Did Pres. Lincoln's Assassin Escape?

Mystery Story Revived

[The accompanying article that revives the tale that John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, escaped, is reproduced from the Chicago Evening Post.]

CHICAGO.—Two men strolled into the building of the Chicago Historical society, 632 North Dearborn street, the other day. In the visitors' book they registered as R. D. Craig and J. Harley Craig of Oklahoma City. And opposite their names, under the heading "Remarks," they set down the following startling claim:

"Knew John W. Booth, who shot Lincoln and who died January, 1903, at Enid, Okla., under the name of David E. George."

This brief notation revives a story which may revolutionize all narratives surrounding the greatest single tragedy in American history.

Ever since the assassination of President Lincoln the night of April 14, 1865, in Ford's theatre in Washington, the question by some of the fate of John Wilkes Booth, the murderer, has been the subject of speculation. The federal government, however, has consistently ridiculed any suggestion that he escaped, insisting that he was shot and killed by Private Boston Corbett in the corncrib of the Garrett homestead, in Virginia, on April 26, 1865.

REPORTS OF OLD ESCAPE

From time to time reports have been circulated that various men claiming to be John Wilkes Booth had made deathbed confessions, but these stories were short lived and usually traced to the unbalanced minds of the narrators.

When the two Craig brothers entered the museum of the Chicago Historical society to examine the numerous relics on exhibition there, they aroused no particular attention or comment, as there are usually a dozen persons or so during visiting hours wandering about among the showcases.

When they came to the Lincoln exhibit, however, one of them pointed to the photograph of John Wilkes Booth and said to a bystander:

"We lived with that man when he was a house painter in Enid and El Reno, Okla. We knew him well."

The bystander was Colonel E. E. Wood, Civil war veteran and in charge of certain important historical researches conducted by the society.

TELL THEIR STORY

Wood was incredulous, but as the two visitors seemed to be serious and well meaning persons, he invited them into his office, and they told the following tale:

January 14, 1903, a man who had been known as David E. George committed suicide in the Grand avenue hotel, Enid, Okla.

He had taken arsenic and was conscious for some time after swallowing the poison. Shortly before he died he confessed verbally and in writing that he was John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Lincoln. Among the persons at his bedside were the leading doctors of the town and the wife of a Methodist minister. They refused to believe what the dying man told them, but he showed them a letter addressed to Finis L. Bates, an attorney who lived in Memphis, Tenn., and said that Bates would identify him. He died shortly afterwards.

When the rumor had gone out that the dead man was the murderer of Lincoln a mob formed outside the hotel and demanded the body that they might burn it. The rioters were told to wait for more positive identification, and the remains were taken to the Pennaman undertaking establishment.

From this point on the story is told as gathered from the statements and letters of Finis L. Bates, who was called from Memphis to look at the body of George—or, as he had claimed, Booth.

IDENTIFY THE BODY

To divert the fury of the mob, which was still watching for the identification to carry out its purpose to burn the body, Bates came to Enid under the guise of a furniture salesman, and in this capacity was led to the undertaker's shop, where he positively identified George as a man whom he had first met in Glenrose Mills, Texas, in 1871 under the name of John St. Helen.

At that time, Bates says, St. Helen and he became close friends through some legal transactions. St. Helen was trying to run a general store and was not very successful in business, but was very popular socially. He was noted for his ability as a reciter of Shakespearean dialogue and for his eloquence as a public speaker, but except when in company was of a taciturn and gloomy temperament.

In the fall of 1872 the man who called himself St. Helen became desperately ill and late one night called Bates to his bedside secretly and announced he had a grave confession to make.

"I am dying," he whispered. "My name is John Wilkes Booth. I am the assassin of President Lincoln. Get the picture of myself from under the pillow. I leave it with you for my future identification. Notify my brother, Edwin Booth of New York city."

Bates says he thought the man was insane or delirious and paid little attention to the statement, but took the proffered picture—a tintype taken shortly before by a Glenrose Mills photographer.

