

HOSPITAL PLACE TO HEAR FINEST STORY OF BATTLE

Stretcher Bearers, Doctors, Nurses, Orderlies Learn All About It

SPIRIT SHOWN ON TABLES

Boy With Wound in Thigh Counts the Stitches—Tightened Lips, No Complaints

Undertoned in the mill of battle, gasped in last words where the trenches cross, numbed in half-delirium from stretchers being borne to the first aid dugouts, whispered to the surgeon holding the knife in the shell-shaken dressing stations, spoken and confided on the motor ambulances and trains and talked of conversationally at the base hospitals, the personal, living history of America at war is being told every day by the doughboys who have gone into the mill of death.

It is the words of the wounded fighting man, spoken while he is still under the spell of battle, that give the measure of the spirit of the American Army in France. It is these words which preserve the glory of individual heroism and wholesale bravery. And added to the spoken word is the fortitude of wounded men, the little things they do and do not do, which carry more conviction of the unbreakable spirit of the new armies than all the oratory yet unloosed on pleasantly-lighted platforms.

Every stretcher bearer can tell you a story of heroism with uncounted details. So can every surgeon who has gone over the top with the doughboys. So can the medical officers and nurses and orderlies in the base hospitals who have seen men come to help and operating tables marvelling at the things they have seen and heard. And about these men there is growing a vast, many-chaptered tradition that is being preserved wherever American soldiers meet, and is being transmitted back home in letters.

When the Goshes Came

In a certain American hospital, whose officers, nurses and men landed in France in May last year, they have many of these stories to tell. Stories that they tell you at the same time they tell of the heroic deeds of the fighting men under a harvest moon, deliberately dropped fire bombs down on wards whose metal roofs shone like mirrors in the moonlight, three of the bombs landing the frail woodwork that sheltered scores of wounded men, helpless on cots, two of the bombs killing five of the hospital men and wounding 20 others.

They tell you of the doughboy from a middle west town who came down to the hospital with the healing stump of a leg and could not be comforted. The first day he lay there gloomily looking out into the steady drizzle of the rain, and they thought he must be thinking of home. He wasn't. He revived hopefully. "Fix me up in a hurry, doc," he said to the ward surgeon. "I don't care how you do it. Get me an artificial leg a damn leg will do if it's quicker. I want to get back up to the old bunch. They're the best gang in the world, and I'm damned sure there'll be work up there for me to do in the mess, the headquarters, anywhere. They can't count me out while I got one good leg."

Dozens of Big Stitches

They remember him, just as they remember the other doughboy who had stopped a piece of shrapnel at close range. When he came in, he had been fixed up at the casualty clearing station. The surgeons had taken dozens of big stitches in a line down the inner side of his leg, the part of his leg where the in-seam of his pants would come was stitched like the cover of a baseball.

They found out his spirit first when he rolled off the stretcher, trying to reject the aid of the men who had carried him in. Then he showed dissatisfaction because the orderly had to lift him when he landed him a bad pain. Three days he tried to "help himself," as he put it, but the orderly always came to the rescue. The fourth day, however, he was independent.

Then there was the case during the push up Amiens way—the doughboy with the wound in the thigh. This doughboy, taking the anesthetic, didn't go "clear under" before the surgeon started in. So the operation of sewing up his wound was delayed until the nurse and medical officer thought he was completely under the influence of the "gas."

Counting the Stitches

All through the operation of sewing the patient did not stir. But almost on the last stitch he wriggled on the table and began to speak. "That was a pretty tough job, lieutenant," he said. "I felt every stitch you made. There were five of them. And on the fourth one you missed it a little the first time and took two jabs."

Always it's the same story wounded doughboys trying to make tight of wounds. Always the tightened lips—maybe they hide gritting teeth but never a word of complaint. It is the spirit that requires watchfulness, too, lest a doughboy, weary of lying on a stretcher with a fractured leg bound in splints, should swing off the side of the stretcher and go hopping around on his leg, holding onto his splints with his hands. That's what one of them did.

Going back to hospital traditions and that night the clothes came free under the harvest moon. There are at least two nurses in that hospital whose names will always be remembered with that raid. Incidentally, both are wearing medals.

The arrival of the Boche was just at the crucial moment in the fight for life of a pneumonia patient. The alerte sounded, but the nurse in the pneumonia patient's ward did not move from his bedside. Twenty-two minutes after the alerte the five bombs rained down on the hospital. In an instant the quiet, dark camp became a place of horror—fumes of explosives settling down over buildings whose wounded men were crawling out of burning wreckage. Through it all, a nurse stood at the bedside of a man whose lungs and heart seemed at the last gasp and stroke of life.

