

# Unheralded Heroes of the War

Heroes were made every day during the war. Unusual deeds of bravery became so common that little attention was paid to them. Sometimes they found their way into official dispatches, but often no one heard of them. But now many stories of these brave acts are being told, usually by the pals of the men who dared and died for their country and for humanity. Below are a few of these unusual stories:

## How Two Yank Soldiers Held Enemy Street Till Help Came

NO INDIVIDUAL or group of individuals can step into the limelight and stay any time without becoming the subject of criticism of one sort or another. And the American soldier during his comparatively short participation in the great world war has come in for his share.

One of the most outstanding criticisms of the American soldier as a fighter is that he doesn't know when to stop, that he's peckish in his courage and seemingly devoid of all care as to his personal well-being or safety in the accomplishment of a given object.

These qualities of the Yankee fighter were shown recently at the capture of the town of Sergy by the American forces.

It was Sunday morning. A platoon of 50 men was ordered to go into Sergy and to hold a certain street. The Germans were still in the town and were raking all roads approaching with a storm of machine gun fire. The platoon emerged from a wooded shelter on the north bank of the Ourcq and made its way across a sloping field toward the outskirts of the village. There it was met with a withering hail of bullets that immediately began to thin the ranks, but the men kept on going.

As the little company drew nearer the town the fire from the German machine guns increased. It became so deadly accurate that by the time the platoon had entered the village only 20 odd of the original 50 men remained, and James Hyland of Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of those 20.

Immediately on entering the town the platoon made its way to the street it had been ordered to hold. The men sought shelter behind a pile of debris at the head of the thoroughfare, a poor shelter indeed and one swept by machine guns and snipers from three sides. But the lieutenant in command, who is now dead, decided that inasmuch as his orders were to stay there until relieved, there he would stay.

Every Hun in that end of the town seemed to be directing his undivided attention to the little company of Americans behind its flimsy shelter. The snipers were everywhere. A particularly deadly fire came from machine guns placed in a Red Cross building; so fierce was it that the men spent nearly all of their ammunition trying to get those guns, and finally rushed the building, but they had to come back.

Foodless and waterless, they stayed there all that day. As the hours dragged on, the gallant band grew smaller and smaller. By afternoon all of the officers had been killed and the privates elected commanders, who one by one were shot down.

When relief reached them at seven o'clock that evening Hyland and one comrade—whose name isn't given—were all that were left of the 50 who started out in the morning. Hyland was in command, and the two men were shooting their last cartridges at the machine gunners up the street they had been ordered to hold.

## How Former Circus Clown Bore His Message Through Barrage

EVER since we have all been old enough to think behind the things we see we have wondered as we have watched the antics of a circus clown just what kind of a man he really is when out from under the big tent and moving around in the everyday life of the ordinary man.

It isn't likely, however, that we ever thought of a clown as being of such stuff as heroes are made, but here is the story of a former circus clown who became a real hero in the great war.

Charles Klein of Brooklyn, N. Y., became a member of the American expeditionary forces. Early in the spring, before General Foch turned upon the Germans and began to drive them back to where they came from, Klein was detailed to the motorcycle squad as a dispatch rider.

One day early in May, Klein was sitting in a dugout watching the big shells as they went screaming and whistling overhead.

But while Klein was watching the bombardment he received orders to report to the commanding officer of the unit to which he was attached. This officer gave Klein a message to deliver at once, the carrying of this message meaning that he would have to ride straight through a hot barrage that had just been laid down.

Without a moment's hesitation, with eagerness even, the former clown—a mighty serious-minded courier now—took the message, mounted his motorcycle and started on his perilous ride.

"The racket sounded as though a hundred boiler factories had broken loose," said Klein later,

"but I put on full steam, and the old motorcycle leaped ahead like a kangaroo.

"Bing! A big shell burst only ten feet from my machine. Bang! Another exploded to the left of me, and I put on some more steam. Then a whopper hissed over me just missing the top of my tin derby, but I kept on going.