TELLS OF HIS "ESCAPE"

But St. Helen did not die, and after his discovery he told Bates that, since he had revealed his identy as Booth, he would relate to him the details of his life and how he escaped from his pursuers after shooting President Lincoln.

Here are the chief details of that story as reported by Bates, who says that, after years spent in investigating the amazing narrative, he is convinced of its truth:

Booth's original purpose was not to kill but to kidnap Lincoln. He had been led to believe by the arch-plotters behind the scenes that Lincoln was the worst enemy to the south and was planning to confiscate the lands of all confederate leaders as soon as the war had been won.

Lee's surrender at Appomattox, on April 9, 1865, put an end to this kidnaping plan, and at a meeting of the conspirators in Kirkwood's hotel on April 13, Booth said that all was lost and indicated that he would give up all designs against the president.

At this point there enters into the narrative the name of a man whom all who had anything to do with investigating the facts related here mention with great reluctance. But, says Bates, the accusations made by St. Helen (Booth) were direct and positive, and Colonel Wood of the Chicago Historical society, who gathered the threads of the story from Bates and others, says that, much as he would like to leave this name out of the report, it is of too great importance.

ACCUSES ANDREW JOHNSON

Briefly, St. Helen, or Booth, accused Vice President Andrew Johnson of having led the conspiracy against Lincoln and of having been the man who first suggested his assassination.

"Are you too faint-hearted to kill him?" was the response Johnson is said to have made to Booth when the latter expressed his belief that the conspiracy had failed.

St. Helen told Bates that Johnson then promised to arrange his escape from Washington if he should kill the president, and guaranteed him protection once he (Johnson) should have succeeded to the president's chair.

It was arranged on the afternoon of April 14 that General Grant, who was to attend the performance at Ford's theater that evening with President Lincoln, should be called away from Washington.

At the same time, said St. Helen, the password through the military lines around Washington was given to him by Vice President Johnson. This password was "T. B. Road."

USES THE PASSWORD

After the tragedy in the box at Ford's theatre that night, and after Booth's leap to the stage, which fractured his right leg above the ankle, the murderer made his escape on horseback with David E. Herold and used this password with complete success.

He stopped at Surrattville, the former home of his friend, Mrs. Surratt; then sought the residence of Dr. Samuel Mudd, who put splints on his leg, having first—and this is of great importance—cut the boot away from the swollen foot, so that Booth had to push on with only one boot.

The fugitive then came across a man named Ruddy, who agreed to guide them to the confederate lines for $300. They lay in hiding for four days, while Ruddy went ahead to arrange a meeting with certain officers of Colonel Mosby's forces, then encamped on the other side of the Rappahannock river.

Ruddy returned with the news that everything had been arranged, and Booth, concealed beneath straw in a negro's cart, reached the Rappahannock river and crossed it safely, meeting Mosby's men at the Garrett homestead.

LOSES HIS DIARY

There he discovered he had lost his diary, several letters and a check with which he intended to pay Ruddy for his services. This latter fact induced Ruddy to volunteer to return with Herold and hunt for the missing articles.

Upon this incident, St. Helen (Booth) told Bates, rested the false identification of the man killed by Corbett in the Garrett corn crib.

Warned two days later of the approach of federal troops, Booth fled to the woods near by, and it was Ruddy and Herold who were surrounded in the corn crib. Herold surrendered without a struggle, but Ruddy elected to fight it out.

Corbett thrust a revolver through a crack in the building and fired, mortally wounding the man inside.

SHAVED OFF MUSTACHE

St. Helen, or, as he called himself, Booth, says he had shaved off his mustache during his flight, while Ruddy, who was of the same height and general appearance, had kept his.

Carrying as he did Booth's papers, which had been recovered in the negro's wagon, it was natural he should be mistaken for the assassin.

Booth then traveled westward in various disguises until about a year later he crossed Texas by a circuitous route that led him first to San Francisco, where he visited relatives and finally through Mexico and back into the states.

Bates says that not long after the confession made to him in Glenrose Mills iff 1872, St. Helen went to Leadville, Colo., where in 1878 Bates lost track of him.

