

ESTABLISHED 1855

EVERY MAN AT HIS TOOLS

Never Before Was War Like This One.

PROFESSIONAL MEN AND MECHANICS.

All Are Needed to Perfect the Great War Machine, the Professional Men, the Mechanics and the Artisans, no Less than the Man With the Gun.

(Passed by the Censor.)

Correspondence The Yorkville Enquirer.

Camp Sevier, July 13.—Never was a war like this. To carry it to a successful conclusion as the Summies are going to do, it is necessary that their millions include men skilled in every known profession under the sun. The American army today includes doctors, lawyers, preachers, photographers, printers, plumbers, artists, farmers—men of every known profession and trade. The American army is a world within itself because every trade and industry in progress on the outside is being carried on in it. Hundreds and thousands of soldiers in the National army will never have a chance to take a shot at Fritz with an Enfield. All their time will have been taken up at their respective trades as lawyers and photographers and plumbers and other professions also enumerated. This most modern war is being conducted in the most modern way with the most modern conveniences and the most modern weapons.

The veteran of the War Between the Sections even sits by the tobacco-amber colored stove in the corner grocery store and talks about Chancellorsville and Petersburg and Vicksburg and other battles. He relates how he slept on the ground nights and rammed horseshoe stumps in his musket when lead balls were out. It is the rarest thing in the world that one of these old veterans that he was engaged at Chancellorsville or Petersburg or Vicksburg with a rifle and horseshoe stumps; but he spent his time in mending wagons or doing advertising for the cause or mending clothes or something like that. In fact, during the Civil war, there wasn't much of that kind of thing done.

Yet, in today's war a large number of men who wear the khaki, 350,000 of them, are doing "dough" jobs. Twenty years hence or thirty years hence when the veterans of the fight of today will sit around the steam pipes in the corner grocery store (there will be no common stoves anywhere by that time) thousands will tell that they didn't hurl bombs or slash with bayonets or shove cartridges into big guns. They served by dishing out bacon and eggs, by handling the mail, by repairing motorcycles and automobiles, by raising trench guards and by filling the trenches with dirt. And they will be given just as much credit for their services as the "dough" men, putting the fear of God and respect for human rights into the millions of "Kultur" every time they went. In a modern war conducted in a modern manner, it was necessary that they serve outside the muddy, breckish ditches. Incidentally, he said, thousands of them will be disappointed at missing the thrill and excitement of it all. Nevertheless, they serve.

All of this is by way of introduction to a story about the training of automobile mechanics and electricians and workers and blacksmiths which is going on at the United States Mechanical school over at Clemson college. Having a look at that school and a letter from him a few days ago that he had been there as long as he could, I obtained permission this week to visit him and give him the "once over," as soldiers say, perhaps the last for quite a while. There is always much of interest for a visitor to Clemson college to see. The presence of these National soldiers there and the work that they are doing or rather the work which they are learning, is of very peculiar interest.

Some 200 young men drafted from every county in South Carolina went to Clemson in April, to enter this government mechanical school under the tutelage of the able mechanical professors of Clemson college. Men who had some experience as carpenters, electricians, auto repair and blacksmiths were selected for the school. Included among those sent were some who owned garages of their own, others who were carpenters and wood-working shops, others who had had some horse and fitted many a wagon tire, and others who had worked with electricity for years. Thus these drafted men are not rookies, and this fact has helped the college professors much in training them for the work which they may soon be doing.

Soon after the arrival of these men of various trades they were separated into four sections—woodworkers, auto repair, blacksmiths and electricians. They were placed in charge of the respective professors of the college who teach these trades to Clemson students each year. The woodworkers invited people of Clemson and the countryside who had woodwork to do, to let them do it for experience. There was no charge. Workers in the other departments did likewise. Clemson college bought eight automobiles that can be used by the automobile mechanics to assemble and disassemble. Pretty nearly everybody in the lower section of Greenville and in Oconee counties who had an automobile or Ford that once had run, brought it to the soldier automobile mechanics at Clemson, to put in shape again. At one time during the period of training 25 automobiles were standing at the mechanical auto repair shop for the soldiers to work on. They haven't yet struck a mechanical proposition that they couldn't solve or that the professor in charge couldn't show them how to solve.

