

YANKS BLOCKED DRIVE ON PARIS

Advancing Foe Had Surprise of Life When He Found Americans in Line.

GRAPHIC STORY IN LETTER

Tells of Our Troops' Heroic Resistance in June—Held by Many Officers to Have Saved Paris From Hun.

Washington.—A graphic eyewitness account of the fighting near Chateau-Thierry, in which American divisions, including the marine brigade, took part, early in June, was made public recently by the navy department. It is in the form of a long letter from an officer of the marines to Major General Barnett, commandant of the corps, and the story told is of peculiar significance, as in the opinion of many officers here it was the stand of the Americans along this line which saved Paris.

The name of the writer is not disclosed. The Americans were rushed to the line in motortrucks to support the hard-pressed French. On June 1 the marine brigade deployed in a support position, the battalion commanded by Maj. Thomas Holcomb hurrying into the line as the men climbed out of the trucks. The Germans were coming on, and June 2 the French dropped back, passing through the American lines.

"We had installed ourselves in a house in La Voie Chatel, a little village between Champillon and Lucy-Bocage," the letter says. "From one side we had observation of the north and northeast. They came out on a wonderfully clear day in two columns across a wheat field. We could see the two twin brown columns advancing in perfect order until two-thirds of the columns, we judged, were in sight.

Foe Slowed Up by Shrapnel.
"The rifle and machine gun fire was incessant and, overhead, shrapnel was bursting. Then the shrapnel came on the target at each shot. The white patches would roll away, and we could see that some of the columns were still there, slowed up, and it seemed perfect suicide for them to try.

"Then, under that deadly fire and a barrage of rifle and machine-gun fire, the Boche stopped. It was too much for any men.

"That men should fire deliberately, and use their sights and adjust their range," he says, "was beyond their experience. It must have had a telling effect on the morale of the Boche, for it was something they had not counted on. As a matter of fact, after pushing back the weakened French and then running up against a stone wall of defense, they were literally 'up in the air' out later from prisoners, for the Germans never knew we were in the front line when they made that attack. They were absolutely mystified at the manner in which the defense stiffened up, until they found that our troops were in line."

The letter tells in detail of the days of fighting that followed. It describes a daylight charge against a machine gun host and of scouting raids up to June 6, when the whole brigade swung

forward to straighten out the line. This action resulted in the capture of Belleau wood.

Hit Three Times, Still Fought on.

Major Sibley's battalion of the Sixth marine regiment led the way here, with Holcomb in support. The woods were alive with enemy machine guns. That night word came back that Robertson, with 20 men of the Ninety-sixth company, had taken Bourches, breaking through a heavy machine gun barrage to enter the town. Robertson, fighting with an automatic in either hand, was hit three times before he would allow himself to be taken to the rear.

Speaking of individual acts of bravery the writer says Duncan, a company commander, "before he was mowed down had his pipe in his mouth and was carrying a stick." Later he adds, "Dental Surgeon Osborne picked up Duncan and with a hospital corps man had just gained some shelter when a shell wiped all three out."

Private Dunlavy, killed later, captured an enemy machine gun in Bourches, which he turned on the foe with great effect, while at another point "Young Timmerman charged a machine gun at the point of the bayonet and sent in 17 prisoners at a clip."

When the enemy made a stand at one point in the woods Sibley's battalion was withdrawn and for an hour

Spy Rounded Up By Trap Shooter

Paris.—There is a certain United States signal service sergeant up in the Toul sector at the front who has been able to combine a little pleasure with his business. The censor won't let one tell the sergeant's name, but without revealing any military information it may be said that before the war the sergeant was rated as one of the top guns at a well-known trap-shooting club in the States.

There is not much trap-shooting just now in France. They are not cranking away at live birds, either. But the sergeant got his pigeon shooting just the same.

The particular front in which the sergeant operates is infested with German spies.

All sorts of things were happening. A "tramp" battery, one of those particular guns that whisks up, slams a few at the Fritzies, then slides out on the jump, found itself being shelled the instant it lined up for a shot. Again, every time there was a troop movement, the movement was anticipated by the Boche. Beside that, every time a body of our men got together for any purpose whatever, the Germans shelled them with everything they had, big guns included.

