

DISSEMBARKING MEN IS A MONSTER TASK

Record Time Made in Landing 36,000 Soldiers and Getting Them to Camp.

American Port, Western France (by mail).—Long lines of khaki clad men just embarked from American transports and now on the way to their first camp, packed the streets from curb to curb and stretched away for miles. It was four miles and up hill most of the way—through city, suburbs and country lanes, from the sea front to the great reception camp located outside the town, one of the largest camps in the world and capable of caring for the population of a metropolitan city. Four after hour from 6 in the morning until late in the afternoon the steady tramp of marching thousands had been going on, for this steady stream is the army of 36,000 just arrived on 13 American transports, making the record disembarkment from ship to camp within 13 hours.

With Major X, the engineer officer of the camp, we skirted alongside this moving stream, from the landing to the camp, and had an opportunity of seeing each stage in the huge movement, up to the time the tired marchers pitched their shelter tents on the soaked grounds and crawled inside to sleep. Stirring as it was to see these men come to swell the million men in the American ranks, yet there was a grimness and grayness to the scene suggesting the stern reality of war.

A steady downpour swept across the ranks and the men were dripping as they trudged through the rain soaked mud. They were at route step, without the regularity of parading troops, and each man carried, beside his rifle, all his belongings on his back, 70 pounds of tent, blankets, clothing, shoes, and all the miscellaneous equipment of a soldier headed for the front. Their last camp was in the well equipped cantonments in the United States, where they slept on cots and had a semblance of modern comfort. Now they were on the war swept soil of France and had seen the last of cots and comforts. It was their first glimpse of real war conditions, and anyone who says it is cheerful shuts his eyes to the grimness of war.

"There are more troops arriving," said the major as he led the way, "than the total strength of the United States army in a short time ago." And with such an influx we have to provide a very elastic camp, capable of immediate expansion from 1,000 up to 100,000 men.

The major was well qualified to explain the magnitude of the work, for he had been chief engineering engineer of the New York subway system and had planned and built a good part of the system, and had made the population figures on which subway construction was based.

"To get an idea of the camp," he said, "compare it with Central park. We have 2,500 acres here, Central park has 800 acres. Why, the entire area of New York city on Manhattan island is only 41,000 acres." On both sides of the road, for a mile after mile as we sped along in an army car, a city of tents was rising and there was the hum and bustle of camp activity on a vast scale. This morning all the ground had been stubble field from the newly cut wheat and barley. But now every available foot was being laid off by the army engineers, working with tripods and instruments like a party of surveyors. Tented streets and avenues, heating stoves, mess, kitchen and hospital tents, and vast parks for supplies and artillery and horses, were rising in the fields and spreading for 40 square miles over this huge enclosure.

"We never take a field of growing grain," said the major, "but as fast as the grain is cut we take over the fields, and with harvest time well advanced this entire farming section will soon be turned into an American camp." In one of the fields where we stopped to see the men, two battalions of 800 men each just marched in and were preparing to pitch their tents. The great stretch of plowed ground, just cleared of grain, was waiting for the storm to break in for the night. The men stood ready, each with a half of a shelter tent, to drive the stakes and last it against the elements, and then crawl in. It seemed an endless wait for all the formalities of laying out the camp, but this was essential to the smooth running of such a large concern. At least the stakes were driven and soon the great field was dotted with thousands of little black mounds, about as high as a man's waist, called "pup tents" by the soldiers probably because they look like dog houses. Under the tent there is just room for two lying down, and if the ground is soaked, as it is right, the rubber poncho keeps out some of the water and kindly nature and the iron of youth must do the rest.

This was only one typical camp of the hundreds lining the roads for miles in this vast reception camp. Field kitchens and water carts were wheeling up to all the camps as the tents went up. Filtered water is brought in hosesheads and each command has its apportioned lot of hosesheads. Later on there will be a splendid system of water mains for the whole camp. But here are the men, and a water system is not installed in a day. An instance of waiting for 12-inch mains, the primitive hoseshead in filling the gap. Each man carries his emergency ration for three days. Some of them were nibbling it before climbing into their pup tents, but most of them waited for the smoking field kitchen to get into action with its cooks, serving out hot coffee and hot soup and meat. The item of feeding an army with precision is in itself a gigantic task.

"We served 1,800,000 meals last month," said Major X, "for 600,000 army rations of three meals to the nation." And besides all the feeding and watering and sanitation there is the immense "paper work" of such an organization. There are 128 separate organizations in the 36,000 men just arrived. Each of the 128 is sorted out and brought together, and every individual soldier of the 36,000 must be identified and accounted for, so as to guard against losses, and then each organization and man must have a detail to one of the sectors of the fighting front. This "paper work" as it is called, is prodigious, and like everything military it must be done with absolute precision. And the paper work calls for paper, which is very hard to get.

"When headquarters called for a map of the camp the other day," said the major, "they got it all right, on the only paper which could be found, which was brown wrapping paper. But it was a good map, and the wrapping paper map of the big American camp will go into the archives."

When taps sounded tonight every man of this 36,000 was under canvas, although this morning a record disembarkment in landing, for within one body of arrivals had been 42,000,

the landing had taken the best part of two days, whereas this huge transfer was in the daylight hours of the first day.

"And right on top of it," said the General tonight, "one ship is arriving with 12,000 more men, and then another flotilla of transports and then another."

Thus this gigantic influx of armed men goes on steadily and unceasingly, on record time, with little or no confusion, each man and organization being cared for and accounted for as they move forward to the front, and all of the huge enterprise of docking, landing, transportation and camping, with all their infinite details, created out of practically nothing within the last 10 months.

Where Rare Books Came From.

Book collecting is one of the sports of millionaires in this country, and the zest shown in it is one of those few things the war hasn't lessened. It is not so in England, although we look to that country for most of the things, even Americana, that figure with fabulous prices. The auction rooms where these precious volumes are bartered is a center of romance for many who find that there is something more in the matter than the glamour of high figures. Mr. Clement H. Shorter writes in the London Sphere of a little volume recently privately printed, called "Notes On the History of Sotheby's"—the great book auction room of London. Mr. Shorter, with the enthusiasm of a frequent buyer, says that the author of the book, Mr. G. T. Hobson, has "told the story with that dash of romance which must always obtain where the book auction is concerned." Here is some of the romance:

"The first book auction held in this country took place in 1676, by the first great book auctioneer was Samuel Baker, whose first sale was held in 1744. There were not regular book auctioneers or auction houses until his time. In 1778 Baker was joined by his nephew, John Sotheby, and three generations of Sothebys were associated with the firm, the last of whom was an author who wrote "Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton." He died in 1861. A Mr. John Wilkinson became a partner in 1842 and Mr. William Hodgkin in 1864, and thus we have the firm of Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, although not one of these names is now in the business."

"But to return to the real romance of Sotheby's, its wonderful sales of books connected with which it has raised no fewer than 7,000 separate catalogues. Some of them, beautifully illustrated, are so interesting that one binds them in one's library, especially when they are concerned with the books of noteworthy people. The recent Morrison sale was a case in point, when the letter of Mary Queen of Scots, probably the most wonderful letter in existence, was privately purchased for the benefit of the nation, and when the Nelson autographs and manuscripts, many of the letters being to Sir William Hamilton, or to his wife, Lady Hamilton, were knocked down for £2,500.

"The most interesting feature with regard to these sales, as it strikes me, is the large place which the classics and Latin classics played in the sales of the 18th century and the small place they play in the modern world. But the most amazing thing of all is the great enhancement of prices under modern conditions, and which are largely due, no doubt, to the fact that the American millionaire is frequently a great book buyer, although his brother in England is rarely so. This would account for the fact that one of Shakespeare's first folios sold for £19,320 in 1925, and a copy fetched £2,600 in 1926. Mr. Hobson points out that a collection of early quarto plays sold in 1798 for £22 3s (£110,751), and that it would be considered cheap at £5,000 (£25,000) today, and might easily fetch double or treble that sum. When the sale of Henry Fielding's library took place in 1764, books with his autographed notes fetched only a few shillings. In 1911 the novelist's copyright agreement with his publisher sold for £1,015 (\$5,075).

"One of the most interesting things in this book is a facsimile of one of each of the love letters of Robert Browning, a collection of letters which in 1913 sold for £2,550 (\$2,750). But the material provided in Mr. Hobson's interesting book is infinite, and is worthy memento of the firm's change of address from a Strand to the West End of London, a change, however, which I personally greatly regret. As an inhabitant of Fleet street, an occasional visit to the salesrooms when they were in my immediate neighborhood was an agreeable pastime, but to me the West End is usually inaccessible, and more so than ever now that the taxicab has departed from our streets. Moreover, I greatly regret that these sales should be held at the awkward hour of 1 o'clock, an hour which keeps up this curious custom. From 1 till 2 is the conventional luncheon hour of the English public, and I can imagine that, fortified by a good lunch, many buyers would bid more briskly if the sales commenced at 2 or even at 3 o'clock."

Thirst, a War Weapon.

From "The Desert Campaigns." Our troops worked to make it impossible for the Turks to cross the desert and attack the defenses of the Suez canal. The Turk then drew his water from a few pools and the cisterns cut into rock by races who peopled the desert many centuries ago. If the sources of water supply were denied the Turk it was obvious he could not march across the desert in any force large enough to cause damage, unless he brought a large camel transport column, which we knew was not available. Therefore, it was decided to draw off all water within a radius of some 50 miles from the canal. There was a big pool at a spot known as Er Rigm where the winter waters of the Wadi Makshab emptied themselves, and a party of engineers, protected by Australian light horse units, "blow" (blow) cut trenches round the lake and drained 5,000,000 gallons from it in four days. Other detachments took out small portable pumping sets and lifted the water from innumerable cisterns, adopting this plan rather than that of destroying these underground reservoirs, which will continue their usefulness when the world enjoys peace again. Not one of them was damaged. The Turk had been engaged on a rather elaborate well boring operation at Jifajfa, east of Er Rigm, for some months, an Australian engineer superintendent the work, with an excellent plan. Major Scott took a squadron of his regiment, the Ninth Australian light horse, and some men of the Bikaner camel corps, to put an end to this attempt to secure a water supply, and by a well conceived surprise attack captured the Australian officer and most of the Turks, killing and wounding the remainder. The bore holes and plant were destroyed. Bore holes were not a bucket of water in the desert, and though vigilance was never relaxed, patrols rarely had anything to report.

Seven persons have been dead by a lightning Westerner for applauding at the trial. Among them was Mrs. M. M. Stokes, who said 35.

EXPLAINS INCREASED AIRPLANE LOSSES

New York—Steady increase of German airplane losses is admitted by Capt. Otto Lehman in an article published in the Berlin Tagblatt, reviewing the progress of aerial warfare during the year 1917-1918. Captain Lehman attributes the growing losses to two causes: Development of the fighting airplane as a weapon against enemy infantry and the enhancement of the number of fighting machines due to the transfer of those on the eastern, or Russian front, to the west front.

"It will be noticed that since January and February, 1918, our figures for losses show a steady increase," Captain Lehman writes. "The reason for this, however, is the increased participation of airplanes resulting from the fact that the German flyers who had been operating on the eastern front migrated to the western front when fighting ceased in the Russian theater. The increased participation, of course, resulted logically in larger total loss."

"The eastern flyer, who had been accustomed to quite different fighting conditions, in the beginning, undoubtedly had to pay a bloody apprenticeship in fighting with French and British. The Russian as an aerial opponent is nowise to be compared with the Frenchman and Englishman."

"It would be fundamentally wrong to draw the conclusion from the rise in German losses at the beginning of 1918, that our superiority had waned. Still another factor explains our higher losses. As an infantry plane the aerial weapon is taking part in a considerably increased measure in fighting the attackers on land. Entire squadrons of battle planes, so called infantry flyers, accompany the storming of the never falling infantry and by taking full advantage of their speed, attack the enemy reserves at low altitudes with bombs and machine guns."

"These attacks are made often at the ridiculously low altitudes of 100 meters and even 50 meters. It is therefore at first glance clear that these new shots expose the airplanes to every shak fired from the earth and must increase our loss account."

How Germany Treats Negroes.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It is true that the negroes have good cause to fight against world domination by Germany. History has shown that in Africa Germany has treated the natives worse than any other government which has ruled that continent.

Belgian individual cruelties in the Congo caused indignation in Belgium and compelled the British government to investigate and put a stop to them. But in Germany's treatment of the natives, extermination of whole tribes was the policy and this policy was not only excused but exalted as right by German publicists.