"Say, once I rode a white mule in the circus that no one else could ride—he broke my arm and tattooed me with cuts and bruises. The mule's name was Snowball, and that animal seemed to have a hundred heads every time I tried to get on her back. But, believe me, one Boche shell is worse than a hundred Snowballs.

"It was the hardest work I ever did to dodge the holes in the road. Bing! A shell plunked behind me and ripped off my back tire. Bing! A piece of shrapnel knocked off my helmet, but never touched me. Then I began to smell mustard gas. My eyes watered so that it was hard for me to see. I don't know how I did it, but I delivered my message, and when I woke up I was in the hospital.

"Talk about mules in a circus! Mustard gas is mighty rough stuff, I'm telling you, and it doesn't help to make speed on a motorcycle, either."

And then, because of his smile and his ability as an entertainer in the hospital, Klein was nicknamed "Sunny Charles."

## How English Aviator Exercised the Commander's "Privilege"

AVIATORS were often compelled to destroy their own machines to prevent the Germans from obtaining some jealously guarded secret about the new type of aircraft. This is a story of an aviator who did that at the cost of his own life.

There were two men—the pilot and his observer—in the latest flying boat which England's aircraft builders had turned out. The two flyers were well out to sea when a fog came down and cut them off from their companions. The pilot headed for home, but the engine suddenly "died."

A hasty examination showed the pilot that only a repair shop and a squad of expert mechanics could hope to make the engine run again. He told the observer so, and the two men—the observer was really little more than a boy—sat down to watch and wait with the hope that a British patrol boat would come along and pick them up.

The night came on and the young observer fell asleep. The pilot sat on the deck-coaming and listened all the night through. In the morning the fog lifted and the observer, looking out over the waters, caught sight of a little black smudge on the horizon, which grew steadily in size, and behind it another smudge and another. It was a patrol flotilla rapidly approaching them. The boy was elated.

"It is German, my son," spoke the older man in a quiet voice, as he turned his eyes from the smudges to his rocking craft. "Have you your life belt on securely?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Then go over the side and swim for all you're worth."

"But don't you want me to stay and help you?" persisted the boy.

"Get over the side," commanded the pilot sharply, "and good-by, sonny. It is my privilege, you know."

About 200 yards away the boy paused and looked back at the disabled plane. The pilot was crouched on the top of the under plane just over the bomb rack with a heavy wrench in his upraised hand, ready to strike a blow.

A mile away the first of the German destroyers was tearing the sea in its haste to take the broken plane and get away before the British patrol should appear. The boy turned and swam away from the tragedy which he knew was about to take place.

A few moments later there was the mighty roar of an explosion, and he heard the swish of the air blast along the surface waters and the rush of the approaching wave from the sea disturbing the plane.

Could the shade of Henry Clay, roused from the slumbers of more than threescore years by the pandemonium as 100 engineers tied down their whistle cords and shrielled forth exultant shrieks, have trod the atmospheric space from his haunts in the Blue Grass country to Sault Ste. Marie a few weeks since, and looked with dull eyes on the newly finished engineering feat spread out before his astonished gaze, he would have been forced to admit that his declaration back in 1840 was at least shortsighted.

"It is a work quite beyond the remotest settlement of the United States, if not in the moon," said Henry Clay on that memorable occasion, when by the power of his silver-tongued oratory he influenced the congress of the United States to defeat a measure by which a canal could be dug around St. Mary's falls.

He was believed, and the project that now in finished form ranks in world importance far greater than the Suez canal, and in some minds greater than the Panama canal, was condemned as impractical. It was not until 12 years later that congress saw its mistake and yielded to the persuasion of influential citizens of Michigan and New York to grant an appropriation of land whereby the state of Michigan could finance the excavation of a canal.—J. Paul Chandler in Detroit Free Press.

## HER VOTE.

"How how you going to vote, Grace?" "Depends on the weather. If it rains I suppose I'll have to vote in a mackintosh."—Judge.

ance. The wave engulfed him just as he began to hear the splash of the falling debris, then he knew no more.

He was still sobbing deliriously when the British patrol boat picked him up an hour later. The pilot had exercised his "privilege."

