doing its best to live down its name was indicated when 503 men of the town stepped up to register. And first among them, strange to say, was J. H. Kaiser. The town was one of the first in the state to erect a huge honor roll, which is evidence to visitors and passing autoists that there is no local lack of patriotism.

planes started to raid the base. The sound of exploding bombs dropping around the air base was heard by Mr. Moore even before the automobile was near home.

"Where is Stevens?" asked the executive officer, as the car drew up. "Taken prisoner by the Germans," was the reply.

"Well, I guess he is lucky at that. His pet place, in which he always stands when the raiders come, was blown to pieces half an hour ago."

"We have been wondering who is the luckier of the two—Stevens or Dooley," said the executive officer. "Dooley for not being captured or Stevens for not being killed."

London.—America has poured a veritable army of her womanhood into war-torn Europe. To date over 12,000 American nurses have been sent over. Within the year there will be right here on the ground more than 24,000 of these American "girls behind the men behind the guns."

This is the estimate of Miss Carrie M. Hall of Boston, head of all American Red Cross nurses in Great Britain. Of the 12,000 now here, between 600 and 700 are working in Great Britain; in the dozen or more American hospitals that have sprung into being within the past six months. The remainder are staffing hospitals behind the lines in France.

With the arrival of American soldiers at Vladivostok came a contingent of nurses from the American Red Cross unit at Tokio, Japan. As howl-bills and American casualties begin there these United States army regular nurses probably will be sent to Russia.

All Highly Trained. All women sent over so far are highly trained graduate nurses, bacteriologists, dietitians and college-trained hygiene experts. The war department in Washington has ruled that only these trained women may be sent over for the time being, at least.

For this reason General Pershing's recent call for 5,000 girl workers with the American army in France will be filled by British instead of American girls. England's women's army, the "Waacs" (Women's Army Auxiliary Corps) is now conducting a nationwide recruiting campaign here for

these British girl volunteers for duty as clerks, chauffeurs, typists, orderlies, telephonists, etc., with the American army.

Practically every troop convoy from the United States brings scores more of these women experts. From peace loving American homes that have not yet felt the grim hand of war these bimboled Yankee girls, like their big brothers, are plunging into this macabre war with a determination and efficiency that has won for them already the unstinted praise of all the allies.

They know they've got a man-sized job before them, stripped of all the so-called glamour of war, and they're tackling it in a man's way. Up in the field and home hospitals under shell fire and valiantly bearing all real torments, they're "carrying on" untriflingly, night and day, working unceasingly to save the lives of our boys.

Miss Hall, who was one of the first American nurses to arrive in France immediately after the United States decided to jump into this job of wounding up the watch on the Rhine, was witness of the sterling quality of American womanhood in this war under fire.

Morale is Perfect. "I was one of the first to come over with the Harvard Base hospital unit. No sooner were we landed than we were attached to the British and hurried up near the first line to staff a little tented hospital city near Cambrai. There were two other American field hospitals near us.

"It was a bright moonlight night our tents were struck up like a silver city. At midnight the alarm sounded. We leaped from our beds. There was no panic. The hum of the Boche machine was plainly audible. Suddenly five deafening explosions told us they had gotten our camp. It only lasted about five minutes, but in that short time their five bombs dropped in a straight line had nearly demolished our camp.

Tents containing American wounded were ripped to shreds, temporary hospital buildings moved down like a pack of cards. Six soldier patients were killed and a score or more injured. The morale of the nurses and doctors was wonderful. Forgetting self, they plunged into the work of rescue.

"One girl, Eva Parmalee of Boston was on duty in one of the tents most badly hit. One bomb fell so near her clothing was ripped and torn by bits of flying debris and pieces of sand lodged in the flesh of her face. Undaunted, she carried on through it all, rushing here and there aiding wounded and assisting in the work of rescue. Not until it was all over did she notice the state of her clothes or the bits of sand in her face."

CUPID GETS HELLO GIRLS. London Telephone Company Has Difficulty in Keeping Corps of Operators.

