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WHERE THE YANKEE BOY GOT THEIR CROSSES

"Your blood just wouldn't keep quiet in your veins as you stood on that hill and watched the boys marching by in waves with the band playing good old American music and the Stars and Stripes waving over them. Believe me, it's the best flag in this world, boys. I don't know why, but my throat was throbbing and I felt like bawling."

These spontaneous words of a soldier as he told his mess-mates of the citation by the French army of the 104th regiment and 122 Massachusetts men for their bravery in repelling the Germans in Apremont Woods are too vivid to be lost, according to Frank J. Taylor, a United Press correspondent. He was a Massachusetts man too, from another regiment, and he had been privileged to watch the Croix de Guerre ceremony. Imagine yourself on the crest of a hillside slope surrounded by woods and listen to his story.

"The band struck up with real music and led the boys to the field. They'd just formed three sides of a square, and the fellows who were going to get the Croix de Guerre lined up across the open space in it, when Heinie lets go over Siecheprey way with a lot of his heavies. 'Course we didn't get anything but the booming. It mixed well with the band, especially when our fellows slammed them back two and three to Heinie's one."

"They didn't slow up the doings a bit, and it made 'em all the more appropriate. They played the Star Spangled Banner and Marseillaise, and then the French general goes down the line pinning the little green ribbon and the cross on each fellow. Gosh, the way their chests stuck out, and I don't blame them. Who wouldn't like one of those crosses!"

"But I'd rather fight two Heinies single handed than stand in the line. I guess a lot of those boys would rather do it, too. One fellow fainted dead, when he got his Croix de Guerre. Gas, shells and Heinies never phased him, but he couldn't face this."

"Our general went along too and shook hands with each man, and told him something. I asked one chap what the General told him and it was 'Cheer up, it's nothing against you!' Most of the boys needed that kind of advice, for they took it awfully seriously, even the two chaplains who were decorated for carrying fellows in under hell-fire."

"After the crosses were all pinned up the generals with their staffs and the boys with the Croix de Guerre on them went up on the hill top to watch the regimental drill. Those boys pulled off a proud parade, too, on that hillside. They looked just like waves going across the hillside, for the old khaki made the companies blend into the color of the woods and the ground. And last came the machine gun companies, with mules pulling their carts just as proud as the rest of them."

"They had the new Massachusetts flag which just came out there and with the old Star Spangled Banner, it was some moving picture, boys, and a great day for Massachusetts."

What the Massachusetts man forgot to tell his mess-mates was that Fate had played a pretty trick of history when it decreed that these descendants of the Plymouth Fathers, of the heroes of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, should be the first to bear the brunt in the present battle for liberty and democracy.

The New York Sinn Feiner O'Leary says he "left New York because he was sick." The indications are that he will have passed the hospital stage and got into the morgue class before he is through with his troubles.

Germany won her first victory over the Italians by a themselves as are the Russian bolsheviki. now being attempted in Ireland. It is a scheme that can only be worked once, however.

Fern Hobbs, hero of the famous Goldfield rebellion, has gone to the battle front in France. Her military experience should be of great assistance to the allied commanders.

ITALY ON THE OFFENSIVE

Italy has wrested the offensive from the Austro-Hungarians, according to J. W. T. Mason, the United Press military writer. How far the initiative can be pressed depends on the condition of the heavily flooded Piave river.

The Austro-Hungarian troops on the western bank of the river were cut off from their bases of supply by the impossibility of transporting materials across the torrential stream. Italy may encounter similar difficulties in following up the present drive against the invaders. If the Piave suddenly returns to its normal sluggishness, the retreat of the Hapsburg armies may then be turned into a disastrous rout, that might force the Austro-Hungarians to abandon all the Italian territory they now hold.

Whether the present offensive of the Italians reaches this magnitude the retreat of the Austro-Hungarians from their newly won positions must certainly contribute to the spirit of revolt at home. The adoption of Von Hindenburg's strategy of slaughter by Austro-Hungarian leaders will now profoundly react against German influences in the dual monarchy.

