CHANGED BY WEEK OF TRENCH LIFE

Boys From United States Rapidly Turned Into Men.

ACQUIRE AIR OF VETERANS

American Troops Seemed Very Young the Day Before They Went to Battle Line—Say Food "Is Good Enough" and They Usually Get It on Time—French Airmen Always on Guard for Enemy.

All day yesterday we watched the American soldiers who were to go to the front that night wandering about the streets of the little village from which the start was to be made. Other soldiers were there, mostly men of the French line, and Moroccans and Algerians, writes Herbert Corey in the Chicago News.

"What is the difference between the American and the French soldiers?" we asked each other. By and by the answer came.

"They look so young."

Yet they were not unduly young. Take the Americans one by one and they were seen to be stout, physically matured, decidedly intelligent young men. Their faces were full of character and decision. It is doubtful if they are younger collectively by a day than the men of a company of Moroccan shock troops who have been watching them with interest. Some of these latter are mere kids. One had not yet raised a beard.

The explanation came to us eventually. The French troops were veterans. Even though they may be no older they have matured in war. It often happens that the veteran is a mere child in the affairs of civil life. These French may not be the equals in prompt decision and resolution and forethought of the Americans in matters that have not to do with war. But in fighting they are centuries older.

Boyish Illusion Persists.

A few hours later we saw the American troops marching out to take their places in the trenches. That illusion of boyishness persisted. Even their gait seemed to be that of boys, although they wore a soldier's full accoutrement and carried a 60-pound pack. Yet we know that a week in the trenches—granted that they are called on to do real fighting—will transform them from amateurs of war into nerve-tested veterans. More time will be needed to teach them the tricks of their new trade, but in a single week they will have altered their personalities to meet the new demands.

The village was one of the thousands of tiny towns which are scattered along the French front. Shells had fallen in it from time to time, and roofs here and there were crushed in, and holes dug in the roadway. Something had happened to the church. I do not now remember what it was, and yet my memory preserves a distinct impression that the church was not as it should be. It seemed disheveled and ragged. Now and then German aviators flew over it, to see what was going on. The French flyers always challenged them.

The few inhabitants of the village hardly looked up to watch the air fights. They were old stories to them.

The Americans wandered about, curiously, trying their scanty fragments of French on the people and accustoming themselves to the village life so near the front. Their billets have been at a greater distance from the line for the most part. The Germans are but seven miles away here. The front line of trenches into which they will move tonight are in places only five miles away.

French Airmen Always Guard.

At the outskirts of the town a group of Americans are gathered. Half of them, perhaps, carry the cheap double field glasses which are on sale everywhere. They put in hours searching the details of the horizon where the German is hiding.

Every half hour or so a Boche flyer tries to get over the town. Perhaps he wants to bomb the village. What is more likely is that the Germans are merely putting over the daily reconnaissance. They may suspect that something is going on and are trying to confirm the impression. Each time a French flyer materializes in some mysterious fashion. One never sees where they come from. One is watching the German, and suddenly one sees him veer toward the safety of his own lines. A vicious looking Spad is on his heels.

Toward the latter part of the afternoon smoke begins to pour from the short chimneys of the rolling kitchen. Coffee is being cooked—real American coffee—well "doped" with condensed milk and plentifully sweetened. The men gather with their aluminum cups and plates, and beans are ladled out to them. An enormous sandwich of white bread and corned beef from cans is handed to each. Even a soldier's appetite is satisfied. But they have been at the job long enough to learn how to kick.

"I'm off beans for the rest of my life," one boy announces. "I dream about 'em now."

Not many comment on the food, however. They say briefly that it "is good enough" and that they usually get it on time. Now and then something goes wrong, but they take that as an incident of war. They have little to say of what is to come.

I GUARD THE DOOR

By Archibald Rutledge of the Vigilantes.

Think not that I am far away,
When fighting on a foreign shore;
Rifle in hand I watch and wait
Outside your door.

I am at hand, however far
From home the Flag beloved I bore;
Ceaseless the vigil that I keep,
Guarding your door.

Trenches of Flanders, fields of France,
Or soaring as the eagles soar—
It matters not; it means but this:
I hold the door.

And when you gather to the hearth
As darkness shrouds the wood and moor
Fear not, for in the night I stand
To guard the door.

Who strikes at mine, he strikes at me,
And you are mine. Then rest secure!
Rifle in hand by day and night,
I guard the door.