Tipping Off the Hun.

Now, the Hun doesn't use his big guns unless he knows what he's shooting at. How he learned, however, was pretty evident. Some one back of our lines was tipping him off.

The signal service sergeant was the first to detect how it was done. His

MINISTERS GO TO WAR. ALL CHURCHES CLOSED

Albany, N. Y.—With the enlistment of Rev. William Wallace Eaton, pastor of the Methodist church, Schoharie churches are without ministers.

Every church in the village has been closed up, temporarily at least, for the call of Uncle Sam.

Rev. Mr. Eaton will soon be on his way to France for work with the Y. M. C. A.

and fifty minutes American and French batteries hammered the wood. Hughes, with the Tenth company, then went in, and his first message was that the wood had been cut to mince-meat. Overton, leading the Seventy-sixth company, finally charged the rock plateau, killing or capturing every gunner and capturing all the guns, with few casualties.

The Eighty-second company lost all its officers, and Major Sibley and his adjutant, Lieutenant Ballamy, reorganized under fire and charged a machine gun nest at the most critical time in all the fighting.

"I wonder if ever an outfit," the letter said, "went up against a more desperate job, stuck to it gamely, without sleep, at times on short rations, with men and officers going off like flies, and I wonder if in all our long list of gallant deeds there ever were two better stunts than the work of Sibley and Holcomb."

squad was repairing signal wires back of the trenches. The sergeant halted in his work and gazed skywards. A pigeon was going over his head. The sergeant watched it idly, calculating as he stood there how far he'd lead it with a 12-gauge. Then with a sigh he went to laying a wire again.

A few minutes later the sergeant stopped again. Another pigeon had risen from the wood. But a few minutes later, when a third pigeon rose from the wood, the former trap-shooter tarried no longer. A half hour later he bolted into the quartermaster's department, clicked a salute and spoke hurriedly.

"Gimme a shotgun," he demanded. Shotguns are a regular part of certain quartermaster's supplies. Soon the sergeant might have been seen standing behind a hedgerow gazing toward the nearby wood. Presently he was seen to stiffen, at the same time murmuring "pull." The 12-gauge swung briefly in an arc; a crack and a crumpled ball of feathers came tumbling toward earth. To make sure, the sergeant gave it a second barrel just before it hit the earth.

Clever Shooting.

It was pretty clever shooting. The bird was high, going over fast and quartering. "Kill," murmured the sergeant methodically, as he retrieved the fallen game.

That afternoon the sergeant got four other birds. Attached to a leg of each pigeon was a code message in German handwriting.

A short time later a detachment of military police got the owner of the pigeons. In his blouse and sabots he looked like any of the peasants tilling the fields behind the lines. On being stripped, however, he proved to be a German under officer. Since his capture the nightly bombardment of the "Y" huts and other places where soldiers congregate has been more or less haphazard. The Fritzies still chuck heavy stuff at them, but thanks to the ex-pigeon shot, the sergeant, they are not scoring as frequently as formerly. "It's bum cards they're bringing in," says the sergeant.

"Girl in Every Port."

Boston, Mass.—Writing to members of Fraternity Lodge of Rebekahs in Milford, Lieut. Elbert M. Crockett, now on war duty in France, says:

"Censoring the letters of the boys to their sweethearts back home is one of the jobs I'm up against most every night. Some of them have but one sweetheart, and some of them have two, three and four."

ANCIENT DEED IS RECORDED

Placed on File in County Recorder's Office 100 Years After It Was Drawn.

Lawrenceville, Ind.—A deed issued to Jesse M. Laird by the United States government in May, 1819, for 65 acres of land on Wilson creek, Dearborn county, has been placed on the books of the county recorder's office for the first time. The original tract of land consisted of 940 acres and was bought at \$1.25 an acre by Mr. Laird and his wife. The 65 acres, with the homestead, has not left the family and is now owned by Samuel M. Laird, his grandson. Jesse M. Laird and his wife are said to have been the first white settlers on Wilson creek.

Peach Pits Help Win War.

Yakima, Wash.—Peach pits from the orchards of the Yakima valley are helping to win the war in the front line trenches of Europe. The pits are used in the manufacture of gas masks, the charcoal produced from them having superior absorbent qualities.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

"Speed up!" is the call from Surgeon General Gorgas to the American Red Cross in its campaign to recruit graduate nurses.

