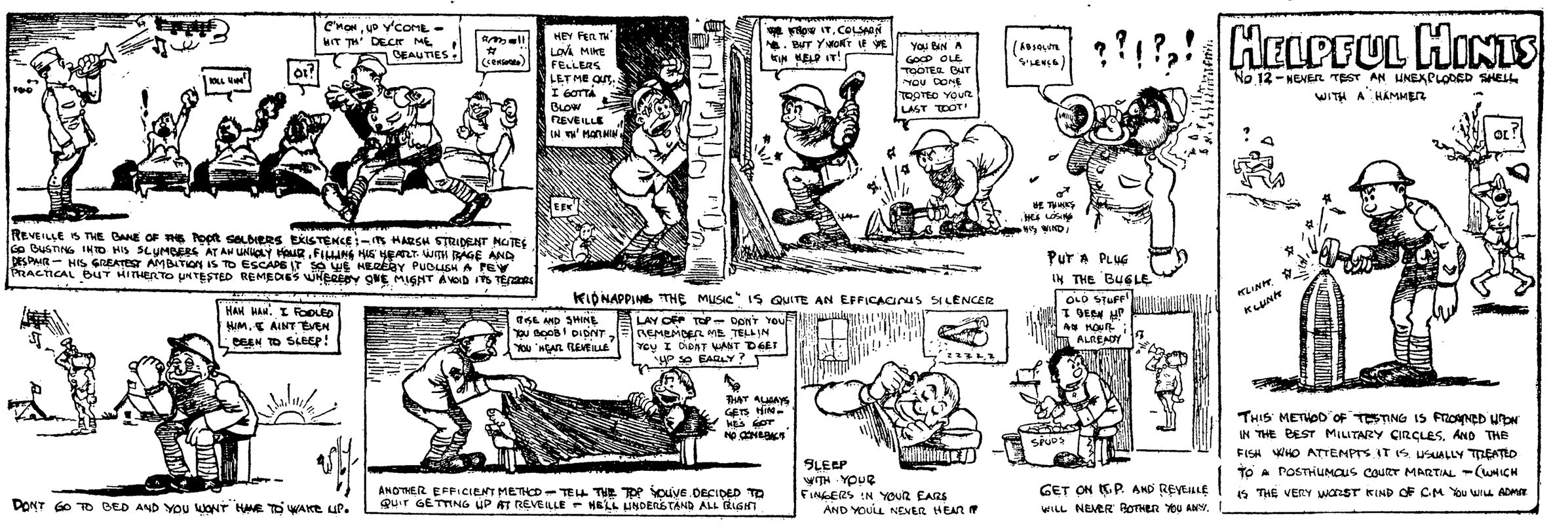
# HOW TO BEAT REVEILLE —By WALLGREN




# HOW THE LINES LOOK FROM A FRENCH PLANE

## Trip Across No Man's Land Has Its Thrills Even At a Height of 6,500 Feet—American Batteries' Havoc

By HENRY G. WALES
*Correspondent of the International News Service with the A. E. F.*

I have been two miles inside the German lines—at a height of 6,500 feet. I flew over the American lines on the Toul front, crossed No Man's Land, and penetrated as far as the enemy second line defense. I saw some of the destruction inflicted by bursts of gunfire from American batteries, and even while over the German positions I saw American shells drop there and silently explode, spouting a dusty upheaval of brown dirt mixed wih smoke.

I made the flight, which is the first taken over the actual fighting lines by a civilian, war correspondent or otherwise, since the war began, in one of the British two-seater Sopwith observation biplanes used by American observers in regulating American artillery fire, and piloted by a French sub-lieutenant who usually takes up with him an American observer. The only difference was that the twin machine guns were not put in place for my trip, as they are when the combination observer-machine gunner goes up.

It was just after four o'clock suntime and excellently clear for observation. A group of mechanicians strapped me to the bucket seat deep down in the fusilage, so that only my head showed and I looked squarely at the pilot's cranium, just showing in front of me.

### Mile a Minute on the Ground

We raced down the field and picked up a mile a minute gait, then rose so softly that before I realized we were off the ground the hangars and buildings seemed to be dropping below. We circled over the field a while, banking steeply on the turns to make our height, as the fields are near the front, and an aeroplane must fly high to cross the lines, otherwise it is dangerous business.