STEAMER ROUTS U-BOAT AFTER FIVE-HOUR DUEL

Shell Dropped on Submarine's Back Makes Raider Quit Battle.

An officer of a steamer from an American port gives a stirring account of a 90-mile fight with a U-boat in the Atlantic. It lasted from the firing of a torpedo, which just missed, at 11:45 a. m., until 5:40 p. m. During that time the stokers worked without ceasing to get every ounce of speed out of the boilers. The engineers got her up from a normal ten or eleven knots to more than thirteen and a half.

"The gunners were on duty every second," said the officer. "From the bridge we could see every shot from the submarine. We formed a big, high target 500 feet long, and the enemy showed only a small dome five miles astern. A couple of hours' ineffective shelling made him a bit venturesome, but our gunners speedily showed him that it was unhealthy to come too close. We had plenty of ammunition and we used it lavishly. With constant practice, too, our gunners began to get better. Nevertheless, about three o'clock the German gunners got out some better shells and shrapnel began to rain on our decks. The man in the wheelhouse was struck by a splinter. A shot pierced the scupper over the boatswain's room. Another struck us abaft the engine room on the port side.

"For a while the fight was fierce. Then for half an hour no shots were fired, while the submarine maneuvered for position. Our ship was vibrating with speed. Our captain paced the bridge, keenly observant. When the U-boat finally got the position he wanted and renewed the shell fire our gun decided to let them have it as hot as our gun would stand. After a few minutes we landed a shell squarely on the German's back. It apparently disturbed him a good deal, for he stopped firing at once, then slackened speed, altered course and submerged."

FAMILY IS REUNITED

A Reunion After Many Years Came About by Accident.

After being separated for 46 years, six children of a Civil war veteran—Charles A. Ulrich, J. Harry Ulrich, William W. Ulrich, George W. Ulrich of Chicago, Mrs. Mary Meyers of Lewiston, Pa., and Mrs. William Vincent—are united. They were at Mrs. Vincent's home in Philadelphia together recently.

The reunion came about by accident. Mrs. Meyers came to the Lankenau hospital to undergo an operation, and the Chicago member of the family was in Philadelphia on business. He learned of his sister's illness and looked up his other brothers and sisters. The reunion resulted.

All the family went through the meatless and other foodless sacrifices of the Civil war period in Lewiston. Charles A. Ulrich, recalling those days and comparing them with the present time, said:

"So far, people of this generation do not know what war sacrifice means. Neither will they until our schools and churches are turned into hospitals for wounded soldiers brought back from over there, as they were in Harrisburg after the battle of Gettysburg."

CUPID TAKES FIRST PLACE

Military Orders Must Wait When Little General Commands.

Military orders take second place when the orders of "General" Cupid are issued, according to Mrs. Charles Hatfield, until lately Miss Florence Cunningham. Miss Cunningham arrived at Fort Leavenworth to marry Hatfield, who was under orders for "overseas" duty. She found on her arrival his company lined up at the depot, ready to entrain.

Despite the protests of an unromantic first sergeant, she pulled Hatfield out of the line and proceeded to a waiting justice, where the knot was tied. Then the couple marched back to the line, and amid the cheers of the troopers, Hatfield kissed his bride of a few moments "good-by" and as he stepped aboard a train bound "somewhere" the bride boarded a train for her home.

AERIAL MAIL AT 100-MILE GAIT

Plans Perfected by United States Post Office Department.

DUE TO WRIGHT'S DREAMS

Every Airplane Must Carry 300 Pounds of Mail Not Less Than 200 Miles Without Stop at Maximum Speed of 100 Miles an Hour—Regular Air Lines Across Atlantic After War Predicted.

It is within the memory of high school boys and girls of Dayton, O., that Wilbur and Orville Wright were contemptuously referred to by their thrifty, industrious neighbors as "those two no account boys." For the Wright brothers passed the bright days of spring and summer flat on their backs in orchards and woodlands making no effort in life beyond watching little birds as they flew from tree to tree. The Wright boys didn't amount to much fifteen years ago, except in their own estimation.

