

NATIONAL ARMY MEN EAGER TO GET INTO FRONT LINE TO STOP BOCHE

"They'll Make the Finest Soldiers in World," Says General Overseas—Soldiers Determined to Fight to Finish—Snipers Take Daring Chances in "Pot Hunting"—Negro Troops Furnish Much of Humor in War Zone.

Enough of the American National army has arrived in France to bear out the predictions that this army will be one of the finest bodies of military men in the world. I recently went to a section of France where new troops are quartered for final training, writes Don Martin in the New York Herald. There I saw the members of the divisions who were legally selected to serve their country. A general who has been all his life in the army fully gloried in admiration of them. "They are a splendid lot of boys," the officer said. "They are proud to be here. They are sorry for the boys at home who are not to help in the great battle for democracy. They want to get right in the line. They realize the dangers fully, but that doesn't worry them. They have had their eyes opened fully to the wonderful sacrifices France has made. They have seen how the villages are stripped of everything but the very old and the very young, and yet they have seen how determined and cheerful the country is. So they are proud to be here, and they are going to make the finest soldiers the world has ever seen."

Superlatives ordinarily are not permitted by the censorship when reference is made to Americans. A deeply grounded principle of the American censorship is that America, while glorying in her own identity and achievements, must not forget that France and England have been at war for nearly four years and have set a very high standard for Uncle Sam. But the superlatives indulged in by the general were sincere. He actually believes the National army will be as fine a lot of men as ever stood in a uniform, and after seeing them and talking with them in more than fifty villages I must say that I think he has prophetic vision.

All Show Their Mettle. To praise the National army does not imply disparagement of any other wing of our military force. The militia group has already in various clashes with the enemy, shown the stuff of which it is made. The 104th regiment, which built from Massachusetts, has been decorated by the French government for its valor under heavy fire. All the men have made good, but all they have done will unquestionably be equaled by the excellent army of draft men. The latter have the physique, the initiative and the spirit. As one of them said, "We're not here because we're here; we're here because it's where we belong and where we want to be." The training they received in the United States worked wonders in them.

In a little village a handsome youngster in a private's uniform saluted with the grace and snap of a trained regular. He had the look of the soldier in every line. "Where are you from?" I asked. He named a small city in the Northwest. "Were you ever a soldier before?" "No, sir," he said, smiling. "I never did anything before but spend father's money and get arrested for speeding." "Are you glad to be here?" "I wouldn't be anywhere else for anything in the world."

Stated in front of a small house, a wrinkled woman on one side, an aged man on the other and two boys children playing on the ground in front of him. I saw another young man who would attract attention anywhere. As the officer who accompanied me approached the young man jumped to his feet, snapped his heels together and saluted as if military was in his marrow. He said he came from a small town in the middle West. I asked him about his affairs before he joined the army.

"I was in the lumber business," the private rejoined. "I was getting along pretty well—have a wife and two children about like these here (pointing to the two boys). But even if I knew my business was going to ruin I wouldn't go back if they'd let me. I'm here to stick it out to the finish and you'll find all the boys the same way." The spirit of all is, as this young lumber dealer said, identical. The men are here to fight for France and democracy. They understand exactly what the issues are. They understand precisely why the United States came into the war and they will be disappointed if peace comes before every allied aim has been achieved.

They don't call it that. They call it pot hunting. I have talked with several and have been on the line with a few. They wouldn't any more shoot a song bird or a raven than they would kill one of their own officers, but shooting Fritz across the line that's another story. It is dangerous business, too. Many a sniper has sniped himself. Some of them camouflage themselves and stand for hours in range of a thousand rifles. There is a young American of here from Massachusetts who is assigned to technical work, who spends a day and a night each week on the line sniping the enemy. He does it because he likes it. He is an expert rifle shot and he enjoys the hazards of his work and gets satisfaction from killing Hunns.

The two best known Hun snipers are Black Fritz and Crazy Fritz. Black Fritz is dead. Crazy Fritz was wounded, but whether he is dead is not known. Black Fritz harassed the American sector for weeks. He was a good shot and put bullets now and then through a soldier's armor hat. But one day he was spotted behind a log and a bullet struck him between the eyes.

"He was a handsome chap," said a sniper, "and had beautiful hair, blonde, as a girl's and combed back like a college boy's."

"If he had blonde hair why did you call him Black Fritz?" "Because he hung so much crepe on our doors."

There is another Hun known as Foolish Fritz, and a rather pretty story may be told about him. He is not a sniper. The men in the trenches cannot tell just what he is. Perhaps, they have figured, he corresponds to an American football or baseball mascot. He is a mere youth and he takes dangerous chances. He might have been shot a hundred times, but the American snipers haven't the heart to kill him.