Several times St. Helen changed his name and Bates heard of him only indirectly until he was summoned to Enid, Okla., in 1903, to identify the man who had again confessed that he was Lincoln's slayer.

In the meanwhile, Bates says, he had carried the tintype St. Helen had given him when he supposed himself dying in Glenrose Mills.

He showed it, he says, to Gen. D. D. Dana, who had charge of the military lines around Washington the night of the assassination and who knew Booth.

Dana identified the tintype as Booth. Bates also asserts that Gen. Albert Pike, Joseph Jefferson, the actor, and Junius Brutus Booth, nephew of the slayer, also identified the picture.

F. A. Demond of Cavendish, Vt., who was a private of Company C, 3d heavy artillery, Massachusetts volunteers, was one of these on guard at the point where Booth passed through the military lines around Washington th night of the murder. He verified, in 1897, the fact that the password used by Booth that night was "T. B. Road," as related by St. Helen in far-away Texas 25 years earlier.

BOOTS ALSO A FACTOR

The final proof adduced by Bates was that the body which was supposed to be that of Booth and which was eventually buried in the Booth family cemetery near Baltimore had a boot on each foot, whereas Dr. Samuel Mudd had cut away the boot from Booth's right leg in order to treat his fractured limb.

This boot was recovered from Dr. Mudd's home during the pursuit and was used in the trial, which resulted in the hanging of Dr. Mudd as an accomplice. It is said to be still in the possession of the war department.

Bates also mentions as significant the fact that not a cent of the more than $100,000 reward for the capture of Booth, dead or alive, ever was paid to anyone.

The body of the man who killed himself in Enid, Okla., and who was known as David E. George, has been preserved in a mumified condition in a crypt in Memphis. It is said to show signs of a fracture of the right leg and a scar over the right eye, known to have been received by Booth while fighting a stage duel during a rehearsal of Julius Caesar.

The dead man left an estate of $30,000, which has never been claimed.

Father—Haven't you and that young man come to an understanding yet?

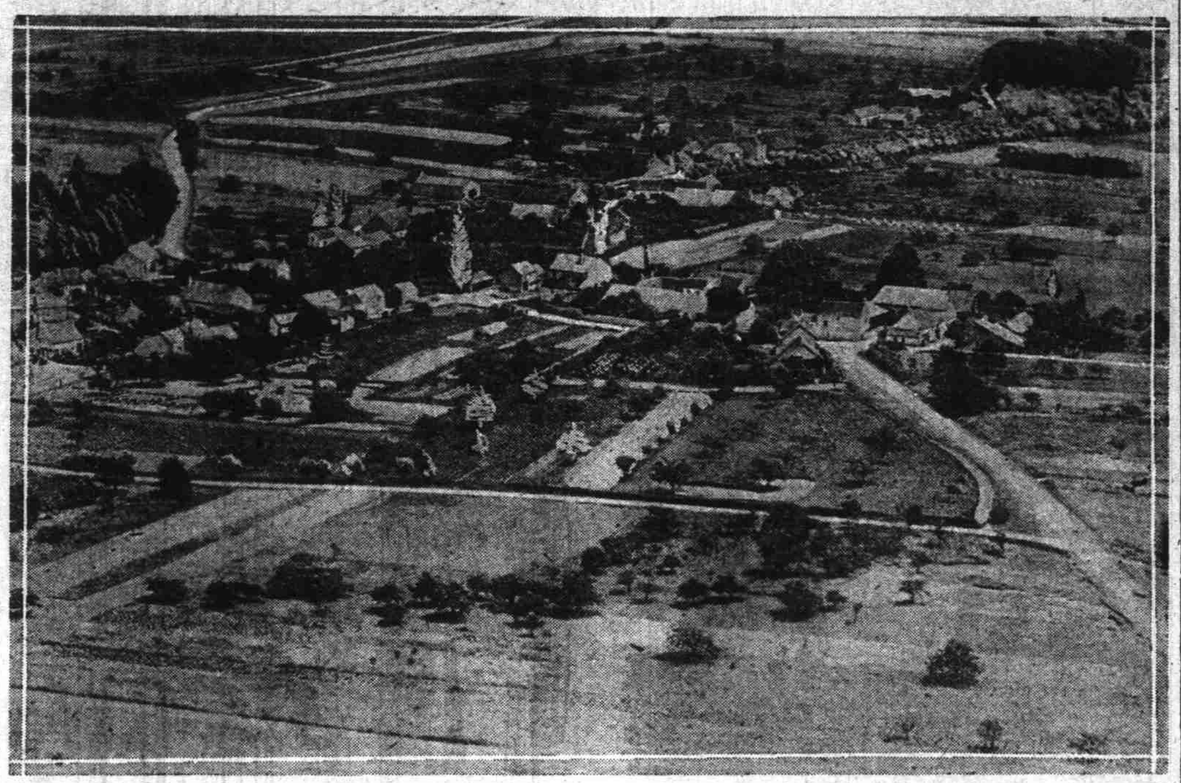
Daughter—No, father, we are still in the dark.

