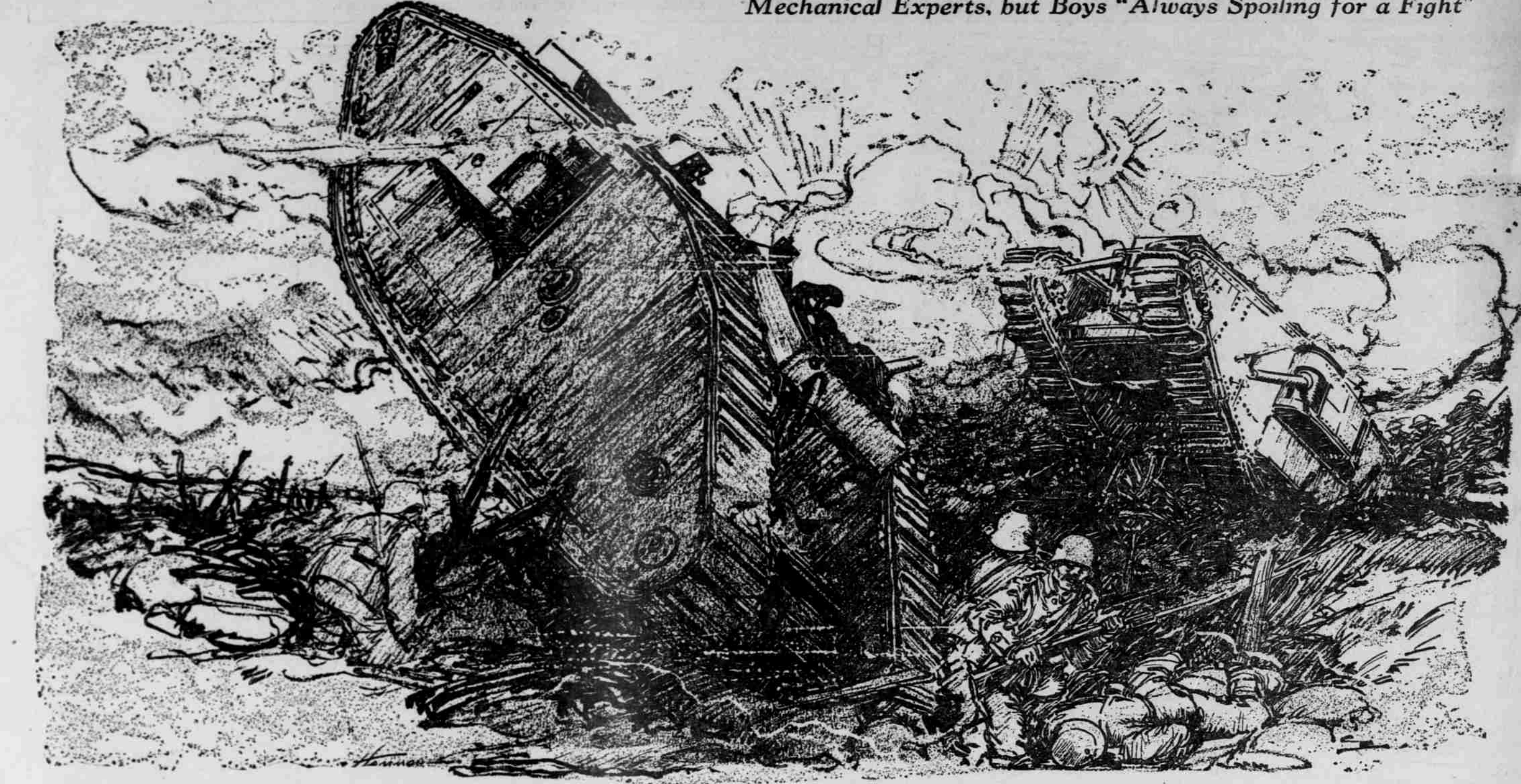


UNCLE SAM SEEKS YANKEE DAREDEVILS FOR TANK SERVICE

Recruits for Land Battleships That Are to Carry Stars and Stripes in "Big Smash on Berlin" Must Be Not Only Mechanical Experts, but Boys "Always Spoiling for a Fight"



Germany Stole the Tank Idea From the British, and the Result Was That in the Recent Fighting It Has Been a Case of Tank Against Tank, Both Sides Being Equipped for Armageddon With the Latest of War Monsters.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Swivel-chair soldiers, or "bevo-boys," as they call them in Washington, where Uncle Joe Cannon rises to remark that the spurs worn by non-combatant officers are "to keep their feet from sliding off their desks," will hardly fill the bill when it comes to putting crews aboard the powerful tanks that are being attached to General Pershing's army in France and made ready to loose against the Hun when the big American drive is set in motion, whether that be this Fall or the Spring of 1919.