They learned most of what they know at Clemson and each of them could now command a salary of from \$40 to \$60 a week with Henry Ford.

"I thought I knew something about automobiles before I came to this mechanical school," said one young fellow from Dorchester county, to me yesterday. "I have been driving cars for years and working in a garage and I know that I know as much as the average 'blacksmith' auto expert. But under an able professor, I have gotten the fine points of the game here. The most intricate part of an automobile's mechanism is the electrical part. We have been instructed in that by a professor who has been here at Clemson college fifteen years. A professor couldn't stay at Clemson fifteen years unless he knew his business."

That these young soldier mechanics have a high regard for their instructors is evidenced by the way the young fellow quoted above talked. They all feel that way. None of them had any comment other than the highest praise for them. I would have hated to think that I should have time to be driving a truck over there without the experience I have gotten at this mechanical school," said a young fellow when the boys called "Pat," who lives in Walterboro, "Pat can handle an eighty horse-power government truck like it were a Ford."

Along with their mechanical training the mechanical students have been getting some two or three hours military training each day. They know all about the school of the soldier, lay-out lighting, skirmishing and every branch of the infantry. They are quartered in the barracks of Clemson college and they must keep their respective quarters in military manner. An infantry captain of the National army and three lieutenants are in charge of them, and the importance of military training and discipline is stressed. In the drill they use the rifles that the Clemson men left behind for the summer. They are responsible for the good condition of those rifles which shine in a July sun like the rifles of any crack outfit of Uncle Sam's army of the line. Though these woodworkers and blacksmiths and electricians and auto men will hardly ever fight in the line, still, thanks to their military training, and any soldier, they know how to do it if it ever becomes necessary. And any soldier will tell you that one never knows what's next in this modern war.

So far as military courtesy and respect for officers is concerned, these soldier-mechanics are the equal of the 51st division of Camp Sevier, and the 51st has a share on almost any other division of the National army or the regulars either, in saluting and military courtesies. I was seated outside the Clemson barracks under the shade of a tree Thursday after dinner talking to a dozen or so of these young mechanic mechanics. They were dressed in overalls awaiting the bell announcing afternoon work time. There was to be a dance over at Pendleton that evening and they were discussing whether or not they wanted to go.

Their captain passed down the barracks and sitting, some with cigars in their mouths and others with cigars of tobacco or gum.

"Shun," called one of their number. Cigarettes were flying, Brown's Mule being squirted, healthy bodies in ill fitting dirty overalls became rigid, right hands went up over the right eye and elbows at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The captain returned the salute and passed on. It was all done in a moment and with such accuracy and precision that I imagined myself back in Sevier and in the midst of the Stone-wall division.

Only about two months in service. Not intended for fighters and yet they have mastered mechanics to be rated as proficient and in addition know military to beat the Hun.

Just D. Grist.

**Cotton Statistics for June**—Cotton consumed during June amounted to 527,464 running bales, and for the eleven months ending June 30, it was 6,049,541 bales, the census bureau announced last Monday.

Last year in June 574,110 bales were consumed and for the eleven months period, 6,256,682 bales.

McLAURIN STEPS DOWN

Discouraged Because of What Appears to Be Hopeless Fight.

Senator McLaurin has withdrawn from the gubernatorial race. His reasons are set forth in the following given out from the Nydia hospital in Richmond:

To My Friends: I see no good to be accomplished by my remaining in the campaign and desire to release you from such obligation you may feel as to my support.

I am discouraged and my purposes seem so sadly misunderstood and my motives so wilfully misinterpreted. What is the use when only 15 minutes are allowed to present great issues? I did not offer as a candidate because of any personal ambition. My desire was to serve. Primarily, it was my hope to unite a conservative element in both factions upon a programme for building a system of finance based upon cotton, which would render our section forever rich and independent.

I have given ten years of my life and spent much of my means in spreading the propaganda. Its fruits are visible on every hand, but I despair of ever making faction ridden South Carolina a leader in a great movement of this kind and shall make no further attempt so to do.

Let me state the proposition clearly: Section 13 of the Federal reserve act provides not only for the discount of notes secured by receipts for cotton or other farm products, but also for discounting securities, where the proceeds are to enter into the production of the crop. This means that a note secured by rent or a crop mortgage can be discounted at the Federal reserve bank. It is done now, but not for farmers. All that we need is the machinery and the present system, which I presented after the failure of the Wade plan.

