BOOKS

By JOSEPH MACQUEEN.

The First Shot for Liberty, by Corporal de Varila. $1.25. Illustrated. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.

Written in slangy, breezy English and permeated with sturdy American spirit, this story of the young American gunner who fired recently the first shot from an American gun in France during the present war deserves a multitude of readers.

The tale is told in simple, boyish fashion.

The hero is Osborne de Varila, of Battery C, Sixth United States Field Artillery, who was at school in Los Angeles, Cal., when he enlisted in the United States Army April 25, 1917, just 19 days after this country declared war against Germany.

Corporal de Varila says he has red hair and freckles and is proud of them. His mother is of Irish descent and his father French. He possesses, evidently, a fighting disposition and a quick temper. His grandfather on the paternal side fought for the Confederacy under "Stonewall" Jackson, and his mother's father was a Federal soldier with Grant.

A racy, enjoyable account is given of the arrival of the troopship containing De Varila and his comrades at a French port and De Varila says the welcome of the French was "like a grand opera I once attended in Frisco."

"The first thing I knew," writes De Varila, "a middle-aged woman in a peasant costume had swung her arms around my neck and was kissing me first on one cheek and then on the other. Anybody would have thought I was her long-lost son.

"When this ordeal was over 'the prettiest girl in France annexed herself to my neck,' and there was a 'smack that must have been heard at the Battery in New York.'" This was all very pleasant but when an aged Frenchman dived at our young soldier, intent upon showing his affection in a similar fashion, the brave lad cried "Halt!"

His regiment occupied barracks in a village near the Swiss border where they were trained in the use of the French "75s." In September of last year De Varila was made a cannoneer, and before he had been on French soil but a short time his hatred of the Hun had increased a thousandfold. It was while marching to the front that he first came to the full realization of what German atrocities mean. Says the author:

> In a village five miles further on we paused to rest. Here a woman approached us with a boy about six years old.
>
> "You are Americans," she said, "and I want to give you inspiration to fight."
>
> She bent over and lifted up the arms of the boy at her side.
>
> "Look," she said, in a cold, even voice, "this is what the Boches did to my little son."
>
> We hardened artillerymen gurgled with horror at what we saw. My God! The little lad's hands had been chopped off at the wrists. I had heard of such cases, but had never really credited them, but here was one right before my very eyes.

The mother explained the injury by stating the Huns had "made sure the boy would never take up arms against the Kaiser." Her 15-year-old daughter had been carried away by the Prussian beasts and she knew nothing of the girl's fate—which was, no doubt, too terrible to describe in words. The sight of the crippled lad forced upon the American soldiers the knowledge that the world would not be safe until the Germans had been humbled into the dust.

There was quite a race among the American artillerymen to haul their guns to the desired position and have the honor of firing the first American shell at the Huns.

Our hero helped to haul a gun of his battery for nearly three-quarters of a mile over swampy ground with many mud-choked shell-holes. It was raining hard at the time and when De Varila and his mates reached the point of objective they "were all in."

At 6 A. M. Captain I. R. McLandon arrived (p. 78). Then follows this interesting account of shell fire:

> I thrilled from head to toe, but my head was cool and my hand steady. The gun was wheeled into position, its business end pointing toward Germany. There was barely enough light for us to read the markings on the little piece. The battery commander gave the word to the sergeant and the sights were set.
>
> "One second pieces only!" rapped out the commander.
>
> A gunner cut the fuse of a shrapnel to meet the requirements of the order and the shell was placed in the breech of the "little 75" by a non-commissioned officer.
>
> "Range 3500 yards," snapped the commander.
>
> I see the deflection and saw that the crosshair was on the target. I was tingling from head to foot with the tensity of the moment. There was a brief pause, during which every mother's son of us was on our toes.
>
> "Fire!" rasped out the commander.
>
> Filled with a thousand conflicting emotions I pulled the lanyard of the little spitfire and America's first shot of the war went screaming into German territory.

Then follows a modest account of the different battle scenes in which De Varila participated. Finally, during a gas attack by the Huns in March of the present year a piece of shrapnel cut his mask and De Varila was "laid out" with mustard gas. It meant the hospital for him.

After recovery De Varila was one of the lucky ones sent back to this country to help along the work of the third liberty loan.

In Philadelphia he met his best girl. But his one burning desire now is to get back "over there."

Life in a Tank, by Richard Haigh, M. C. $1.25. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

There is much curiosity to read about the life of those in fighting army tanks, a new engine of war perfected by the British.