"BAYER CROSS" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" to be genuine must be marked with the safety "Bayer Cross." Always buy an unbroken Bayer package which contains proper directions to safely relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Colds and pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents at drug stores—larger packages also. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. —Adv.

OREGON MAN'S AIRPLANE GLIMPSE OF OCCUPIED GERMANY

WHEN L. R. Alderman, former superintendent of Portland's public schools, who has just returned from overseas, where he was attached to the army educational service, was in Coblenz with the army of occupation he enjoyed an airplane flight over that vicinity, as shown herewith. The substantial appearance of this bit of Germany is in striking contrast to the devastated regions of northern France, where the five years' war raged.



[In the accompanying article L. R. Alderman, former superintendent of Portland schools, who recently returned from service overseas with the army educational corps, describes an airplane trip over Coblenz and environs in the occupied area of Germany.]

By L. R. Alderman

As I arrived at the aviation field, they were just rolling out the machines. The field is a mile from Andernach, which is about 15 miles down the Rhine from Coblenz.

I met Lieutenant Gaalass, who was in command, and asked him if I could go up. He said I could, and wrote my name in his little book, taking pains with the spelling so that it would be spelled correctly on the cross over my grave if anything happened.

He then looked over the names of his pilots and assigned me to No. 3, and introduced me to Lieutenant J. G. Barstow of Logan, Utah, who seemed to be glad to have me go up with him. He showed me the machine guns and how they worked them, and how I could work the one behind if there were one in the frame. I was very much interested in the device that synchronized the front gun with the propeller, so that the bullets would go between the blades and would not hit them, though the blades flew so fast that they made only a faint blur against the landscape. He showed me the wireless apparatus, and explained how the levers tilt the machine.

Then I was strapped in with a strap that had to be let out to fit me. I was not sure that the fastener was secure enough, but they said it was. The seat I sat on is hung by a hinge, and is propped up by a prop attached to it.

STARTED WITH ROAR

It took the starters some little time to get the engine off center. When it started it made a roar that was deafening until it adjusted my cap so that my ears were covered. Then the pilot let the engine go, and how the wind did come by us! I wish that I had an airship for a fan for hot summer days. The boys pulled out the blocks and we started; it felt like going in a rough-riding automobile over a plowed field. Then with an awful whirr we left the ground and went up at an angle of about 25 degrees, and after that the noise was less bothersome. I saw that the ground was flying from underneath. My sensation at this time was "Well, I am really flying, and what fun it is!"

We crossed the Rhine and took a long detour east of the river, and then came back over Andernach and west of the river and saw the wonderful forests of this part of the country. We saw a wonderful lake that is almost round, named Laacher-See; it is known as the lake without a bottom. We were going up higher and higher all the time, until I think we were about 3000 feet high, and oh how beautiful it was! I found that I had a feeling of joy and exhilaration that cannot be surpassed. I wondered what these boys like my pilot are to do in the ordinary times of peace on the slow old earth, with only the snail-like pace of auto or train. This is Heaven!