The casualties suffered by the Hapsburg forces have been heavy in their adventurous imitation of Hindenburg's ruthlessness. There can be no adequate explanation to the war-weary mobs in Austro-Hungary crying for food and peace.

Austria-Hungary has not the militaristic spirit of her arrogant northern neighbor. There is good reason to believe the population of the dual monarchy did not approve of the drive against Italy from the start. Otherwise there would have been a less demonstrative attitude of protest against the food shortage while the drive was under way.

BEGINNING OF THE END

The Austrian defeat in Italy is the beginning of the end. The war may drag a year or two longer before the final collapse of the central powers, but their strength will steadily decline from this time.

Austria is in chaotic condition—hunger, unrest, incipient rebellion. The crushing defeat of her armies will almost put her out of the war because of inability of the government to control its discontented people.

On the West front Germany's hardest blow has already fallen, because American assistance is more than making good allied losses. From this time forward the United States army must be reckoned with—Hindenburg has no fresh reserves with which to match them.

The desperate attempt of Germany to force the allies to sue for peace before the Americans arrived came too late. Nothing of material value has been accomplished—and the Americans have already arrived.

Indiana has declared so far as the democrats are concerned, in favor of President Wilson for a third term. It is entirely too soon to take any action about Wilson's successor. The chances are the war will be ended before the next presidential election, and if so there will be quite a different phase placed on political affairs. It is time enough to cross that stream when we come to it.

England has given up her home rule program for Ireland. Sensible idea. The Irish are as unfit to govern themselves as the Russian bolsheviki.

Those Italians were evidently expecting something to happen and were ready for it this time.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

THE SAVING HABIT

We're learning how to save the shilling, and when the armies cease their drill, the lesson will abide; our hard-earned scads we won't be blowing; the tail no longer will be going to blitzen with the hide. In peaceful times I failed to pickle the useful dime and helpful nickel, I put no coin in brine; I wasted money as I earned it, with foolish energy I burned it, the spendthrift's course was mine. Then came the war, and thrifty neighbors who'd saved the product of their labors, the crisis calmly met; they had their bundles in their cellars, while I and other giddy fellers were plunged neck deep in debt. We were a bunch of also-wases; we couldn't help the Red Cross causes, or buy a baby bond; we couldn't line up with the loyal, and help to can the madman royal, for all our goods were pawned. The busted man is pretty useless when war is raging, endless, truceless, and coin is in demand, when every gent should have his dollar to help to make the foeman holler, and save his native land. And I felt shamed, and I was blushing when I beheld my neighbors rushing with coin to boost the flag; I wept for all my spendthrift folly, my soul was steeped in melancholy, my spine began to sag. But now my wisdom teeth have sprouted, along the paths of thrift I've scouted, I've salted down four bones; my package doubtless will be greater, and as it grows 'twill balk the traitor, and shake the tyrants' thrones.



WALT MASON

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

HELEN MAKES A PROMISE BEFORE MERTON ARRIVES.

CHAPTER CXII

"I am glad dear!" Mrs. Sexton said when I resumed my seat beside her. "Very glad. Now, I want a promise from you. I want you to talk things over with your husband very simply, very plainly, very lovingly. Take care you choose your time well. Don't try to talk to him when he acts annoyed or worried. But some night after dinner, when he is at home with you, tell him that you want to know just what he really expects of you; how you feel about everything save only your friendship for Julia Collins, or any other woman. Do not mention that, else he will think you only prompted by jealousy. Will you promise?"

"Why, yes—but I have tried to talk to him."

"Talk more intimately than you have done. Talk as one man to another. Take the ground that he isn't being fair and square with you. I imagine that will have more effect with him than anything else. Tell him you have seen me, and that I said I was flattered because of your improvement, your gain in poise, your greater understanding of social matters. It won't hurt you to praise yourself by repeating what I have said—hurt you with him, I mean. Don't be too meek, my dear, too easily hurt by what he says. He probably doesn't mean it in the way you take it. Please him; but in doing so, do not lose your individuality. That was what attracted him to you. Remember that when you are discouraged. There comes Merton, I will leave you now. He will not care to see even me."