Captain Haigh has been "in the thick of it" at the battles of the Somme and other fights, and as he was the directing head of various tanks, he is qualified to be our guide in the department of tank knowledge.

A curious incident, when the crew met their first tank:

> "There it is!" cried Gould, and started forward for a better look at the 'Willie.'"
>
> Across the face of Rigden, the instructor, flashed a look of scorn and pain. Just such a look you may have seen on the face of a young mother when you refer to her baby as "it."
>
> "Don't call a tank 'it,' Gould," he said, with admirable patience. "A tank is either 'he' or 'she'; there is no 'it.'"
>
> "In Heven's name, what's the difference?" asked Gould, completely mystified. The rest of us were all ears.
>
> "The female tank carries machine guns only," Rigden explained. "The male tank carries light field guns as well as machine guns. Don't ever make the mistake again, any of you fellows."
>
> Having firmly fixed in our minds the fact that we were to begin on a female "Willie," the instruction proceeded rapidly. Rigden opened a little door in the side of the tank. It was about as big as the door to a large, old-fashioned brick oven built into the chimney beside the fireplace. His head disappeared and his body followed after. He was swallowed up, save for a hand that waved to us and a muffled voice which said, "Come on in, you fellows."
>
> Gould went first. He scrambled in, was lost to sight, and then we heard his voice.
>
> McNutt's infectious laugh rose above the sound of our mirth. But not for long.
>
> "Hurry up," called Rigden. "You next, McKnutt."
>
> McKnutt disappeared. Then to our further astonishment his rich Irish voice could be heard upraised in picturesque malediction. What was Rigden doing to them inside the tank to provoke such profanity from them both? The rest of us scrambled to find out. We soon learned.
>
> When you enter a tank you go in head first, entering by the side doors. (There is an emergency exit—a hole in the roof which is used by the wise ones.) You wiggle your body in with more or less grace, and then you stand up. Then, if it is the first time, you are usually profane. For you have banged your head most unmercifully against the steel roof and you learn, once and for all, that it is impossible to stand upright in a tank. Each one of us received our baptism in this way. Seven of us, crouched in uncomfortable positions, ruefully rubbed our heads, to Rigden's intense enjoyment. Our life in the tank had begun!

Here is a spirited battle scene:

> All this time the German guns had not been silent. McKnutt's tank crunched across the ground amid a furious storm of flying earth and splinters. The strain was beginning to be felt. Although one is protected from machine gun fire in a tank, the sense of confinement is at times terrible. One does not know what is happening outside his little steel prison. One often can not see where the machine is going. The noise inside is deafening, the heat terrific. Bombs shatter on the roof and on all sides. Bullets spatter savagely against the walls. There is an awful lack of knowledge; a feeling of blind helplessness at being cooped up. One is entirely at the mercy of the big shells. If a shell hits a tank near the petrol tank, the men may perish by fire, as did Gould, without a chance of escape. Going down with your ship seems pleasant compared to burning up with your tank. In fighting in the open one has, at least, air and space.
>
> McKnutt, however, was lucky. They could now see the sunken road before them which was their objective. Five-nines were dropping around them now. It was only a matter of moments, it seemed, when they would be struck.
>
> "Do you think we shall make it?" McNutt asked James.
>
> "We may get there, but shall we get back? That's the question, sir."
>
> McKnutt did not answer. They had both had over two years' experience of the accuracy of the German artillery. And they did not believe in miracles. But they had their orders. They must simply do their duty and trust to luck.
>
> They reached the sunken road. The tank was swung around. Their orders were to reach their objective and remain there until the bombers arrived. McKnutt peered out. No British were in sight and he snapped his porthole shut. Grimly they settled down to wait.
>
> The moments passed. Each one seemed as if it would be their last. Would the Infantry never come? Would there be any sense in just sitting there until a German shell annihilated them if the Infantry never arrived? Had they been pushed back by a German rush? Should he take it upon himself to turn back? McKnutt's brain whirled.
>
> Then, after hours, it seemed, of waiting, around the corner of a traverse, he saw one of the British tin hats. Nothing in the world could have been a happier sight. A great wave of relief swept over him. Three or four more appeared. Realizing that they, too, had reached their objective, they stopped and began to throw up a rough form of barricade. More men poured in. The position was consolidated and there was nothing more for the tank to do.

"Happy is the man who early learns the wide chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers."
—GOETHE.