London.—Dan Cupid is playing havoc with the London telephone system. So many "hello girls" have been married lately that the staffs of the various exchanges are very short-handed. Wages up to \$7 a week and the lure of the telephone brings in raw recruits, but as soon as they are sufficiently trained some cooling voice over the phone interferes and there's a new untrained girl on the job next day; telephone officials complain.

Negro Women as Nurses. Kansas City, Mo.—The first free school in the United States to train negro women for nurses for negro soldiers with the American expeditionary force in France has been established here. Dr. William J. Thompson has charge of the work under the supervision of the city hospital and the health board. The course of training will be eight weeks.

STOMACH UPSET? PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS SOURNESS, GAS, ACIDITY, INDIGESTION.

When meals upset you and you feel gas, acids and undigested food. When you have lumps of indigestion pain or any distress in stomach you can get relief instantly—No waiting!



As soon as you eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin all the indigestion pain stops. Gas, acidity, heartburn, flatulence and dyspepsia vanish. Pape's Diapepsin tablets cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

Time and Tide. During the War Savings stamps drive in Brown county, Indiana, William L. Coffey, county chairman, appointed William Vawter, the artist, as chief selector for the county. At the time of his appointment Mr. Vawter each morning was walking two miles to paint the picture of an old elm tree, which was surrounded by wild flowers and beautiful foliage. He readily accepted and for two weeks he put forth all energy in the stamp drive. When the selecting was completed Mr. Vawter took his painting outfit and walked to the old tree, but the scenery had changed so much that the picture will not be completed until next summer, when the wild roses and other wild flowers will be in bloom.

Get New Kidneys! The kidneys are the most overworked organs of the human body, and when they fail in their work of filtering out and throwing off the wastes developed in the system, disease begins to develop.

One of the first warnings is pain or stiffness in the lower part of the back, highly colored urine, loss of appetite, indigestion, dizziness or giddiness, or the head aches. These symptoms indicate a condition that may lead to deafness and fatal results. It is a disease, but which there is a cure.

Do not delay a minute. At the first indication of trouble in the kidneys, order a supply of capsules, start taking Gold Medal Remedies (No. 1) Capsules and you yourself know it is the best. Instant treatment is necessary in kidney and bladder troubles. A doctor is often fatal.

You can almost certainly find immediate relief in Gold Medal Remedies (No. 1) Capsules. For more than 20 years this famous preparation has been an unending remedy for all kidney, bladder and urinary troubles. It is the pure, original Harlow (No. 1) great grandfathers' used. About two capsules each day will keep you toned up and feeling fine. Get it at any drug store, and if it does not give you almost immediate relief, your money will be refunded. Be sure you get the GOLD MEDAL brand. Some other genuine, in boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

Like Other Cashiers. "What does it mean when they say a German general was captured?" "I don't know exactly, but I presume they take him and shut him up in a little cage."

When Baby is Teething. CHILDREN'S PAIN EXPELLER will soothe the teething pain. Perfectly safe. See directions on the bottle.

Other people's troubles here a man more than his own.

Spanish Influenza can be prevented easier than it can be cured. At the first sign of a shiver or sneeze, take

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE. Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 5 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine has a Red Top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

Children Who Are Sickly. Mothers who value the health of their children, should never be without MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN, for use when needed. They soothe, break up Colds, Relieve Feverishness, Colic, Stomach Troubles, Worms, any substitute. Headache, Teething disorders and Stomach Troubles. Used by Mothers for 21 years. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask to-day. Trial package FREE. Address, MOTHER GRAY CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste. MORGAN'S SAPOLIO SCOURING SOAP. Economy in Every Cake.

Why Bald So Young. Rub Dandruff and Itching with Cuticura Ointment. Keeps Hair Clean, Soft, and Healthy.

AMERICAN ARMY STEAM LAUNDRY



An American steam laundry going close to the lines to clean and sterilize the underwear and uniforms of our soldiers. The big drums behind the engine filled with boiling water are needed to give the Yanks a decent appearance again after their battles.

YANKS ENJOY CHOW

With the American Army in France, "chow time" means one of the most picturesque sights along the front, especially with the Americans. It seems to mean more to the Americans than to any other army, perhaps because American "grub" is better.

Happen along through a ruined village or a