

KEEP CHIEF OF ARMY POLICE BUSY

American Troops Not Unruly, but Full of Mischief.

FROLIC LIKE COLLEGE BOYS

Cigars, Eggs, a Baseball and a Bottle of Wine Among Missing Articles to Be Traced One Day—Escapades No More Than Reaction From the Heavy Strain of Very Active Army Maneuvers.

When the whole story of this war shall have been written it will be complete without a chapter about how the American boys behaved in France. The historian should get the material for that chapter from the provost marshal. He is the chief of police as far as the Americans are concerned.

I am at present living with a regiment stationed in a little French village where from time to time we can hear the booming of the guns on the battle front keeping the boys always reminded of the direction in which they are headed via a correspondent of the New York Times. There are few French folk in the place; they moved to where it is safer. And so the Americans are pretty much in control of the town, and incidentally, there are about ten times as many American soldiers here as there ever were civilian Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. They are quartered in every available house, and in some that would not be available were it not that they had to be.

In one that falls in the latter category I am living. Myself, this typewriter, and some blankets are the only furniture it has. To get out of my room I have to go through the room of the provost marshal. His room is better than mine; it has a bed. He didn't know it was a bed until the owner of the house put in charge for billets. Under the army plan a room with a bed in it costs one franc a day, but if there is no bed the charge is only 30 centimes. And so the provost marshal knows he has a bed to step on and not a box. It says so in the official records of the war department of the United States. We were inspecting the room of the provost marshal the other day and noticed a part of the wall of one end was crumpled and steel. We pushed it up, and there was a fireplace. We immediately called the owner of the house and demanded a fire. It was very difficult to get because he had no wood, and never used fire except for cooking.

Threat to Burn Bed.

When we convinced him that unless we got wood quickly the provost marshal's bed was going to be snuffed out and said that perhaps for five francs it might be that someone had some good to sell. He got the five francs and two hours later reappeared with three bundles of fagots, explaining his delay by saying that on the way he had stopped to milk three cows. We got the fire started and quickly saw that all the rats the fagots burned were soon going to be extinguished. We explained to the man of the house that we must have big pieces of wood. He said that only the cure had such wood, and that it was impossible to buy wood from the cure, and besides it was Sunday. The provost marshal gave him ten francs and told him to bring the wood. And he did. I was sorry I didn't go along to see how he got the wood from the cure on Sunday, but the main point was that he got it. The provost marshal has dominion only over the misbehavior of Americans, and so it was none of our affair how the man got the wood.

But when it comes to Americans this provost marshal is a very different man. He is a young first lieutenant, and his home is in New York city. He has told me that after the war he is going to get out of the army. He hasn't said what he is going to do, but I think he is training to be a rival of one William J. Burns. He has to do some very nice detective work. The American soldiers behave generally like a lot of college boys in their moments of relaxation, but it is not to be supposed that they don't break loose a bit at times. And because they do the provost marshal has his hands full, and sometimes the lock-up. As college boys do, the soldiers make it as difficult as possible for the provost guard to obtain material for conviction of violators of army rules.

It was eight o'clock in the morning. The provost marshal was sleeping soundly, having got to bed at one o'clock after his last round of the village streets, which he found deserted of the regiment's "comedians," as the trouble makers are called. There was a loud rapping at his door, and the "Y" man entered to say that early in the morning the Y. M. C. A. had had been entered and a box of cigars and one baseball taken, and that the damage was 35 francs. He asked that it was not happening to the lieutenant and set for a corporal in the military police, and put him on the case.

Stolen Bottle of Wine.

Ten minutes later a large French woman came with the information that a bottle of vin champagne had disappeared from her shop and that she

suspected the Americans. The lieutenant called her and got up and started having.

In a very few minutes the M. P. corporal came in and reported that he had found Private — of — in the village. The provost marshal said that he had a hand in these things from the Y. M. C. A. — that he had the provost marshal's book on lock-up here he had.

The corporal departed and he went on to the door a private entered in a disgruntled state. He explained that he had lost the bottle of wine before and that he had been told that he had lost a bottle of wine. He had lost a bottle of wine, and that the provost marshal had been told that he had lost a bottle of wine. He had lost a bottle of wine, and that the provost marshal had been told that he had lost a bottle of wine.

