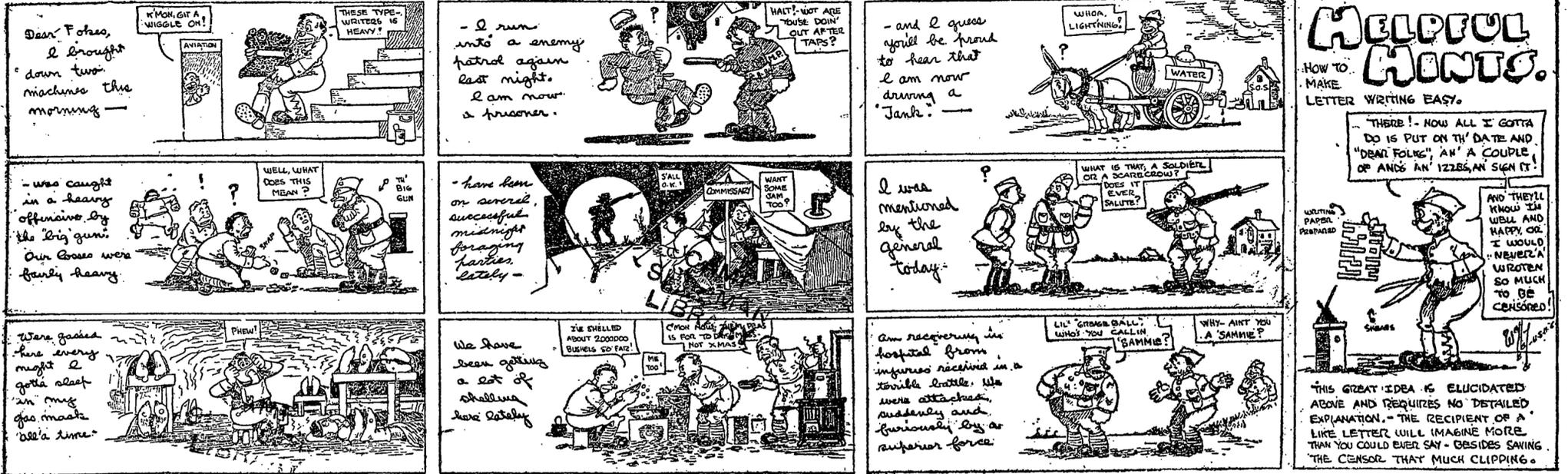


IT'S NOT WHAT YOU MEAN, IT'S WHAT THEY THINK -By WALLGREN



FRITZ SLAMS THEM SQUARE OVER PAN

Walter Johnson's Fastest Only a Floater by Comparison

FIRST NIGHT UNDER FIRE

Yankee Gunners Show They've Got Eddie Cicotte Stopped When Their Turn Comes

If you've ever battled against Walter Johnson on a cloudy day, you know that he has something on that old fast one. I know it, whether you do or not, because I'd been battling against Walter for eight seasons before I joined this man's army and my average was just plain 008. I beat him one day when Eddie Foster slipped in the wet grass. That was my sole hit off the big Swede.

But what Walter has isn't a marker to the "stuff" old Fritz can put on the ball when his artillery gets your range. Why, Johnson's fast one, that thing he starts from around his knees, is a floater compared to some of the things a Boche cannoner can heave at you.

And control! Say, if the Huns hadn't had good control one night, I wouldn't be here. They were shooting right over my head at a battery back in the woods and they were pitching nothing but bombs. I was afraid every moment that they would waste one and get me.

That was my first night under fire and I thought at the time that it also would be my last. But Fritz certainly was laming them right over the middle, and aside from a little shrapnel rattling off the roof occasionally, he didn't bother us, though my nerves were pretty badly frayed before the ninth inning came around.

On the Ammunition Detail

I was given the important, not to say exalted, post of helping out on an ammunition detail, and the carten used to be with hand grenades was rolled up under the lee of a big barn so as to be out of sight of the Boches, who were about three-quarters of a mile down the road. There was a sort of shell that we got under, so the hostile aviators couldn't see it. If they had even suspected what was behind that barn, I wouldn't be here now, for it was an easy shot for even a rotten artilleryman.

Some soldiers bunked in one end of the barn and there was a Y.M.C.A. canteen in the other. It was so close to the front lines that the canteen used to open after dark and do business until daylight. The colonel wouldn't let any one come around in the daytime.

There were Yank batteries on three sides of us, none of them more than 300 yards away, and it was these batteries that the Boche was after. It wouldn't bother to waste a shot on the barn because he guessed that there couldn't be any men there and he didn't figure that we would be crazy enough to stop a million dollar load of ammunition in such an exposed place.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Fritz started to open up his artillery. His first shot was right over our heads, but it was short, and he kept putting up the range until the bursts told him that he was on the target. Then he kept breaking them over the corners as pretty as you please for four hours. Fritz hit at his best never had better control. The other fellows didn't seem to be scared a bit because they said the Germans weren't aiming at us.