For it is now only too apparent that the lumbering tank with its cyclopean eyes and dragon protrusion is an instrument of warfare that has passed out of the experimental stage and has come to stay; to be developed, however, and made even more potent as the war continues. Furthermore, it is no secret either, that Uncle Sam has turned to the tank and is not only preparing to add whole fleets of land battleships to his troops "over there," but speculating further on how the tank may be developed along the line of the tanklet, an individual form of armament that takes us way back again to the knights of old who fared forth to battle clad in shiny habiliments of steel. In the reconstruction, however, the knight of today is an iron-cased locomotive unto himself, who operates on caterpillar wheels and constitutes a combination of artillery, artillery, cavalry and navy all in one!

"Men Who Love to Fight."
"Only men who love to fight," to get back to the recruiting for tank recruits, are wanted this Summer for the American tank service. "The kind of men we are looking for are the ones who are anxious to go over the top and get the Hun—the kind of men who are enlisting in this branch of the service to learn that they are a 'distinct' type in every way, characteristic 'Yankee daredevils,' who will form an American fighting family as unique as Roosevelt's Rough Riders or the Astor Battery or any of a number of famous fighting units developed in the various American wars. At Camp Meade, Maryland, where are mobilized the boys of Pennsylvania, Maryland and the District of Columbia, the tank recruits have adopted as their coat-of-arms a great black cat standing on guard ready to 'claw the enemy,' and with it the legend, 'Treat 'em rough.'"

When the first call for volunteers for tank service was issued in the various cantonments about six weeks ago, there was a grand rush to get into line. Posters reading, "Wanted, volunteers for tank service. No sooner put up than the recruits were largely re-segregated by thousands of eager youths. There are very special requirements for this branch of service, however, and not all the willing youths have been accommodated. Men of daring and adventurous spirit who are unafraid in any dilemma, who are cool and calculating and willing to 'take the long chance,' are demanded in every case. The big requirement, however, is for men who are skilled mechanics, for the chaps who man these movable forts must include expert tractor operators, truck drivers, derrick and steam shovel men, machinists, machine gunners, chauffeurs and the like. Their officers are drawn largely from the engineer corps of the Army.

Reports from virtually every cantonment in the country show a "big drive" to get into the tank service. When the "big push" broke in the latter part of March and it became known that the tanks were playing such an important part in the battle, interest here in tanks was only increased the more. At Camp Devens, in Massachusetts, for instance, the recruiting officers were literally swamped with applications. At Camp Meade 250 men were enrolled in one day. Many American boys enlisting in tank service are likely to see service this Summer against the Hun, for it is known that some detachments already have gone across, while still others are known to have participated in the first two weeks' fighting in what is to be known in history as the Battle of Picardy. In the Middle West, where the tanks have been heard of and talked about but not yet actually seen, as in the East, where several English tank veterans have been on parade

this Spring, the interest is no less general among all the enlisted men. The great automobile manufacturing section of the Middle West is going to send many regiments of skilled mechanics to operate Uncle Sam's new fleets of tanks.

