HOW OUR HEROES LOOK

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PORTRAITS OF MEDAL WINNERS BY J. C. CHASE FOR THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF AMERICA IN THE GREAT WAR

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By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.

HARK! Now the city bells are ringin'.
Hark! Now the drums begin to beat.
Look! Where the banners all are swingin'.
Who's that marchin' up the street?
See! Where the flag is flyin' proudest.
Look! Where the hats are tossin', too.
Hark! Where the cheerin' is the loudest,
Who's that steppin' into view?

The answer is "The Marines"—the lines are from Joseph C. Lincoln's spirited tribute to the "Leathernecks," which was written shortly after they opened the ball in the first week of June, 1918, by stopping the victorious Germans in the Chateau Thierry sector, forty-odd miles from Paris. "You know the rest, in the books you have read"—how the marines not only stopped the selected German shock troops short, but went right at 'em and licked 'em to a frazzle. The marines were the whole thing then for quite a while. They were the first Americans to get into action on their own account and the Chateau Thierry story was spread broadcast over the world for the sake of its heartening effect on our allies. But this marine business is old stuff now.

Don't mistake me. The marines have not changed. And there are no better fighting men in the known world. For 100 per cent all 'round efficiency they have no equal. The military experts of all nations will tell you so. For one thing, they're always equipped, always ready, always packed up and asking, "Where do we go from here?" They're the oldest branch of the United States military service and Uncle Sam has used them so long as a sort of international M. P. that they really know their business. Before the great war, you know, they were the fighting men on our battleships, and when they were put ashore anywhere — it made no difference where—pretty soon Washington got this stereotyped message: "The marines have landed and have the situation well in hand." Add to this their unofficial motto, "What we have, we hold," and you have a pretty good line on this picked outfit of fighting men.

This marine stuff is old stuff for an entirely different reason—for two reasons. One is that there was a lot of fighting between June 1 and November 11, 1918. The other is that we are now beginning to hear all about it. The point is: While the marines kept right on adding to their laurels and the regulars ran 'em a dead heat, the common, every-day American soldier—all branches of the service—also got into action and staged some thrillers himself. National Guard, National army, air service—it made no difference. As fighting men they proved they were worthy to stand and to charge alongside regulars and marines—and words can say no more. They have their own place in the sun and they won it in the only way a fighting man can win it. You know how.

The German high command at the Spa in Belgium during the war studied the American soldier systematically and thoroughly, and formally wrote its conclusions into the official records. Major von Rundstendt, on General Ludendorff's staff, has made public some of these official conclusions. One is: "The Americans are very brave and active, but highly temperamental." He explained this by saying that with the Americans the fighting was a good deal of a sporting proposition and that they wanted to get all the adventure and excitement possible out of it. Besides, it was impossible to tell what the Americans would do. They might attack anywhere and any time. They might get tired sitting around or get peeved at the mosquitoes or feel mad because their rations had not come up—then they were apt to take it out on the enemy. Major von Rundstendt, asked to name offhand some of the American divisions considered by the high command as among the best, replied:

"The division which you call 'the Rainbow in the Sky' (Forty-second), and that division made up half of marines (Second regulars); also the Twenty-eighth (Pennsylvania National Guard), and the First (regulars)."

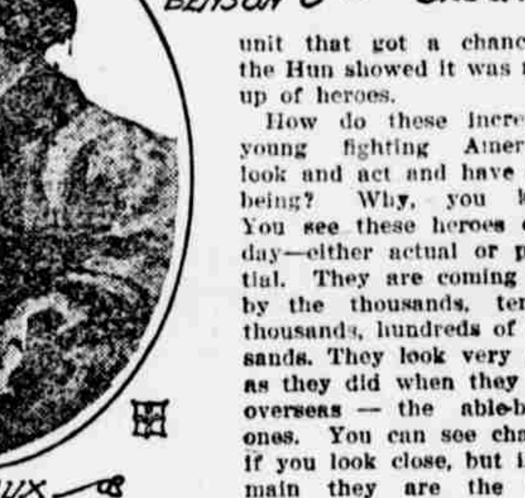
When the high command records were examined these divisions were also found included among the most effective: Thirty-second (Michigan and Wisconsin National Guard), Twenty-sixth (National Guard, New England), Thirty-third (National Guard, Illinois, Prairie), and Thirty-seventh (National Guard, Ohio).

Official American Portraits.

The judgment of the German high command as to division efficiency, it will be noted, is borne out by the American records now beginning to be made public. And Major von Rundstendt unconsciously painted a gorgeous picture of the American soldier as a first-class fighting man.