EARTH WAS BEAUTIFUL

But there my pilot made so sharp a turn that I wondered "Is this boat really safe? It must be awful to fall from such a height!"

We were now going toward Coblenz, and were following the river, and underneath was a train that thought it was going, but it was not "in it." I pitied the creatures that have to run on the ground. The crazy-quilt earth was beautiful. One characteristic of the German landscape is that the fields are in long strips. The country looked so beautiful that I could see why men fight to get possession of this most beautiful earth. But I did not have to fight to get it, as for that hour it was mine and I owned all that I could see and more, because we were going and going, covering more country and then some more.

We crossed the Rhine and then the Moselle. The color of the Rhine is light gray, but that of the Moselle is blue because the water is clear. In the fields the men, women, and horses looked so small that they seemed about the size of a used rubber on a lead pencil. "What city is that? It is not big enough for Coblenz!" But it was.

WANTED TO CAUTION PILOT

Then the pilot with a very friendly grin pointed down directly under us to Stolzenfels castle, and turned the machine sideways again. I found myself bracing to hold it upright, but soon saw that I could not do that, and that it was much better to let my poor little body go in any direction this boat of the air wanted to go. I wanted the pilot to straighten the thing up and go along in a decent manner, but he had his own opinions about it. I could not talk to him to tell him how to fly, as the wind was coming by at a terrific rate; the wind shield did not now protect me. "He has forgotten how to steer the thing, because he is going down and down, and around and around over the castle! I really don't care for castles, but of course I did not tell him that before we sailed. He is apt to land me on top of the thing!" But just then he decided that we did not want the castle, as it would clutter up our baggage too much.

So he started up at a very steep angle, and in a few seconds we were over Coblenz. Yes, there is the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, and there is the tiny statue of William the First, and over there is the Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine, and there is the observation balloon that I have seen so many times." We saw the American flag over the fort, but it was too small for me to appreciate its size. At this point the pilot seemed to know that I wanted a closer look, so he made another swoop and repeated the downward circles. It seemed to me that we were in a hurricane, and that the machine would be destroyed in its gyrations over the fort, city and bridges.

ALL UP IN THE AIR

We went over the very place where Caesar built his famous bridge that has caused more misery to students than any other bridge in the history of the world. (It ought to be called the bridge of sighs).

We went down to within 500 feet of the Ehrenbreitstein fort; it was too close, but it showed me what a wonderfully complicated place a fort is.

The pilot then began circling up, and I was very much afraid that he was going to perform for the entertainment of the city, and I wished that I had told him that I had a family to support and that I did not care for any fancy flying. Just ordinary flying is good enough for me. I got my breath again, and he sailed north of the city, following the river. Then he gave a very sharp turn, as if he had forgotten something or was going back to get the castle. I wanted to talk to him. It really hurts not to be able to talk to your pilot. I wanted to tell him that I liked him, and that I did not want any flip-flops this time, but that if he would be good now I would come back some other time and let him flip-flop with me as much as he cared to.

TAKES ANOTHER FALL

When we were over the city he let loose all at once and without any warning, and we dove, or rather, fell, about a hundred feet. The prop under my seat came out, and I hit the bottom of the car, and how glad I was that the car happened to be there! The belt had held me in. I felt a peculiar taste in my mouth, and decided that next time I would not go so soon after dinner. I fixed the seat, wishing that there was good "handholds" for such times as this. I was not so sure of the fun of flying, and felt that if my pilot would not do that again he would be such a good boy.

He then sailed out northeast, and I began to enjoy it very much, but still was somewhat shaken. We sailed out farther and farther into the Hun land, and saw more and more forests and beautiful country. We then passed over the river, and then I saw the brickyards and then the aviation fields. Some other machines were in the air, and as one was coming in our direction I maneuvered the apparatus to which machine guns are fastened, and thought how it would be to shoot at a bird of that kind. I decided that it would be the most thrilling thing in the world, and I thought what a wonderful game war is, and how natural it is to fight, and that this kind of fighting is the most thrilling that any demon has yet invented.