"One day," said a sniper who has watched him play around like a kitten, "he crawled up over the top of the trench and went over to a log and lay on it. He was there for an hour sunning himself. I had a bead on him all the time, but what's the use?—a mere kid. Another time a new sniper here saw him and was just about to pick him when I said, 'Nothing doing.' We can't exactly understand what it means. About two weeks ago I thought I'd give the youngster a scare, so I put a bullet in a very small tree about a foot from him. He scampered out of sight like a frightened puppy. I often wonder if he or anyone else knows that he is living in the shadow of death. Maybe the Germans figure they learn something from it. However, you'll never catch me killing that kid."

Negroes Furnish Much Humor. Humor gleams frequently through the grimness of war and much of it comes from the negro soldiers from the United States. A particularly dark-skinned private was overhauled recently by a military policeman. It was on a country road and the soldier was ambling along with his military outfit as well as about 150 pounds of souvenirs of France.

"Where are you from?" asked the policeman. "Me, sah? Ise from Alabama." "Whereabouts in Alabama?" "Don't know, sah, exactly, but Ise from Alabama."

"Where you going to?" "Well, I don't exactly know, sah." "Where you coming from?" "The last place I remember, sah, is Harleyburg. Seems to me the train I was on went while I's buying a few things to take back when I go." "Do you know where you are?" "Can't exactly say I do, sah (looking around with the feigned confusion of an astronomer), but I reckon Ise somewhere in France."

The negroes amuse the French people. The big black boys swing along the country roads singing or smiling. They frequently organize a quartet in a canon and if the work in which they are engaged isn't vitally important stop beside a road to "put over" a few diminished serenades, better known as barber shops. And they know how to do it. They are happy-go-lucky wherever found.

BAN ON LOAFING. Orders Against It Issued to the Peace Officers. Loafers will no longer find Wabash, Ind., a haven for them, under orders issued recently by Sheriff Vrooman to every peace officer in the county. They provide for the arrest and sentence of every man or boy in the county, now out of school, who does not work.

The public in general is asked to help prevent loafing during the war with Germany and Austria, and is asked to co-operate with the officials by telling them whenever a loafer is found. The sheriff promises to see that the man either go to jail or to the state farm.

Tough to Be Bumped. "The war is producing a slang all its own," writes a Y. M. C. A. secretary overseas. "In England, for example, when you hear that a ship was 'bumped' you know it was torpedoed."

Paris Frowns ON WAR GENIUS. Prefect Steps Baccarat Games in Bomb-Proof Cellars. PROMOTER UNDER SUSPICION. Narrow-Minded Police Official Pretends to Think Game Not Entirely Innocent—Aristide Barbotin Protests That He is a Much-Misunderstood Philanthropist—Police Butt in on All His Schemes.

Aristide Barbotin is in trouble again in Paris. He protests that he is a much misunderstood philanthropist. It occurred to the thoughtful Aristide that there must be hundreds of travelers and visitors in Paris who would have no safe refuge when the alarm was sounded for an air raid. So he leased, in one of the principal streets, several excellent cellars. He furnished them luxuriously and hung out a blue lantern with the device of a star upon it. Any one who so desired could take refuge in these cellars in case of an air raid and entirely without charge. Except that if he wished the visitor might buy refreshments or might enjoy joining in a little game of baccarat.

But the police broke it up. A narrow-minded prefect pretended to think that the game was not entirely innocent. Long before the war Aristide, his pity moved by the sad plight of the over-rich, established a sanitarium or cure for them. The patients by paying a thumping fee (\$20 a day) were permitted to break virgin soil, plant potatoes for him, cut wood and to put up some very handsome buildings by the work of their own hands, which certainly was good for them and good for him. But the authorities stopped that beneficent enterprise.

Bad Luck Since War. Since the war he has had equally bad luck. He started a patriotic restaurant for high class patronage. The prices were high and the service was excellent, but meat, vegetables and desserts were served with the utmost economy (so as to set an example to the lower classes, Aristide pointed out). That failed in time through lack of support from an unpatriotic public. Then he started a theater, "The Moral Theater" he called it. This really was a stroke of genius. It was intended to show the public the sad evils attendant upon gambling. On the

One Hundred Thirty-Seventh Semi-Annual Statement of the

Monroe County Savings Bank

Table with financial data: Bonds and Mortgages (\$17,982,781.18), United States Bonds (1,713,400.00), State Bonds (1,142,300.00), County Bonds (232,175.00), City Bonds (3,336,312.50), Village and Town Bonds (136,546.00), Railroad Mortgage Bonds (2,388,840.00), Banking House and Lot (100,000.00), Other Real Estate (18,870.46), Interest accrued (524,994.13), Cash in Banks and Trust Companies (568,172.26), Cash on Hand (180,755.88), United States War Stamps (1,253.21). Total: \$28,726,402.62.