Mounting to 6,000 feet, we started toward the front, traversing roads and villages I knew well from passing through them daily in an automobile. As we gained height, with our speed exceeding two miles a minute and the wind pressure becoming greater, it seemed as though we were standing stock still.

As I gazed through the floor glass of the plane, objects below made it seem as if we were barely creeping along, just making headway against some raging gale, though in reality there was scarcely any breeze. But gradually we passed landmark after landmark that I knew, and I realized we were really moving fast.

Then, far to the right, I saw another French machine at about the same level, also apparently stationary, although in reality moving as fast as we were. We were so far above the earth's surface that one lost all sense of movement save that of the air rushing past and filling the lungs with great gasps of oxygen.

### War Zone Creeps In

Scrutinizing the landscape below I passed the rearmost American Army zone, out of danger except for long-range guns, then gradually the war zone crept in almost imperceptibly. I first noticed the telltale shadows invariably cast by the most skilful camouflage. Then I saw how mere man-made camouflage cannot mimic nature exactly, no matter how hard he is trying to copy the landscape.

Soon we saw the beginning of the communication trenches. Sinuous, winding, irregular, they toiled devious ways like moles' tunnels seen on a moist morning at home. Then, instead of villages, I could see merely clumps of ruined, shell-torn stone houses, and out from the clumps stretched the wonderful French highways—clear, clean-cut and ribbon-like under the eye, so that I could tell exactly where I was by their configuration from the pilot's map I carried.

It was the roads that told us first that we were approaching the actual fighting zone—that stretch close up to the front line trenches which is daily and nightly ploughed up by shells. There the highways widened, lost perceptibly, and vanished like a ribbon fraying in tiny strands at the ends.

### Where the Road Ends

The thoroughfares gradually lost themselves in the yellowish-brown strip marking No Man's Land. Through powerful binoculars I looked down upon the maze of American trenches, inter-winding, inter-locking, seaming the earth to a considerable depth behind a tiny hair-like line marking the advanced fire trench. All this area was so shell-pitted that it resembled nothing so much as the footprints of thousands of dogs on the seaside sands, at some places blurred and blended into millions of tiny undulations where the rain had washed down the softened shell crater marks.

The lane of No Man's Land, as far as the eye could see, was a baren, empty waste, torn up, yet still with certain landmarks left, such as a shell-battered stone farmhouse which the gunners of neither side had so far seen fit to raze, and an old cow stable whose walls were still standing at a feeble height. These places are a favorite rendezvous for night patrols in attempting to gain possession of the machine guns of their opponents, who try to enter.

Then I passed the advanced German line. It looked exactly like the American line, with the same endless scroll of trenches burrowing wormily every which way and extending back to a great depth.

We veered left and saw the spot where the American bombardment had prepared the way for the raid of the previous morning. The effects of the rain of shells were plainly visible, the new craters showing up bolder and deeper than others which had been made a long time before.

### Roads Begin Out of Nothing

Passing over the Germans' first network of trenches, I noticed the stream-like communicating positions leading back towards the second organized position. There, too I saw clumsily camouflaged gunpits, and glancing at the map found them accurately noted there for our gunners' information.

The villages behind the enemy's line were crumbling and shot torn exactly the same as those behind ours, and the roads began again from nothing, gradually assuming shape in the fine highways a little way further on.

No puffs of white smoke, indicating shrapnel, nor of black smoke, indicating high explosive, molested us. We continued onward, not straight ahead, but obliquely, so that we could veer off and double back if a hostile fighting plane appeared. We saw a couple of German two-seater observation machines regulating artillery fire at about our own level, but they minded their own business and we paid no attention to them.

Gazing earthward, I saw shells coughed up from the throats of American guns far behind plump into the enemy's positions and burst, throwing up cloudlets of black-brown dirty smoke.

Once, when we were farthest within the enemy's lines, I looked back toward the German front line and saw several flashes which I afterwards learned were trench mortars throwing flying pigs over toward the American lines.

### Not a Human Being in Sight

In all that journey I had not seen a single moving human being, even through my glasses, despite the fact that the subterranean positions beneath teemed with fighting men. In all the advanced positions on both sides I did not see a single moving vehicle, although far off to the rear of the German lines I could discern dustclouds rising from convoys on the move.