At the same time in a ward of the surgical division a fragment of a bomb had found a mark in a bed where a Scot was lying, already on the seriously wounded list. The bomb fragment tore its way past one of the purely-headed wounds and opened an artery. The nurse who had stayed by her post after the alerte rushed to the aid of the bleeding man, and in the darkness, smoke and noise checked the hemorrhage.

ENTERING THE WEST FRONT SUBWAY SYSTEM



HEAVY SOCKS ALWAYS FOR BEEF HANDLERS

August Becomes January in Storage Refrigerating Plants

NO ICE AND NO SMOKING

Ammonia Keeps Army's Slum-to-be in Condition to Suit Fussy Mess Sergeants

You can't smoke around a refrigerating plant. That's a new one, what? If anybody told you that you couldn't smoke around an ammunition dump, or a garage, you might understand. But the reason why you can't smoke around the biggest refrigerating plant that the Army has in France is that there's an awful lot of lumber tied up in it—7,500,000 feet, to be somewhat near exact—and the main building isn't far from 1,000 feet long and a good 75 or more wide. And if anything should set fire to that place, your big quarters of beef would very likely become prematurely roasted.

The next of beef goes over here is in refrigerating ships. It is put into big refrigerators cars—our American cars carry 36,000 pounds of it to each one, and the French cars 16,500—and brought aboard to the big freezing depot. There 5,200 tons of it is kept on ice, frozen up, and can't thaw or get melted until it is shot along up to the front, again in refrigerating cars, posted and refilled by its soldiers so much that it is quite ready and willing to be carved up into steaks, or ground up into hamburger, or—in the last analysis—chopped up into slum.

Ice Doesn't Do It

It isn't ice that keeps the beef hard and cold in the big storage and refrigerating plant somewhere in the S.O.S. It is a cold-producing mixture of water and ammonia and a lot of other things, run through pipes that go through the roof and sides of the big shed where the beef is kept.

Back and forth, back and forth, this mixture keeps flowing, urged on by three mighty 200-horsepower machines brought over from America for the purpose. And they and the mixture put out a chilliness that forces the boys who tend the beef inside the big shed to wear three or four pairs of heavy socks, all their winter heavies, all the knit stuff they can beg or borrow, with heavy leather jackets to top it all off, in the worst of August.

In addition to the refrigerating plant, with its artificial snow-frosted piping and its Eskimo-resembling attendants, there is a big plant right across the way that can make ice if it wants to, and that at very short notice. It has the big central vat, the cutting machinery, the slides, and the forms for the cakes, and all, and could be operated right along in connection with the meat preserving, if need came.

Takes Lots of Huskies

That need, however, has not yet arisen; the beef is conserved so well as it is, without the manufacture of large chunks of ice, and the hospitals of the A.E.F. have installed small ice plants of their own so ample for their needs, that the call has not yet come forth. But if it does go a little tightening up of machinery, little overhauls, you and whacks? "Do you want ice in your 'Colonel'?"

It takes a lot of husky men to handle those big slabs of beef, and they are at it 16 hours a day, in two eight-hour shifts, pulling the slabs off the refrigerator, taking them to the big plant, showing them in hand trucks into the interior and there hanging them up on hooks, then pulling out other ones that have had their revivifying freezing baths and showing them into the cars again.

In the interim, the cars are carefully inspected by officers who have unusually keen noses for scum. If there is anything at all "bad" about a car, the officers point; and then up comes the gang to clean and scrub and fumigate. The way the beef is treated and handled, they can tell just what quarters were in that car, and they are looked up right away. If there is anything wrong with them, you don't get them.

In conclusion, you have one guess as to where the refrigerating plant crew—the Merry Freezers of the A.E.F.—came from. Chicago? Right. Will it how'd you know?

HIS COMPENSATION

The A.E.F. take it from everybody who knows anything about it, is remarkable for its temperance. But temperance has its drawbacks, sometimes. Witness the plight of a French gentleman of middle age, who has a home and the things that go with it, up in the Marne country. "Ah, m'sieur," he will tell you, "I like the Americans very much—es braves gens! Only—they drink too much of the water? Wine in plenty—beaucoup de vin—was there about my place, but not one drop would the young Americans touch. Instead, they emptied of water my cistern—and now it is as dry as a bone!"

"But I—do not care! There will be rain again soon. Besides, to repay me, have they not taught me the English?"

THE SADDEST DOUGHBOY

The saddest guy that I've ever seen Packed in his Army host, Was one who'd nothing to growl about, Nothing to pan or roast.