Here the M. P. corporal returned. "I came to report to the lieutenant," he said, "that I asked Private — where he got his cigar, and he said it was given him by a friend and the friend's name was —." "All right," said the provost marshal, "stick on the case and you might watch out for any baseball games." Then came in the large French woman to say that she had five witnesses who saw an American take her bottle of wine. The lieutenant thanked her. Then the Y. M. C. A. man entered and said he didn't want any one punished for taking the cigars and baseball, and that he was glad they had not taken more. He had had his breakfast.

Six Eggs Missing.

"Lock him up and we'll see about it," said the lieutenant, and he finished of showing in time to receive a French shopkeeper, who reported that six eggs, for which he had been charging the Americans 11 cents each, had disappeared and that since he, Monsieur Dumetel, and his father before him had kept shop in that very place for generations and had never before missed so much as six eggs. It must be the Americans who took them.

The lieutenant thanked him. By this time there was another color who had out of charge cartridge that had once been in the belt of an American soldier. She had found it in front of her house and was sure it was not right for it to be there. The lieutenant thanked her. He was about to start to a hotel for breakfast when a French farmer came in to say explicitly that some Americans were "taking it up" with several German prisoners of war who were being worked on a road a short distance away.

"Well, that damage, at least, won't matter," said the lieutenant. "I'm going to breakfast." And he did.

BURIED BARREL OF PORK

Found in Good Condition After Being Hidden Five Years.

A barrel of fresh pork, government inspected, was unearthed on the farm of former County Commissioner Henry Bergman in Rice township, near Fremont, O., by Mr. Bergman, as he was plowing in the field. The pork was found to be in good condition.

Empyema Cure Found.

Medicine has found a cure for empyema cases, or pulmonary troubles which usually are an aftermath of pneumonia. The Carrel-Deakin method, which has been found so successful in the treatment of wounds, is the new cure. It has been tried out among National Army soldiers at Camp Meade, Md., and cures have been effected in a few days in cases deemed almost hopeless under old methods of treatment.

Quick Sentence for Fritz.

"I'll hell with Uncle Sam. He never did anything for me, and I am for the kaiser, anyway!" Fred Esser, a German of Solalia, Mo., is alleged to have said. Fifteen minutes later Fred began serving a 16-months' sentence in the county jail for his unparliamentary remarks. He is married and has a family.

SPIRIT TO WIN WAR KEPT UP BY RED CROSS

AMERICAN AID HEARTENS FRANCE AND HER ALLIES.

Major Murphy, Who Had Charge of Relief Work Abroad, Describes Seven Months' Achievements.

By MAJ. GRAYSON M. P. MURPHY, (Retiring Red Cross Commissioner to Europe, who was in charge of war relief operations abroad for seven months. Major Murphy soon will return to France to join General Pershing's staff in a purely military capacity.)

This is a war not of armies. It is a war of nations. There is not a man or woman or child in Great Britain, in Belgium, in France or in Italy that is not a factor in this war. It is not the armies of France that are the essential thing to France in this war, but the people of England, for the armies of the other allies.

Those armies will do their part and do it to a finish if they are supported by the people behind. The great cry of Europe today is to hold up the spirit and keep up the spirit of the people behind the lines. It is that great work which the Red Cross thanks not to those on the other side but to the people on this side who performed. It is this work that has made the American Red Cross the greatest known single factor since our entry into the war.

More Than One Sucker.

The high-powered automobile drew up before the farmer's house and the wealthy owner shouted for the farmer to come out. And then the owner of the car burst out laughing.

"I just had to talk to you, Sir," he chuckled. "I heard you went to town last week and bit on the old general's nose. Aw-haw-haw-haw! By golly, I didn't think you were such a sucker as to fall for an old game like that! It's incredible! Aw-haw-haw!"

Montana Crystals.

The crystals from Montana are found in veins from four to seven feet wide, probably a hundred feet deep and several miles long.

They have not, however, the absolute perfection that characterized the Belgian specimens during some centuries after their discovery, but it is hoped that better ones may be obtained by more careful methods of mining.

Whoa!

Dr. Paul F. Robinson, deputy coroner, likes jokes. A few days ago he walked into police headquarters, and a short time later was stopped by a newspaper reporter.

"Anything doing?" asked the reporter.

"I have a report that a man choked to death in a restaurant, but I haven't learned his name yet," replied Robinson.

Peculiar Combination.

Vietnam, while playing one day, was cheered by a strange boy who had a word of good. She ran into the house frightened almost to death and cried:

"Mother, he is going to kill me."