With the American army overseas entering more and more into the fighting, he said, the need for additional nurses becomes imperative. The call is for 1,000 graduate nurses a week for the next eight weeks, or 8,000 by October 1, for the whole country.

The states in Central division—Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Nebraska and Wisconsin—have been enrolling graduate nurses steadily for military and naval service, but will redouble their efforts to meet this urgent request.

The public can help by urging every graduate nurse to enroll with the Red Cross, and also by reducing calls upon graduate nurses in case of illness, using practical nurses wherever practicable and learning how to handle simple ailments in the home without outside help.

"Waste not, want not" will be a new Red Cross slogan. Upon request of the war industries board the American Red Cross will undertake a new line of work, the conservation of materials now going to waste.

This salvage campaign will be directed by a new bureau of conservation at National Red Cross headquarters in Washington and will call for co-operation by chapters throughout the country acting upon instructions given through division headquarters. While the Red Cross will get the benefit of the material saved or collected, the primary purpose is not to raise funds for the Red Cross but to save materials needed in the winning of the war.

A number of Red Cross chapters al-

Hay Fever-Catarrh Prompt Relief Guaranteed
SCHIFFMANN'S CATARRH BALM

Where He Is Expert.
"So you've joined the army, Mose?"
"Yes, sah."
"What branch of the service are you in?"

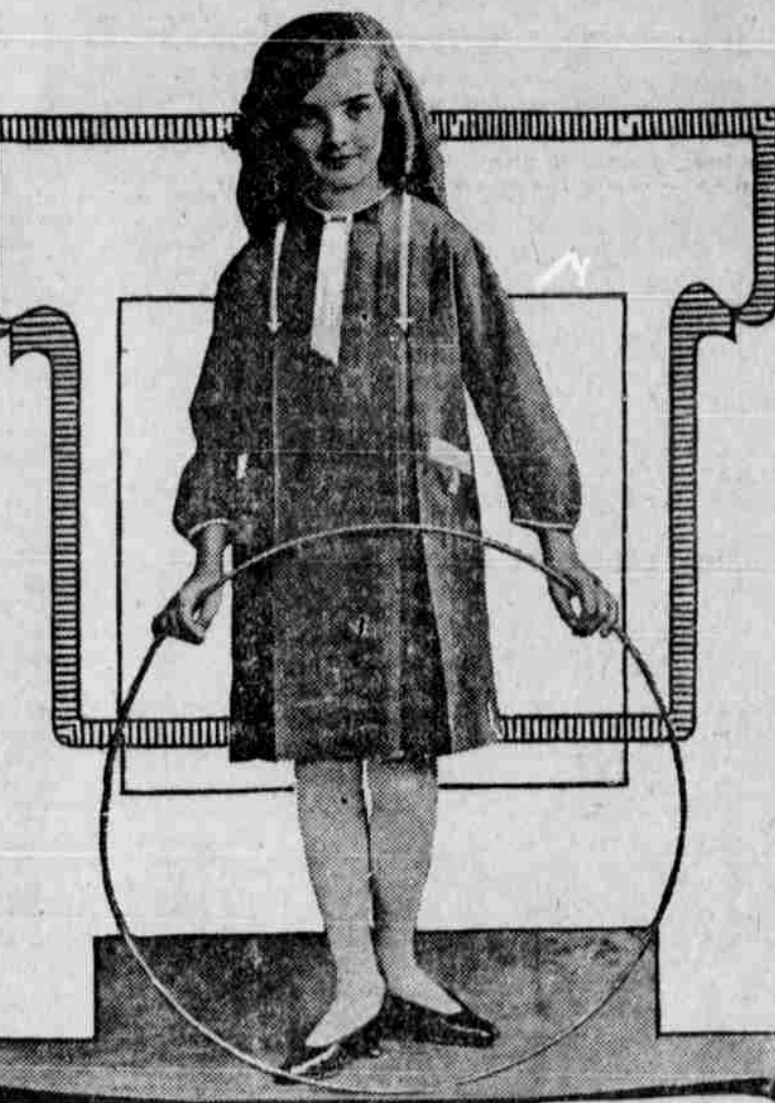
"Well, sah, Ah's in de infantry, but when we gits t' France Ah's done asked de captain to put me on dat night raid work. Gittin' into de odder fellow's back yard durin' de night hours is a job Ah considers mahself particularly experienced at."—Detroit Free Press.