Corporal de Varila.
From "The First Shot For Liberty"

Two Books on Aviation, Brentano's, New York City.

"The Aviator's Pocket Dictionary and Time Table," edited under the supervision of A. de Gramont de Quiche, officer of the French aviation corps. It is in French-English and English-French, and is an excellent handbook for the use of aviators and engineers in the United States Army—with tables of measurements in American and English and their metrical equivalents; 120 pages.

"...viators' Elementary Handbook," by A de Gramont de Quiche, and translated by Dwight M. Miner, former teacher of sciences in the Taunton, Mass., high school. The book, of 118 pages, is a primer of aviation and aeroplane machines, and is so valuable as a means of instruction that it answers a long-felt want.

The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft, by George Gissing. 60 cents. Boni & Liveright, Inc., New York City.

Gissing was a talented but erratic English novelist of whom the American reading public knows little.

Our thanks are due this discoursive and charming book of leisure whereby we know what manner of literary work Gissing did. "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" is a biography of an English literary man of many curious moods, and little ready money.

A Dictionary of Military Terms, by Edward S. Farrow. $2.50. Thomas Y. Crowe & Co., New York City.

Our author is late assistant instructor in tactics in United States Academy, West Point, N. Y.

This volume contains nearly 700 pages, and includes 12,000 definitions of words and phrases covering not only the most recent words used in warfare, but also many ancient terms. The definitions likewise include guns, arms, ammunition and equipment of all kinds, tactics, army regulations, aeroplanes, slang terms, French phrases, and the lingo of the trench. The latest weapons, such as the Browning machine gun and Browning automatic rifle, are accurately described.

The author, Edward S. Farrow, is admirably equipped as a writer on military subjects. As a young man he served against the Indians of the Pacific Northwest, and was recommended for brevets "for conspicuous bravery, energy and soldierly conduct." In 1880 he was appointed instructor of tactics at West Point, and while there compiled Farrow's "Military Encyclopedia," which immediately took its place as a standard.

The present book is the ripe product of a lifetime of specialization, finding its culmination in a survey of the present great war. It should have a strong appeal to all military schools, military writers, army officers, students, editors, librarians, and careful readers. It occupies an important field.

The Unpardonable Sin, by Rupert Hughes. $1.50. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Here we have the first of what is probably a school of highly dramatic, sensational novels in which Germany's guilt is shown in ruining Belgium and in outraging Belgian women and girls.

The novel opens in the American Middle West, and with the sudden arrival in it of a beautiful young woman apparently thrown from an auto, and left to die. She is unconscious and appears to be suffering from an attack of hysteria which causes her to sleep. From papers found in her possession she is Miss Dimmy Parcat, recently of Los Angeles, Cal., and the possessor of $4845. She is taken to the home of a German-American woman, Mrs. Winsor, whose son, Nall, finds he loves the waif.

A letter found also in Miss Parcat's possession shows that she is about to proceed to Belgium to find her mother and sister Alice, who have been outraged by German soldiers. The mother and sister are about to bear babies. Miss Dimmy recovers.

Swiftly the novel changes to Belgium, and we are in the iron grip of the might of military Germany. The period is just before the United States entered the war.

The conclusion is a startling one.

European Dramatists, by Archibald Henderson. $2. Stewart & Kidd Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Here we have the fifth and revised edition of a book that has made its mark in the appreciation of drama. Much in these 429 pages is new. All of it is worth reading and debate.

The dramatists discussed are August Strindberg, Henrik Ibsen, Maurice Maeterlinck, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker and August Schnitzler.

The two most ably written reviews are those of Wilde and Shaw, and here our author's sense of fairness is clearly discerned. Mr. Henderson thinks that Shaw "is the most versatile and cosmopolitan genius in the drama of ideas that Great Britain has yet produced."

It is profitable to reflect on the influence of the teachings of Shakespeare and Nietzsche as reflected in the works of the modern dramatists referred to.

Bertha Garland, by Arthur Schnitzler. 60 cents. Boni & Liveright, New York City.

Herr Schnitzler is one of the leading novelists and playwrights of Austria This novel, "Bertha Garland," is the biography of an amorous widow and of her desire for a lover, an old friend, Emil, a concert violinist. The style of writing is old-fashioned and sentimental.

BAREFOOT FAD MAY LEAD TO WARTIME APPLICATION

Barbara Craydon Says Women Experiment With Move to Give Up Shoes and Stockings and Money Saved Actually Goes to War Work.

BY BARBARA CRAYDON.