The warehouse is merely a fundamental incident in a system of finance. The real basis is the conversion of all securities which represent cotton either made or to be made into fluid assets which will pass current in the money markets. When you do this the marketing question will logically solve itself and can never be solved except by the firm establishment of a system of credits, where the pound of cotton is the unit, and as good as gold.

It will never be done by voluntary organization, it can only come through the government, and to secure that political control is necessary.

However, as the people are more interested in other matters, I see no reason for dragging myself around the state in a vain effort to help people who do not wish to be helped. Being a side show to a third class country circus does not appeal to me.

John Covadene, McLaurin.

ABSOLUTELY SURE TO WIN

John Temple Graves Thrills a Newspaper Convention.

One of the outstanding features of the convention of the Southern Newspaper Publishers' association, in session at the Grove Park Inn, Asheville, recently, was the address delivered by John Temple Graves, an editorial representative of the Hearst publications, Colonel Graves, one of the most eloquent orators in the country and for years a favorite in the south, reviewed in detail the superb achievements of the American government in the conduct of the war and the unprecedented results of its excellent preparations.

"I note the amazement and inspiration with which our allies in foreign countries have followed the vigor and expedition with which we have met the crisis and crossed the ocean to their relief, and the staggering realization of our imperial energy that the United States under the stress of necessity and purpose has developed in a night into a military power of irresistible force and efficiency," he said.

Colonel Graves paid tribute to the genius and devotion of President Wilson, the secretaries of war and the navy, to the shipping board, and the ordinance board and the provost marshal general. He emphasized the great respect of the country and the sublime devotion with which they have been concentrated to the winning of humanity's Armageddon. He set in order the mighty and transcendent issues for which the United States is fighting and made it clear that "peace short of achievement is a cowardly surrender of all that is worth living for and so abundantly worth dying for."

Colonel Graves spoke of the lessons that must be learned, speaking of it as a stern and bloody schoolmaster whose teachings will develop character and later all the future race.

"It shall be a nobler race," he said, "more unselfish, more efficient, more patriotic, more helpful, more man-loving and more God-fearing than in all its previous history. There will be an equality and fellowship among the millionaires and the men in the ranks who fight side by side and bleed and sacrifice together. There will be a fellowship of races and nations never known before. "England and France are bound to the great republic in bonds that centuries will not dissolve. Italy is our bond brother through the ages to come, as the Czech-Slavs and Poles and redeemed Russia will be knit in the grand brotherhood of man which makes inevitably for the fatherhood of God. All the thousand years behind us will not have brought so much or counted so far toward the ultimate of the race as these bloody, heart-breaking but triumphant years that are about us now."

CHASING THE U-BOATS

British and American Destroyers Have Exciting Game.

Landsmans May Get Some Idea of the Grim Game From Details of Few Encounters Officially Reported—Thrilling Story of Rescue of Crew From Burning Oil Ship by British Destroyer.

The destruction of a German submarine is never announced by the British admiralty except upon the strongest possible evidence, which is often provided by the destroyers that are engaged in a long game of hide-and-seek with the elusive U-boats under conditions of varying excitement. The landsmans may obtain some idea of this grim game from the details of official records of a few encounters as the result of which there is no room for doubt.

A convoy of merchant vessels was being escorted by British and American destroyers. A submarine attempted to attack the convoy, but although it maneuvered from one position to another the destroyers were too quick for it and every time it attempted to come to the surface its presence was detected.

Finally an American destroyer sighted the periscope in a favorable position and headed for it, with the intention of ramming. A depth charge was dropped directly over the U-boat, which was still visible under water from the American ship. The result was an upheaval of black-colored water, two broken pieces of a spar and some smaller pieces of wreckage. Nothing more of the enemy was seen.

Early one winter's day a destroyer sighted an enemy submarine on the surface and steered for it at full speed. So swiftly was the maneuver carried out that the German had no time to submerge. Within thirty seconds of the sighting the destroyer had rammed the enemy, tearing a great rent in the hull of the U-boat. At the same time a bomb, "which," said the commanding officer, "exploded satisfactorily," was dropped. After this the destroyer wheeled back over the spot and dropped another bomb. Large quantities of oil rose to the surface, but no other sign of the enemy's presence could be detected, and when the position was swept later the submarine was located, still lying on the spot where she had sunk.

