

They Don't Go Down South for Their Swimming



We have plenty of photographs showing bathing beauties on southern beaches in winter time. Here are red-blooded members of the Ambassador Swimming club skylarking on the snow-covered sands of Atlantic City.

Eight Added to Roll of Honor

Awarded Congressional Medals of Honor for Supreme Gallantry in Defense of Flag.

COURAGE AND VALOR SHOWN

Eighty-Six Now on List of Those Who Performed Acts of Conspicuous Bravery "Above and Beyond the Call of Duty."

Every few months there appears in the general orders of the War department the announcement that another young American has been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the emblem of supreme gallantry in defense of the flag. The Medal of Honor goes only to those who in action against an enemy perform an act of "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity" that is "above and beyond the call of duty."

Of the 2,000,000 Americans who crossed the sea to fight with the allies just 86 were awarded the Medal of Honor. A few may yet be honored for there are still under investigation several instances of great gallantry in action. The investigation that precedes the award of the medal of honor is the most thorough the ablest of officers of the army can make. The period of investigation is seldom less than one year. It is generally two and sometimes three years.

Eight more have been added to the roll of honor. The citations which tell the story in each instance follow:

Baesel, Albert R., Beres, Ohio, Second Lieutenant, One Hundred and Forty-eighth Infantry, Thirty-seventh division. For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy near Ivry, France, September 27, 1918. Upon learning that a squad leader of his platoon had been severely wounded while attempting to capture an enemy machine-gun nest about 200 yards in advance of the assault line and somewhat to the right, Lieutenant Baesel requested permission to go to the rescue of the wounded corporal. After three repeated requests and permission having been reluctantly given, due to the heavy artillery, rifle and machine-gun fire and heavy deluge of gas in which the company was at that time, accompanied by a volunteer he worked his way forward, and in spite of a heavy direct machine-gun fire succeeded in reaching the wounded man, whom he just succeeded in placing upon his shoulders when both were instantly killed by enemy fire.

Airmen Honored.

Bleckley, Edwin R., Wichita, Kansas, second Lieutenant, One Hundred and Thirtieth field artillery, observer Fifth Aero squadron, air service. In action near Binerville, France, October 6, 1918, Lieutenant Bleckley with his pilot, First Lieutenant Harold E. Goettler, air service, left the air-drome late in the afternoon on their second trip to drop supplies to a battalion of the Seventy-seventh division, which had been cut off by the enemy in the Argonne forest. Having been subjected on the first trip to violent fire from the enemy, they attempted on the second trip to come still lower in order to get the packages even more precisely on the designated spot. In the course of his mission the plane was brought down by enemy rifle and machine-gun fire from the ground, resulting in fatal wounds to Lieutenant Bleckley, who died before he could be taken to a hospital. In attempting and performing this mission Lieutenant Bleckley showed the highest possible contempt of personal danger, devotion to duty, courage and valor.

Goettler, Harold Ernest, Chicago, Ill., first Lieutenant, pilot, Fifth Aero squadron, air service. In action near Binerville, France, October 6, 1918, Lieutenant Goettler, with his observer, Second Lieutenant Edwin R. Bleckley, One Hundred and Thirtieth field artillery, left the air-drome late

In the afternoon on their second trip to drop supplies to a battalion of the Seventy-seventh division which had been cut off by the enemy in the Argonne forest. Having been subjected on the first trip to violent fire from the enemy, they attempted on the second trip to come still lower in order to get the packages even more precisely on the designated spot. In the course of this mission the plane was brought down by enemy rifle and machine-gun fire from the ground, resulting in the instant death of Lieutenant Goettler. In attempting and performing this mission Lieutenant Goettler showed the highest possible contempt of personal danger, devotion to duty, courage and valor. Next of kin: Mrs. Gertrude Goettler, mother, 50 Williams street, Brookline, Mass.