We turned slightly, tilting steeply on our wing, and soared homeward. The pilot signalled to me to look down, and, staring through the floor-glass, I saw another French machine much lower. Almost at the same instant a dull thud penetrated the terrific noise of the whiring motor. The pilot motioned again, and I saw afluffy white cloudlet of anti-aircraft shrapnel—enemy gunners trying to lay the range on the comrade beneath us.

Then came a dozen more almost inaudible thuds, and I saw a string of these fluffy white cloudlets hanging in the air along the path which the French machine below had been taking. But he was far away—he wingslipped, turned, and escaped entirely. Although we were less than 10,000 feet up, enemy anti-aircrafters did not choose us for a target.

Passing again the American battery positions, I saw ominous flashes from the breeches, but heard no shot fired or shell whistling through the air. We pased over an American observation balloon and reached the field, alighting like thistledown at 80 miles an hour.

I looked at my watch. We had been gone 35 minutes, but it had seemed ages because of the persistent idea that we had been battling continually against a head-on gale.

"Did you see that Boche single-seater above us just before we turned back?" asked the sub-lieutenant pilot, hopping from his seat. "I think he spotted us without a machine gun and thought us easy prey, as he was on his way home, then turned and chased us a little way. Otherwise, I would have taken you over and shown you the German positions there, with big guns mounted, and their observation positions."

## GOING UP

There may come a day when you will sign for breeches O.D. and the ease with which they could be acquired. Back home the merchant tailors have announced that hereafter $75 will be the standard price for a civilian suit.

## EARLY MORNING SMOKES

They can talk about their plays,
'Bout their movies and their dances,
'Bout the Galli-Curci craze—
Not a single one entrances
Me; for I'm content, you bet,
With one luxury a day:
Smoking just one cigarette
In the dawn, ere reveille!

Back at home I never did
Puff before my morning meal—
Father would have put the lid
On it; and with anguished squeal
Mother would have thought me gone
Plumb—well, plumb to you-know-where;
But it wasn't cold at dawn,
Damp and dismal over there.

Over here, though, mornings are
Things to court the soothing weel—
Lack of makin's well may mar
All one's first-call dressing speed.
With a fag stuck in your face
You can hustle with the best,
Puff, and struggle with each lace,
Get for breakfast chow a zest.

Cigarettes at break of day
Sweeter are than any others,
Driving clouds of night away,
Cutting fog that well-night smothers;
Soft their perfume, mild their taste,
Who'll gainsay the joy they bring?
So—be careful not to waste
'Baccy—'tis a precious thing!

# FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION
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E.T.—Yes, always keep your girl's picture with you whenever you move. Not only keep it with you, but write to her and tell her that you do. Nothing gets along without advertising these days, you know.

W.M.—You say that you inadvertently left the locket, with her picture in it, open while you were taking your last month's bath, and that the water made the darn thing run and spoilel her looks? Serves you right for taking a bath! I wouldn't blame her a bit for refusing to send you another picture.

Z.G.—No, the line "Am in the hospital; having a lovely time," never makes a hit with the girl back home. She knows there are attractive nurses in hospitals just as well as you do, and will smell a rat right off. Tell her all about your troubles and she may decide to come over and do a little nursing herself—if she's got bean enough to pass the examinations.

F.D.—No, shining up to her brother, who is in your outfit, won't do you a bit of good. Brothers are always brutes, and his good opinion of you—even if he should take the trouble to write it home, which he won't—wouldn't get you anything. Treat him kindly, to be sure; but don't let him capitalize your affection for his sister by borrowing from you too heavily. Remember that if all goes well, you'll have him on your hands, off and on, for the rest of your life; so don't begin too soon to keep him.

R.E.A.—Don't, when you write about the discomforts of trench life, forget to hint, gently, oh, so gently, that you're going through all of it For Her. Never fail to capitalize on what you go through and to impress her with it. There's nothing untruthful about it, so don't be afraid to play it up. They all like it.

T.O.—If she hasn't written to you for a long time, and you can prove it by checking up on the dates of her letters—you have to keep the envelopes for that, as women never date their letters inside—why, don't write to her for quite a while. Don't spoil her by starting out, "Dearest, your letter got in here just this eveg., and in reply to same I am writing right away." Keep her in suspense for a while; discipline her. Then, when you do write, try to appear a little detached, a bit cold. They play the same game on you; why in the name of time shouldn't you resort to reprisals?