DOUBTLESS there are shoes enough for everybody and to spare, and no eagerness to give soldier boys all the leather they need is likely to bring about an actual stringency in footwear. Yet we are in a time of reasonable economies and any excuse is sufficient to breed a fad.

Just now there is a fad for sandals with bare feet in them. To be sure, this has been fostered by the furore for barefoot dancing even among the smartest social sets, but that there should be so radical a foot fashion was scarcely promised by anything that has gone before.

Naturally the first steps in bared feet were taken by the radicals. To see Sidney Carlyle, the artist, issuing from his studio in sandals was startling to the public, though it was taken for granted by his neighbors, who knew that Mr. Carlyle steadfastly refused to wear shoes. The Bohemian class in many cities has been advancing the use of sandals—and even shedding the sandals—with a freedom not before known.

Women Like the Liberty.

Women seem to be abandoning shoes and stockings with more enjoyment of the liberty than the men. In Washington or Boston, when she is visiting there, one may frequently see little Miss Rebecca Chany in her short Greek dress, barefooted save for tiny flexible leather sandals. In New York Miss Chany has recently been wearing this costume, and now, instead of the steady stare that used to greet her from conventional people on the street, she is accorded only a passing glance. The thought of conventional clothes having become unbearable to her, she gathered courage enough one day when in Washington to appear on the street in her simple one-piece crepe dress and her sandals. One would hardly think the capital of the United States a good place to try such an experiment, but when that was suggested Miss Chany laughed and said:

"Washington is just the best place in the world to give one courage to dress as one pleases. You see there are so many different kinds of people in Washington, people from all over the world in all sorts of costumes, that my simple little dress and my sandals caused not the slightest sensation. They were, in fact, received as a matter of course. That is as it ought to be, but not always do you find it so.

"Then, when I was in Boston I continued to dress in this way and one might think that Boston, even more than Washington, would be impossible, but once more that is a mistake. Boston looks at one politely and now they are becoming used to this, for more than one young woman is dressing so. But New York! We all hear that you can do nearly anything you want to in New York, but if you follow this up you will find that the curiosity of the people in that city is colossal and that you have to stand a good deal and will need a great deal of courage. However, I am not the only one in New York wearing these simple clothes, and unless I am mistaken, more people will take it up.

"Once a woman has dressed with the freedom that was that of the Greeks she will never willingly again put on modern clothes. Aside from this, such things are economical, healthy, graceful. If women will dress naturally there will be fewer doctors' bills to pay and we will have a stronger race."

Artist Leads Movement.

Sydney Carlyle is an artist. His charming bookplates, his exquisite decorations and his dashing posters are admired by many. Mr. Carlyle is young and has the strength of the young to do as he thinks best. For that reason he has abandoned the clothes of the modern man to some degree, and if you should see at any time a young man on the street clad in a soft shirt, no hat, trousers of cotton bound in with thongs below the knee and sandals worn without stockings you may be pretty certain that it is Mr. Carlyle. In his studio he wears a loose smock-like affair that leaves his arms quite free.

"My other clothes have gone to the relief of some poor fellow in a foreign country," said Mr. Carlyle. "I have long dressed so in my studio. I have retained my soft shirts for the street. It came about through my desire to help in every way I could, and so, aside from following Government rules as to food, I decided that now was the time to stop buying such materials as could be used for sufferers. Before long I shall be going to camp myself, but my clothes have been in the hands of the relief people for some time.

"With the present price of socks it is very expensive to dress the feet. Why not go without them and give that money toward socks for soldiers? Shoes, too, are in the same category, and two pairs of sandals last me a long time. I have never been in such good health as I have been since dressing in this way.

Saving Would Be Big.

"If every person in the United States would dress simply, think what they could do for the war. When it is cold I wear an overcoat, of course, or a large cape. One soon gets used to the change of weather and that does not then seem to affect my feet. I hardly think that I shall ever go back to the conventional dress."

Mr. Carlyle is not alone in wearing what he pleases, though he does not go so far as Antonio Mendez, an artist from South America who has been in the United States for some little time. Mendez may be seen on Fifth avenue, New York, several times a week dressed in linen trousers and coat, barefooted, with not even sandals to protect his feet from the sidewalks, hatless, with his long bushy hair flying in the breeze.