The citation on page 5, General Orders, No. 130, War department, 1918, relating to the posthumous award of the distinguished service cross to Lieutenant Harold Ernest Goettler, is rescinded.

Donovan, William Joseph, New York, colonel, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry, Forty-second division. Near Landres and St. Georges, France, October 14-15, 1918. Colonel Donovan personally led the assaulting wave in an attack upon a very strongly organized position, and when our troops were suffering heavy casualties, he encouraged all near him by his example, moving among his men in exposed positions, reorganizing decimated platoons and accompanying them forward in attacks. When he was wounded in the leg by a machine-gun bullet, he refused to be evacuated and continued with his unit until it withdrew to a less exposed position.

Saves Wounded Men.

Holderman, Nelson M., Santa Ana, Cal., captain, Three Hundred and Seventy-ninth Infantry, Seventy-seventh division. In action northeast of Binerville in the Forest of Argonne, France, October 2 to 8, 1918. Captain Holderman commanded a company of a battalion which was cut off and surrounded by the enemy. He was wounded on October 4, on October 5 and again on October 7, but throughout the entire period, suffering great pain and subjected to fire of every character, he continued personally to lead and encourage the officers and men under his command with unflinching courage and with distinguished success. On October 8, in a wounded condition, he rushed through enemy machine-gun and shell fire and carried two wounded men to a place of safety.

Morelock, Sterling, Oquawka, Ill., private, company M, Twenty-eighth Infantry, First division. Near Exermont, France, October 4, 1918. While his company was being held up by heavy enemy fire, Private Morelock with three other men who were acting as runners at company headquarters voluntarily led them as a patrol in

W. HOHENZOLLERN TODAY



A new and exclusive photograph of William Hohenzollern, master of Doorn, photographed in the gardens of his exile home in Holland.

advance of his company's front line through an intense rifle, artillery and machine-gun fire and penetrated a woods which formed the German front line. Encountering a series of five hostile machine-gun nests, containing from one to five machine guns each, with his patrol he cleaned them all out, gained and held complete mastery of the situation until the arrival of his company commander with reinforcements, even though his entire party had become casualties. He rendered first aid to the injured and evacuated them by using as stretcher bearers ten German prisoners whom he had captured. Soon thereafter his company commander was wounded and while dressing his wound Private Morelock was very severely wounded in the hip, which forced his evacuation. His heroic action and devotion to duty were an inspiration to the entire regiment.

O'Neill, Richard W., New York, sergeant, company D, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry, Forty-second division. On the Ourcq river, France, July 30, 1918. In advance of an assaulting line, he attacked a detachment of about twenty-five of the enemy. In the ensuing hand-to-hand encounter he sustained pistol wounds, but heroically continued in the advance, during which he received additional wounds, but, with great physical effort, he remained in active command of his detachment. Being again wounded he was forced, by weakness and loss of blood, to be evacuated, but insisted upon being taken first to the battalion commander in order to transmit to him valuable information relative to enemy positions and the disposition of our men.

Braves Machine Guns.

Thompson, Joseph H., Pittsburgh, Pa., colonel, One Hundred and Tenth Infantry, Twenty-eighth division. Near Apremont, France, October 1, 1918. Counter-attacked by two regiments of the enemy, Colonel Thompson (then Major One Hundred and Tenth Infantry) encouraged his battalion in the front line by constantly braving the hazardous fire of machine guns and artillery. His courage was mainly responsible for the heavy repulse of the enemy.

Later in the action, when the advance of his assaulting companies was held up by fire from a hostile machine-gun nest and all but one of the six assaulting tanks were disabled, Major Thompson, with great gallantry and coolness, rushed forward on foot three separate times in advance of the assaulting line, under heavy machine-gun and anti-tank-gun fire and led the one remaining tank to within a few yards of the enemy machine-gun nest, which succeeded in reducing it, thereby making it possible for the infantry to advance.