Poilu (to newly arrived Yank): *Vous êtes engagé?*
Yank: Ongazhay—ong—oh, engaged! Hell, no, I'm married.

# WOMEN'S HOSPITAL GETS EARLY CHANCE

## Unit of American Pioneers Proves Worth During German Offensive

## NOT A MAN ON ITS STAFF

### Volunteer Workers Have Their Own Plumber, Electrician and Chauffeur, Too

Hats off—no, we don't take our hats off in the army; we salute.

A salute, then, for the Women's Oversea Hospital, U.S.A., the first unit of which is in France and doing business. It comprises the first group of women physicians and surgeons from the United States to see service in Europe, and it distinguished itself before it had been here a month by operating a hospital in the field so close to the firing line that the members were within sight and sound of bursting shells.

This pioneer unit of the Women's Oversea Hospitals was formed under the auspices of the National American Woman Suffrage Association by four women physicians and surgeons of the staff of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children—Drs. Carolina S. Finley, Alice Gregory, Mary Lee Edwards and Anna von Sholly.

The women volunteered for service with the American Army, but their offer was rejected. They then offered themselves to the French Government and were accepted. It was agreed that they were to operate a hospital for the French civil population which, upon 48 hours' notice, was to be turned into a military hospital. The American Red Cross agreed to furnish the equipment and supplies.

### Site for Hospital Found

Dr. Finley came to France two months ago and selected a site for the hospital. She chose a village in the Department of the Aisne, the population of which was in need of medical aid because all the French practitioners had left for service with the army. Before this hospital was fully established, however, came the German drive, and the site which they had chosen fell into Boche hands. The unit withdrew.

The wounded began to come back from the fighting lines and the women, not to be idle, asked French army officials for immediate duty in the field. They were assigned to Temporary Hospital No. 11, which they operated during the height of the fighting and still are operating. They have treated scores of French and British soldiers, administered anæsthetics, set bones, dressed wounds and performed minor and major operations.

During the first few days, the Germans got so close that they dropped shells within a mile or two of the hospital, but the women, although they thought they were actually within reach of the Boche guns, worked without interruption.

The unit includes six physicians and surgeons and numbers 31. Its boast is that it is independent of man, that it can take over a hospital, or convert into one a building not previously used for that purpose, and do all the work there is to do without any aid from the outside. In addition to a dentist, it has a carpenter, an electrician, a plumber, an auto-repair woman and two chauffeurs.

Another contingent of 60—physicians, surgeons and helpers—will be in France soon, and others are expected to follow.

## CHANCE TO LIVE IT DOWN

An American Red Cross worker behind the British front, after a recent battle, tarried to hear a British major, mounted on a wagon tongue, addressing the men of his battalion.

The men had finished a night's rest after three days of the hardest kind of fighting, recounts the Red Cross man, and the major was announcing that they were "going in" again that day.

"There will be no withdrawal. We are not going to give an inch," declared the major. "I want to see you fight harder than you ever fought before. I don't want to see you hang back like you did the last time.

"Why, dammit, men," shouted the major, "in the last fight you only got eight to one. You know you ought to have done better than that!"


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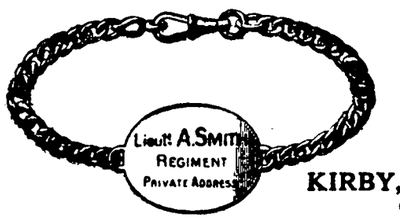

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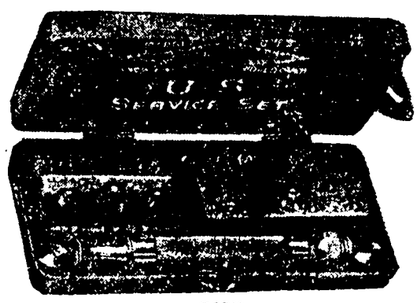
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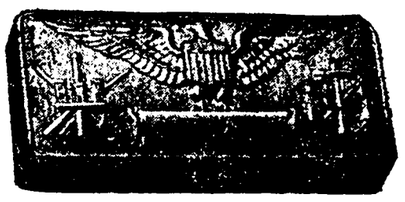
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