When asked who the boy was she exclaimed:

"I don't know, mother, but he is part French and the other part English, and I think the rest of him is kaiser."

Queer Mixture.

In his book, "From Gallipoli to Baghdad," "Padre" William Ewing tells the story of a burly Irishman brought into the field hospital suffering from many wounds. "What are you?" asked the doctor. "Sure, I'm half an Irishman." "And what's the other half?" "Holes and bandages."

Dreams.

Miss Kawstiek—You know, dear, Mr. Nocker thinks you are a dream.

Miss Sawt (blushing with pleasure)—How silly of the dear fellow! Did he say that?

Miss Kawstiek—Yes, he said you were a nightmare.

MR. BLOGGS WAS TOO HASTY

"Ticklish Situation," All Right, but Not Just What the Old Gentleman Had Imagined.

The new curate was an amiable young man, and old Bloggs had an idea that his only daughter, who he expected to make a good match, was becoming infatuated.

Immediately on hearing the text, Bloggs, who was slightly deaf, got up and seized his daughter by the hand, hurried her out of the church, and did not stop until he reached home. Placing his daughter in a chair, he said:

"There, Minnie, I knew it; and you denied it all the time!"

By this time Minnie was able to speak.

"Why, father, what does all this mean?" she demanded.

"Mean?" cried Bloggs. "I would like to know what that impudent young curate means by shouting before the whole congregation, 'Minnie, Minnie, tickle your person!'"—London Tit-Bits.

After he had laughed all he wanted to do and driven away, we asked the farmer who he was.

"That?" drizzled Sir "Great Kibber, isn't he? Why, how I come to know him, he's the fellow I'm selling sulphur water from my mill pond to at a dollar a barrel!"

Some of them are slightly cloudy, and the majority, although perfectly clear show interior cleavage. The bureau of standards has made an encouraging report upon the specimens submitted to it.

You Can Do A Big Bit.

A writer in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post speaks of this "secret" army, and says, in effect, "there is but one organization that can successfully fight it, and that this organization is made up of the everyday citizen population of America. In this he is eminently correct. The everyday citizen needn't be vested with authority. When he sees anything that looks like German work, he can simply report it immediately to the authorities, or even to the postmaster. We should keep both eyes open always for work of this kind.

Sops to Cerberus.

A butcher's boy while on his way to deliver an order encountered a fierce dog which kept him pinned in a corner by its attack. Presently the woman of the house came to the lad's rescue and drove the dog away.

"Has he bitten you?" she asked.

"No," said the boy. "I kept him off by throwing him your chops, an' ye came just in time to save your roast."

Novel Costumes for Children.

When London folk make dashes for air-fall shelters in the night time they often grab their children from their beds without taking time to dress them. The favorite improvised garment is the pillow case, into which the children are dropped, the pillow case being tied beneath the arms of the youngsters.

SECRET ARMY IS GREATEST MENACE

German Propaganda Must Be Fought by Americans.

ONLY EFFICIENT IN KNAVERY

Save for Subterfuge, Diplomatic Trickery and Underhand and Shameless Methods of Waging War, the Teuton is Not Much of an Inventor. Every Entente Country Has Its Heroes, but Where Are the Heroes of Germany?

By HAPSBURG LIEBE of the Vigilantes.

The average man of those whom you meet in city or country will tell you that the Germans are a little more than remarkable for their everlasting efficiency. I used to think that too, but now I think that the Teuton is a thorough man rather than an efficient man. In a large measure, efficiency means being original, having inventiveness, the ability to take the initiative—it means being able to fill unlooked-for branches instantly.

The German, generally speaking, is a sort of cut-and-dried fellow. He is a man of precedents; and not big on taking the initiative. He is a most thorough developer of somebody else's ideas; but, save for subterfuges, excuses, "diplomatic" trickery, and underhand and shameless methods of waging war, he is not much of an inventor. His submarine, his air-planes, well, just what is he using in this war, for which he spent forty years in preparation, that he himself invented? A few kinds of poisons, perhaps.

To be a thorough man is not to be an efficient man. An imbecile may be thorough at one thing or another. As for efficiency, the entente allies, including America, if you please, are more efficient at real war than the nations comprising the central powers. The entente worked wonders, miracles, judging by precedent, considering the short space of time they had for preparation. Germany had had forty years, you know.