The Medal of Honor record by states and divisions is now as follows:

BY STATES

New York.....	1
Illinois.....	2
California.....	2
Missouri.....	1
New Jersey.....	1
South Carolina.....	1
Tennessee.....	1
Colorado.....	1
Massachusetts.....	1
Oklahoma.....	1
Arizona.....	1
Idaho.....	1
Kentucky.....	1
Minnesota.....	1

BY DIVISIONS

Thirtieth.....	12
Thirty-third.....	9
Eighty-ninth.....	9
Second.....	7
Seventy-seventh.....	7
Twenty-seventh.....	4
Forty-second.....	4
Ninety-first.....	4
First.....	3
Twenty-ninth.....	3
Air Service.....	3

If the awards to the "unknown" of the allies are added the total number would be 91.

Cow Uncovers Gold Ore Vein. Los Angeles.—C. T. Johnson, Los Angeles capitalist, has a \$1,000,000 cow. She is of no unusual breed, nor does she give a record supply of milk or butter.

According to word reaching Los Angeles, the cow fell in a well on Johnson's Nevada ranch near Needles, and when the animal was extricated from the hole with the aid of a derrick, it was discovered a hoof of the cow had uncovered a rich vein of gold.

Cinderella and the Prince

By GRACE R. OLIN

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"Quarter to seven—get up, children," Mrs. Watson's voice shrilled upstairs. "Aw-all right," grumbled fourteen-year-old Jimmie, as he reluctantly pushed back the warm covers. "Be down in 15 minutes, mother," answered Ellen, the daughter of the house. "And Jim," she added, "I know you don't really mean it, but it sounds awful to answer mother in that tone."

"Say, what's biting you?" Jimmie, characteristic of his sex, was at his worst in the early morning. "Who's answering mother fresh? It's my natural tone and, besides, of course it ain't mother's fault, but all I'll get for school lunch is cheese sandwiches and an apple." At this bit of information the heart of Ellen softened for her brother.

"Never mind, Jimmie boy," she said, "just wait till you finish school and get a job. Think of the swell lunches you can have."

"Leave it to me," said Jimmie, "leave it to me."

Whereupon Ellen heard him whistling with vigor as he splashed cold water on his face and thick hair.

The girl stretched herself luxuriously. It was good to be eighteen, and wasn't this to be a pleasant, very pleasant day?

Wasn't she glad she had laundered her prettiest lace collar and cuffs, though she had been tired? She looked on them with deep satisfaction ere she slipped into the plain little black blouse.

But the crowning event was lunch. No cheese sandwiches or apples for her today. She would have griddle cakes and coffee, and afterwards ice cream. She pictured the joy of donning her hat and coat, clasping her much-mended gloves, and elegantly and languidly dropping into a chair at the restaurant and ordering lunch.

For the last year she had taken sandwiches and a bit of fruit for a frugal meal. And the few times she had managed to save up enough to "dine out" had been gala days indeed.

She knew just how Jimmie felt about it. But it couldn't be helped; her mother's sickness and father working only half-time now—it was no cinch for mother, Ellen knew.

Of course they wanted Jimmie to go through grammar school, and didn't the lad work in the local drug store and study hard nights to accomplish even that feat?

"Well," soliloquized Ellen, pinning the snowy collar at her slim white throat, "I wish I had brains, that's all. If I had brains I'd make a lot of money and take the whole bunch of us out in the country to live. I'd like to see mother have roses in her cheeks again, and father lose that bend to his shoulders. And I'd like Jim to play ball and have time to do things other boys do."

"And as for myself," Ellen dimpled charmingly at the mere thought, "I'd keep a maid just for six months and I'd read all I wanted to, and raise flowers and chickens and I'd bring old Granny Bates down to sit on my spacious veranda. And wouldn't I love to give the Duggan kids a whole month to run wild in the fresh air, but instead of that," Ellen frowned at herself in the little mirror, "I have no brains. And so I must be content to measure ribbon in Gerry Brothers' basement."