## How Man "Tackled" a Deadly Depth Bomb and Saved a Ship

IT ISN'T recorded that John Mackenzie, chief boatswain's mate in the United States naval reserve force, was once a great football player, but he was recommended for an honor medal and a gratuity of \$100 for doing one of the greatest football stunts ever reported.

The navy department report shows that on the morning of December 17 a depth bomb on board the destroyer Remik broke loose from its position on the stern of the craft, and, bursting its boxing, went bounding about the deck. A heavy sea was on at the time; in fact, the waves were breaking far over the stern of the destroyer, and the rolling and pitching of the little craft sent the big bomb flying backward and forward to port and starboard, crashing into the rails of the vessel and hitting everything upstanding on the deck with a force that threatened to explode it at any moment and blow the boat to scrap iron.

The actions of this engine of destruction recall Victor Hugo's great description of the gun which breaks loose from its moorings on shipboard and "becomes suddenly some indescribable, supernatural beast. It's a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard ball, rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates."

The bomb was a regular sized depth charge, weighing hundreds of pounds, and it would have been impossible for anyone to have lifted it and carried it to safety even if one of the crew had dared to take the risk of catching it in its wild rushes and rollings about the deck. So the officers and men stood for a time watching the charge as it thrashed madly about, wondering what to do, and not knowing what minute the infernal machine might explode and send all hands flying into eternity.

Suddenly someone cried "The pin has come out!"

Whether Mackenzie had been in some other part of the ship until that moment, or whether he had been standing with the others staring in hopeless wonder and was only aroused by the cry, reports do not say. But it is recorded that less than a second after the shout was raised the plucky Yankee boatswain's mate dashed down the deck and flung himself on the rolling bomb, much after the fashion that football players throw themselves on the ball.

Three times he had his arms about it, but each time it tore away, once almost crushing him as the roll of the ship hurled it upon him. The fourth time, however, he got a firm hold on it, and with almost superhuman effort heaved it upright on one flat end. Then Mackenzie sat down on the deadly charge—though even in that position the bomb might have exploded and blown him to atoms—and succeeded in holding it until lines could be run to him and the charge lashed safely to the deck.

The commanding officer of the Remik in his report recommending that the medal of honor be conferred on Mackenzie, says:

"Mackenzie, in acting as he did, exposed his life and prevented a serious accident and probable loss of the ship and the entire crew. Had the depth charge exploded on the quarterdeck with the sea and the wind that existed at the time there is no doubt that the ship would have been lost."

Mackenzie is a native of Massachusetts. His home is South Hadley Falls.

## Y. M. C. A. IN DARKEST RUSSIA.

The rural group (of the American Y. M. C. A. in Russia) dealt with another need of national magnitude. The mighty Volga basin, covering more than half a million square miles, is unable even in normal times wholly to feed the huge population it holds. E. T. Cotton in Association Men says a floating exhibit was made up to visit and impress the teeming riverside communities with the importance of more sowing, better production and fuller conservation. A staff of 35 was organized to demonstrate with models, moving pictures, lantern slides, charts and lectures such neglected subjects as seed selection, cultivation, dairy ing, horticulture, animal husbandry, bee keeping, domestic economy, play life for children and other aspects of community welfare.

This association conception and undertaking won instant recognition, the government furnishing a steambot, a barge and some funds.

## FINDS FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

No place in the United States or Canada has a lower death rate than Kelley's Island, Lake Erie, according to Dr. Paul Fitzgerald, chief of an eastern insurance company's bureau of statistics.

The island, the home of a large stone-quarrying industry, is the home of approximately 5,000 people.

For years the insurance company has been insuring a large percentage of the population but never has been called upon to pay a death claim, says Doctor Fitzgerald, who in his report to headquarters will refer to the island as "the head of the fountain of youth."

# WHAT CAN WE DO?

The needs of the refugees and the French wounded still keep the workers of the American Fund for French Wounded busy, even though the war is at an end. Layettes, pajamas, hospital garments of all kinds will be gratefully received by the American Fund for French Wounded, and they will supply patterns. These should be secured from their headquarters at 60 East Washington street, Chicago.

The late James A. Scrymser, a New York banker. This is the largest bequest ever made to the organization.