LONG SILENT ORGAN AGAIN PEALS FORTH

Two Engineer Privates Volunteer to Clean All 3,000 Pipes

VILLAGE SEES A MIRACLE

Ancient Ruin Becomes Vocal Once More When Birds' Nests Disappear from Works

This is the story of how two American privates fixed the morale of an entire French village without firing a shot. The story developed when two American officers passed through the town in question. They dropped in to see the cathedral, one of the oldest and most beautiful in France. Much to their surprise, they heard the strains of an American love song filling the cathedral as they stepped inside. And the next thing they saw was a Yankee private at the organ, playing for all he was worth. The private had been an engineering student at Cornell, but he had also taken a deep interest in music with pipe organs as a specialty. When he and a friend, another Engineer private, came to the town, they found the cathedral and the unused organ, over a hundred years old but out of repair for 15 years, much to the sorrow of the cure and the townfolk, who had known the beauty and inspiring effect of the instrument.

Job for a Platoon

The two Yank Engineers at once secured permission to try to reestablish the ancient instrument, and when it was clearly given they went to work. In fact, their enterprise they found over 2,000 pipes, some of them 20 feet high and a foot in diameter, that required cleaning and other adjusting, a job for a platoon. Their only opportunity for work on the big organ was after 1 p.m., at the end of a hard day's engineering grind, but they stuck to the job.

Before they had finished, they removed from the different pipes a dozen ancient birds' nests, vast quantities of plaster and other debris, and all the known varieties of dirt. By employing a sulphuric acid process, equally applied to each of the 3,000 pipes, they got the organ completely ready for use.

No one in town had believed there was even the remotest chance that the organ would ever play again. But one day the two Yanks told the cure that a concert would be given on a certain Sunday afternoon and at the appointed hour the entire village gathered, most of them still doubting that any such miracle would ever take place. But the miracle did take place and the organ today is one of the leading features of village life.

"I can't understand it," the cure remarked to one of the visiting officers. "We had made many attempts to have the organ repaired, but without effect. And then here come two privates from your Army, and not only make complete restoration during their off hours, but, in addition, are able to play as wonderfully as they build and fight."

LIBRAIRIE VIVIANNE

12 Rue Vivienne, PARIS ALL FRENCH AND ENGLISH BOOKS

LYONS GRAND NOUVEL HOTEL

11 Rue Grölee Favorite Stopping Place of American Officers Rooms from 5 to 30 francs

"SUPER" FOOTWEAR for OFFICERS

Regulation Patterns AMERICAN OFFICERS

should obtain Copies of our new Military Brochure fully illustrated Willow Coll. Hand Sewn Welt

£6-15-0 Willow Coll. Real Hand Sewn

£8-8-0

Slips and Half-slips in stock ready for wear. Will take a brilliant polish or can be left dull.

W. ABBOTT & SONS, LTD. 54 Regent Street, LONDON, W. (Opposite Swan & Edgar's)

434 Strand, LONDON, W.C. (next to Gaiety)

121 High Holborn, LONDON, W.C. (Opposite Holborn Station and Piccadilly Tube)

CHAPLAINS OF ARMY TO HAVE OVERSEERS

Seniors Will Be Named for Armies, Corps, Divisions and Brigades

To supervise the force of chaplains in the A.E.F., recently augmented in the proportion of one to every 1,250 men, a senior chaplain is going to be assigned for each army, corps, division and separate brigade, and for the headquarters and sections of the S.O.S. Authority for this is given in G.O. 133. It will be this chaplain's duty to exercise general religious oversight over the unit to which he is assigned, and to keep himself and his commanding officer informed of the moral and spiritual needs and opportunities within the unit. He is also charged with submitting a monthly report to the chaplains' office at G.H.Q.

JEWISH HOLIDAY PLANS

Wherever it will not interfere with military operations, all Jewish soldiers in the A.E.F. will be excused from all duty so that they may observe, according to custom, the Jewish New Year, from sunset September 6 to sunset, September 8, and Yom Kippur, from sunset September 15 to sunset September 16. The Commander-in-Chief further directs that passes be granted them for these observances wherever such a privilege is deemed practicable.

MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

Plans, Guides & Aeronautic Maps FOR American Officers and Soldiers CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE (Liaison des Cartes Campbell) 2 Rue Saint-Lazare, Paris (dun) Subway Station, Nord-Sud, Notre-Dame-de-Lorette

HAWKES & SON

THE BAND INSTRUMENT AND MUSIC HOUSE, LONDON. Instruments and Music supplied for: Military Bands, Orchestras, Drum, Fife & Bugle Bands, Jazz Bands, etc., etc. THE HAWKES' INSTRUMENTS are used by BRITISH GUARDS, the STAFF BANDS, and the majority of the Bands attached to the British Expeditionary Force. Write your wants. Catalogues and quotes post free. HAWKES & SON, Dunham Street, Piccadilly Circus, LONDON.

