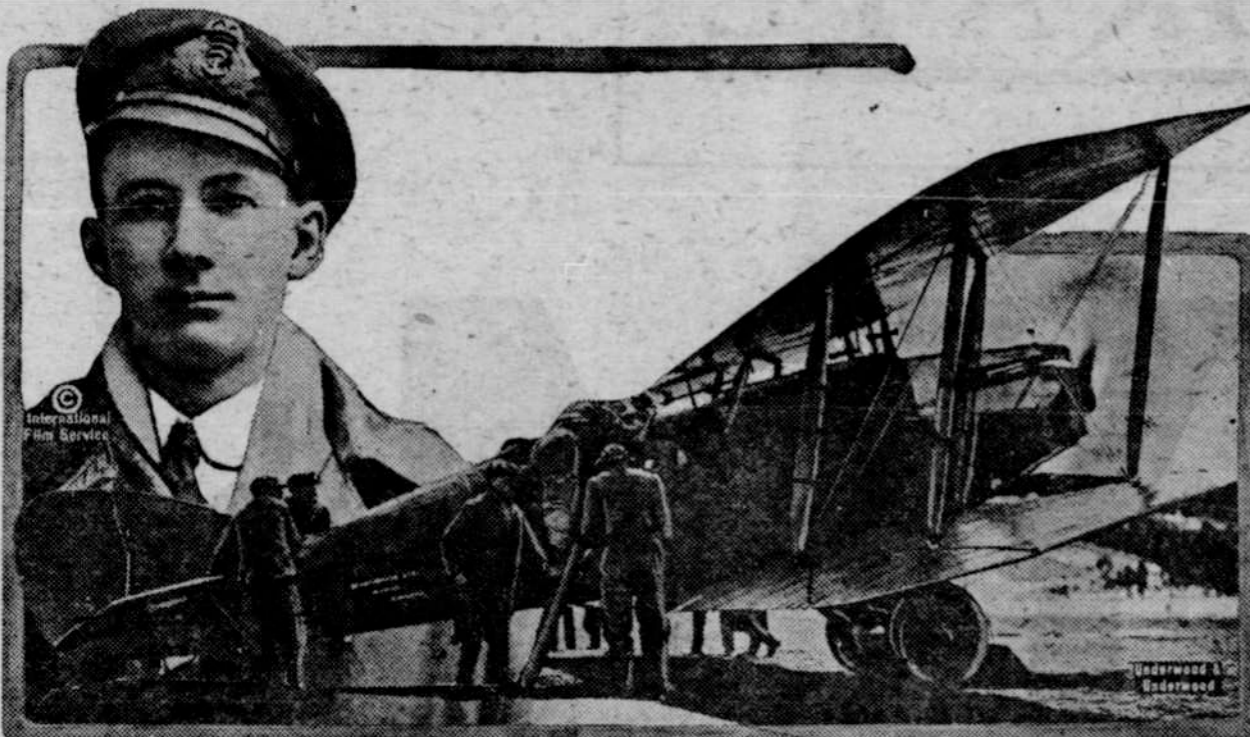


AMERICAN EMBARKATION CAMP AT BREST, FRANCE



A remarkable photograph of Camp Pontanezen at Brest, France, through which all American soldiers embarking for home at that port pass, made from a French dirigible. The camp is the largest of its kind in the world. There are 60 miles of duckboards in it, and housing accommodations for 80,000 men at one time.

TRANSATLANTIC PLANE AND ONE OF ITS PILOTS



This is the Martinsyde transatlantic plane with its pilot, E. P. Raynham, and his assistant, Captain Morgan, climbing into the cockpit, at St. Johns, Newfoundland. The portrait is of Captain Morgan.

LADY READING DEPARTS



Lady Reading has departed from Washington with her husband, for he has completed the special work for which he came here as British ambassador and has gone home. This is a new photograph of Lady Reading.

Caught at Last.

At one of the summer camps, a father said to his pretty daughter one morning:

"What time did you send that young Simpson home last night?"

"Oh," replied the girl, "I don't think it was very late."

"It must have been close to midnight."

"Why, father?"

"Didn't you send him out of the back door and hurry off to bed when you heard me coming in?"