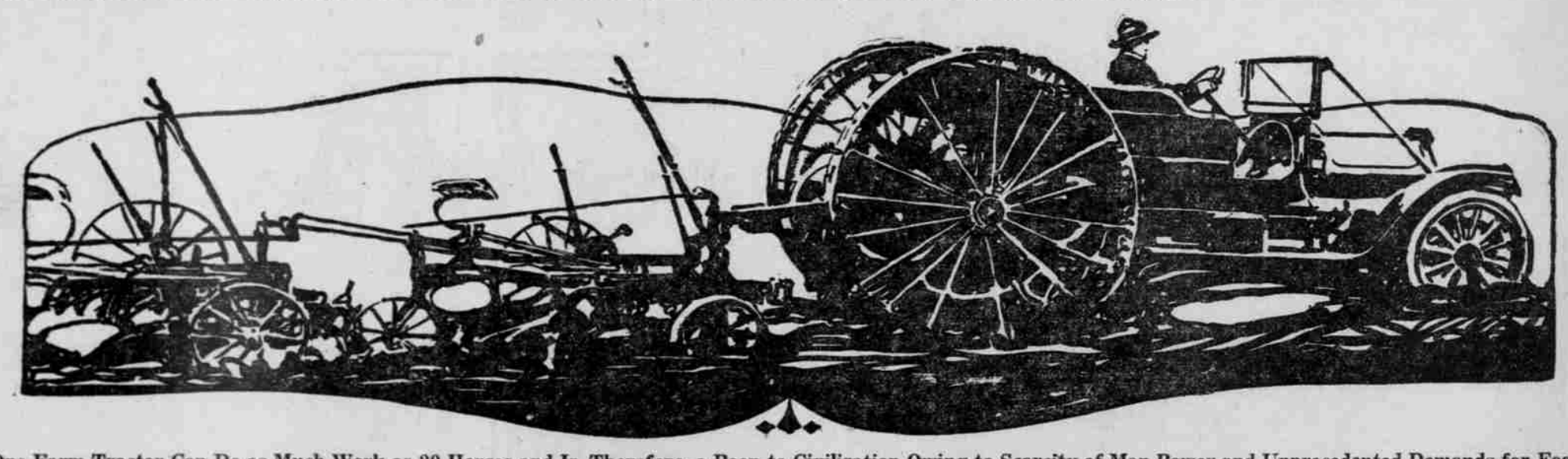
The "suicide club," as the tank detachments are known in the French army, attracts many men who have been in service whose terms of enlistment have expired. This applies particularly to the ambulance men. Very many men from the ambulance service have gone back into the allied armies after serving their terms on the western front or in Italy and invariably these men strike for either the aviation service or the tank regiments. Just how the French came to term the tank regiment "the suicide club" has not been revealed, for it is certain that this branch of service is less dangerous than many other forms of modern fighting. To fight from the shelter of a tank is much less dangerous than the warfare of the trenches, where men are exposed continually to the danger of machine gun and rifle fire, gas attack or shell fire. When these men strike for the tank, they are shifting target for artillery and is immune altogether to machine-gun fire. In fact, it was in an endeavor to conserve some protection from machine-gun fire and particularly airplane bombs, that the English first hit upon the idea of evolving a tank out of the American farm tractor.

Arduous Service.
Service in the tank division, however, is a very exacting grind that requires pluck and nerve. Any man given to fits of "blues" or "grouches" has no business in the tank service. It requires only the incessant rattle of a tank, jostled from side to side and suffering from the heat and inconvenience of cramped quarters. Tank service in this respect is not unlike the submarine service, where men have to spend long, weary hours huddled together in the dark interior of the hull, wearing only the incessant rattle of machinery and seeing only the mechanical caterpillars as a great drain on the constitution. A man must be on the alert every single moment and must be prepared to stand a terrific nerve strain all the time.

Athletes, experienced warriors, travelers, animal trainers, men who have seen active service in perilous fields of endeavor, find the tank service just to their liking. Here is an afternoon's roster of recruits at a New York headquarters: Two gold miners, three Boer War veterans, three professional pugilists, six members of last year's variety football team at Williams College, six former United States marines, three men who had won the French Croix de Guerre, a filibuster, an Argentine cavalry man, a dancing master, a lion tamer and 40 men from the University of Chicago who had enlisted as an ambulance unit and then transferred. Athletes, specialists and "men who love a fight" get the preference.

Recruits for the United States tank service are being drilled in a monster training camp being established near the historic battlefield at Gettysburg, Pa. What would Picckett have done with a score or more of the modern tanks in his drive against the Union lines in that famous charge more than half a century ago? As a matter of fact, while the tank is a direct product of the present world war, who shall say that the first tank was not that little cheesebox—a floating tank—that Ericsson contrived so wonderfully to do its part against the Merrimac in the famous naval duel of the Civil War? Just as the armored turret of the Monitor turned aside the Confederate fire and proved itself invulnerable before the rattle of musketry and small arms, so the tank today is valuable for its protection against machine-gun and rifle fire. Bursting shrapnel makes no impression on the tank and it takes a direct hit from a piece of powerful artillery to dent the modern Horse of Troy or put him out of business.

The tractor has come more and more into general use in the Army the horse has been dethroned, and it would not seem improbable that the time would come when even the famous old Army mule would be displaced by the gasoline motor. Experiments con-



One Farm Tractor Can Do as Much Work as 20 Horses and Is, Therefore, a Boon to Civilization Owing to Scarcity of Man Power and Unprecedented Demands for Food.

ducted in our West several years ago brought the tractor into use for heavy hauling even before Great Britain had taken hold of the American farm tractor and transformed it into a modern tank. Today the tractor is as essential as the big gun, for the big gun could not be moved at will on the battlefield, except for the equivalent of a pillar tractor unless hundreds of horses or mules were employed.