We circled and came down to a thousand feet, and then made another circle, and I wanted him to go some more, and yet I was willing to stop if he was. He went down in a graceful way, and we skimmed, and then hit the ground and bounced up again, and then hit and were stopped. But we were at some distance from the hangars, so some boys came out and started the engine for us, and we fluttered along to within a few feet of the hangar. I was unstrapped, and the pilot asked me how I liked it. I thanked him very much for taking me up. The memory of that particular hour, that will probably leave him in a week, will stay with me as long as I live.

French Are Grateful

By Paul Scott Mowrer
Special Cable to The Journal and The Chicago Daily News.
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Paris, July 12.—In feting American independence, France really celebrated the new pact of alliance. The country as a whole is delighted with this pact. Already it has brought new kindliness into the personal relations between the French and Americans as individuals, particularly as regards the French.

Theirs is the greatest danger and theirs consequently the greatest gratitude. The representative of a French company against which I filed a claim for damages six months ago for a lost trunk called yesterday and informed me that "now that our two countries are allies," the company was disposed to settle the matter amicably.

This is a specimen of the present state of mind and the same attitude runs through all classes of society from the old nobility to the peasants and workmen. During the war the United States was not an allied, but an associated, power. The distinction was not lost upon the French people. Now, however, they seem to feel that we actually belong to the same family and they are ready accordingly to forgive us what they consider our many minor faults. For France, be it remembered, is a proud and sovereign nation like ourselves, and she considers her ways of being just as superior to foreign ways as we consider ours. Her present disposition to overlook the differences between us, therefore, springs from a spirit of real gratitude.

PRESIDENT WILSON SIGNING PEACE TREATY

This photograph was brought to the United States by the British trans-Atlantic dirigible R-34. It was handed to the international representative by Major E. J. M. Pritchard, one of the members of the airship, when the ship arrived at Roosevelt field, Mineola, L. I. The photo shows the historic scene in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles at the signing of the peace treaty. President Woodrow Wilson is shown affixing his signature to the document, which has just been brought to him. He sits at the table in front of the third mirror from the left.

Peace Problems That Press France

By Annie P. Kenny

Special Correspondence to The Journal and The Chicago Daily News

PARIS.—"The Problems of Peace!" A recent editorial in L'Echo de Paris thus characterizes the present crisis. For it is true that France—like her allies—is no more ready for peace than she was for war; while her losses in men, money and materials make her problem peculiarly urgent and difficult.

In picturing the ravages of war, we are likely to think of men slaughtered and maimed, of towns ruined, of agriculture and manufacture stilled, or business and commerce at a standstill. But we, too, often forget the group which has suffered cruelly—the children. For four years the children of Northern France lived in almost constant terror. Add to that the lack of proper clothing, the insanitary condition of their makeshift homes in cellars and back alleys, exposed to wind and weather, starving not only for food, but for light and air; and you will realize that these children have suffered, not simply a temporary hardship, but also a loss of vitality that will affect their whole lives. So it is not too much to say that, if there is to be a France tomorrow, the children of today must be saved.

DOCTOR HAS PLANS FOR LILLE

Before the war Lille was one of the large manufacturing towns of Northern France. Her great artisan class bore many children. Long before the war a foresighted physician of Lille dreamed a lovely dream of extensive child welfare work, school nursing, playgrounds, kindergarten, etc. Then the war came and balked all his hopes and plans.

When the committee for relief in Belgium and Northern France, known as the C. R. B., got into the north of France directly after the armistice, the first problem was simply that of supplying and distributing food. As that work progressed and the general problem opened up the C. R. B. became alive to the need for child welfare work. It called upon the various relief organizations—the Red Cross, the American Fund for French Wounded, etc.—to lend their personnel to carry on this work. A Red Cross nurse and an American army physician were sent to Lille to direct the work under the C. R. B. Each of them has had practical experience in the United States. Associated with them is a force of workers, with headquarters at Lille, which is conducting the work there and in the neighboring villages.

