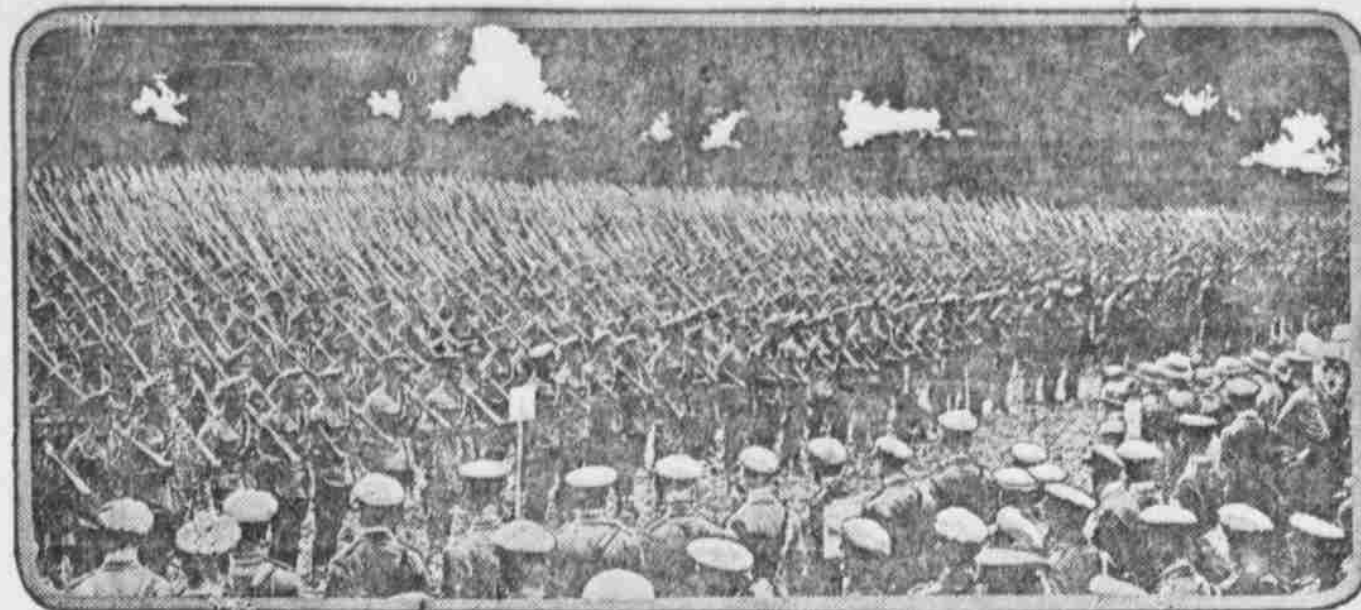


FOREST OF BURNISHED STEEL



Row upon row of burnished steel bayonets flashed in the sun when these British troops marched to the place where the great British field service to mark the commencement of the fourth year of war was held.

IT WAS "SOME DAY" IN OLD LONDON WHEN YANKEE TROOPS MARCHED THERE

Stolid British Warmed Up and Actually Embarrassed Our Boys With the Ardor of Their Greeting—Crowds Packed Ten Deep Along Line of March Showered Soldiers With Flowers and "Smokes."

London.—There have been great days in England since the outbreak of hostilities, but none greater than the one on which the newspapers announced that America was in the war. And it was palpable soon afterward that she was in it with both feet, ready to assist the allies in every way they had conceived. The speed with which money poured into the coffers of France and England from Uncle Sam's fat purse, the sending over of destroyers and the passing of the conscription bill was amazing to the Britishers, and the man in the street shouted his appreciation.

When khaki-clad troops poured into France and England in spite of the submarine peril the jolly fat Englishman felt like shaking the hand of everybody who had ever been in America. It was then that the Briton lost his phlegmatism, and he hurled his hat high in the air on the day that more than five thousand sons of the United States marched through London.

Never to Be Forgotten. This again was a day never to be forgotten. There were the Stars and Stripes floating with the British Union Jack from the Westminster buildings. King George, the United States ambassador and high officers of the British service saluted America's brave sons as they strode past Buckingham palace at the end of the fine, wide thoroughfare known as the Mall.

Here was the first contingent in England of another "contemptible little army" which is to die in the battles against barbarism and so-called kaiser.

You can get an idea of how interested were the Londoners concerning the march of the Americans when it is said that on the day before the event conversation mostly concerned the sons of Uncle Sam and the route of march. Evening newspapers published the streets where the Americans would be seen the following day, and Tommies and their officers were very keen to be on hand to add to the welcome.

The first Americans in uniform in the English metropolis probably were officers of General Pershing's staff when they were in London just before continuing the journey to the front. Aside from these (and comparatively few Londoners saw them) England knew little of the American soldier's makeup beyond the Remington pictures of cowboys and a stray picture in the papers. So when the Britons knew they would have a chance to see American troops in London they came from all over the country to see and to cheer.