Enter the "Tanklet!"
The "tanklet" is being considered by the War Department. Henry Ford, who is building the "Eagles" for the Navy Department, believes the two man tank suggested by ordnance experts is every bit as feasible as the new anti-submarine device named the "Eagle" by order of Secretary Daniels. Two men would fit into one of the "tanklets" and Ford would put them on the battlefields of France by the thousand. Each of the large tanks is held by the British to be the equivalent of 100 fighting men. Ford holds the "tanklet" would be equivalent to 150 men at least. They would be produced at the rate of 1000 or 2000 a day, and once production was under way 50,000 could be turned out in three months. They could be distributed along the battlefield, he maintains, 15 feet apart. In each tank two men, shielded by armor-plating with a machine gun, would have the offensive power of 50 soldiers with rifles.

Tanks Here to Stay.
Regardless of the fate of the "baby" tank, it is certain that the mammoth tank in use now in the titanic struggle in France is destined to remain a permanent fixture in the implements of warfare and to be enlarged and carried forward to greater things. The destiny of the tank was settled at Cambrai, when a great fleet of British tanks smashed their way through the famous Hindenburg line in what was up to that time the greatest surprise attack of the war on land. It is recorded that in two days the British accomplished more than they had in two months of the Somme offensive. In those two days they advanced more than six miles on a front eight miles wide, and were partly instrumental in the capture of 10,000 prisoners and 150 guns. In the recent fighting the performance of the tank has even more warlike in the world.

Just as Germany "stole" the submarine idea from this Nation and perfected it as the most ruthless weapon of all wars, so she "stole" the tank from the British soon after its appearance on the western battlefields of Europe. The surprise of the "Tommy" at the initial appearance of the tank, when they went laughing into battle behind its cumbersome proportions, expecting the way to Berlin to be "ironed out" before them, was no different from the surprise of the Germans when they first beheld the huge steel elephants crawling upon them. And when in the course of events some of the monsters fell into the hands of the Germans it did not take Fritz long to copy them and start building them in Krupp and elsewhere beyond the Rhine. The result was that in the recent fighting it has been a case of

tank against tank, both sides being equipped for Armageddon, with the latest of war monsters. The tank is only getting under way as an instrument of warfare. Certain it is that as the war continues the tank is to be developed on a marvelous scale. Who will deny that it is only a step from the dreadnought tank to the eggshells the awesome machine depicted on the covers of the popular science magazines and in the books of the novelists? If modern artillery has been perfected so that it shoots 80 or 90 miles; if the battleship of the Spanish-American War period is but a sunbat alongside the super-dreadnought of the world war; if the torpedo that Farragut "cussed" at Mobile is but a percussion cap alongside the depth bomb of today, then may not the tank of 1918 grow into the great steel dragon menacing whole cities in a few more years?

In bright contrast to the tractor as an implement of war is the tractor as an instrument of peace. The food tractor today is even more powerful than the tank of the battlefield, for here in the United States and the Dominion of Canada, where the food supplies of the allied nations are being produced, the food tractor is a godsend in a time of farm labor scarcity. England showed the way and now the civilized world is following suit. Last year more than 6000 huge food tractors were worked 24 hours by sunlight and electric light producing foodstuffs for the United Kingdom. Standing orders here for foreign shipments are greater than can be accommodated because of the scarcity of shipping. Canada buys 25 a day in the United States, and would take more if she could get them. In the United States there are approximately 250,000 gasoline tractors in use this Spring, with all the tractor factories working day and night on rush orders. One company is manufacturing 100,000 food tractors on one order. Great as was the invention of Cyrus McCormick's harvester and Eli Whitney's cotton gin, the farm tractor is destined to go down in history as one of the most valuable contributions to the science of agriculture. Probably no other scientific offering of the last century has offered more toward the hope of developing our natural resources on a comprehensive scale. The tractor now is hauling out the

big lumber resources of the West. One has only to consider the fact that one tractor is capable of performing the work of as many as 20 horses or more to realize the importance of this adjunct to farming and forestry. With the tractor it is likely this Nation will turn to agricultural pursuits upon a hitherto unattempted scale. At one move the problem of farm labor seems greatly relieved, in view of the fact that one tractor is capable of doing as much work as half a dozen men. The "back to the farm" propaganda is likely to be benefited in that the tractor abrogates much of the toilsome drudgery of farm life and makes the business of producing food more attractive for the lad who is not at all averse to tinkering with a gasoline engine or driving an automobile in the furrows. Automotive engineering in the agricultural schools is very apt to prove a fascinating proposition for the American boy both in theory and practice.