Submarine Cut in Two.

A merchantman which had fallen behind the main body of the convoy to which she belonged was escorted back to her position by a destroyer. Just then another of the merchantmen was torpedoed. Immediately the destroyer swung round and headed for the enemy's position.

As she passed over the spot a severe shock was felt throughout the destroyer, and just afterward the German periscope was sighted by the destroyer's starboard ship, which hastened to drop a bomb on the U-boat. A heavy explosion resulted, and the submarine came up right astern of her pursuers. Helm was put hard over and fire opened by both British ships, three hits being registered in quick succession. Escort No. 2 had now come round, and being nearest the enemy, went straight for him and cut him in cutting him in two and clean in half. Hot halves appeared on the surface for a few seconds before plunging finally into view.

A destroyer hunting for submarines observed two periscopes about eight feet apart on her starboard bow. The destroyer managed to get within 50 yards before the U-boat submerged; then a depth charge was dropped over the submarine's course. After the explosion of the charge a second and much louder explosion was heard and felt by everyone on board the destroyer, and a column of black-colored water was thrown to a height of about 30 feet. A film of light oil then spread over the water, and in the next two hours had increased to a considerable extent.

Sighting the wake of a submarine, a destroyer dropped a depth charge and oil rose to the surface. Later a periscope appeared. Another depth charge was dropped, and more oil was seen. When darkness fell a large and conspicuous patch of oil was observed, and was still very clearly marked next morning. Another depth charge was dropped in the middle of the patch, whereupon more oil and bubbles rose and continued rising for the next two hours. Sweeping operations were then undertaken and an obstruction was located on the bottom. More oil rose to the surface.

Rescued From Burning Ship.

A lieutenant in command of a destroyer discovered that a British oiler had been torpedoed and set on fire. She was burning furiously and was out of control, although her engines were still running. A continuous stream of oil fed the flames, which prevented anyone from entering the engine room. Her peak was not yet alight, and crouched on there were thirty Chinamen, the remainder of the crew.

To extinguish the fire was beyond the power of the destroyer's crew, but her captain determined to make an attempt to rescue the survivors in the oiler, although it was obviously a difficult undertaking. He ran his vessel closer past the oiler's stern, and as she passed rats, lifeboats and life buoys were pitched overboard. This maneuver was carried out three times.

By now all the destroyer's boats had been lowered to pick up the men in the water, while all her available loose life-saving gear had been thrown overboard. However, there still remained nine men in the peak of the oiler. The concluding part of the operation may be explained in the words of the destroyer's captain: "I therefore decided it was necessary to place myself alongside the ship and take off the remainder of the crew. A speed of eight knots being maintained, this was done. We remained alongside locked to the steamer's windward bow for a period sufficient for all nine men to lower themselves on board this ship, which sustained slight superficial damage to guard rails and upper deck fittings."

GENERAL NEWS.

Items of Interest Gathered From Various Sources.

AMERICAN SOLDIERSHIP

French People Convinced that the World Has Never Seen the Like.

Communiqués give us the story of our troops at Cantigny. They "fought gallantly" is the soldier phrase, and it covers deeds for which awards have already been given. But a soldier's report can hardly give the impression that these precursors of the American armies to follow make upon the seasoned warring countries of Europe.