Streets Lined Ten Deep. The weather man turned out a fairly respectable day for the occasion and the sun kept on coming and going, while airplanes buzzed through the clouds like policemen of the skies. A half-dozen observation balloons floated gracefully along a mile high over the English capital.

When the American troops reached the Horse Guards parade one could see English girls on chairs peering out of windows in their efforts to get glimpses of the American soldiers. The throng, lined ten deep in some places and extending all along the route of march, naturally was a mixed one. Here were flower girls of the adipose, elderly, London type, pitching precious roses and violets in the path of the Americans. The foreign office, which faces the admiralty, was sending its crowd of workers to witness the sight, and those who could not leave there sought places at windows overlooking the Horse Guards parade. Not even in the other times of intense excitement had London seen such a dense and interested throng.

For some time folks waited, the music of the Guards bands being heard long before the United States soldiers actually were in front of the admiralty or foreign office. Finally came the silence, the bands having ceased, and then the steady tread of the men in khaki, the warmly welcomed brothers

in arms of the British, French and Italians.

Liked Americans' Looks. "America forever!" shouted one man, believing that he was giving a fairly good imitation of the way "America" is pronounced by Uncle Sam's sons.

There were loud hurrahs every now and again, but when there are five thousand men passing four deep these hurrahs cannot be continuous. Besides, the Englishman and the Englishwoman were thinking, and they liked the clean-cut physiognomies of the soldiers.

Cigarettes were thrown in the path of the men amid cheers. Right in front of me stood a Scotch major at salute. Hardly a man kept his hat on his head. Either he was waving it or he was uncovered in deference to United States. There were tears in the eyes of some women as they scanned carefully every face, some of which because of the vast turnout occasionally looked self-conscious.

"Oh, please smile; we love you all," said one girl, apparently oblivious to the fact that she hung on the arm of a prepossessing young lieutenant. Still, the Americans went forth as if to the trenches. To them perhaps the ordeal was more trying, for such fervor in a strange land must be appreciated by every soul honored. Company after company passed with lips tightened and teeth set.

"God bless you!" exclaimed an old woman. An American soldier bowed acknowledgment. The fixed faces seemed to realize and finally the corners of mouths curved upward when a Cockney woman yelled:

Give Us a Wink, Wot? "You are a bit of all right y' are. Give us a wink wot?"

One of the Americans actually did

KING GEORGE AT FRONT



Although the "throne" of England is popularly believed to be the huge upholstered chair at Buckingham palace there is an old legend to the effect that "where ye king sits, there ye throne of England stands."

If that be true the humble, battle-scarred kitchen chair shown in the above photograph is particularly exalted, for it not only holds his majesty George the Fifth, but has actually enthroned him on the ruined battlements of the Chateau Thiepval in northwestern France.

England and France, fighting side by side, have only recently wrestled Thiepval back from the German hosts which seized it many months ago. A British general is explaining the battle to his majesty, who is a close student of strategy and is quick to reward a victorious leader.

his best and the Cockney female shouted:

"Bl-me, I knowed yer face wasn't made o' wax. An' if e' ain't got the wilest teeth I ever saw."

Another Guard's band drowned laughter and further comments and the men tramped on through the double archways leading to Whitehall, their shouldered rifles above the banks of men and women. Presently an automobile came to a halt a dozen yards from the men and women and a beautiful young American girl whipped out an American flag and waved it energetically. Quite a number of the soldiers saw it and only discipline forbade their turning their heads after they had gone by.

"Stick a feather in 'is 'at and call him Yankee Doodle," sang a young woman who had no taste in sartorial color harmony and who thought she was giving a fair rendition of the American national anthem.

"They don't like that," declared a man. "It's the Star-Spangled Banner yer ought to sing."

Just then the American girl in a sweet voice started with "Oh, say, can you see—" and the Englishman with her continued the air without knowing the words.

In the Horse Guards, that interesting old building, in Whitehall, there was an impressive and unforgettable sight. The uniforms of color, the fighting attire of yesteryear, those men in red coats, white leather breeches and tall pointed black boots, stood in a line at attention, their swords at salute to the American soldiers.

The color caught the eyes of the boys from Maine and San Francisco, and some of them did not know quite what to make of it.

Sent to Discipline Naughty Bill.

However, they realized the honor of the turning out of these strapping life-guards, now in red, white and black, with brilliant brass helmets, who perhaps not so very long ago were up to their waists in mud in the trenches when wearing their fighting gear. Most of them had been wounded and thus were sent back to the Guard at Whitehall.

Further along the sons of Uncle Sam marched to the wide Whitehall, and in a few minutes they were passing the admiralty, where sailors and naval officers stood thrilled with interest at the marching line before them.