After the War.
In the affairs of the world, then, the tractor occupies a unique position. So long as the war lasts the tank is going to be developed as a more powerful death-dealing engine of destruction. If the war goes forward to 1920 or later we shall probably see land navies of monster proportions indulging in mortal hand-to-hand combats upon the soil of Germany as the allies smash their way to Berlin. Development of the tank may bring about the elimination of trench warfare altogether and hand fighting may resolve itself into the duel of these gigantic fleets of tractor battleships freighted with heavy ordnance and moving to battle under a barrage of massive artillery having a range of a hundred miles or more. Wild dream? That's what they said when Jules Verne wrote of the submarine and Alfred Tennyson of the battles in the air and H. G. Wells of the tanks. But here they are! After the war, however, the tractor

will do more toward mending the fearful devastation of man than possibly any other agency. Nations turning from their artillery and machine guns will take up the latest evolutions of science and use them to the repair of all the horrible injury inflicted upon mankind and upon Mother Earth. Food production will be resumed upon a more elaborate scale. In every nation there will be a great development of natural resources. Italy has learned that she must develop her waterways in order not to be dependent upon foreign shipments of coal for production of power. France and England will move along the same line, making themselves more resourceful in the production of foods, fuel, light, heat, etc. The future looms up in wonderful proportions—the great future when man shall turn again from destruction to construction! C. W. D.

Simple Way to End Dandruff
There is one sure way that has never failed to remove dandruff at once, and that is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, common liquid arvon from any drug store (this is all you will need), apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.
By morning most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.
You will find all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and you will feel a hundred times better.—Adv.

GRAY HAIR
Restored in 4 to 5 Days
Not dyed—but restored to its original color! Gray hair, white hair, baldness, thinning hair, falling hair, etc. We will restore you the soft, lustrous hair you want. You may apply it to your hair, or we will send you a bottle of our Gray Hair Restorer. It is a pure colorless liquid, clean and dandruff free. You may apply it to the hair and the gray disappears.
Send for Free Trial Bottle
Gray hair, white hair, baldness, thinning hair, falling hair, etc. We will restore you the soft, lustrous hair you want. You may apply it to your hair, or we will send you a bottle of our Gray Hair Restorer. It is a pure colorless liquid, clean and dandruff free. You may apply it to the hair and the gray disappears.
Mary T. Goldman, Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. Established 60 Years

TODAY'S BEAUTY HINT
It is not necessary to shampoo your hair so frequently if it is entirely and properly cleansed each time by the use of a really good shampoo. The easiest to use and quickest drying shampoo that we can recommend to our readers is one that brings out all the natural beauty of the hair and may be enjoyed at very little expense, by dissolving a teaspoonful of Cantor's, which can be obtained from any drug-gist, in a cup of hot water. This makes a full cup of shampoo liquid, enough so it is easy to apply it to all the hair instead of just to the top of the head. This, when rubbed into the scalp and onto every strand of hair, chemically dissolves all impurities. It is very soothing and cooling in its action, as well as beneficial to both scalp and hair. After rinsing out the lather so created, you will find the scalp is fresh, clean and free from dandruff, while the hair dries quickly and evenly, developing a bright luster and a soft fluffiness that makes it seem very heavy.—Adv.

THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX

(Continued From First Page.)
William" asked Napoleon. "Trying to stampede Anne Hathaway into starting something?"
"That is not mistletoe," retorted Shakespeare. "That is laurel."
"O, indeed," said Napoleon. "Latest thing in Spring bonnets up your way, I presume."
"Not at all," said Shakespeare coldly. "I always wear the laurel as a matter of right on my birthday." "The far-famed spinach of Parnassus, eh? Fine! If you put a little mayonnaise on it it'll be more dressy. Bill, I'm getting to be!"
"I must have reached his second childhood," said Aeschylus.
"I am 301 years old today," said Shakespeare, with frigid dignity, "but you might have known for yourselves if you had ever read about anybody but yourselves in the latest edition of 'Who's Who in Hades.'"
"Congratulations, William, congratulations," said Homer. "We had forgotten. Nephew had us in her grip; but we stand ready to make amends. Gentlemen," he added, rising and addressing the large group of those present, "today is the natal day of our Bard of Avon, the dulcet voiced Swan of Stratford, the sweet singer of soft suspirations that stir the soul and make the pulses throb like a gibbet and liney on an unscalable slope."
"Three cheers for our spark-plug of letters!" cried Raleigh. "May his tire never deflate!"
Shakespeare bowed in acknowledgment of the tribute, into the seething wake of the hero of the day.