The girl secured a lock of soft hair. "Perhaps," she told the lovely eyes in the glass, "I might meet a prince, just as Cinderella did; who knows? There isn't a chance in the world, but there's no harm pretending, and—"

"Your coffee is poured out, Ellen," came her mother's voice again. "Good morning," said Ellen to her folks in her cheeriest manner. "Isn't it going to be a lovely day?"

"Good morning, daughter," answered her parents, and the girl, noticing that their eyes were evidently on the same object, turned hers in that direction.

Her brother, having finished his breakfast, was unmindful of the gazes fastened on him as algebra book in hand he sat with his feet resting conspicuously on the edge of the machine. The girl's heart sank as she looked for Jimmie's shoes were practically soleless.

"Why didn't you say how bad your shoes were, son," asked his father. "And it's beginning to be cold," added his mother, "and you don't get your money from the drug store until tomorrow and your father won't get any till Saturday."

"They'll be all right until tomorrow," answered the boy.

"But, Jimmie," worried the mother, "we don't want no more sickness. Perhaps now Ellen has a little money to lend you; you can wear your father's to school and yours will be ready when you come back."

And no one noticed the little catch in Ellen's voice when she said: "Mother, I only want one cheese sandwich, and just give me a little apple."

And it is right here that Mr. John Trent comes into the story.

He (Mr. John Trent) bound for Trent & Trent's law office, and Miss Ellen Watson, bound for Gerry Brothers' basement, had hung to a strap side by side all the way downtown.

To the man, used to the luxury of his automobile, it was a novelty. To the girl its daily repetition amounted to a tragedy.

"Awful, isn't it?" asked Mr. John Trent as he rescued Ellen's cheese

sandwiches from the floor where a fat man's wild exit had thrown them.

"It is," returned Ellen, her candid gray eyes meeting his keen blue ones without attempt at coquetry.

"I wouldn't be going to Gerry Brothers' basement in this mob if I had any brains," she had added.

That was all. But later in the day Mr. John Trent had made it his business to talk the matter over with Gerry Brothers themselves.

And the younger Mr. Gerry had condescended to introduce the young lady quite properly. And after that Mr. John Trent had told Ellen he was a lawyer and lonely, for his folks were dead.

In turn, Ellen had brought him home to supper and confided her aspirations.

And then one day a wonderful thing had happened. Mr. John Trent had come to them to tell them a relative had left them wealth and a home in the country.

And the roses had come back to the tired mother's cheeks and the erectness to the father's shoulders. And Jimmie had played tennis and paddled his canoe, and Ellen had raised posies and chickens to her heart's content.

'Twas Mr. John Trent's old butler who unconsciously gave the thing away.

"He's always doing things like that for folks like you, giving 'em one of his own places to live in, bless his heart."

It was a sober family, and a very white little Ellen that greeted Mr. John Trent that night as he jumped boyishly over the low gate.

"How could you?" Ellen lifted great, reproachful eyes.

"It wasn't right," said her father a bit brokenly.

"It was bully, though," sighed Jimmie.

"How could you say it was from a relative," the tears ran freely down Mrs. Watson's cheeks.

For answer Mr. John Trent stalked to the girl's side.

"I love you, dear," he said tenderly, "will you marry me?" And as Ellen's face hid on his shoulder for answer, a smile broke through his gravity.

"The place is yours, dear folks," he told them. He reached out and encircled Mrs. Watson with his other arm.

"I wasn't fibbing at all, was I, mother?" he demanded. "It is from a relative, your son-in-law."

HORSE OUTFRONS KANGAROO

Mistaken Impression as to Animal's Swiftness—Dogs Trained for the Chase.

Kangaroos in Australia are hunted for sport. For the hide, too, and for the somewhat unsavory delicacy of the tail, boiled in a pot to make soup and a jelly.