"The Day," shouted a sailor. "The Day when Naughty Bill is to get 'is." "Yes," said another man, "ain't it a shame to think we can't do more than roust the chief 'un."

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," came from a thousand throats as the band struck up this familiar tune. They realized they were doing something to vanquish any gloom.

On through the mouth of Whitehall to Trafalgar square, where stands the statue to Lord Nelson and the Landseer lions. Each lion carried its full quota of men and boys who shouted, clapped and sang from their vantage points.

"I guess and reckon that America ain't goin' to stand no nonsense from them baby killers," opined an Englishman who apparently thought he had a firm grip on New York. You see the Englishman is about as strong on the imitation of an American as the American is on English.

It was palpable that some of the men in the throng had worn their most "American" looking clothes. They copied the American way of bending down their felt hats in front—in other words, it is now fashionable to the American in England.

The narrows of the Strand were banked with cheerful countenances, and now and again flowers and smokes fell in the roadway. Australians, New Zealanders and Canadians gave their words of applause to the American troops.

And when it was all over that day you heard precious little else but praise for the American troops and comments on their good looks. And they were a prepossessing lot, too.

Until sundown the Stars and Stripes flew at the staff atop the house of Parliament. Der Tag was one which raised perhaps the German eyebrows, for the German officers have been given to understand that Americans could never have submarines so numerous and send men for the firing line. In fact, one of the German officer prisoners said as much to a Yankee who ejaculated:

"All right, old sport, and how did we get here?"—New York Herald.

PUBLIC ROADS

ROADS REDUCE LIVING COST

Make for Prosperity More Than Any Other National Undertaking, Says Alaskan Engineer.

"Good roads, more than any other national undertaking, make for the prosperity, happiness and contentment of the people," declared Col. W. P. Richardson, engineer in charge of highways in Alaska. "This is particularly evident at this time, when in every large city there is protest against the high prices of food. In my judgment, good roads, more than any other agency, will help to solve permanently the high cost of living. Transportation, of course, is at the foundation of prices. It is truthfully said that where there is inadequate transportation food prices mount high. We know that in cities prices are greatly in excess of those in rural districts and it is all a matter of transportation and distribution. If we have good roads, we can get our products to market. If



Good Road Over Rocky Mountains.

we haven't, we cannot. Products on the farm are worth nothing if they cannot find a market. I am convinced that the most important governmental work is in the improvement of the roads. In this day of motor trucks it is much easier to haul products to the cities or to railroad terminals than it was a few years ago, but we must have good roads to do it. There is not the slightest doubt that good roads many times over pay for themselves. They are a fundamental economic necessity.

The initial outlay in the building of good roads may seem large, but it is small in comparison with the benefits that accrue. In Alaska we have approximately 900 miles of improved roads, varying from the ordinary country dirt road to the best kind of macadam. In Nome there is a stretch of road over which in the summer time thousands of tons of products are hauled.

POOR ROADS ARE EXPENSIVE

Mistaken Idea That Improved Highways Are Solely for Benefit of Automobile Owners.

Poor roads are very expensive things for country communities. The farmer who thinks that improved highways are mainly for the benefit of those who drive automobiles should reflect on the results of a recent investigation by the department of agriculture, which finds that the cost of hauling farm produce over ordinary country roads is 23 cents a ton mile, whereas over hard-surfaced roads it is only 13 cents. —Youth's Companion.

OPERATION OF A ROAD DRAG

Use Pokiest, Laziest Kind of Team and Let Them Have Their Own Time—Just Keep Moving.

Do not wait for anything; build a drag and get out onto the road. Drive very slowly. Use the pokiest, laziest team you own, and give them their time. Just keep moving they will be going swiftly enough. After you have used the drag a year, and have learned when to drive rapidly and when to drive slowly, you can carry a whip or drive a mettlesome team.

Vetch as Cover Crop.

An expert says that winter vetch does best as a cover crop if a little rye is seeded with it. One bushel of vetch to one-half bushel of rye per acre is about right.

Bad Habit of Cow.

Once a cow finds out she can get over an old fence there will be trouble perhaps for all time.

Rats Are Expensive.

Fifty rats on a farm will cost the owner \$100 to \$300 a year.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Nation's Celebrities Gathered at Washington

WASHINGTON.—Washington is stealing Broadway's thunder. Time when your country cousin went to New York and strolled up and down Broadway when he wanted to see the nation's celebrities. Now he has come to Washington. Strolling through the corridors of Washington's hotels in the course of a day, one wonders if there are any celebrities left in New York. The hero worshipers must have to confine their worshipping to the movie stars and chorus girls, because all of the literary and art high-lights seem to be in Washington.