Among the things most needed are surgical shirts of twilled muslin. These shirts open in the back. The left sleeve is left open from wrist to neck, the edges hemmed. It is fastened by short strips of tape sewn on in pairs, five inches apart. The back is fastened in the same way.

Miss Julia Stimson of Worcester, Mass., chief nurse of the American Red Cross in France since last April, has been appointed chief nurse of the American expeditionary forces, according to a cable message received at Red Cross headquarters. For ten months previous to entering the Red Cross service Miss Stimson, a graduate of Vassar, was attached to one of the 12 American hospital units assigned to the British forces shortly after this country entered the war. She enlisted for the work before the United States declared war.

Many handkerchiefs are needed. They are made of new material 19 by 19 inches when cut out, and hemmed on the sewing machine, measuring 18 by 18 inches when finished. These the recovered patients are allowed to take with them, and they like to avail themselves of this privilege.

Paris showed its appreciation of the work done by the American Red Cross in France at a celebration planned by the municipal council to take place on November 14. Announcement to this effect was made by Chaussegny Guyot, vice president of the council, at a reception tendered to Henry P. Davison, chairman of the war council of the American Red Cross, at the Hotel de Ville. Mr. Guyot said the city of Paris owed the Red Cross a debt which was growing every day and that it showed its gratitude at the celebration.

## NEWS OF THE RED CROSS

"The Greatest Mother in the World," and "Hold Up Your End," two American Red Cross posters familiar to everyone in this country, were the most effective posters used in the recent British Red Cross drive. A reproduction of the former, said to be the largest Red Cross poster ever displayed in Great Britain, covered the front of the royal exchange building, opposite the Bank of England.

Secretary Baker's first call on his recent trip to France was on the Misses Katherine and Emma S. Lansing, sisters of Secretary of State Lansing, who are engaged in American Red Cross canteen work in Paris. The Misses Lansing provided food and hot drinks for American soldiers about to return to this country.

## Elegance in Sport Skirts



Whether sport clothes inspired the weavers of silk to make their splendid new products, or these heavy, crepe silks inspired the elegance of sport clothes, is an unanswerable question, but the two things are meant for one another. A name is needed to fit the hats and skirts, made of fine materials in sport styles that are at once very smart and altogether informal. Some one has called hats of this character "veranda hats," since they are quite at home on the club house veranda, but hardly sturdy enough for the links. It is an adequate description of them and might also serve for skirts and coats.

Bedrooms, of all the rooms in the house, should be gay and cheerful, and the short cut to an effect of cheer and sunshine is yellow wall paper. In working out a scheme for a yellow bedroom a blue and yellow chintz could be used at the windows, with the same chintz on some of the furniture, and a plain blue linen on the rest. Lamps made of powder blue vases with yellow lacquer shades done in a Chinese design would emphasize the blue note delightfully and work out the lighting problem in an interesting way. The furniture might be painted gray, and a two-toned gray rug would be very good on the floor.

Julia Stimson

## A Cheerful Bedroom.

The skirt in the picture above is an example of elegance in sport clothes. It is made of a heavy silk with a large checker-board pattern woven in by alternating squares of plain silk in the others having a crepe surface. The bold checker-board design compels a plain skirt, and this one hangs straight, with its fullness gathered in at the waist and is finished with a straight belt of the silk, festooning with a large button having a white center in a black ring. Five of these big buttons are set down the side, and a pocket, pointed at the bottom, finishes the brief but snappy story of this classy garment.

If any doubts of the informal character of so rich a skirt lie in the mind, its fair weaver has taken pains to dispel them by wearing a blouse of fine white batiste with it. There is not much to be told of this, except that it depends on the always dependable valencennes lace in insertions and edgings for its dainty and spare decoration. Both the batiste and lace are as

Silk Sweaters. Some of the shops are showing heavy silk sweaters for winter wear. They are especially desirable for indoor wear when the low supply of coal makes it impossible to keep up the normal degree of heat. These new sweaters have many odd bits of finishing, such as vests, very deep collars, fringed edges and unusual cuffs—anything for the sake of novelty.