Is it a graceful boy with light, rather long hair that you see in a suit of black cotton clothes with straw sandals on dainty bare feet tripping across the square in New York's Latin quarter? It is not, it is a girl, and a mighty clever girl, too. It is Miss Betty Turner, a little English girl, who has been in America now for six years and who is soon going to join the work of the Government for the entertainment of the soldiers at different camps, for she is a member of the "Smileage Company," going to cheer the boys and give them a good laugh.

Miss Betty gave up wearing shoes and stockings at the beginning of the war and all the money she would have put into dainty footgear has gone to war work. There is one thing to be said, and that is Miss Turner has a perfect foot and one that may well be exhibited in sandals. The trousers? They belong to a suit of clothes such as is worn by Chinese laundrymen, which Miss Turner says are the most comfortable things she can wear. By no means does she go further than the square in her Chinaman's suit, but when she is dressed in one of her becoming gowns you may still see the bare feet on which she wears straw sandals.

"Oh, what's the use, after all?" said Betty Turner. "What's the use of pinching the feet up in shoes, any way? We are not ashamed of our hands, why ashamed of our feet. It is all a matter of convention, and, as far as I can see, the war is doing much to break down foolish conventions of this kind. It is making people broader of mind."

Copper Production Heavy.

DOUGLAS, Ariz., July 16.—The production of copper in Arizona now exceeds the amount the Nation is exporting to Europe by 20,000,000 pounds a month. Figures show, however, that the exportation of copper has decreased recently because of the need of ships for men and supplies and because much of the ore is shipped in the form of manufactured products.

NELSON MORRIS, MILLIONAIRE MEAT PACKER, INDUCTED INTO SERVICE AT CAMP GRANT

Celebration of the Constitution Is Observed Generally Throughout Italy—Star of Brooklyn National League Now Serving His Country in Role of United States Soldier—Prominent Men to Front.

Underwood & Underwood N.Y.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTO.

Prince of Wales Visits Italian Front

Underwood & Underwood N.Y.

Lieut. C. Nadal, survivor of S. S. Carolina

Underwood & Underwood N.Y.

Nelson Morris In Uniform.

Italian Crown Prince At Milan.

Underwood & Underwood N.Y.

Lieut Leon Cadore.

NELSON MORRIS, the millionaire packer and chairman of the board of directors of the Nelson Morris Company, is a private in the Army. He was inducted into service and was placed in charge of the squad of selected men sent to Camp Grant from local board No. 13, of Chicago, recently. He will be trained for the service in the artillery branch of service for the National Army.

* * *

Lieutenant Leon Cadore is playing a new game now. Formerly he was one of the stars of the Brooklyn National League, but since receiving his commission belongs to the only league worth while—the National Army.

* * *

Lieutenant G. Nadal was one of the survivors of the S. S. Carolina, which was sunk off the Atlantic coast by an enemy submarine. Many of the survivors endured great hardship in open boats before being picked up and brought to port. Attacks along the Atlantic seaboard of the United States aroused a more vigorous determination in America that the atrocious Hun shall be rendered unable to ever again visit the horrors of war on humanity.

* * *

Celebration of the constitution was recently a great holiday event in Italy. The occasion was made memorable at Milan by a visit of the Crown Prince. The whole population of the city thronged the streets to get a glimpse of the young man who will some day command the victorious armies of his country.

* * *

The Prince of Wales recently visited the Italian front. The heir apparent to the British throne may visit the United States, as did his grandfather in 1860 when Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. The press of England has been strongly favorable to such a trip to cultivate the friendly relations between the two countries.

IN PORTLAND'S CHURCHES

(Continued from page 10.)

diums. At 5 P. M. there will be circles held in the church, conducted by bona fide workers. At 8 P. M. Dr. R. Angus will lecture on the subject "The Voice Within Man," following with a seance.

* * *

Rev. William Loomis Upshaw will occupy the pulpit at Pilgrim Congregational Church, corner Missouri avenue and Shaver street, this morning at 11 o'clock. His subject will be "Believing on the Son of God."

* * *

There will be a Scandinavian service in the Methodist Church, Oregon City, at 3 P. M. today. Rev. John Ovall will preach the sermon. A musical programme will be given. All are welcome.

* * *

This morning's service at 11 o'clock at the First Christian Church, corner of Park and Columbia, will include brief reports of the recent state convention of the Disciples of Christ at Turner. The pastor, the Rev. Harold H. Griffis, will speak in the morning on the "Judgment Day as a Phase of War-Time Thinking," taking for his subject, "Long-Mindedness or Loyalty to Law."