And today, among other wonderful things resulting directly from the fact that the Wright brothers invented a flying machine that would fly, the United States post office department has perfected plans for carrying mail by airplane between the cities of Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

A feature of the contract the aerial mail carriers will have to obey stands out as a direct development of the world war, the greatest advancement of which, next to the establishment of the superiority of Hun barbarity, is improvement of the airplane. This feature is that every airplane must carry 300 pounds of mail a distance of not less than 200 miles without stop and at a maximum speed of 100 miles an hour. Forty miles an hour faster than a mile a minute!

Routes to Be Permanent.

The post office department insists the routes are to be permanent, the confident announcement that "it is no experiment," having been officially made. Bids have been called for by the department for five airplanes for this air line mail route. Truly, it is a time of wonderful and amazing progress.

Speed and a higher percentage of safety are the two salient points of advancement in aviation for which Mars takes credit.

"Safety first" is a Dayton slogan in all industry. It was natural that Orville Wright, who survives his brother, Wilbur, should turn his attention to making the product of their genius as safe as might be. He worked out a stabilizer, that, operating automatically, kept the machine, under ordinary circumstances, on what might be called an even keel. Also he helped to balance the weight of the machine to better advantage.

An ingenious method of airplane manipulation was adopted, and it is interesting to observe how it dovetails into human psychology, if one might call it that. To drive an airplane, the flyer follows directions that fit in with what easily are the natural impulses of the body.

For instance, for higher altitude, the flyer pulls the steering wheel toward his breast. This is a leaning backward which points the toes of the flyer and the nose of the machine upward. To descend the wheel is thrust away from the flyer. And this is a leaning forward which inclines the feet of the flyer and the nose of the machine toward the earth. Steering to left or right is done with the feet placed upon rests beside the steering post, and warping of the planes for "banking" is effected by turning the steering wheel to the left when steering the plane to the left and to the right in vice versa fashion.

Increased lifting power is another war development of the airplane. Armament was necessary on the battle fronts and heavy machine guns were mounted on planes designed for fighting. And the plane had to carry a pilot and an observer, which increased the size of the plane beyond that used for years in exhibitions, though the plane that could carry one or two passengers has been in existence for some time.

The most wonderful development in this direction is seen in the achievements of the Caproni brothers, Italian airplane builders, who have turned out machines that would carry as many as 30 passengers.

Air Lines Across Atlantic.

They predict that, after the war, great strides will be made in airplane building for commercial purposes. Regular air lines across the Atlantic, they say, actually will be established and maintained.

Next to the Wrights, the Caproni brothers have done more, it is claimed, in the development of the airplane than anybody else interested in the scientific problems presented.

For the present the chief interest in America in aviation is the strides made by the war department in training thousands of civilians for war work, in the air, and the production of the famous Liberty motor, holding the composite idea of the best engineering brains in the country. It is declared by experts that the Liberty motor is the best in the world, and no doubt it will be used on the machines soon to undertake the maintenance of Uncle Sam's unique and daring air line mail routes.

TOOK OVER CENTURY TO GET THIS OPPORTUNITY

After 102 years of listening to suffrage arguments and reasons why women should vote Mrs. Sally Gold, who is two years over the century mark, registered for voting the first time. Mrs. Gold is not a feeble woman despite her age, and she still takes an active interest in all things, especially the activities of women. She wouldn't think of overlooking the chance to vote after a hundred years of waiting. She is shown here washing.

Glasses weren't necessary when she signed the books, for Mrs. Gold has never worn them; her eyes are still keen.

"I'm glad I have lived to see women vote," she commented to those around her. She registered in the thirteenth election district in New York city.

RED CROSS WOMEN ACT AS SHOPPING GUIDES

Help American Boys in France in Their Tilts With French Shopkeepers.

The American soldier in France is a good fighting man. But when he faces the French shopkeeper—that quick-tongued, sharp-eyed little woman who keeps the till as full as she can while her husband fights—he is glad enough to have an American woman beside him.

So the Red Cross women at the line-of-communication canteens have a new job. They take American boys out shopping.

There are a string of towns along the railroads where it is a common sight now to see a hundred American soldiers hurrying about the streets, using their precious quarter-hour or so, while they wait for connections, in laying in a stock of tobacco or food or sweets. Heading a group of a score here and a dozen there you will see an American woman, shepherding the whole crowd, marching them into the shops, translating their wants into shopkeeper's French, counting their change for them, and generally serving as guide, interpreter, and guardian. There is usually a troop of youngsters bringing up the rear, chattering and giggling and scrambling now and then for the coppers that the soldiers throw among them.