Before I could object she had glided quietly from the room.

Friendship Instead of Love.

"Helen!" Merton came to me with outstretched hands. I laid mine in them and smiled at him through a mist of unshed tears.

"Merton!" I answered, even to the intonation, as he had spoken.

"Did you mean you did not care enough? That you will not go with me?"

"Yes, Merton. I was not fair. I see it now. Because of an occasional bit of jealousy, a little unhappiness that may come to every married couple, I was soothed and comforted by your love. I thought I loved—cared—for you more than I did for George. But Merton it

All Traces of Scrofula Cleansed from the Blood

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If there is any trace of Scrofula, or other impurities in your blood, you cannot enjoy the full physical development that a healthy body is capable of until your blood has been thoroughly cleansed and purified of all traces of impure matter.

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isn't so. I never could be happy if I left him—we would not be happy. Forgive me for making you think I—cared. Will you, can you?"

"Are you sure this time dear?" he had grown very white.

"Very sure," I answered so low he bent his head to hear. Then releasing my hands he put one of his under my chin and raising my face he looked long and earnestly into my eyes. Then he bent and kissed me, just once.

"I have nothing to forgive," he then said. "That is if you will keep me as a friend. It is far less than I had hoped to be; but perhaps more than I deserve. It is for you to forgive me, Helen."

"Let us forgive each other." I tried to speak lightly, "and like two good friends never mention this again; but try to forget it. Shall we?"

"Thank you, Helen. You are an angel." We talked a few minutes more then he took me home. I was happier than I had been in a long time.

Helen Keeps Her Promise.

That very night, when George came in I saw at a glance that he was in a particularly genial humor. I would keep my promise to Mrs. Sexton at once and have it over. As always, I dreaded approaching George with anything that looked like fault-finding. But after dinner he said:

"I think I will remain in tonight. I have a magazine I want to read."

"That's nice! Would you mind talking a little first?"

"Anything of importance? I am keen to get at the magazine."

"It was not very encouraging, but I went on:

"Yes, very important to me. I'll promise not to be long." I hesitated. It was going to be harder than I thought.

"I saw Mrs. Sexton today." I finally commenced, "and she said awfully nice things to me. That's what made me want to talk to you." I had no intention of telling him of anything she had said save her praise of me, but I wanted his attention.

"Yes—what did she say?"

"She said she was flattered in my improvement, my gain in poise, my greater understanding of social matters. Those were her exact words. Wasn't she nice?"

"Very. But she only said what was so." I was so surprised at his answer I could scarcely go on.

"If you feel that way why didn't you sometimes say so?" I exclaimed forgetting her caution, everything save that; he had withheld praise he knew my due. "Why don't you tell me when I please, you as well as when I displease you? It isn't fair! You find fault, and make me unhappy when I do the slightest thing you do not like, but you never make up for it by telling me of the things that I do which you do like. I have tried to change myself, to make myself all over to suit you, and I seem to never please you in spite of it. Please George, be a little more fair with me, won't you?"

"If you have finished your tirade I will read," was all my answer. All I deserved for talking as I had, for not controlling myself.

(Tomorrow—The Reaction)

THE HYMN SUPERB

By Charles B. Driscoll

When Tony plays the Marseillaise, His organ handle turning, My pulses pound, my spirits bound, My righteous wrath is burning!

While Tony turns the crank that earns His daily vernicelli I want to fight for God and Right, For France the valley lily!

I want to stand in Nomans Land, Let come what Fate determines; Ah, when he plays the Marseillaise I long to slaughter Germans!

No wonder then the fighting men Of France will never falter; To such an air, who would not dare To die on Freedom's altar?

MRS. BAILEY SAYS

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Yours truly,
Mrs. Mary G. Bailey.


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Nujol for constipation

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