PRAISE SPIRIT OF AMERICANS

French Writer Pays Inspiring Tribute to Our Soldiers.

ALL FIGHTING FOR IDEALS

Poilus Are Beginning to Realize Why We Were Late in Entering the War—American Soldier Makes It Clear By Outlining Suppositious Case—Attitude Makes Deep Impression on French Soldiers

An American officer in Paris writes as follows of the spirit of the Americans at the front:

"When the American [illegible] American-lighted cigarettes of Virginia tobacco [illegible] aroma of chestnuts and [illegible]. He said: 'By George, it [illegible] thing to see civilians [illegible] soldiers, but they forget that we have a military past quite creditable.'

He was a broad-shouldered American who spoke, with a free frank open cast of countenance and a cultivation of voice and manner which betokened his alma mater of old Harvard.

"And I'll prove it," he continued, "since the war of the Revolution in 1776 we have had the war with Mexico in 1846 and the war of secession in 1861, the Cuban and the Philippine wars of 1898, without counting our recent brushes on the Mexican border. And the Germans would deny us the merit of courage and perseverance and the ability to lead this last enterprise to a successful end.

"Just remember what our war of secession was—from 1861 to 1865. It is not without its analogy with the present European war. The first of January, 1861, the American army had but a few more than sixteen thousand men in the ranks. Little by little the Northerners alone mobilized two million and a half soldiers. During the years which followed they had three millions in all and the Southerners more than a million. The losses rose above a million and the cost was something like fifty billions of your francs.

"And why did our forefathers fight? They struggled on for an ideal, not merely for existence. If then, in 1861 we were able to mobilize an army of such proportions for such a war, putting into it two-thirds of our national riches of what sacrifices are we not capable in the present conflict, where all the world is menaced by German militarism?

Will Encourage Poilus.

"The American fixed us with his eyes. Yes, I used that in him was the desire to communicate to us the force of his argument. And in all truth we were immeasurably impressed by his brief but eloquent resume. He began again:

"Tell this to the heroic Poilus of France, they should know where we stand. I would shout this from the housetops, not merely to encourage them to be patient—their patience and devotion are already sublime—but to convince them of our resolution to aid them jusqu'au bout."

This fine type of American manhood was more than persuasive. He sent forth his convincing phrases with a precision which could not be doubted. A French territorial who understood his language listened attentively as he stood on the outer edge of the circle and broke through and grasped him warmly by the hand, whereupon he pronounced in excellent French: "Vous tres bons francaises, fates pas de la mousse. Nous vous assisterons avec tout notre coeur."

"Why," asked another, "have you taken three years to get into this awful war? You will understand the question is not only a reflection which naturally arises once and again among our French Poilus, who may not in many cases have had the benefits of a superior instruction and who still have vague ideas of our Transatlantic issues."

Our American lighted another cigarette and continued:

"Well, I'll tell you. Suppose that we were attacked in [illegible] by some far away foreign power then suppose that you French had come to fight beside us in our far West against these invaders, then do you think that your Bretons, your Provencaux and your Burgundians would have been very enthusiastic about it at first thought? No, the situation would only appeal to them at first in the sense that if we Americans were vanquished then would come the turn of France.

Recalls German Propaganda.

"More or less this was the situation in America. Opinion varies in our great territory, but from the first we have been opposed, one and all, to the provocative of Germany. If public opinion had had the control of our politics, had we been able at once to surmount seemingly insurmountable difficulties, we should have been at your side before. In the interior and in the South the population is equally democratic, but both much further removed from contact with Europe the stern realities were much more difficult of acceptance all at once. The inhabitants of Los Angeles or San Francisco read of the massacres of the war in Europe through many thousands of leagues of space, and to go back to the times of Washington you must remember that that great man was quite indifferent to the concerns of Europe.

"To this state of affairs should be added the marvelously energetic German propaganda, which [illegible] the Lusitania, the Sussex and the Arabic came along in their turn and drew us out of our isolation, and these German torpedoes may be said to have pulled down all the fabric of neutrality which Bernstorff and his satellites had worked so vociferously to build up. And as a result we have come.

"We Americans, beside you French, our allies the English, the Italians and the brave Belgians and all the rest of the galaxy of those fighting for right ultimately will vanquish. We shall bring a formidable blow to the kaiser and his sons. Under all this enthusiastic [illegible] may be considered a league [illegible] have stood when many looked [illegible] Lusitania. Count [illegible] Americans there will [illegible] Uhle.

[illegible] saying to the [illegible] Expect to the aid of our American allies.

FIRST U. S. SOLDIER WOUNDED IN ACTION

Private A. A. McLeod of Marlborough, Mass., who says he is the first American soldier to be wounded in action in the present war, is the most cheerful convalescent in the Walter Reed hospital, which is the government's hospital in Washington. He lost both legs in an air raid when the Germans dropped a bomb into a hospital, killing two soldiers outright. Private McLeod, who believes he is the only wounded American soldier now in this country, will be the first subject on whom this government will experiment in the rehabilitation of its wounded. He will be given a set of artificial limbs and this will set in motion a big and well prepared department which this government has developed for future cripples.