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"THE COMMAND IS FORWARD"

"Lieutenant Hansen, the command is 'Forward.' See the boys through."—Last words of Captain Francis M. Leahy.

"The command is 'Forward!'" Let this call Re-echo through the fields of France; From base ports to the final wall That looms before our next advance; By land or sea, by plain or hill, Plung this lone slogan to the Hun, Until the closing sun is still, Until the final job is done.

"The command is 'Forward!'" Send it on From post to post along the line. Until against some glowing dawn, Our vanguard swings across the Rhine; Until, around the Prussian throne, The closing wall of steel is cast— Until, where Right has reached its own, The German flag is furled at last.

Our Turn Next

After the Boches got through having their party and their arms began to get weak, our own batteries started up and you can take it from an old big leaguer that what the enemy had shown was nothing to what our side had.

Talk about stuff! There were some batteries on our left that were showing more than Eddie Cicotte ever had in his life and mixing them up, too. First, the 75's would let them have a few fast ones and then the 155's would curve one over. Finally the 210's would shoot a slow one at them.

After I had got control of myself so that my knees, decided it wasn't old home week, I went out to look at the firing, and the way things were mused up across the river was a caution. Through the glasses that a Signal Corps guy let me have, I could see half of the German army's dirt that were showing every time one of those big ones busted.

Harry Hooper throwing to the plate with a guy trying to score on a sacrifice fly wasn't a marker to our gunners. And we were heaving them right in a line and not bouncing them. They told me that about half our shells were filled with gas so strong that you had to wear a gas mask when you called the ordnance storehouse on the telephone.

Couldn't Retire the Side

As nearly as I could figure the score, Fritz made about two runs in his inning and he couldn't get us out at all after we went to bed.

The American gunners were still hammering them back when we got orders to move our ammunition up to another part of the front. That was one order I obeyed with alacrity, for I figured that the Huns would be all exed up when we finally got through hammering them and would probably try to blow that whole county off the map.

Let me tell you that any guy who says he ain't afraid the first time he is under fire either hasn't brains enough to be afraid or is a plain liar. I have stepped into a few fast ones in my day, and even Johnson couldn't drive me away from the plate, but I'm here to tell you that this night I was worse scared than a bush league pitcher in an exhibition game with three on and Ty Cobb coming up swinging three bats.

MAJOR JIM IS HERE; SO'S CORPORAL BILL

Forty, a Farmer and Father of Four Children, but He's With Us

This is the story of two college friends who went to war. It was the Spanish-American War, by the way, for they were graduated back in '97. The next year found Jim—his real name is Guy, not Jim—fighting with a militia outfit in the Philippines and Bill a sergeant in the Signal Corps down Cuba way.

Then Bill married, and, in the course of time, took over a thousand acre farm in that part of the Middle West which some laughable New Yorkers were afraid was going to be so terribly apathetic about his world war. The farm yielded marvelously. With the passing years, four children came to Bill, and Mrs. Bill.

Then April 1917—the April Unforgettable. By September, Major Jim was near New York with his old regiment, waiting orders to sail overseas, and on the eve of his sailing a letter caught up with him. It was from Bill.

"Dear Old Jim," it said, or something like that, "I know I'm in my forties and married and have four children, but just the same no one can make it seem right to me that I should be living softly here with you going off to war. I take it I'm too old a horse to go galloping off to one of these officers' training camps. Then they tell me that we farmers must not leave our plows. Well, I'll agree to this. I will stay right here and get in the biggest 1,000 acres of corn ever harvested in our State. I'll stay here till the last ear is in. Then—well, after that I'm not promising. In the meantime, so long Jim, take keer o' yourself."

The middle of July found Major Jim leading his battalion across the field of Châlons, so that they could make their place in the line in time to help meet the expected Champagne offensive of the Crown Prince. A letter caught up with him. It was from France. Also it was from Bill. And the major went into battle with a glow round his heart, for the letter was signed Corporal Bill, Co. A.—Engrs., France.

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BLACK BUGGY NOW MODE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Dad can't buy his new 1919 Spring model buggy to match the old sorrel mare. The War Industries board has just put the lid on all chromatic effects in buggy decorations. So Dad will have to do without the fancy colors and buy a plain black or gray model.

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WALL STREET LOSES CASTS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Wall Street has changed its spots. Nobody can call it a barometer any more. Even the past week's good news from the front didn't make stocks go up. The bears indignantly complain that bad news doesn't make it go down, either.

Financial experts daily offer occult and impressive explanations which are all different, but plain darned fools say that maybe Government control of industries and capitalization has gummed the speculative works.

BUT HE MEANT WELL

The hospital had a new night watchman, but for all his newness he was right on the job. So when he heard a French bugler disturbing the calm of early morn with some weird but shrilly piped call, he at once ran out with his lantern and forcibly ejected the bugler from the premises.

"You nut," he said, "don't you know this is a hospital?"

The bugler probably did; anyway he tried to explain, but the watchman was too mad to understand French.

When the watchman went back to the

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