This reaches us in a letter from the famous French painter, Francois Flameng, to an American friend, who follows through the columns of the New York Tribune, the public in general to share in the pleasure of hearing our troops well spoken of. The letter comes from the French front, where Mr. Flameng is also serving, for all classes in France relish to bear her burdens. "I cannot resist the pleasure of telling you," he writes, "of the French army where it is my good fortune to be hospitalized, at the splendid conduct of your compatriots in the affair at Cantigny." And going on: "Seeing them work with so much energy, so much intelligence, good listening, questioning and studying all the time, our chiefs had soon discovered the rare quality of the American soldiers. But what would be the precise nature of the question? Well, the constant bombardment, buried in the cellars of ruined chateaux and houses, all officers—generals, colonels, majors and juniors—did their duty calmly, eagerly, with an intelligence always alive. It was soon realized that they were model officers, active, hard working, capable of assimilating with extraordinary rapidity the experience and methods of our old armies. It was a tremendous satisfaction, and at once absolute confidence and mutual esteem were established, affection followed, and then admiration. There is not a French soldier, from privy to general-in-chief, who does not speak of the American troops with emotion. Eyes and hearts smile at their courage, their devotion to duty, their disinterestedness. This is the reason that we were not without anxiety for your debut—not that there was any possible doubt of your courage, of your contempt of danger, but because your face moved to see such good friends face death for the first time, because their eyes seemed even more precious than ours. We Frenchmen have become accustomed to give our blood without stint. To die is nothing, our beloved patrie, France, is everything for the pollu.

"Therefore, when at 7 o'clock in the morning we watched for American troops to pass the front trenches, in that most dramatic of moments when the soldier goes to death in glory, we had our hearts in our hands. But there was a shout of unanimous admiration when they leaped out quickly in as perfect order as on parade, faced the formidable barrage fire, and disappeared in the dark smoke of obus bursting on all sides. Soon we saw 'them coming up to the village and taking it so brilliantly that it seemed as if an irresistible force impelled these soldiers fighting for right and justice. \* \* \* The proof was conclusive; the American soldier was truly a great soldier, and one could be sure that whatever counterattacks might come, he would stand like a rock against which the enemy waves would be broken. I cannot tell you my joy, for you are the hope of the world, you are the future, you will bring us victory, and also because you personify to our people the highest feeling of honor and generosity."

"When on the dangerous roads near the front, I met an American pilot covered with dirt and dust, loaded with his arms and heavy equipment, sweating and whistling along without a murmur, nay, whistling and singing. I see again the splendid specimens of humanity I used to meet with in New York, in Chicago, everywhere in America, and when I think that this American pilot is one of them, that he has left everything—family, affections, comfort, all his interests—to come across this ocean and take his part in this sacred fight, I cannot restrain my emotion, and I want to express to that lone soldier the gratitude I feel and which no human words can express.

"Dear friend, it is too wonderful. The coming of America into this war will ever remain as the most beautiful and noblest action in the history of the world. You were not obliged to come. Why do you do it? Why this gigantic human effort of yours? Why so many sacrifices freely consented? Simply and solely to save the future civilization and the liberty of man."

The University of Texas will have sent more than 25,000 into the army by the end of the year. Besides this, the university has financed the establishment of army technical schools to the amount of more than \$600,000. Better still, in the chemical laboratory of the university there recently was made a discovery in the making of munitions, which has been turned over to the War Department, which will save the United States many times the cost of the university, both for building and maintenance, throughout its entire history. The nature of this discovery, for obvious reasons, cannot be made public. These are only several of the proudest statements made by the board of regents in a review of the university's activities, 40 of whose faculty are actively engaged in the war service, many of them in the army.

Government regulation of the wages of labor and the fees of professional men in the United States is provided in a proposed amendment to the Federal constitution to be offered in the House by Representative Henry W. Watson of Langhorne, Pa. It authorizes congress to regulate the wages of labor and mechanics employed in any occupation and to regulate the prices of all commodities produced or offered for sale or consumption within the United States and its insular possessions. Representative Watson said he would address the house at length on the proposed amendment at an early date. He declared there was only one way to prevent strikes and that was government regulation of labor. The government now is regulating the prices of wheat and other food products, and if it is going to regulate the prices of the things the wage-earner buys, it follows logically that the government must likewise regulate wages," said Mr. Watson. "This can be done by a commission created by congress. Such a commission, of course, would have to establish wage standards according to the economic conditions in the different sections of the country. The regulation of labor is a

THE GERMAN RIFLE

A Splendid Weapon But Just a Bit Old-fashioned.

In the hands of the chap in the sloppy greenish-gray uniform, watching while in the trench across the way, there is a rifle with higher velocity than ours, with nearly a foot greater stabling length when the layonet is fixed, and with a better stock, making snap-shooting and shooting at night more certain.