WIFE WANTED HIM TO GO

She Sent a Letter to the Draft Board, but He Could Not Read.

It sometimes happens that a man overestimates his own importance, which was evidently the case of a Bozeman (Mont.) man of draft age who presented the following letter to the Gallatin county exemption board:

"Dear United States Army: My husband ask me to write a recommend that he supports his family. He can not read so don't tell him. His take him nothing but drink lemmen es [illegible] and play a fiddle since I married [illegible] eight years ago and I gotta feed [illegible] kids of his. Maybe you can [illegible] to carry a gun. Yes good on [illegible] and outin. Take him and welcome. I need the grub and his help for the kids. Don't tell him this, but take him."

CITY DAZES HIM

Released Convict Had Never Seen a Trolley Car or an Automobile.

Liberated from the Maryland penitentiary after being imprisoned there for 21 years, Simon Hommer, forty-six years old, walked out one day recently. As he descended the steps with the parole officer of the board of prison control who helped him obtain his pardon, he was unable to restrain his emotions and cries at the joy of being out in the world. Hommer gazed in wonderment at the automobiles and stood still in amazement when an electric car sped past the corner.

The ex-convict had never seen an electric car, had never ridden in an automobile. He will go to Virginia to work on a farm. Hommer during his imprisonment saw 8,802 prisoners enter the penitentiary.

Made to Kiss Flag.

Not once but several times was Frank Wulendowsky compelled to kiss the American flag at Pittsburgh. Not satisfied with this, Policeman James Noon made him walk up and down the cellroom of the police station, waving the flag over his head. Frank was arrested for saying that he would remain a slacker as long as he lived.

WHERE DO YOU STAND?

By BLISS CARMAN, of the Vigilantes.

Unroll the map of creation
To the wavering long black line,
Where the powers of dark are warring
Against the powers divine.

Here are the fond and fearless
Massed in the great brigade,
Eager, unselfish,
Toiling and undismayed.

Each [illegible]
Face [illegible]
Each [illegible]
Behold them! Are you a soul,

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

CUTS RED TAPE AND GETS OUT SPRUCE

Army Officer in the Northwest Ignores the Regulations and Gets Results.

There is [illegible] army officer in the [illegible] is defying every known rule of military procedure and precedent at the present who prefers to get results faster than by stepping on toes and who does what he pleases and moreover talks when and how he pleases writes The Saturday Evening Post. He is at once and the same time the most active and most talkative officer in the Signal corps service.

The service which deprecates publicity above all others.

The avowed policy of General Squier, chief signal officer and in charge of the army aircraft program, is to keep everything away from the newspapers that they would publish. The policy of Col. Bruce P. Disque, who is getting out the spruce for the airplanes is to get the newspapers to publish everything. He is getting out the spruce.

That is one of the airplane production problems that has been disposed of.

Disque is turning out the spruce at the rate of 1,500,000 feet a month. The program calls for 10,000,000. When Disque took hold the output was about 2,000,000.

Frankness and straightforward publicity is an essential part of Colonel Disque's success.

"Our office is open to every man in this community," said Colonel Disque recently in Portland, "who is interested in the facts about spruce production and would like to know the facts."

The wonder of it all is that Colonel Disque is an old-time regular army officer, supposedly of the type that never learns, forgets or forgives; and a cavalry officer at that, transferred to the spruce job just as he was about to board a transport with his regiment for France.

Colonel Disque admits that he has violated rules, scorned routine, burned up red tape and even encroached on the law itself.

But he is getting out the spruce.

PRISONERS USED TALENT

Only the Watchfulness of Guards Prevented Their Escape.

Three prisoners of widely different talents used their special abilities in a clever attempt at a jail break at San Jose, Cal. Discovery by officers of the plans prevented the break.

Wallace Gladstone, who recently escaped from the Seattle jail and shot three policemen who pursued him, utilized his trade as a weaver by making a strong rope out of the jail bedclothes.

Carl Watkins, a painter by trade, made a "painter's cling" by which he and Gladstone were able to cut the skylight bars. Walter J. Norton, a singer, urged his voice to its high things while the other two hacked at the bars with a bread knife.

STEEL REPLACES LINEN

Used in Making the Wings for Fighting Airplanes.

Seventeen thousand tons of what is believed to be the thinnest sheet steel ever rolled and which is being made into wings for fighting planes on the western front is being turned out by one of the Pittsburgh steel companies for the United States government. The sheet steel is to supplant the linen fabric wings now in use.

The sheet steel is described as being thinner than ordinary paper and very flexible. It is expected to minimize the danger from German bullets, since instead of the jagged tear made by a bullet in a linen fabric wing and which is enlarged by the wind, a clean-cut perforation is made in the steel and neither endangers the aviator nor interferes with his flying.