BUILDING UP A CITY

The French physician already mentioned has obtained the cooperation of the school and health authorities, he has interested the other physicians of the city in the plan. And, altogether, these workers are carrying out the following campaign:

Cards have been prepared giving an outline of information concerning each pupil—name, address, age, family history, etc. To this will be added the observation and diagnosis as to physical condition. Into each school go a French physician, an American trained nurse, with actual experience in school nursing, and a French aid (or student nurse). Together they make a thorough physical examination of each child—weight, measurements, diagnosis. Inspection will be repeated each month, the condition of the child recorded, compared with the previous record and treatment given accordingly.

FIGHTING MALNUTRITION

Almost every child is found to be suffering from malnutrition and resulting maladies. To meet this need the C. R. B. is establishing school canteens throughout the city. Here is served each day a substantial, nourishing, hot lunch. It is free to all children recommended by the physician as below par physically and in need of better nourishment. The meal consists of meat (at least three times a week), vegetables, cereals, bread, cocoa, with occasional sweets. The ration is scientifically planned and properly balanced and is in charge of an American woman of practical experience.

Many of the children are in need of complete change of scene and climate. For these are provided colonies, in the mountains, in the country, at the seashore. Here they are sent, under the care of physicians and nurses, for vacations long or short, as their conditions demand.

INTO THE HOME

Let me ask you to go with me now into one of the French homes I have visited in Lille. Picture to yourself a little room, not over 12 feet square. The walls are battered, the plaster falling, the windows have little or no glass, the openings are filled with semitransparent oiled paper, the doors are made of odd bits of board, patched together. And through the chinks in wall and window, roof and door, come the sunshine and rain of summer, the cold and snow of winter. A few odd bits of furniture have been saved from the wreck of the old home, or gathered—heaven knows how or where—from the rack and ruin around. The stove is old and cracked, the dishes are battered and nicked, the chairs are chairs in name only—backs broken, seats missing, legs tottering. But there is a pathetic attempt at a home; there is a bit of a flower in a glass, a bit of a plant in a broken bowl, a shred of colored cover on the table and always a scrap of clean white curtains at the window. And then the room is as spick and span as cold water and a pair of hands can make it; for coal is scarce and soap is scarcer and dearer, and washing is a problem, whether in the kitchen or the bath.

You are likely to find the whole family there, no matter what hour you call. Father is a returned soldier, home after four years of war, and still without work, for his trade happens to be one that war has ruined. He has contracted rheumatism in the trenches and he has a bad cough. Mother is the real head of the family, in the economic sense. She has a group of British officers as boarders, and what she earns from them must keep her family going. She is a tired, patient soul! She doesn't complain. It is only when you question her that you learn her real problem. Then the tears will come! She tells you how her daughter, a fine girl of 14, died of grip during the war because she could not give her proper shelter, food and clothing. Her one other child, a boy of 10, is in school. He has a good head, a bright, intelligent face, with clear, honest eyes. But his color is ashen, his bones show through the flesh and he coughs.

CANNOT BUY ENOUGH FOOD

You ask her if her boy has enough to eat. The tears start. She says, "I do my best! But everything is so dear! I simply cannot get money enough for everything. He needs eggs and milk and meat. I know it! But I cannot buy them!"

You try to encourage her by telling her of the good food, the country air, the skilled doctors and nurses at the colony where he may go. She struggles with herself, she tries to speak, she fails, she tries again. "Is it far? Is it for long? Can I see him? Can I go to him?" You know that is probably out of the question, but you try to evade a direct answer by repeating the advantages of the outing. At last she says: "My boy has his first communion next week. After that I will try—I will try to let him go!" And you come away from that poor brave, tortured little soul feeling exactly like a thief. That is just one case among many. But I have seen it with my own eyes. I know it is true. It is typical.