Interest credited Depositors June 1, 1918, for the previous six months, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

- Trustees: James E. Booth, Rufus K. Dryer, Alexander M. Lindsay, Thomas J. Devine, William B. Lee, Pharellus A. Crittenden, Edward Bausch, Joseph Michaels, William Carson, Martin F. Bristol, Wm. A. Hubbard, Jr., Wm. C. Barry, Wm. V. Hamilton. Officers: James E. Booth (President), Rufus K. Dryer (Vice-President), Alexander M. Lindsay (Vice-President), William Carson (Secretary and Treasurer), Frank C. Penn (Cashier), William B. Lee (Attorney).

Monroe County Savings Bank 35 State Street Rochester, N. Y.

Hal Chase Has Lost None of His Skill Around Bag; Baserunners Know Danger. Although much farther advanced in years than when he first broke in with the Yankees, Hal Chase is the same graceful performer for the Reds that used to hold American league fans spellbound by his work at first base for the Gotham entry in Ban Johnson's circuit.

Nothing seems to be too hard for Hal to tackle, and the same case characterizes every movement. Chase



Hal Chase. Must be close to thirty-three years of age, yet to look at him in action one would never suspect that the Californian has seen nearly ten years of service in the major leagues. He has not been troubled since at the bat thus far in the series, but he is all over his side of the field, and the baserunners never take more than a passing glance with his arm.

Apparently Chase has forsaken his desire to create trouble for the management or ownership, too. Hal seems to be one of the most satisfied members of the Reds, and he works like a Trojan for Matty. Like a good many other star pastimers, Hal possessed the disposition of a prima donna when in the American league, but his service in the Federal and since with Cincinnati has wrought a big change in the clever first baseman.

Whirlpool Bath. A whirlpool bath is the novel treatment applied at a hospital in Manchester, England, for cases of rheumatism, heart disease, shell shock and debility following typhoid and dysentery. The tank, large enough for 12 men, contains four feet of water and is provided with seats on which the bathers are immersed to their necks. The temperature is kept at 93 degrees Fahrenheit, just below that of the body. The room is quiet and dimly lighted, and after an hour in the bath the men go to rest rooms.

Fish a Valuable Food. By the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Fish, which have always been reckoned as a valuable food, have been shown by a series of digestive experiments conducted by the department of agriculture to deserve a more important place in every diet. The tests show that fish are completely utilized in the body.

In the experiments Boston mackerel, butterfish, salmon and grayfish—a variety not generally used in this country—were made into "fish loaves" and served as a basis of a simple mixed diet to young men of healthy appetites. Both the protein and the fat of the fish were well utilized. Following are the percentages of fat digested: Boston mackerel, 83.1 per cent; butterfish, 81.9 per cent; grayfish, 82.8 per cent; and salmon, 83.2 per cent. The percentages of fat digested were found to be: Boston mackerel, 85.2 per cent; butterfish, 84.4 per cent; grayfish, 84.3 per cent; salmon, 83.7 per cent.

Infertile Eggs Keep Best

The greatest loss in preserved eggs comes from the fact that fertile eggs are preserved, according to C. S. Anderson of the Colorado Agricultural college. Fertile eggs will keep equally as well as infertile eggs, providing at no time they have been brought to a degree of heat where the germ starts to develop. In holding fertile eggs for preserving, they should not be allowed to get above 50 degrees Fahrenheit. During the early spring months this is easily done, but in warmer weather poultrymen should take the precaution and produce infertile eggs. Fertilization is not an incentive to egg production among domestic fowls, and the number of eggs produced will be in no way diminished.

The fertile eggs contain no germ to be developed, withstand more heat, are slow to decay, and can be preserved with the minimum amount of loss.

Facts Worth Knowing.

An asbestos suit has been made for workers around furnaces. Stainless steel cutlery contains about 13 per cent chromium. The use of this ingredient in the manufacture of steel for this purpose has been temporarily stopped. "Colbaltrom" is a steel made by a newly-discovered process which permits of castings being made which will act like parts heretofore turned into shape. Iron alloyed with gold has been introduced as a substitute for tin in the making of cans.

Last Son of Revolution.

Nelson Moore, eighty-one years old, believed to be the last real son of the American Revolution, died recently at his home in Ormaha, Moore was born near Vernon, Onelida county, New York. His father, at the age of fifteen was fighting with the Continental army and was with Washington at Valley Forge. Moore came west and was a government freighter on the plains in 1863. In the years following he had many experiences with Indians. He perfectly remembered his father and remembered many of the incidents of the Revolutionary days told by the older Moore.