The rifle of a nation that has specialized on war and its tools, the German Mauser in some respects offers serious advantages to its user over the Springfield of the American forces. The weak point is the man behind it. It gives unquestionable advantage in bayonet fighting—but the Hun doesn't like the bayonet, and therefore gets licked in spite of his superiority in weapon. It gives higher speed to its bullet—but the German soldier is usually a poor shot and even the little, antiquated, patched-up short Ross of England is proved too much for the better Mauser, because it is in the hands of better men and better rifle shots. The stock is better than the stock on either the new Springfield or our newer M1917, modified Enfield, but the bolt handle is so clumsy that the superior speed of fire of the American rifle neutralizes this advantage and gives us a lead in the bargain.

Consider Mauser rifle No. 2,668, captured at the Somme, and made in the year 1916 at the German works of Oberndorf, where Paul Mauser developed the great rifle that bears his name. It was taken by the British in the year in which it was made, but as it lies here before me it looks the part of the battle-scarred veteran. The wood of the stock is chewed up and scuffed and full of dents, as though it has been used by the Hun. The barrel is still clean and bright, testifying to the German efficiency, and the fear of the consequences that compelled its owner to keep it clean in spite of "hell and high water."

The stock is 13 inches long, or one-fourth more than the Springfield. It is far better shaped, with its neat pistol grip, and semi-shotgun lines, and it is better shaped than the stock of the M1917, because it fits the shoulder and aids in line up the rifle. The mechanism of the Springfield and the M1917—which are both modified Mausers.

We tried it out one day at Camp Kearney, Major White and I, and a lieutenant with a very Teutonic accent, a man who had doubtless served his time with some other army regardless of his love for America now. The African lion game hunter had made great things of his shots in the short space of 13-5 seconds per shot, from a position below the elbow, in respect of the rifle, and using only this square of light for a rear sight, made bulls-eyes on the little 8 inch black spot at 100 yards, or else "four's" close up to the black spot. The lieutenant did nearly as well.

We tried out the Hun rifle at long range, 800 yards, and then some groups at 550. It was accurate enough for fighting—it hit the three-foot black spot eight times out of ten shots at 800 yards, with the other two shots not far off. At 550 yards it put five shots into a space smaller than a man's chest, but not into so small a space as would the two American rifles.

But with all the Mauser's good points, it has a point so bad that our Yankee rifles far outclass it in the sort of fighting now done on the fields of Europe. This is that the American rifle, in the hands of skilled American riflemen, will fire, I should say, three or four shots to only two shots for the Hun rifle.

The sole difference lies in the silly and clumsy shape of the Mauser bolt handle, the only weak point in the Mauser, but the fatal and necessary concession to the rough-handed, half-trained "woop" type of soldier found in the armies of Central Europe. I say half-trained, because as riflemen, they are better than the old days of American marine of the old days. I don't know about them since war broke out—could lie in a field at 800 yards and shoot to pieces a regiment of Prussian guards if said guards depended only on their rifle fire to serve them. I know this because I know German systems of training and I know the marine.

Wherever, in spite of the bayonet superiority of the Hun rifle, and in spite of the better stock, and in spite of the higher velocity of the German bullet, our new rifle makes two bullets fly where but one bullet had flown before—and bullets are what are going to end this war.—Edward C. Crossman, in the August Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Eight Billions Needed.—Eight billions of dollars, double the amount now yielded by present tax laws, are to be raised under the new revenue bill which the house ways and means committee began framing last Monday in executive session. It is part of the administration's programme of meeting the vast increased expenses on the war, estimated at \$24,000,000,000 during this fiscal year. The income and excess profits taxes will be levied on the basis of the calendar year 1918, the other tax rather than the date of approval of the bill.

Eighty per cent of the new revenues are planned to be produced from readjustment of the excess profits and income tax rates and the remainder from excise taxes on luxuries, non-essentials and possibly essential. A long list of tentative suggestions, submitted by the treasury department, ranging all the way from a tax on retail sales of gasoline to a graduated tax on servants is before the committee, but members have indicated that many of them will not be adopted.

In addition to these suggestions the committee had before it a mass of recommendations made to it by witnesses who testified during hearings on the bill, which did not end until last week. Several weeks probably will be required for framing the bill, which the committee hopes to present around the middle of August.