MEURICE HOTEL and RESTAURANT

228 Rue de Rivoli (Opposite Tuileries Gardens) Restaurant Open to Non-Residents.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE WAR RELIEF COMMITTEE

Has opened reading, writing and rest rooms at 3 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris. These rooms are open daily from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. and all Soldiers and Sailors of the Allied Forces are cordially welcome at all times. The Christian Science Monitor, other publications of the Society, the Bible and the Text Book of Christian Science, "Science and Health" with "Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, will be furnished free by the Committee to any Soldier or Sailor of the Allied Armies upon request. 3 AVENUE DE L'OPERA.

AMERICAN BARBER SHOP

5 Edouard VII Street Opposite Y.M.C.A. Information Bureau MASSAGE SHOE SHINE MANICURE AMERICAN CHAIRS Best Service - Most Reasonable Prices.

THE JEWISH WELFARE BOARD

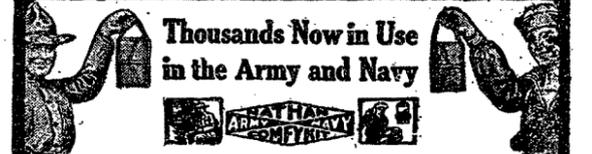
Announces the OPENING of its Overseas Headquarters, 41 BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN (near Opéra), PARIS The Overseas Commission will be glad to welcome all comers and to answer all enquiries addressed to it by mail.

The dates of the High Holy Days are as follows:— NEW YEAR'S DAY begins on Friday evening, September 6 First Day of New Year Saturday September 7 Second Day of New Year Sunday September 8 Day of Atonement begins Sunday evening, September 15 Day of Atonement Monday September 16

Arrangements are being made for the accommodation of our men at Synagogue services. Special services are being organized at certain points. The J.W.B. will be grateful for information as to where services are wanted and as to Synagogues where, for some reason, there is no probability of regular services being held.

Please investigate immediately. All correspondence will be thankfully received. Watch Official Orders and Bulletin Boards.

Keep HIM Fit With a COMFYKIT



Thousands Now in Use in the Army and Navy Contains everything needed by the Soldier or Sailor from Safety Pins to First Aid Combs. Also indispensable to the comfort of Automobiles, Tourists, Camping Parties, etc.

Most Complete Kit On the Market

- (1) Sanitary Wash Bag (The pocket contains the washbasin, soap, toothbrush, etc.)
- (2) A handy kit of medium size safety pins.
- (3) One complete Durham Brush Safety Razor.
- (4) Rubber-leaf Collapsible Soap Dish.
- (5) Six inch flexible non-breakable comb.
- (6) High grade ebony Military Hair Brush.
- (7) Six inch flexible non-breakable comb.
- (8) High grade ebony Military Hair Brush.
- (9) One "Nathan" Foot Powder.
- (10) One emergency case of Zinc-Oxide Adhesive Plaster.
- (11) Sewing outfit, consisting of two spools of cotton with easy-thread needles, thread and pins.
- (12) Handmade Aluminum Soap Box, full size, for large case of soap.
- (13) Extra pocket for Stationery, Pens, Post Cards, Letters, etc., and Pocket for extra Razor Blades.

Price Complete, \$5.00 Size when opened 22x29 inches Size when closed 9x12 inches Weight complete 28 ounces

The articles contained in the Nathan "Comfykit" are made of durable quality—the olive drab, two-ply auto cloth and is guaranteed to stand the heaviest and most reckless wear. Beware of imitations. Look for "NATHAN" Trade Mark on All Genuine "COMFYKITS."

NATHAN NOVELTY MFG CO., 88 Reade St., New York, U.S.A.

The Soap That Floats Brings Thoughts of Home

Back in the States, no matter where you go, you find Ivory—the soap that floats.

On all the battle fronts wherever Gen. Pershing's brave boys are fighting, Ivory also is doing its share in bringing cleanliness and health to Uncle Sam's lads in Khaki.

After the heat and dust of battle, or the routine of a busy day back of the lines, an invigorating bath in the copious suds of Ivory is a reminder of home. Ivory is the only soap needed for toilet or laundry. It is so pure that its use is a pleasure.

IVORY SOAP ... It Floats ... 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure