

DOGS IN SANITARY SERVICE



Team of St. Bernards and their master, workers in the sanitary department in Paris. The French have noted the excellent services rendered by dogs in the Belgian service and put them to work hauling light wagons. They have proved of great worth.

"FIGHTING JACK" PERSHING'S EYE KEEN FOR THE TINIEST OF DETAILS

Inspection of American Training Camp in France Is Described by a Newspaper Correspondent—Officers and Men Made to Realize That War Is a Serious Business—French Soldiers Fond of Americans.

Paris—"Fighting Jack" Pershing paid his first flying visit to the American training camp in France, and left behind him a trail of burning ears electrified men and a spirit of grim, military doggedness that brought the newest recruit to a realization that war, even in the training, may be all General Sherman said it was, and then some.

The soldiers knew nothing about it, but the American commander was expected to arrive on a Monday. He didn't. The camp went on with its routine life. Bright and early Tuesday morning the general drove into the first camp en route from Paris, and things began to hum.

Cavalry were drilling in a huge field off to the left, while on the right a group of infantry was practicing with the bayonet, a bombing squad was throwing grenades and engineers were shoring up a practice trench.

Cavalry Sight Pershing.

The cavalry commander was the first to spot the general's erect form. "Tention!" he sang out.

The whole squad drew up short. There was a clatter of spurs and steel as the company wheeled into formation before the commander in chief. "Salute!" bawled the captain.

A hundred sabers flashed in the sun. "Good work," nodded the general briefly, and he strode over to the infantry.

Some of the men were so busily engaged in trying to perforate stuffed sawdust bags representing suppositionally Germans they failed to note the approach of the general.

At the second cry of "tention" they stopped and stiffened up, guns clattering to their sides eyes rigidly fixed front—all except one man, who followed the general's movements as he made a rapid inspection of their arms.

The general stopped before him.

"The first principle of a soldier is to learn to stand at attention," said he crisply. "Sergeant, have this man stand at attention for five minutes!"

"Fall out!" ordered the sergeant.

The "Sammy" stepped back out of the ranks.

"Tention!" snapped the sergeant.

The soldier fixed his eyes grimly in front of him and never moved them.

"Fall back!" exploded the sergeant at the end of the five minutes, and the incident was closed.

General Pershing talked earnestly for about ten minutes with their regimental commander, commanding the men for some of their work, pointing out their faults. Then he passed on to the bombers and sappers.

The bombers went through the third degree with flying colors. General Pershing making only one comment, when he suggested that one of their number put a little more force behind his throw and not try spitball work with a hand grenade.

Then the train of motor cars made off to the practice fields in the direction of the nearest village where troops were billeted, some of them off duty and lounging around.

The chief commander's car pulled up before a combination stable, hay-loft and dwelling place that the French peasants had shared indiscriminately with their feathered and barnyard animals.

Pershing took one glance at the inscription on the outside of it—"Sergeant K—, Sergeant G—, 62 men."

"Too many for a billet of this size. Who's the captain here?"

Flings Overcrowding.

His name was given.

"Tell him to change these men to another billet where they won't be so crowded," was the order.

Billet after billet was investigated in similar manner, some of them meeting with the general's approval. When they didn't he said so in unmis-

French and Americans, arose as one man, without the faintest suggestion of a smile from the Americans, and shook the little man from Pau by the hand.

"It is one of the happiest moments of my life," said the latter simply as the company resumed their places.

Despite the obstacle of language a strong feeling of fraternity has sprung up between the men. Many an American commissary sergeant has won the heart of a higher French officer by presenting him with a loaf of white bread fresh from the field bakery.

The French in return gave presents of sardines, sausages and other items from their supplies that go to vary the American menu. Through an arrangement made by one widowed American commissary sergeant his mess has more than once been treated to a real chicken dinner. White bread has been a thing of the past in France for some months, and nothing tickles the French palate more than well-baked, fresh white bread, for bread is one of the principal articles of food in this country. Because of the shortage of wheat, an official decree in effect for nearly a year, provides that the white flour must be mixed with a large percentage of rye, barley or oatmeal.

German Captives Pleased.

The few German prisoners who have been turned over to work for the United States in exchange for their food, are fairly in rapture over their situation. The food of the Americans is a never-ceasing marvel to them. They work like men possessed in order that they may not be disqualified from participating in the American rations and they are the envy of their less fortunate fellows.

No better idea of what the Germans are told by their own officers can be conveyed than by the assertion of a recently made prisoner.

He was standing in the street of a village in the American area when two officers went by.

"Are those Englishmen?" he asked in perfectly good French of his captor, and in the hearing of the correspondent.

"No. They are Americans," replied the French guard.

The German only smiled unbelievably.

"But they may be some staff officers on a visit to the front. There are no Americans in France, because they told me so before I was taken," persisted the prisoner.

Just then a company of infantry rifles over their shoulders, followed by a huge motortruck with "U. S. A." painted on it in bold letters, swung by.

"You see," grinned the "pouli" triumphantly, "there are American soldiers."

"They lied to us at home," answered the prisoner after a moment's hesitation.

To any who might be inclined to ask, why do troops need to go through such thorough and intensive training for trench warfare, an idea of what our boys have to learn would be the simplest answer.

Reorganizing the Army.

With the reorganization of the American division from its pre-war footing of approximately 28,000 men to the French basis of 19,000 men, come changes that upset the whole idea of war as they have learned it, and a redistribution of duties that sounds rather formidable.

Formerly a company consisted simply of the company commander, two officers, two musicians, a cook and two men. Now that is all changed. There is the commander and his officer of liaison, or connecting link with the company, his lieutenants and the musicians and the cook, but with the addition of motorcyclists, farriers, sappers, automatic riflemen in addition to the machine gun company of the regiment, messengers, sharpshooters, etc.

The company is divided into platoons. Even the platoons are subdivided into groups. The first group may be bayonet men, who "go over the top" and lead the charge. The second group is the bombers. They charge with the bayonet men, but when the latter have attained their objective and may still push forward, the bombers stay behind to "clean up" the captured trenches, and see that the enemy, emerging from their dugouts, do not take the riflemen in the rear.

Instead of having a machine gun company to each regiment, as formerly, there is a machine gun company to each battalion. There is a company of pioneers which supports the riflemen in their advance. Before they are out of their own trenches, the trench mortar company, a new thing to the American army, must get in its work.

Each man must learn his new duties and how and when to fulfill them to the utmost advantage. Each man, in addition to his regular and regimental marking, is badged to show whether his post is behind or in front of the lines. Messengers wear special insignia that permits them to pass to the rear without the slightest delay.

These are only a few of the thousand and one things that the men in camp are learning and learning quickly, but it takes time to instruct them so that they may take advantage of the lessons already drilled into the French and British soldiers, namely that a soldier's greatest duty is to do his work in such a capable manner that he may help in the protection of his own life as well as those of his comrades and associates.

Highway Improvement

PATROLMEN TO REPAIR ROADS

To Keep Recently Constructed Highways in New Hampshire in Condition Many Men Are Employed.

Within the last ten years 442 miles of gravel roads have been built in New Hampshire at an average cost of \$3,823 per mile. It is clear that auto travel would ruin them in a short time if they were not maintained in good condition all the time. To meet this necessity several hundred patrolmen are employed from the last of March to the first of December in patching every little run and hole that appears, in cleaning the ditches and culverts, and in spreading oil lightly over the surface. Each patrolman has a section of road assigned to him and is required to furnish a one-horse wagon, a shovel, a rake, a drag and such other equipment as is needed for his work. If the road is not oiled it is smoothed with the drag after every rain; oiled roads do not require frequent dragging. The patrolmen are paid an average wage of \$3.25 the day. In 1915 the total cost of maintaining these roads was \$240 the mile. The road officers of New Hampshire reckon that well-maintained gravel roads cost about \$250 the mile annually less than any of the more expensive types of road for the class of travel on four-fifths of the through routes in the state. On one-fifth of these routes the travel is too heavy to be carried by gravel and more expensive construction is necessary; no amount of maintenance of a gravel road will make it strong enough to carry more than a certain density of travel, particularly where automobiles are numerous.

PROBLEM OF ROAD BUILDING

Highway Official Tells How Great System Can Be Built—First Essential Equipment.

Thanks to the pushful, pervasive motorcar, American road building has "got a move on" at last. There is everywhere the cry for roads, for more roads and for better roads. The drawback has been that, as yet, there has been no co-ordination of these multitudinous enterprises. The president of the National Highway association, Charles Henry Davis, in a recent paper stated that we spent last year \$249,955,967, or more than two-thirds of the total of money expended so far on the construction of the Panama canal—for road improvements throughout the country. Mr. Davis' contention is that good roads, roads that run for thousands of miles through state after state, are, properly, not the responsibility of the state, but of the nation, says Boston Transcript. He would have the federal government build a



Bituminous Macadam Road.

system of national roads joining the West with the East, the North and the South, connecting every part of the country, as is the case with the national highways of Europe, and, as history shows, such was the essential equipment of every first-class power of the past.

How would such an enormous construction be paid for and kept up?

"Suppose," asks this eminent engineer, "the government built 100,000 miles of properly planned roads, and at the same time purchased, say, 300 feet of land on either side. This land would so continually increase in value and in demand for leasing on long rental, that the cost of the road and the land purchase would soon be paid. A rental rate of \$6.66 per acre would pay the interest on the cost of construction. But such would rent at vastly higher rates in cities and towns, high enough to give the nation an income equal to its total annual expenditure," from these national highways alone!

Most Delightful Place.
Make good roads, and the country will be the most delightful place in the world to live.

Money Wasted.
Thousands of dollars are wasted every year through the purchase of cheap woven wire fence. Only the best should be purchased.

Serious Farm Problem.
The fertilizer problem is one of the most serious confronting the farmer today.

Pure Water Supply.
Stop and think about the water supply. It should be secured from a source uncontaminated by impurities.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Not Much Overlooked by Capital Peace Guardians

WASHINGTON.—Charlie Michael has a friend who lives in an apartment on Sixteenth street. He will not allow the use of his name, but this friend of his is a well-known stenographer who is just crazy about the study of astronomy. He goes up on the roof of the apartment on clear nights, lies on his back and watches the various solar and planetary systems swimming about in the universe. He has a lot of pets among the stars, which he treats as if they were fine Japanese fan-tailed goldfish, and when a cloud intervenes 'twixt him and his favorite sun he doesn't like it a bit.

He has a star map, which is a contraption with a lot of slides and jiggers which can be manipulated so that with a proper scientific knowledge of what is going on above and the right twist of the wrist on the map below one can produce a chart showing just where each star and each constellation should be.

It is this star map which got him in trouble.

In order to see it properly he has to flash a pocket electric light upon it as he lies upon the roof. This is what the police objected to. They had been watching him from some dark point of vantage, and one night when he was communing with his friends in the ether, flashing the electric light on the star map, two large detectives burst on him. They came right through the roof and growled at him.

"How about that Morse you're flashing?" they asked him.

"What are you driving at?"

"Look here. Don't get rough with us," replied the man of the law. "We been watching you down on the street, and you have been flashing Morse."

"Oh, you mean this light?"

"Yes, that light. You been flashing the Morse code."

"Oh, you think I am signaling someone?"

"Well, you know what I mean. You may be signaling some German, so he can know how to drop bombs on this city from an airplane——"

And with that the star gazer emitted a wild whoop.

Somewhat he got rid of the detectives.

Disproving Theory About Borrowed Umbrellas

WASHINGTON.—Consider, say, umbrellas. One night a woman went to the theater in costume guaranteed not to fade in the wash. Her companion was more elegantly fussy in silk, and both were adorned with umbrellas. It had stormed earlier in the evening and was raining lightly when the play was over.

On the outer edge of an improvidently umbrellaless crowd the person you might call the wash lady noticed a Vere de Verish young woman in rose georgette with a lot of frilly silver on the waist.

Naturally, nobody wastes sympathy on any Lady Clara in the "Home, James," class, but when a young woman looks out into the downpouring night with the demoralized anguish of one who may be wearing rose and silver on the installment plan——

So the wash lady offered up her gloria. Not that she was one of those sweet creatures you read about, understand, but simply because, as a matter of conscientious comfort it is a whole heap better to do the right thing and be stung than to let a chance to help get by. Most everybody feels that way.

By the time the two reached Capitol Hill the downpour had become a deluge, and, as black silk calls for all the umbrella it can get, the wash lady had to perform Atalanta's flying act, from track to house steps. And got as drenched as if she had been floundering in the fountain of youth—except for looks, of course.

Next morning the umbrella was returned with a gust of girlish thanks—three words misspelled and eleven uncalled-for ejaculations, bless her heart—and that was all there was to that, except:

A man—nice man, at that—who chanced to be standing by when the messenger came expressed surprise at the gloria's return.

"Ever lend an umbrella and fail to get it back?"

"Can't say I ever did, but you know the old saying."

And, as nothing is too remarkable to happen in this world—or the next—there is no telling how many grouchy adage makers have had to take their medicine for writing saws that hinder instead of help.

Georgia Ready to Act as Host to Hungry World

HE WAS a Georgia gentleman, and his face was thoroughly immersed in a section of watermelon. Upon reappearing he spluttered a few times and then branched out upon the following oratorical expedition: "There is no shortage of food in my home state, No, sah. I can say with emphasis and accuracy that the state of Georgia has more food in it at this time than in any other moment in the history of the world. If the starving nations of Europe want to come to Georgia and relieve the pinch of hunger, then Georgia will act as host. I have a million watermelons myself, lying loose on my place, and we are feeding them to the hogs. It sounds wasteful, but it isn't, sah. It isn't. Watermelons grow in Georgia like grass. For a quarter of a dollar you can buy more watermelons than you can carry off in a spring wagon. As for corn and beans, we have 'em there in that land of plenty higher than mountains. I reckon the bean crop of Georgia is more valuable and more splendid than the gold crop of California.

"Talk about your high prices. There is no sense to it. Here I am paying a dollar for this portion of watermelon in a red plush hotel, when down in the state of Georgia they arrest you for interfering with traffic when your watermelons overrun your property and climb out on the road. It is no more of a crime to take a cartload of watermelons off a man's place than it is to go up to his pump and get yourself a drink of water."

"Garden Truck" Grown on Land Worth Much Money

WASHINGTON at the present time probably can boast of the highest priced gardens in the world. To the uninitiated this may sound unreasonable, but it is absolute fact. And the reason lies with the committee in charge of the "back-yard" garden movement.

One of the gardens—probably the most expensive in the lot—is situated on Dupont circle, in the center of the wealth and culture of the city. At the intersection of Connecticut avenue and Massachusetts avenue, to the north, there is a vacant lot—or was a vacant lot—where once stood the Chinese legation. It adjoins the property of Senator Clark of Wyoming, the "copper king." Popular report has it that Senator Clark objected to the old legation building cutting off his view of Dupont circle and had it torn down. Whether or not this was true, the building has been torn down, and in this center of wealth and fashion there now sprouts long rows of corn, tomatoes, beans, potatoes and other garden truck. And almost any afternoon, while fashionable Washington society is swarming past in limousines, several coatless men can be seen working in the garden.

Farther up the street, next door to the Larz Anderson mansion and just across from the Townsend house, is another garden. On any afternoon two hard-working men, inspired by the garden committee's enthusiasm, may be seen working their patches. On Massachusetts avenue there are other gardens, each planted on ground that is worth thousands