"Oh, I must have been in bed for hours when you came in."

"You heard me, then?"

"Yes. You woke me up."

"And you had been in bed for hours?"

"Uh huh!"

"That certainly is funny."

"Why?"

"Because when I went to light the lamp I nearly burned my hands on the hot chimney."

BOMB PLOT AGAINST LEADING AMERICANS



The United States was startled the other day when there was revealed a great plot to slay leading officials and other citizens by means of bombs sent through the mails. It is believed to have been the work of radicals, as nearly all the intended victims were concerned in the prosecution or deportation of members of the I. W. W. and other undesirables. This photograph shows the bomb which was sent to Judge Landis of Chicago.

THEY WORE WHITE FOR ONE DAY



Washington's several hundred women (F) celebrated the change from navy blue to their attractive summer costumes by staging a drill which was reviewed by Franklin D. Roosevelt, acting secretary of the navy. That same night the temperature reached 35 degrees and the winter costumes came back. Mr. Roosevelt is the civilian with a cane.

ENGINEERS WHO FOUGHT AT CAMBRAI COME HOME



The Santa Teresa arriving at Hoboken with some of the men of the Eleventh engineers, who gained glory at Cambrai by dropping their picks and shovels and helping drive back the Huns. At the left is Lieut. Col. H. W. Hudson, in charge of the detachment, and at the right, Capt. C. P. Hubbard.

PUTS THE CRIMP OUT OF BUSINESS

Land Shark Who Preyed on Sailors Is Given His Death Blow.

UNCLE SAM TAKES A HAND

Shipping Board Establishes Government Agency to Find Berths for Seamen—Evils of Old System Are Swept Away.

New York—The crimp, one of the ugliest figures in the predatory forces, collectively known as "land sharks," that once preyed unchecked on the merchant sailor ashore, must give up his grip on Jack when he is in American ports.

Recent establishment by the United States shipping board of a government shipping agency of national scope to place seamen in positions afloat will put the crimp out of business.

The shipping board agency, known as the sea service bureau, aims not only to protect seaman and ship owner against extortion, but to stabilize the supply of mariners at various ports by shipping men to ports where most needed, prepaying their fares, and looking after their subsistence in transit.

This service will be performed at cost, and a nominal fee of so much a man will be charged the ship operator calling for men.

The passing of the crimp is the most recent in a number of changes in conditions affecting American sailors when ashore that taken together constitute a complete departure from old time standards of what was considered good enough for Jack.

Into the discard which now receives the crimp went some years ago the sailors' dance hall, and its attendant sisterhood, who welcomed Jack ashore, entertained him until his money was gone, and turned him over to the crimp, who in nine cases out of ten was a boarding house keeper.

Passing of Boarding House. The sailor's boarding house itself, as it was known in earlier days, has suffered eclipse by the welfare center, where in a great clean building a sailor may get a neat bed for 30 cents a night, and meals at proportionate cost, and where he can play games, attend lectures and movie shows, and mingle socially with sober and self-respecting companions.

Next on the list to go will be the sailor's grog shop, which now is on

its last legs. With that gone, the props of the old system for debauching Jack and plucking him will have been sent to Davy Jones' locker. Few will mourn the event, for a new style of sailor is coming into the merchant marine—a sailor to whom old-time excesses ashore would not appeal and on whom the "land shark" would not get fat.

The crimp will not go out of business willingly. He has too recent memory of days when to be a crimp was to conduct a business of profit. There are many crimps in business today who recall with professional pride the days of strong arm methods in the merchant marine.

In those times the captain, whose dignity and ethics did not prevent him from accepting a crew that had been shipped by deception or force, turned to the crimp as to a specialist to be engaged for difficult cases. The crimp responded with the alacrity of one who expects a good fee. It was in such cases that he shone, and his methods were those of an artist in guile. The fact that he was an outlaw and that severe penalties were provided for any one aiding or abetting him, as well as for himself, did not baffle him.

Liquor, drugged or otherwise, was his chief ally. He befuddled Jack

and worked his will with him. One classic method of the old time crimp was to tap the drunken sailor over the head with a blackjack, tumble him into a boat, row him alongside the ship on which he was slated to make a long voyage and have him hoisted over the side.