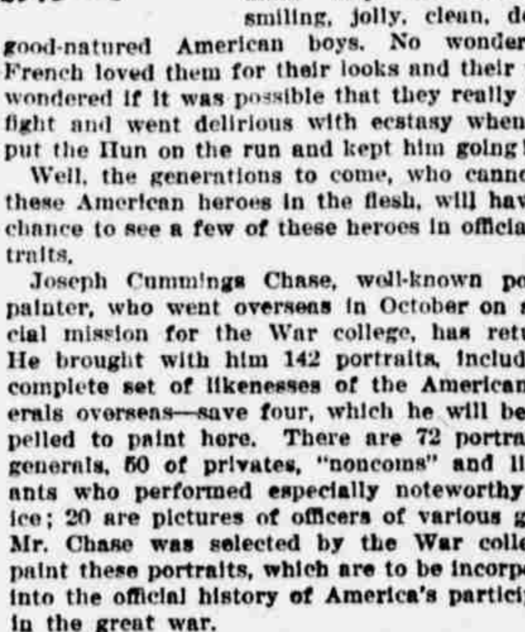
It is when we come to the individual exploits of our fighting men that we get the real thrills. Official citations have given us the bald outlines of deeds of desperate valor that won recognition. Here and there some especially noteworthy exploit has found a sympathetic chronicler. Everywhere is this outstanding fact: Every fighting unit that got a chance at the Hun showed it was made up of heroes.

How do these incredible young fighting Americans look and act and have their being? Why, you know. You see these heroes every day—either actual or potential. They are coming back by the thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands. They look very much as they did when they went overseas — the able-bodied ones. You can see changes, if you look close, but in the main they are the same smiling, jolly, clean, decent, good-natured American boys. No wonder the French loved them for their looks and their ways, wondered if it was possible that they really could fight and went delirious with ecstasy when they put the Hun on the run and kept him going!



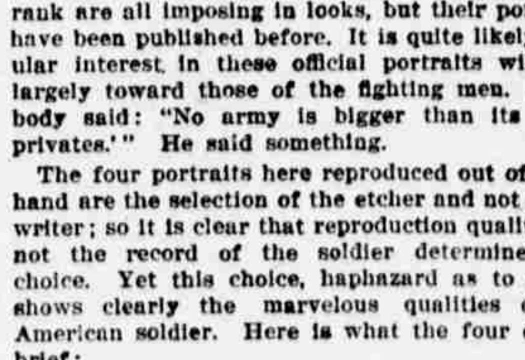
Well, the generations to come, who cannot see these American heroes in the flesh, will have the chance to see a few of these heroes in official portraits.

Joseph Cummings Chase, well-known portrait painter, who went overseas in October on a special mission for the War college, has returned. He brought with him 142 portraits, including a complete set of likenesses of the American generals overseas—save four, which he will be compelled to paint here. There are 72 portraits of generals, 50 of privates, "noncoms" and lieutenants who performed especially noteworthy service; 20 are pictures of officers of various grades. Mr. Chase was selected by the War college to paint these portraits, which are to be incorporated into the official history of America's participation in the great war.

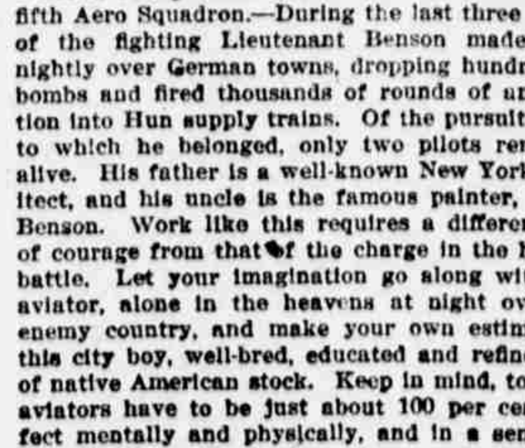


Doubtless the generals and other officers of high rank are all imposing in looks, but their portraits have been published before. It is quite likely popular interest in these official portraits will run largely toward those of the fighting men. Somebody said: "No army is bigger than its 'buck privates.'" He said something.