A kangaroo takes instinctively to water, where, at bay in depth enough, he can drown a dog in short order. At bay in the bush, upright on one hind leg and the thick curve of his tail, his back against a tree, he is at a disadvantage. But he is not defenseless. The long hoof of his free hind-leg is his weapon. And with this—having by good fortune trapped an unwary antagonist to his breast with his sharp-clawed forelegs—he deals a terrible death.

In flight, however, a kangaroo is easy prey. A knowing dog catches him by the tail, overturns him with a cunning wrench, and takes his throat from a safe angle before he can recover. Notwithstanding the kangaroo's popular reputation for speed, he is easily overtaken in the bush by a good horse. A capable kangaroo dog—a lean, swift beast, a cross between a greyhound and a mastiff, bred to course and kill—soon runs him to bay.

Give Him One Good Quality.

It is related that Benedict Arnold, who became a traitor to his country, was no common boy. The most striking trait of his character was fearlessness. He would place himself in situations of extreme peril, for no other motive than to terrify his elders, or to "show off" his courage.

It was often the duty of young Arnold to carry bags of Indian corn to a mill, two miles from home, himself riding upon the bags that were thrown over the horse's back. While he was waiting for his grist, it was his delight to astonish the miller with his wild, daring tricks. As he was bathing in the mill stream, he would seize hold of one of the spokes of the great water wheel, and go round with it, now dangling in the air, now buried in the foaming water, while the miller stood horror-stricken at his recklessness.

Wireless Startles Natives.

Humors of wireless telephony in the wilds of Africa are recounted by a Marconi house official.

Throughout the demonstrations given the apparatus was regarded with the greatest awe. The Swazis refused to believe it possible to speak from one place to another without the medium of wires. A certain gallant major spoke from Mbabane, and at Stegi, 52 miles away, there were assembled a number of Swazis, including several petty chiefs. Conversations then commenced, and the natives were dumbfounded. Straight away they held an "indaba," a sort of extra special mass meeting. Presently a deputation appeared and asked if there was to be a white man's war, because if there was they wanted to be on the white man's side.

If the practically illimitable inter-energetic energy of the atom could be liberated and controlled, we should not have to worry about the steadily decreasing coal supply.

May McAvoy



Charming May McAvoy, the popular "movie" star was born in New York City and was educated in the public schools of that city. She started her screen career in 1918 and since that time has been seen in some of the leading pictures. Miss McAvoy is four feet, eleven inches tall, has blue eyes and light brown hair.

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

WHEN TO TELEPHONE

It is a bad plan that admits of no modification.—Publius Syrus.

IN THESE days almost every sort of invitation comes to us over the telephone. A few years ago it would have been regarded as in bad form to ask friends to dinner in this way and a hostess would not have invited her friends to a card party over the telephone, but now in most sets and in most localities this sort of thing is permitted.

However, there are objections to the telephone invitation at any time. There is always the chance that it will not be correctly understood and little misunderstandings have been known to result from the misunderstood telephone invitation.

Then there is some difficulty in having practically no time to decide whether or not it is really possible to accept an invitation. Another tentative engagement may be pending. The busy mother sometimes has first to find out whether or not she can get some one to whom she can entrust her children when she is gone. The man has to see whether he can be sure not to have to work that night. And it is not always agreeable to have to explain these difficulties, or to say, "I will see whether I can come and will let you know in half an hour or tomorrow morning." Whereas when one has a written invitation, although the answer should be prompt and unconditional, still there is time to think the matter over.

In business the telephone often is used when it would be far better to send a written message. So it is that some concerns will not take an order for certain kinds of work unless it is written. For the written request or order is a guarantee, a pledge between the two parties concerned. If there is any disagreement concerning the nature of the order the written letter stands as a good way to settle the question, while with the telephone message there is not even the satisfaction of having a third person as witness to the transaction.

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A LAST REFUGE.

His Wife: Never mind. If you should lose everything you will still have me. D'Ebdroque: That's so. I never thought of it. I can put everything in your name and defy the creditors.