It was a thorough though purely theoretical, reasoning that told the Teutons that they could cross Belgium, roughshod and unhindered, to take Paris. But they didn't do it. By all the German rules of the war game, they could have won at the Marne and yet they didn't; and at Verdun, that battle that made heroes, the defenders of the right again achieved the impossible. German efficiency? It's a sort of fish story.

Speaking of heroes, you'll find heroes under the British flag, and French heroes, and Italian heroes, even Russian heroes, and even American heroes—of course you remember that American who, before the United States declared a state of war with Germany, went up Vimy Ridge with a small edition of Old Glory knotted to his bayonet—but where are the heroes of Germany?

Atmen? All atmen are superbrave men. Hindenburg? He is merely an ironfisted war lord.

The point at which the Germans approach efficiency closest lies in the work of their vast secret army, the army that defeated Russia and almost whipped Italy—I mean the German propagandists, dynamiters, insecticides, professional pacifists, spies, etc. Germany counts more upon this latter-named force for the conquering of America, than she counts upon her armed forces!

Alarmist Is Fined.

Garrett Griffin was fined \$10 in a court in London for causing "unnecessary alarm" by spreading a report that one of his airplanes had been sighted over the city. In reality, there are none.

The Scrap Book

WHEN ROSES BLOOM IN FRANCE.

Through out the breadth of sunny France again the roses bloom. Entwining peasant's lowly cot and stately old chateau. They seem to bear a message to each waiting, waiting heart. As wives and mothers of our land untiring do their part. For since our sons gave up their lives to stem the foe's advance There have the roses bloomed within thy garden, O fair France!

But hark! its sweet namesake, "La Belle France," its radiant pink unfolds A pledge of happier days to come, its fragrant chalice holds. With faith renewed we turn to thee, O valiant dauphinette! For every drop of French blood spilled blood red the petals blow. We gaze deep in thy crimson heart and read the message plain: "Courage! But yet a while and France comes to her own again!"

So by the memory of those dauntless spirits gone before, We hail our cause invincible, our ardent vows outpour. We'll rout the foe with fire and sword, with bayonet and lance, God willing ere the roses bloom again in sunny France! —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

MADE NO APPEAL TO HIM

Elderly Scotsman Fled at Once When He Heard Prospective Wife Spoke "Three Tongues."

A pawky old gentleman of Scottish persuasion, hearing rumors of the coming of a buxom, hied him to a matrimonial agency, where a highly cultured dame presided.

"I'm after a wife," began the Scotsman, "a well-educated—wumman, no ower big. What line ye on your books?"

"Let me see, sir," replied Mrs. Cuplid, turning over the leaves of an impressive-looking ledger. "I have so many first-class eligibles. Ah, here is a really superior lady on the sunny side of forty, good-looking, domestic, musical and speaks three tongues."

"Three tongues, did ye say, wum? Oh, may I be guarded! Which is the nearest way out?"

From the Heart.

These little actions of every day which seem to give so little trouble to one person and so much happiness to another, are all the result of properly directed thought. We speak of the greatly enhanced spiritual value of a kind action which seemed to be performed spontaneously, but we shall find that organized and coordinated good thought lies at the back of it. And something—something considered and nurtured those good thoughts.

Sometimes I wonder whether we do full justice when we refer to an action as being spontaneous; we do not in this way give full credit to the kind person for having developed such a disposition that kindness may be rendered without effort; that good will springs always from the heart. We forget the innate kindness in applauding the act of the moment.—Exchange.

His Specialty.

"What is the good of such an inefficient officer as your village constable?" peevishly demanded a guest.

"When the fight occurred in front of the post office this morning apparently everybody else in the community was present. But he did not get there until it was all over. If a crime were committed right before him what would he do?"

"If he couldn't possibly get away he would regard the perpetrators sternly, and I'll just bet you on it!" replied the landlord of the Potunia tavern.—Kansas City Star.

The Tramp's Bit.

A woman noted for her philanthropy was approached by a novel kind of beggar the other day. He wished money instead of a "handout."

"What is your great need of money right now?" she asked, her hand on her open purse. "Are you hungry?"

"No, lady, it ain't that so much," he explained, "but I gotta do my bit buyin' Thrift stamps."

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Doc Must Be Guessing.

"What you need," said the doctor, "is a change of occupation."

"My goodness, man! I've changed jobs thirteen times in the last three months trying to keep my conscience satisfied on the 'work-or-fight' order. What more can I do?"