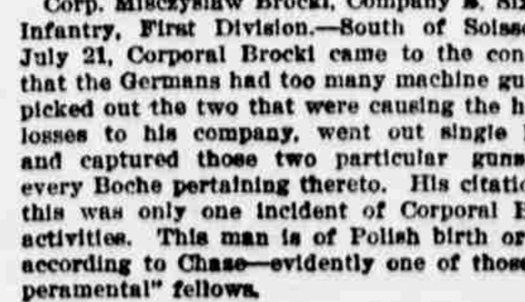
The four portraits here reproduced out of 18 at hand are the selection of the etcher and not of the writer; so it is clear that reproduction quality and not the record of the soldier determined the choice. Yet this choice, haphazard as to deeds, shows clearly the marvelous qualities of the American soldier. Here is what the four did, in brief:



Lieut. Philip Benson, One Hundred and Eighty-fifth Aero Squadron.—During the last three weeks of the fighting Lieutenant Benson made trips nightly over German towns, dropping hundreds of bombs and fired thousands of rounds of ammunition into Hun supply trains. Of the pursuit group to which he belonged, only two pilots remained alive. His father is a well-known New York architect, and his uncle is the famous painter, Frank Benson. Work like this requires a different sort of courage from that of the charge in the heat of battle. Let your imagination go along with this aviator, alone in the heavens at night over the enemy country, and make your own estimate of this city boy, well-bred, educated and refined and of native American stock. Keep in mind, too, that aviators have to be just about 100 per cent perfect mentally and physically, and in a sense are volunteers.



Corp. Misczyslaw Brocki, Company B, Sixteenth Infantry, First Division.—South of Soissons on July 21, Corporal Brocki came to the conclusion that the Germans had too many machine guns. He picked out the two that were causing the heaviest losses to his company, went out single handed and captured those two particular guns, with every Boche pertaining thereto. His citation says this was only one incident of Corporal Brocki's activities. This man is of Polish birth or blood, according to Chase—evidently one of those "temperamental" fellows.



Corporal Walter E. Gaultney, Eleventh Infantry, Fifth Division.—Corporal Gaultney was picked out by his commander as an example of his finest type of soldier. Gaultney was wounded; that couldn't stop him. Alert, ingenious, speedy, heedless of personal danger, he went at the Hun like Samson with the well-known jaw bone—only this young Samson's jaw bone was that nice long trench knife you see strapped along his pack. Just what this young fellow did is not told; evidently he is a natural-born fighter and the regular army training has made him pretty nearly 100 per cent efficient as an all-around fighting man.

Private H. J. Devereaux, Company M, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Infantry, Thirty-second division.—When his company crossed the River Ourcq and captured the Bois Pelger, the corporal of his squad fighting beside Private Devereaux was wounded by machine gun fire. The corporal fell to the ground and the enemy continued to fire on the wounded man. Mad clear through, Devereaux sprinted across the open and, single-handed, attacked and put the machine gun out of action.

Greatest Feat of War.

It is also known that Chase has painted a portrait of Sergt. Alvin C. York of Pall Mall, Fentress county, Tenn., Company G, Three Hundred and Twenty-eighth infantry, Eighty-second division. It is to be hoped that the painter did a first-class job, for York's exploit was probably the greatest individual feat of the war. York, then corporal, on October 8, 1918, killed 20 Germans, captured 182 prisoners, including a major and three lieutenants, put 35 machine guns out of business, and thereby broke up an entire battalion which was about to counterattack against the Americans on Hill 223 in the Argonne sector, near Chatel-Chehery. He outfought the machine gun battalion with his rifle and automatic pistol. There were seven other Americans with York, but it was York's fight and but for him not a man of them would have come out alive except as prisoner.

Moreover, the man and his home and his surroundings are intensely interesting, being entirely out of the ordinary. Here are a few outstanding facts:

He was born December 13, 1886, stands 6 feet and tips the scales at 205 pounds. He is red headed. He is a dead shot—absolutely sure death with either rifle or automatic; in the course of his fight he killed a German lieutenant and seven men who charged him from a distance of 20 yards. He is a fighter who gets cooler and cooler as the danger grows.

He used to drink, gamble and swear. He quit in 1915 and joined the Church of Christ and Christian Union, of which he is second elder and singing leader. He was a conscientious objector until convinced by Capt. E. C. B. Danforth at Camp Gordon that the Bible proved it his duty to fight. He believes in a personal God and looks upon his successful exploit as a miracle. "'Blessed is the peacemaker,'" he says.

He is a farmer and blacksmith and provides for his mother, one brother and three small sisters; the other six brothers and sisters are married. His forbears for generations were Tennesseeans.

When York landed the other day the Tennessee society took possession of him and tried to make him feel that New York city was his.

Of course York was having the time of his life, yet really, you know, he was regretting that he wasn't home to lead the singing at the Possum Trot spring revival.