GOOD ROADS SAVED FRANCE.

July Famed and Fireless an editorial says:

"Good roads have twice saved France in the present war. Had it not been for the radiating road system maintained by the French government, the Germans would have won the battle of the Marne and reached Paris. The Germans had calculated on only three divisions being sent out from Paris to stop the invasion. Instead, the excellent system of highways made it possible for five divisions to be sent to this front.

"Again, shortly after the battle of Verdun started, the French railroad which was to furnish many of the supplies to the troops was destroyed. Had there been a road 22 feet wide on which four lines of traffic, two in either direction, were maintained, Day and night 14,000 motor trucks carried men and equipment.

"The traffic never stopped. When a hole was made in the road, a man with a shovel of rock slipped in between the lines of trucks and threw the rock into the hole, then jumped aside to let the truck roll the rock down."

A French aviator, in America to help train American aviators, last Sunday performed the unprecedented feat of flying a big warplane underneath the four bridges that span the East river, New York.

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We tried out the Hun rifle at long range, 800 yards, and then some groups at 550. It was accurate enough for fighting—it hit the three-foot black spot eight times out of ten shots at 800 yards, with the other two shots not far off. At 550 yards it put five shots into a space smaller than a man's chest, but not into so small a space as would the two American rifles.

But with all the Mauser's good points, it has a point so bad that our Yankee rifles far outclass it in the sort of fighting now done on the fields of Europe. This is that the American rifle, in the hands of skilled American riflemen, will fire, I should say, three or four shots to only two shots for the Hun rifle.

The sole difference lies in the silly and clumsy shape of the Mauser bolt handle, the only weak point in the Mauser, but the fatal and necessary concession to the rough-handed, half-trained "woop" type of soldier found in the armies of Central Europe. I say half-trained, because as riflemen, they are better than the old days of American marine of the old days. I don't know about them since war broke out—could lie in a field at 800 yards and shoot to pieces a regiment of Prussian guards if said guards depended only on their rifle fire to serve them. I know this because I know German systems of training and I know the marine.

Wherever, in spite of the bayonet superiority of the Hun rifle, and in spite of the better stock, and in spite of the higher velocity of the German bullet, our new rifle makes two bullets fly where but one bullet had flown before—and bullets are what are going to end this war.—Edward C. Crossman, in the August Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Eight Billions Needed.—Eight billions of dollars, double the amount now yielded by present tax laws, are to be raised under the new revenue bill which the house ways and means committee began framing last Monday in executive session. It is part of the administration's programme of meeting the vast increased expenses on the war, estimated at \$24,000,000,000 during this fiscal year. The income and excess profits taxes will be levied on the basis of the calendar year 1918, the other tax rather than the date of approval of the bill.

Eighty per cent of the new revenues are planned to be produced from readjustment of the excess profits and income tax rates and the remainder from excise taxes on luxuries, non-essentials and possibly essential. A long list of tentative suggestions, submitted by the treasury department, ranging all the way from a tax on retail sales of gasoline to a graduated tax on servants is before the committee, but members have indicated that many of them will not be adopted.

In addition to these suggestions the committee had before it a mass of recommendations made to it by witnesses who testified during hearings on the bill, which did not end until last week. Several weeks probably will be required for framing the bill, which the committee hopes to present around the middle of August.

GOOD ROADS SAVED FRANCE.

July Famed and Fireless an editorial says:

"Good roads have twice saved France in the present war. Had it not been for the radiating road system maintained by the French government, the Germans would have won the battle of the Marne and reached Paris. The Germans had calculated on only three divisions being sent out from Paris to stop the invasion. Instead, the excellent system of highways made it possible for five divisions to be sent to this front.

"Again, shortly after the battle of Verdun started, the French railroad which was to furnish many of the supplies to the troops was destroyed. Had there been a road 22 feet wide on which four lines of traffic, two in either direction, were maintained, Day and night 14,000 motor trucks carried men and equipment.

"The traffic never stopped. When a hole was made in the road, a man with a shovel of rock slipped in between the lines of trucks and threw the rock into the hole, then jumped aside to let the truck roll the rock down."

A French aviator, in America to help train American aviators, last Sunday performed the unprecedented feat of flying a big warplane underneath the four bridges that span