In the case of the Hereros, in Southwest Africa, General von Trotha issued this proclamation:

"The Hereros must now quit the soil which they refuse. I shall force them with the gun. Every Herero, with or without a weapon, with or without cattle, found in German territory, I will have shot. I shall not look after the women and children, but will drive them back to their own people or shoot them."

The German pastor, Schowalter, wrote in 1907 that as a result of this policy about 15,000 Hereros died of hunger on the desert. Almost the entire Herero tribe was destroyed. And Dr. Rohrbach, Imperial commissioner in Southwest Africa, said: "The question is solved. The Hereros have lost their land, but that cannot be regarded as tragic, owing to the splendid fertility of the land, which is now fiscal."

That is to say, it paid. This is the German test.

Open the Gates.

Ye who so grandly went the way of death, Singing Hosannas with your falling breath, And now look back upon the life you spurned As on a childish trinket overturned, Being our globe as but a spinning toy, Too frail and far to longer yield you joy—

Open the gates for us, that we may hear Those vaster harmonies that thrill you ear. We, too, would gaze upon that nobler view, Would breathe the shining air that girdles you. God's remedy for man we, too, would know.

To heal the ailing earth of all her woe, Open the gates for us, that we may find, As you, the riddle solved for all mankind. Ye who so brightly bridged the great abyss, One of you waits and yearns to answer this: I see the glimmer of your beckoning! Open the gates for me and I will swing lightly as you across the enchanted gloom Sprinkled so thickly now with souls Seeing the starry path your going made, I shall be unafraid!

—Angela Morgan, in Everybody's.

No More Hun Toys.

From the New York Tribune. "The Hun baby killer of today is not to be toy maker to the babies of tomorrow. "Made in Germany" was all very well on children's playthings until four years ago. Germany commanded the toy trade of the world. But now the world knows what the toy makers were.

How extensively Teutonic toys were the world's playthings may be judged from the German trade reports for 1912. Twenty million dollars' worth of toys were exported that year. The United States bought \$7,000,000 worth of German toys, and the British empire an equal amount. With the outbreak of the war these exports, except in infinitesimal quantities to neutral countries, ceased.

Statistics show that the war garden crop is valued at \$225,000,000.

+ TARIFF WALLS AND PEACE. +
+ From the Manchester Guardian. +
+ "What kind of a world do we seek to set up as a memorial to the blood of our best? If it is a world of states each seeking to grab as much territory as it can and to close it against the rest of the world by Chinese walls, then let us have protection preference—and a peace which is not war and will generate war. For such a world the life of no man should have been taken, and it will be haunted by the ghosts of a wasted generation lured to its death by the false assurance of noble purpose. If we want a league of nations, if we want peace, if we want right feeling among men, then we must have also the commercial policy which is necessary to them, not the commercial policy which is fatal to them. There are grasping groups in all countries who, if allowed, would sacrifice the future of humanity to their own folly or self-interest. The danger is that the world must conquer in the economic as in the military and political fields or the democracies must die.

LOCOMOTIVE NOT TOTAL LOSS

Had to Be Abandoned in Face of Hun Advance, but Served a Useful Purpose.

Yankee ingenuity has developed a new weapon for use against the Hun. No; it will not be used very often, but there are times—

An American unit of engineers (railway) was hauling ammunition and supplies for the French in the face of one of the German drives this year.

At the height of things when the Hun was coming over in force and advancing in a way which meant the loss of anything that could not be moved promptly a \$15,000 locomotive jumped the track.

Sergeant George Robertson, in charge, watched the battle for a moment, looked at his steam gauge, screwed the safety valve down tight, turned the oil fuel reserve supply into the firebox, and then effected a solitary and successful retreat.

Half an hour later some sixty Germans were standing about the stranded locomotive when the boiler did the one thing which Sergeant Robertson hoped for—blew up.

It had all the effects of a 14-inch shell.

Incidentally, Sergeant Robertson is now wearing the croix de guerre.

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The Kid Was Right.

Ignatz tells us of a Youngstown couple who are very fond of Chinese dishes—or at least the sort of dishes that are made in Chinese restaurants. Their four-year-old daughter shares their taste, and likes to have her father bring some oriental mess home with him when he comes to dinner in the evening.

The other night he called up from the office and the little girl answered the phone.

"Oh, papa," she said, "please bring home some poutine."

She meant chow mein, but maybe she wasn't far off.

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