WANTS CHILD SENT TO COLONY

Another mother sends a little note to school to "Madame the American." She writes in stiff, prim, formal phrases—not quite correct in grammar and rhetoric, but very courteous, very cordial. She says: "My husband lies sick from tuberculosis contracted in the trenches. I have lost two children from that trouble during the war. I have but one left. I cannot lose him—I must save him. May he go to the colony of the generous Americans? May he go soon? He must not wait! I am, with sincere regards, your obedient and grateful friend, "MRS. M."

The next day she meets you on the street and renews her request. She is a trim, brisk little body, with flashing dark eyes and a gay, bright smile of greeting. But as she speaks of her boy the tears well up and through her smile they fall. You say her boy will surely go to the country, and soon, and she speaks her gratitude in pretty, shy fashion, with graceful though crude phrases.

EVERYONE KNOWS AMERICANS

"The Americans" are known everywhere on the street; the children spy us and give us a smile, a word and a prim salute. In one of big school for boys, where we had been working, they asked me one day if I lived in New York, and I said: "No, I came from Chicago." Instantly there was a shout in which all joined and, above the din, I caught the words "viande" and "frigorifique." And, when I could make myself heard, I asked what they knew about Chicago, and from their replies I am sure they think that Chicago supplies all the cold-storage meat for the whole world.

A SONG FOR AMERICA IN LILLE

America must have no doubt of the gratitude of these people for the food furnished them during their reign of terror. Everywhere you meet those who say, "But for America we should have starved." In a little kindergarten where we worked recently, the children lined up one day, hand in hand, and marched 'round and 'round the room, singing a song which their teacher had composed for them. The music is an old Lillois air and the words are a paraphrase upon the original:

"Long live America, my dears!
Long live America!
She's given us bread, she's given us meat,
Long live America!

"When my little old shoes they are all worn out,
I'll go to the C. R. B.
And get me some nice little broad new boots
With warm stockings to wear inside!

"Now, what would we poor little French children do
Were it not for the C. R. B.?
Without the American, generous and kind,
We'd have all starved to death long ago!"

The day I left that school I took my camera at noon to catch their picture while they were eating the lunch furnished by the C. R. B. in the school canteen. Forty little scraps of humanity—some of them hardly out of the cradles, one so small she had to be fed—lined up on their little benches. Before each child was a pewter bowl, a spoon and a piece of bread, and into each bowl was poured a ladleful of good, hot, nourishing broth, made of meat and vegetables. The children ate eagerly but quietly. They were permitted to talk and they kept up a running fire of gay child chatter, asking all about America, and when I was going back, and would I tell little American boys and girls about them.

A GREETING FROM LILLE

And then, suddenly, the big boy of the school rose and came toward me with a big bunch of lilacs—purple and white. He put them in my hands and then, to my great surprise, he reached up and kissed me on each cheek—in true French fashion—saying: "These flowers are for you and for the little boys and girls of America, from the children of l' Ecole Maternelle Jean-Jacques Rousseau of Lille, France."

Oh! I am sure those children are worth saving. They are weary and worn from long days and nights of terror. Their floor, pinched little bodies bear the marks of their hardships. But their wits are keen, their minds are clear, they are lovely and loveable and loving, and they need a helping hand.

Doughboys Still Want to Travel

Washington, July 12.—(U. P.)—A report received from Red Cross headquarters at Trier, Germany, says Yank soldiers are anxious to keep on traveling. This is indicated by the great demand for maps and books of travel, and by the extensive use of a globe of the world. On this globe soldiers are said to have worn grooves planning journeys to far corners of the world.

To eliminate the glare from street lights an English engineer proposes to illuminate cities by the reflection of lights thrown on the fronts of buildings.

LEMON JUICE FOR FRECKLES

Girls! Make beauty lotion for a few cents—Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion and complexion beautifier at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless and never irritates. —Adv.

CATARRH

is now easily overcome by using an antiseptic oil spray which absorbs and dislodges the hard web-like mucus membrane of throat and nose. Quick relief is always obtained by using the McKenzie Catarrh spray. The price complete with special atomiser is only $2.00. We pay the postage on this and all other drug orders.

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