Lemon Juice For Freckles
Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion whitener, at very, very small cost. Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands and see how freckles, sunburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.—Adv.

Cottonseed Flour.
Women students of the University of Texas recently conducted a series of experiments with cottonseed flour. These students volunteered as subjects, and for five days ate a special diet made up of cottonseed flour in combination with corn meal, butter, sugar and grape juice. Each subject had 100 grains or about three and one-half ounces of cottonseed flour in the form of bread. Results showed an average digestibility for the protein of cottonseed flour to be about 85 per cent, placing it in the same class as other cereals and breadstuffs.

New Dresses for School Wear



New dresses for school wear, made to fit the requirements of the little miss from about seven to twelve years, seem to emphasize the simplicity that governs the designs in children's clothes. Simplicity grows more and more popular as the tastes of the public advance. The demand is for strong fabrics, the simplest lines, reliable workmanship and good finishing.

In materials, heavy cotton rep, tantan crepe, strong, coarse linen weaves and the tried and proved wool clothes provide about all the dresses for general wear. Washable goods are woven in colors that are dark and permanent, strong blues and browns taking the lead for school wear. In the new frocks for fall sleeves are lengthened so that they reach to the wrist, and there is more variety in their design, but otherwise styles do not differ much from those familiar to us in the summer dresses. Little folks, in these days of steam and furnace heated schools and homes, look to coats and warm head and footwear to fortify them against the cold of winter.

The frock of brown cotton rep with bands and bindings in white rep, shown in the picture, is as good an example of a serviceable everyday and school dress as any one could ask. The material is laid in four box plaits which are pressed in. They are stitched down at the front and back to the depth of a long yoke; their edges overlay a band of the white goods. White arrow heads are worked at the ends of these bands. The neck and sleeves are finished with a white binding and white band and arrow head ornament the pockets. At the front a short, flat band of white simulates a tie with two small pearl buttons at the top and three at the bottom.

Attractive Parasols.
A pretty parasol, carried at one of the smart seaside places recently, was of plum taffeta, quite plain except for the bit of figured chiffon shirred over the inward workings of the sticks and steels that regulate the going up and the coming down of the parasol, and a big black wooden head, sewed to each rounded point of a scalloped section, that hung down, awning like, around the edge of the parasol. Another smart parasol, very effective with a colored muslin frock, is made of white taffeta, with white enameled sticks and handle and ferrule. The only decoration is a wide border of eyellet embroidery done with white silk threads.

Costumes of Lace.
Eccu lace frocks are particularly fashionable this summer. The lace is dropped over plain net, also in the ecru shade, and cream tinted taffeta is used for the soft, picot-edged sash shawl collar and cuffs. Buttons of the taffeta running up the long sleeve give a piquant tailored effect to some of these dainty lace costumes.

Julia Bottomley

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 poisons developed in the system, things begin to happen. One of the first warnings is pain or stiffness in the lower part of the back; highly colored urine; loss of appetite; indigestion; irritation, or even stone in the bladder. These symptoms indicate a condition that may lead to that dreaded and fatal malady, Bright's disease, for which there is said to be no cure.

Do not delay a minute. At the first indication of trouble in the kidney, liver, bladder or urinary organs start taking Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules, and save yourself before it is too late. Instant relief is necessary in kidney and bladder troubles. A delay is often fatal. You can almost certainly find immediate relief in Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules. For more than 200 years this famous preparation has been an unfailing remedy for all kidney, bladder and urinary troubles. It is the pure, original Haarlem Oil your great-grandmother 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. None other genuine. In boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

Interrupted Lesson.
An ancient French schoolhouse, deserted in the flight of the villagers, was taken over by the Americans as part of the headquarters of a field ambulance. The interrupted lesson could be read upon the bulletin board by the Yankee wounded, carried through, and a Daudet among them could have woven a masterpiece from it. The moral that the teacher was incuicating when he held his "derniere class" was this:

"The free man obeys his conscience and the laws of his country."
And the phrase set before the pupils for their composition exercise that day—the date was written on the board, 29 Mai, 1918—was:

"Un jour de grand vent."
They might have written it: "The day of the big wind."—Stars and Stripes.