ILLITERACY IN ALABAMA

One Out of Seven Subject to Draft Cannot Write.

One out of every seven men in Alabama who are between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one and subject to draft in the National army are unable to sign their names. Many of them cannot read. These facts have been brought out by the return of questionnaires. The state department of education is working out a gigantic plan to teach illiterates to read and write before they are called for service. Schools will be opened throughout the state.

The Double Part

By CHARLES POWERS BRENNAN

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Chivalrously and respectfully Andre Warren brought his auto to a halt before a young lady standing in the shelter of a tree and graciously she smiled as he [illegible]

"You [illegible] Miss Albert, and I think [illegible] Warren, allow me [illegible] and the [illegible]

[illegible] spoke the truth [illegible] You know [illegible] world [illegible] Andre [illegible] My kind [illegible] times [illegible]

[illegible] Miss Albert [illegible] to rest. [illegible] I have heard of [illegible] Mr. Warren who [illegible] for children and [illegible] helpful things [illegible] I have found grateful [illegible] Mr. Warren. Would I be displeased if I hoped you would help me [illegible] party I am going to [illegible] the children of the neighborhood [illegible] The sun is coming out [illegible] the lawn will surely be dry by the time our guests arrive."

"I can promise little as to a mountain," declared Andre modestly.

I should not care to say that rosy-cheeked [illegible] the bright smiling [illegible] spread for their delight [illegible] the swings must [illegible] and the children's [illegible] games. If you would help me in [illegible] way of dispensing the ice cream [illegible] other refreshments—"

I should be delighted, declared Warren, and he was. The afternoon was passed in the company of Miss Albert and her juvenile friends. She was the idol of her happy guests. He had never seen such grace and beauty fully smitten after he had taken home the last of the children in his auto Andre returned to find Miss Albert resting on a garden seat.

"You look tired out," he said, "and I ventured to hope that you would enjoy a spin around the lake," and in her frank, friendly way she at once gratefully assented to the invitation.

He allowed the machine to drop down in speed to a mere crawl as they neared the end of the four-mile circling of the lake. She had said something of the jagged nerves and a longing for quiet that had brought her to seek a secluded rest, but nothing in detail of her own personality. He was but to apprise her of the motive that had brought him to the country.

"Don't smile at me, Miss Albert," he said, "but I have been foolish enough to imagine that I have some literary and dramatic power, and I sought this solitude to write out a play I had conceived."

"A play," she repeated and she gave him a quick look. In her own mind there arose the query, "Is he searching me out?" Had the innocent, open-minded Andre read the silent thought, however, he could have furnished no key to the enigma.

And then he found an ardent listener to the details of the play in question. He had gone to an old theatrical friend in the city with the bare skeleton of his conception. He had been encouraged at the honest enthusiasm of the old actor.

"Tell you, Warren," he had said, "you have struck a gem of an idea that will make men stronger and better and women to think and analyze. By all means perfect it and come to me with the finished product. Your play requires no novice to mangle your beautiful theme, but a real soul actress. I know of one particularly adapted for the star part, but I have heard that, young as she is, though at the pinnacle of her popularity she is thinking of retiring from the stage. I shall try to reach her, though by correspondence. You are a made man if she consents to accept the rendition. She is Helena Baird."

Again Miss Albert studied the earnest face of Andre as he recited these circumstances. Once more for a flashing moment a faint suspicion shadowed her eyes. Then she dismissed her disquietude, charmed with the eloquence and ardor of this amateur play writer.

"How I would like to hear all about it!" she said. "My father was a playwright, Mr. Warren, and I—I have inherited some of his predilection for the stage."

And before that week was over Andre Warren felt himself in a sort of paradise. Daily for several hours his charming new friend would listen to his reading of the play. She would suggest new ideas, alterations, added force to some sentient thought. More than once she read to him some passage in the play, and he would sit thrilled at her perfect delivery.

And then one day love overcame ambition and he told her how he adored her. "I am going to take the finished play to my theatrical friend in the city," he said. "I hope we are successful in having this Helena Baird in the chief role."

"I am sure she will gladly accept. In fact I know Miss Baird and can influence her action entirely."

"Why, how strange you speak!" marveled Andre. "You never mentioned it before."

"No, Andre," replied his companion, "because I was hiding a great secret. I am sure Helena Baird will accept the play, because—I am Helena Baird."

Number 3 of a Series of Labor Conservation Chats.

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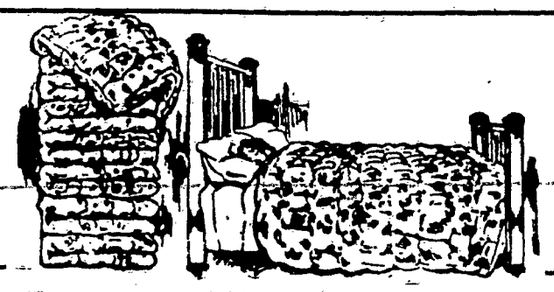

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