Doom of the System.

The crimp knows where the worst kind of men are, to a certainty. He makes it his business to go aboard ships as they come in—sometimes getting aboard in the guise of a dock laborer—to solicit trade for his boarding house, offering inducements that would not appeal to the newer type of American sailor, who in these times lodges ashore under the protecting roof of some friendly society.

One stroke of business brings another, with the crimp. He promises Jack a job if he will stay on awhile at the boarding house. When Jack's money is gone, and the crimp's financial stake in the sailor must be made good, Jack is sold to the captain or operator in need of men who is willing to pay the board bill as well as a fee. This practice received a hard blow a few years ago, when the law forbade assignments of wages by sailors, but it has been staggering along since. It is expected to die when the shipping board's feeless shipping agency gets into full play.

The sea service bureau has met with the hearty approval of the merchant sailors, who flock to its offices and lose no opportunity to inform their mates arriving from voyages that there is now a central government agency for signing on men.

NAVY DESERTER IS ARMY HERO

Youth Surrenders With a Record of Hottest Fighting in the War.

NO ACTION FOR HIM IN NAVY

Quits His Ship and Enlists in the Six Hundred and Second Engineers—Fought at St. Mihiel, Chateau Thierry and Argonne Woods.

Chicago.—There was action on the sea. Warships that had met and fought were waiting, guns bared, for another combat; submarines, armed merchantmen, and swift cruisers swept waters strewn with mines. Each day brought its tale of valor and its toll of dead.

And out in the Ozarks Frank W. Allee, son of a Missouri legislator, heard the call and volunteered. He was only sixteen and could not get into the army, but with his father's consent he enlisted in the navy February 28, 1917.

He was assigned to the battleship South Carolina as a bugler—and America was at war. It meant action. He was sure of that.

Pines for Action. But there was no action for him. The ship was in its war paint, but it lay off Philadelphia awaiting orders while thousands of lads in olive drab were crossing the sea.

Sixteen months he stood it, and he dreamed now of trenches, of midnight raiding parties, of airplanes, and heavy tanks rumbling over No Man's Land. Nothing like that in the navy.

So one day he bought a civilian suit and in due course of time was listed as a deserter.

About this time a well-built, tanned, wiry chap answering to the name of Jack Anderson enlisted in the Six Hundred and Second engineers in Boston.

Three weeks later he was in Brest, and then, as the Yanks went forward, he was in Chateau Thierry, in St. Mihiel, in the Argonne woods, fighting every day, sleeping in shell holes, and in ditches.

Across the front he went, after the

armistice, and into Coblenz. He had been in the thickest of the fighting. And he was satisfied.

Frank Allee Again.

They mustered out Jack Anderson on April 3; and he became again Frank W. Allee, deserter from the United States navy.

He paid a visit to his father and mother in Springfield, Mo., and then, with his discharge papers, that told where he had been since he deserted, he went to Great Lakes and surrendered to Provost Marshal Lieut. R. C. MacDuffie.

Lieutenant MacDuffie explained that the army and navy veteran is a prisoner at large, waiting for the navy department at Washington to decide his case.

HUNS PREPARE TO WIN TRADE

New "Made in Germany" Labels Sent to London by Soldiers on Rhine.

London.—London business men and British manufacturers whose plants are located outside of London are alarmed lest the Germans should again obtain a profitable foothold in the country. The latest is the publication of labels which have been sent to London by soldiers with the army of occupation at Coblenz.

"Superior scissors made of the best double refined cast steel. Made in Germany," reads one label, and "finest hollow-ground razors, set ready for use, warranted; made in Germany," is another. Still others carry the guarantee of the German manufacturing firm, and all of them bear the place of origin.

According to an announcement by the board of trade, the regulations against the importation of German goods in Great Britain are still in force, and there is no danger of a German trade invasion.

War Is Resumed.

Milwaukee.—Is the war over? George O'Neill said not. Frank Mickel didn't agree. Bing! War resumed. Casualties: One fractured jaw and one battered face.

FRENCH "WACHT AM RHINE"



A French post machine gunner and gun of the Twenty-third infantry guarding a portion of the Rhine near the village of Crimlinghausen, just a few kilometers from Dusseldorf.