At the Sunday evening hour the Rev. Mr. Griffis will indicate the modern applications of "A Miracle of Might—the Might of Man, the Might of Money, the Might of the Master, and the Might of the Missionary."

The Y. M. C. A. Club, organized a few weeks ago among the men of this church, meets regularly on Wednesday evenings for athletic and social work at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. On Thursday evening of each week in the lecture room of the church the pastor is giving a series of lectures on "The Christian Idea of the Modern World," to which the public is invited.

The topic for next Thursday evening will be "Fighting the Good Fight of Faith."

* * *

Dr. S. J. Reid, the Irish Evangelist whose headquarters are at Victoria, B. C., will preach today at the East Side Baptist Church.

Dr. Reid will deliver a sermon at this morning's service, having special reference to the splendid bravery of the American troops in the face of the latest German offensive. The theme is "The Victor's Crown." In continuation of the same line of thought the evening sermon will be on "World Conquerors."

* * *

There will be regular preaching services and Sunday school at Kenilworth Presbyterian, corner of Thirty-fourth and Gladstone, this morning. Rev. Mr. Ratsch, the pastor, will preach in the morning. The evening service will be a union meeting of Waverly Heights Congregational, Clinton Kelly Methodist Episcopal, and Kenilworth. Rev. T. F. Murphy, of this city, will be the speaker.

The Endeavorers will hold their regular meeting, and will be addressed by an outside speaker on Camp Multnomah training station work. The Waverly Heights Young People's Society of Christian Endeavorers will also be present.

* * *

"Victory and the League of Nations" will be the subject of the sermon this morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., at the Church of Our Father, Broadway and Yamhill. The Sunday school, Young People's Fraternity and Evening Forum are intermitted for the Summer months.

* * *

The morning topic for the Hope Presbyterian Church, East Seventy-eighth and Everett streets, today will be "Kings and Lilies." In the evening Rev. Floyd E. Dorris, the minister, will speak on "The Open Ways of Endeavor." Morning service is at 11 o'clock, and evening service at 8 o'clock.

* * *

The subject for this morning at Wilbur Memorial Church, at the Multnomah Hotel, will be "The Cause for Which the Allies Fight." There will be a special hymn for the occasion, written by F. B. Randall, of Multnomah.

Co-operative Piggery Launched.

LONDON, July 1.—Hammersmith, one of London's suburbs, is going into the pig business. The Hammersmith food control committee proposes formation of a co-operative piggery, and under present plans 1000 shares of stock will be issued. These will be disposed of at ten shillings a share. Each share will entitle the holder to the corresponding value of pork, bacon and other pork products, at cost price or to the corresponding profits on the investment.

SHOE LACING IS TAUGHT

Expert Tells Soldiers How Best to Care for Their Feet.

FORT BLISS, Tex., July 8.—Lace the shoes six eyelets from the bottom, pull the strings tight, then lace the remainder of the shoe loosely. Charles Rckhar, Government shoe and foot expert told the men in camp here when he lectured them on the care of the feet. By lacing the Army shoes in this way the shoe is tight where it braces the foot and loose where the play of the ankle is necessary in marching, the shoe expert says.

Mr. Rockar is in charge of the shoe repair shops at San Antonia, Fort Bliss, Columbus, N. M., Deming, N. M., Douglas and Fort Huachuca, Ariz. His home was in El Paso where he conducted a shoe repairing shop. He was asked by the Government to supervise shoe repairing and lecture on the care of the feet. He has invented a number of mechanical means of correcting foot troubles and is an expert on correcting broken arches. In his lectures he tells the men to use the ball of the foot as a center of balance and warns them against allowing the shoe heels to run over, thus throwing them off balance and causing many foot troubles. He also inspects the soldiers' feet for symptoms of broken arches, bunyons, blistered heels and other foot troubles.

Alaskan Town to Be Improved.

ANCHORAGE, Alaska, July 8.—United States Government officials are directing the improvement of the streets and sidewalks of Wasilla, a town on the Government railroad being built between Fairbanks and Seward. The cost of the work will be paid from a Federal fund derived from the sale of town lots. Wasilla is in the center of an agricultural region and is a trading point for the Willow Creek district, 14 miles distant.

Thicken Your Hair With Cuticura

If you have dandruff your hair will become dry and thin. Cuticura Ointment gently rubbed on spots of itching, scaling and dandruff and followed by a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap will usually remove the worst cases. Nothing better than Cuticura for all skin and scalp troubles. Ideal for every-day toilet uses.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 21A, Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.