"It's just like going shopping with my sister at home," said one grateful warrior.

NO SHORTAGE IN SALT

Rumor of Famine Declared Baseless by Washington Authorities.

The rumor that the United States some time ago was threatened with a famine in salt was baseless, according to a report on the technology of salt making in the United States, just issued by the bureau of mines, department of the interior. W. C. Phalen, mineral technologist, the author of the bulletin, reviews the industry and draws certain conclusions from visits to the operating plants in the United States. One of these conclusions is that there is an excess of plant capacity as compared with domestic requirements.

POETESS OPERATES LATHE

Employed in Airplane Factory and Pleased With Her Job.

Mrs. McC. Carr, a poetess who translates French and Italian, is operating a turret lathe in an airplane factory at Swissvale, Pa. When patriotic American women registered for war service, Mrs. Carr responded. Soon after she was offered a job in the factory and she accepted. And she is happy. In her own words: "It's very nice. The shop is big and clean and smelly—and immeasurably better than the stuffiness of a store."

A country worth fighting for is a country worth saving for. Buy Thrift stamps.

SPOTS SUBMARINE ON BED OF OCEAN

Seaplane Has Important Part in Hunting Down German U-Boats.

SNARED WITH STEEL ROPES

Enemy Is Given Five Minutes to Rise and Surrender, Then Is Blown Up—Vivid Description by English Writer.

London.—One of the methods by which, as the first sea lord, Sir Eric Geddes said recently, the submarine menace is being "held," is vividly described by a writer in the Liverpool Journal of Commerce.

A seaplane had "spotted" a submarine lying on the sea bed. Instantly the observer's finger commenced to tap a key. Ten miles away a long, lean destroyer and four squat trawlers detached themselves like a pack of hounds working a covert, and hastened to the kill. Meanwhile the seaplane circled around. When the surface ships arrived, her instructions, delivered by wireless, were curt and precise.

Acting upon them the trawlers stationed themselves at the four corners of a wet quadrangle, while the destroyer kept her guns ready to talk to Fritz should he appear above the surface.

The trawlers at the corners got out their sweeps—long wire hawsers, with a heavy "kite" in the center to keep their bights down on the seabed—and commenced to steam toward each other.

As the pairs of vessels met, their wires simultaneously engaged themselves under the U-boat's bow and stern, and commenced to work their sinuous way between her hull and the sea bottom.

Then the strange thing happened. Two round, black objects seemed to detach themselves from her hull and float surfaceward, to hover a second and then to commence bobbing down the tide.

"Minelayer, eh?" called the seaplane's observer.

"That's it, lad," came the telephoned answer, "but her eggs can wait for a minute."

Then the trawlers crossed their dependent cables and thus held the U-boat in a kind of wire cat's cradle. She seemed to suddenly awake to her danger, for with a bound she tried to disentangle herself from the meshes which held her. But it was no use; the trawlers had been too long at the game and the submarine was doomed.

"Got him," signaled the seaplane.

"Thanks," responded the destroyer. "We'll give him five minutes to come up and breathe, but no longer." That time passed but still Fritz made no further move.

The End of the U-Boat.

At a flag signal from the destroyer the port foremost trawler and the starboard after one clipped a small red tin of high explosive to the bar-taut wire, and allowed it to slide down till it touched the U-boat's hull.

It was the seaplane's turn to wave a flag, and immediately there followed the fall of two fists upon two firing-keys; the uprising of two gray mounds of water and a rumbling, muffled explosion.

The seaplane circled twice above the patch of rising oil, ascertained that Fritz had been destroyed, and notified the destroyer. Then, with her observer slipping a drum of cartridges into his machine gun, she sped on after those objects bobbing down tide.

A burst of rapid firing—and the first of the devil's eggs, its buoyancy chamber punctured, sank with a gurgle; the second gave a better show, for it exploded grandly—and harmlessly—as the bullets reached it.

TEACHES SOLDIERS TO ACT

James K. Hackett, the Actor, Is Director General of Amusements, at Camp Devens.

Camp Devens, Ayres, Mass.—After five months in bed, five months on crutches and five months walking with the aid of a cane, James K. Hackett, the noted actor, is today enjoying army life at this big camp teaching the boys how to act. He is director general of amusements for the Knights of Columbus, and is to make a tour of all the big army camps. He is showing the boys how to put on shows and how to amuse themselves by acting. "We don't need scenery—Shakespeare didn't," declared Hackett. "These men will learn the trick."