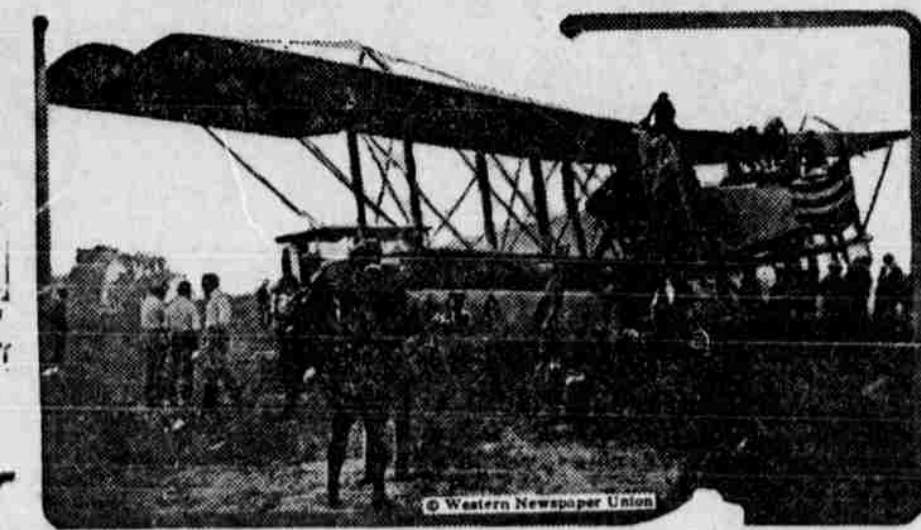
Skin Troubles That Itch.
Burn and disfigure quickly soothed and healed by hot baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle ointments of Cuticura Ointment. For free samples, address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

No Occasion for Trouble.
"John," she said, nudging her husband as they sat in a half-filled street car. "I believe that man over there is trying to flirt with me."
"Do you want me to go over and put it in his hand?"
"Merely, no! I wouldn't have you do anything for the world. I just wanted you to know that there's somebody in the world who thinks I'm worth noticing."—Dayton News.

Accounted For.
"The young officer over there looks like he was submerged in this crowd."
"Naturally; he's a sub-marine."

Your Granulated Eyelids.
Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by **Hartley's Eye Remedy**. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Bank of the Eye free write **Murrie Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.**

PLANE MAY FLY ACROSS ATLANTIC



This is the American-built Handley-Page airplane Langley, constructed for the proposed flight across the Atlantic. The picture was made as the machine was being prepared for its christening.

"Old Glory" at Front

London.—When the Illinois troops and Australians attacked together at Valre wood and Hamel, a sergeant of the American contingent took into action a small American flag, the gift of his mother. The men under him surrounded and destroyed a machine-gun post hidden among tree trunks just inside the wood. As they went on after bombing the German crew, the sergeant brandished the little flag over his head and shouted, "Come on, fellows; there's another one." Just ahead some Australians were fighting around a shallow pit in which were five Prussians and a machine gun. Two or three Chicago boys dashed up with their bayonets poised. One of them literally fell on a big Rhinelander who was about to throw a bomb and sent him sprawling with a cracked skull, and, with the Australians, put the remainder of the crew out of action and cleared a dugout behind of 11 submissive fugitives.

Still following the tiny Stars and Stripes, a little bigger than a pocket handkerchief, but, as one of the men said afterwards, "looking like a regular flag," the Americans, shoulder to shoulder with the Australians, passed through the eastern end of the wood and out into the open fields again. "The first time I have ever fought under the American flag, Yank," said a tall, raw-boned Queenslander with a first-aid bandage round his head. They arrived at their final objective, a group of strong, well-sheathed trenches linked with the rear defenses of Hamel village, and here the Chicago sergeant planted his emblem on a bit of wood and set it on the parapet. Bullets whistled all round it, cutting the silk into ragged strips and eventually it was wholly shot away save one unrecognizable fragment, which was preserved as a precious souvenir of an historic day.