Newspaper men of note have taken up their permanent headquarters in the national capital. The fourth estate is represented here by the cream of the nation's journalists, and lunch time at the Press club appears like a congress of famous journalists gathered to debate ways and means.

Famous artists, ranging from "Tad," who draws comics for the delight of newspaper readers throughout the country, to Henry Reuter Dahl, whose marine paintings are welcomed in any salon, roam the streets of Washington.

The paragraphers have had their fling at fun in the senate and departments. Don Marquis has brought his "archie" here, while "F. P. A." has worried the mailman with his great number of contributions which go to make up "The Conning Tower."

The sporting men are not altogether missing. John K. Tener, president of the National league, has come here, and scores of other men in the spotlight of sport come and go, most of them coming here to join the aviation corps, which is regarded as the sporting war game.

All of these are the "foreign celebrities." There are, of course, Washington's own celebrities. It is a busy day for the "hero worshiper" who comes to town these days, and there are lots of sprained and strained necks when the passengers board the trains at the Union station.

Find Relief From Strenuous Work in Sports

AMERICA'S administrative officials have to play. They could not stand the strain of the onerous task of war-making if they did not. All of them have their hobby. President Wilson is a golfer of no mean ability. He has never played to any great extent in public, but those who know his game claim it is "corking good."

Secretary Lane golfs a little, but he gets most of his exercise out of the morning setting-up exercises which Walter Camp conducts three or four days a week for high officials.

Postmaster General Burleson likes to do some fishing. Week-ends, when it is possible, he slips away to a stream in the Blue Ridge mountains or to Chesapeake bay and gathers in the "funny tribe." Newton Baker may be secretary of war, but he is strong for the water. Coming from the inland he is perhaps the greatest mariner in the cabinet. Secretary Baker finds great delight in going down the Potomac river in the Mayflower or the Sylph, and he takes a river trip whenever he finds himself going just a little bit stale.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo gets away from Washington when he begins to tire. In the Pennsylvania mountains, with his family, he takes long walks into the country.

Of the senators and congressmen there are a score or more of real golf enthusiasts and they can be found almost any afternoon at one of the Washington country clubs. Many of the Western legislators go in for driving and riding.

Every official has some form of diversion which he finds time to practice. There need be no fear that the members of this administration will go stale, for they have recognized the value of recreation in times when the burden of war is heavy upon them.

Chemists and Scientists Do Work in Secret

HIDDEN behind a clump of trees in the outskirts of the city, Washington has a house of mystery. It is officially recognized and officially protected. Within the walls of this mysterious house no stranger ever peeps. It is the United States bureau of standards.

On the edge of the wood there has been erected the greatest war laboratory in the world—the bureau of standards. Within this building there are scores of chemists and scientists working day and night upon inventions to aid America and the allies in the conduct of the war. The most eminent of America's scientists have been gathered for work there.

No one is allowed to enter the buildings until he has secured credentials from the highest official in charge. No outsider knows what goes on within. There are a score of great American engineers at work there now, just completing an airplane engine which will make the American airplane the strongest and swiftest that ever entered into battle. Rumor has it that these engineers locked themselves up for a week to design the engine. Officially no one even knew the engineers were at work there.

Naval and marine constructors and inventors are quartered there. What they are doing no one knows, even though everyone believes they are struggling with a device which may stop the ravages of the German U-boats.

Munition experts work there. Perhaps some great and powerful explosive will be the result of their labors.

The bureau of standards is situated far enough away from the town, so that most people forget its existence. It is the most mysterious place in Washington. What will come out of this "House of Mystery" no one knows. Perhaps one day the instrument which will end the war may be built behind those walls.

Mementos of Admiral Farragut Placed in Museum

IN THESE stirring times when every American citizen is a potential national hero, special interest attaches to any memento of the heroes and patriots of our past wars. Some striking objects commemorative of the life and

services of one of the most romantic and inspiring figures among the list of great American naval heroes, Admiral David G. Farragut, have recently been received at the National museum here as the gift of the estate of Loyall Farragut, son of Admiral Farragut, and placed on public exhibition.

First in interest among these objects is a jeweled sword inscribed, "Presented to Rear Admiral David Farragut by members of the Union League club, as a token of their appreciation of his gallant services rendered in defense of his country. New York, April 23, 1864." This sword was sent to him on board his ship Hartford about a year after he had succeeded in opening the Mississippi river to navigation through its entire length for the federal navy and supply ships.

Other objects among the mementos of Admiral Farragut received by the museum are three pairs of epaulettes, a chapeau, a cap, a belt, a shoulder strap, and eight naval insignia. The collection also includes a fine portrait of the admiral by William Swain, a number of photographic portraits of him, and several paintings representing notable scenes in his career.

Admiral Farragut was undoubtedly among the greatest naval commanders in the world's history, and his life and patriotism are inspirations to all Americans.