LIKE HIS FAMOUS ANCESTOR

Israel Putnam of Revolutionary Fame, Had Nothing on His Great-Great-Grandson.

Boone, Colo.—Israel Putnam of revolutionary fame, who cut his horses loose from the plow and hurried to engage in battle against the British, had nothing on his great-great-grandson, Ralph W. Putnam, a farmer near Boone. When the "war urge" overtook Mr. Putnam he hurried from the farm to the nearest recruiting station, enlisted and left for a cantonment camp, then sent word home by telegraph:

"I'm off to grab the German goat."

ARMY SUPPLIES IN CHAIN OF CITIES

Three Towns Behind the Lines in France Hold Great Stores.

BAKERY SYSTEM A FEATURE

Forty Shipments of White Bread Made Daily—All Facilities Being Enlarged—One Town Is Storage Center.

Behind the American Front in France.—Less spectacular than the continued arrival of American troops and their occupation of a definite front sector, yet in its way quite as important for their success, has been the steady development of the system of keeping them in the myriad supplies they must have.

Keeping pace with the increasing training camps there has grown up a storage, transportation and distribution system that not only accurately and efficiently supplies the needs of all our soldiers but is continually being enlarged against future needs. Neither troops nor supplies can come too fast for it.

The various functions of the system—bakery, refrigerating plant, warehouses for clothing, non-perishable foods and similar supplies, and the main distributing plant—are located for convenience sake in three towns or cities situated respectively at the three corners of an obtuse triangle, and near enough to the training camps and front so that supplies can reach the furthest points in 24 hours.

Bakery Is Great Industry.

No link in the chain between "a port in France" and the American front is, perhaps, more interesting than the bakeries.

The supplying of the American troops in France with white bread has become a great industry and is growing all the time. The few bakers originally here have grown into companies; the relatively small daily quantity of bread turned out in July has increased to scores of thousands of pounds, and entire shiploads of flour are arriving weekly and are being stored away in warehouses with capacity of millions of pounds as a reserve against the arrival of still more troops.

The American army first took possession of a huge bakery in a central French city, formerly operated by a German, and having a capacity for storing 1,500,000 pounds of flour, in addition to a not inconsiderable daily output of bread from its coke ovens.

Those making the arrangements knew that the time would soon come when the city bakery would be inadequate, so they went outside of the city and leased from the French a tract of land consisting of several thousand acres, upon which the conventional military wooden shacks soon sprang up and where there is room for an indefinite number of additional field bakeries as the need may arise.

By the time the city bakery had reached its capacity the shacks were fully equipped with the very latest in baking machinery.

Spur tracks have been constructed out to the field from the city, and over them carloads of bread leave each morning and afternoon for the training camps and the front.

Forty Shipments Daily.

Each baking company has for some time been exceeding the limit of 30,000 pounds a day and has been turning out from 33,000 to 35,000 pounds. The men, 101 to a company, work in two 12-hour shifts. Their product, chiefly great, round, hard-crusted loaves, constitutes about forty separate shipments that are made daily—by train, motor truck and horse-drawn vehicles.

The bread is supplemented by biscuits and rolls at breakfast and supper.

In the city itself the Americans found one of the largest refrigerating and meat storage warehouses in France, and absorbed it last July, though it was then many times larger than their needs. Its capacity is close to two million pounds, and while it has at times been nearly full, the supply is never permitted to fall below half a million pounds. There are more than 600,000 pounds there now.

Direct railroad lines lead not only from the bakery and the refrigerating plant to the camps but also from the seaports and the city.

Several miles westward, at the lower apex of the triangle, lies another French town which has been all but bodily taken over by the Americans as a storage center. Here non-perishable foods—canned goods, salt, sugar and vegetables other than those bought fresh from the French peasants—are stored.

One of the largest buildings which the Americans have taken over is devoted to equipment. Here are stored many thousands of uniforms and every article of clothing from shoes and caps to buttons and handkerchiefs. The needs of the troops is estimated at several pairs of shoes a year and three or four uniforms.

"2 Helmet der Kaiser."

Columbus, O.—A unique sign has been tacked above the counting room door in State Auditor Donahey's suite. It bears the numeral "2," then a picture of a helmet, and then the words "der kaiser," reading "2 helmet der kaiser."