And at the Possum Trot revival, in the valley of which Pall Mall, with its 20 houses, is the cross-roads metropolis, York's neighbors were prouder over the fact that he had "kept straight" than over what he had done to the Hun. Besides, while Alvin was "all right," God had had him "in charge" since the day he enlisted. "It wasn't Alvin," said Grace Williams, who is waiting for him, "it was the hand of God."

Which reminds us of the first words of the Hun major captured by York.

"British?" he asked.

"American," said York.

"Good Lord!"

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The story of Mrs. Hattie Hamilton, 817 Myrtle Avenue, Latonia, Kentucky, is typical. She says: "I have never in all my life, until recently, weighed over 102 pounds. Finally, I began to take Peruna. My weight now is 120. While I didn't really need it, I have started on the third bottle. Peruna has certainly done me a great deal of good and I recommend it to my friends. Several are taking it."

It is surprising the amount of dependence placed by women everywhere upon Dr. Hartman's World Famous Peruna. For forty-five years it has been a household remedy for coughs, colds, catarrh and all catarrhal inflammation whether of the respiratory system, stomach or other organ or part of the body.

The record of Peruna for nearly a half century is a startling one. Thousands have discovered and testify to its marvelous merit. Peruna is sold everywhere. May be purchased in either liquid or tablet form. Your dealer has it. Ask for Dr. Hartman's well-known Peruna Tonic. Do not accept a substitute or "something just as good." Insist upon Peruna.

If you are sick and suffering from any cause whatever, write The Peruna Company, Dept. 76, Columbus, Ohio, for Dr. Hartman's Health Book. The book is free and may help you. Ask your dealer for a Peruna Almanac.

The Rebuffs.

Bishop Flipper said in a brilliant address in Atlanta:

"The minister who tries to build up his congregation by strenuous work, house-to-house work, must of course expect a rebuff now and then.

"I know a young minister who was rebuffed by a little girl. She came to the door in answer to his ring, looked him up and down, and said:

"'Mother is suited with a minister, thank you.'

"Then she shut the door in his face."—Detroit Free Press.

HEADACHE
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Yes, indeed, more often than you think. Because ACID-STOMACH, starting with indigestion, heartburn, belching, food-repeating, bloat and gas, if not checked, will eventually affect every vital organ of the body. Severe, blinding, splitting headaches are, therefore, of frequent occurrence as a result of this upset condition.

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If you want to get back your physical and mental strength—be full of vim and vigor—enjoy life and be happy, you must get rid of your acid-stomach.

In EATONIC you will find the very help you need and it's guaranteed. So get a big 50c box from your druggist today. If it fails to please you, return it and he will refund your money.

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Kidney disease is no respector of persons. It attacks young and old alike. In most cases the victim is warned of the approaching danger. Nature fights back. Headache, indigestion, insomnia, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, pain in the loins and lower abdomen, difficulty in urinating, all are indication of trouble brewing in your kidneys.

When such symptoms appear you will almost certainly find quick relief in GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

This famous old remedy has stood the test for two hundred years in helping mankind to fight off disease.

It is imported direct from the home laboratories in Holland, where it has helped to develop the Dutch into one of the sturdiest and healthiest races in the world, and it may be had at almost every drug store. Your money promptly refunded if it does not relieve you. Be sure to get the genuine GOLD MEDAL Brand. In sealed packages, three sizes.—Adv.

Dry-Cleaned.

A little four-year-old, who is most emphatically opposed to having her face washed, said to her grandmother the other day:

"I am not going to wash my face any more."

When asked for an explanation, she said: "I've decided to have it dry-cleaned."

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Because land is cheaper than it will ever be again. The U. S. Railroad Administration is prepared to furnish free information to homeseekers regarding farming opportunities. We have nothing to sell; no money to lend; only information to give. Write me fully with reference to your needs. Name the state you want to learn about. J. L. Edwards, Manager, Agricultural Section, U. S. Railroad Administration, Room 70, Washington, D. C.—adv.

Not So Much.

"Got any jack with you, matey?" asked the gob. "Split it 50-50 with me, will yer?"

"Can't do it, old pal. I ain't got that much."—Indianapolis Star.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.

Allen's Foot=Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Allen's Foot=Ease is a certain relief for sweating, callous, tired, aching feet, and makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

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Acts Up to His Name, Also.

"Meanleigh is quiet enough ordinarily, but somehow collectors for charitable purposes dread to go near him."

"I guess he acts like a bear then because he's foxy."

The leaf of the pineapple plant can be wrought into a serviceable cloth.

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