

United States Marine Borrows Plane and Does Amazing Stunts

Wings Five Foes, Captures Prisoner, Saves Wounded Man and Gets Captaincy—While Trying to Adjust Engine Trouble He Sees Two Britons Attacked by Twelve Huns, He Dives Into Melee and Shoots Down Four of Foe.

By FRAZIER HUNT.

In the Chicago Tribune.
merican Naval Aviation Camp on French coast.—Time was when the United States marines were content to be the soldiers of the land and sea. Now they have added the air to their province—and the everlasting luck of the marines holds good, even in the clouds.

The other day a fighting Yankee flyer of the marine corps, First Lieutenant Edwin C. Chamberlain of Texas, was visiting a British flying squadron on the Marine.

On the first morning of his arrival Lieutenant Chamberlain borrowed a plane and shot down one German in flames and forced another to descend so a British flyer could get him.

On the next day he went on an escort for a party of British bombers over the Marine. On the way back he got into a fight, had engine trouble, and one of his guns jammed. While flying low he saw two of his comrades attacked by 12 Germans. He dove into the mixup and shot down four enemy planes. His engine stopped again, but while gliding low he captured his gun into German infantrymen.

He was forced to land in No Man's Land. Leaving his machine, he ran unarmed into a Hun patrol of three men. Swinging his compass as if it was a grenade, he captured one German. Then he picked up a wounded colonel, forced a stream, and made his way back to the French line.

The Marine's Own Story.
He requested that his work be recorded. Leaving his machine he ran the British commander insisted on a full report, and now Lieutenant Chamberlain is recommended for a captaincy. Here is his report:

"We then started home and were attacked by a force thirty strong. A dog fight followed. We lost three machines and the Hun three. He withdrew. We were a bit scattered, but got together.

"A few miles further on the Hun came at us in four formations of ten each, this time outnumbering us nearly two to one. We had an awful dog fight, and lost two bombers and four fighters. I got several bullets in my plane, one of which partly disabled my engine and made it do every few minutes and then run fine for a spell. One gun also jammed.

"Two other fighters and myself and one French bomber found ourselves separated from the rest, and started home together. I kept losing altitude while trying to fix the gun. I only had 100 shots left in the remaining gun.

"About eight miles from our lines, while flying in fair archie fire, and trying to get the jammed shell out of my gun, all suddenly became quiet. I knew this meant there were Hun planes about. Looking up, I saw twelve Hun fighters—a circus lot—circling about my companions, and quite a way above was one coming for me.

Engine Bad, Hunts Fight.
"My engine was missing badly, and had gone dead a moment before, but I went to meet him like I meant to fight. I fired just to break the strain. He suddenly pitched forward and dove straight for the ground. Just then my engine suddenly became very lively,

and I started up to join the buzzard dance above, where it was ten to two against us. The eleventh German was sitting high. He evidently was the leader and was watching for some one to slaughter.

"Two companions were darting away and that, trying to force their way out of the air, but the Huns maneuvered to tighten the net. They did it very successfully. I saw my companions go after a Hun piece, and each got one. One went down burning and a wing fell off the other one.

"Then my engine stopped full, and the Hun came after me in twos, and I dove vertically for a second, pulled into a loop without power, and kicked into a vertical side slip at the top.

"There directly under me was a desperately moving Hun, but I had him. He went down with a dropping wing in a fantastical spin.

"Then I went after the four remaining Huns. The leader was first. He pulled a powerful wing over at me, but I got the idea first. We met head on. I fired the last thirty rounds and was pilled up myself with bullets going by like hail. I looked out and there was the leader diving on his back, hanging out of his machine, evidently hit. The others reported that he hung as if dead.

"I turned desperately, having no more shots left. I saw my companions attacking the three remaining Huns, who were making off in wide circles. The other two Huns had disappeared, while French bombers crossed our lines safely.

Score, 7 to 0.
"Three of us attacked by twelve shot four down in flames, two completely out of control and one engine out of control.

"Odds, twelve Huns; three allies.
"Score, seven Huns down; allies, zero.

"After I had gone quite a way back east, my engine went bad and kept getting worse. The other two, like typical British soldiers, stayed with me until near our lines, when the engine died. I was getting all the archie and machine gun fire from the newly established enemy lines. My companions could not assist me.

"I saw I couldn't make our lines in the deep woods, so I dove onto the Hun troops, coming behind their lines. Having fixed my other gun after the fight, I scattered them with a hail of bullets. I then landed on a sloping depression near the wood, an eighth of a mile beyond the enemy outposts.

"I was in a wheat field about 100 yards from some trees, which were

swept by enemy machine guns. The enemy outposts could see only the top wings of my machine, but began to shell it. So I tore out the round iron compass and the maps and tried to burn the machine, but only fired the wheat.

"The shells were coming close, so I crawled toward the woods. As I came to a small water-filled ditch, I almost lost heart.

Helped by Enemy Fire.
"On the other side were three Huns crawling towards me. I was unarmed, but remembered that the compass looked like a grenade, I hauled back as if to throw it. Two Germans jumped and ran, one falling, hit by fire from his own lines, and the second being killed. The third cried 'kamerad' and threw down his rifle. I got that rifle, took his pistol, and ordered him to crawl ahead.

"He looked startled when he heard English, and answered in good English. He begged me not to kill him, as he was a married man.

"I told him to shut up and crawl on. If he did not try to run he would not be harmed. We reached the wood, thick with brambles and swept by machine guns and shells. In the middle of the wood was a stream five feet wide and four feet deep. I heard a whispered groan in French, so I crawled along a few yards and found a wounded colonel, who had been hit in the leg and neck.

Cares for Wounded Man.
"The German prisoner followed me without a word. He started to give me a drink from his canteen, but I took the canteen, washed his wounds so I could move him, and then picked him up. I ordered the German to make his way with his hands up. The Hun drew no fire. Then I went in. Salpers took three shots at us, but they only splashed about. The brush was very thick on the other bank of the stream and I had to drag the wounded colonel through the Hun-shelled thicket.

"We were suddenly fired on and challenged in French. I replied in bad French, 'Officer militaire American aux blesses colonel,' 'Aviator American,' and added about all the French I knew. A whole string of French came in reply.

"The German said, 'They say crawl into the open with hands up.' I did. Then two men and a French officer came. They bristled at the German, but I pointed to my gun and the wounded colonel, who talked fast, whereupon the Frenchman threw his arms about me and talked a lot. We crawled to the outpost. I helped the wounded colonel to the dressing station, which was being shelled. The Hun acted as my assistant and interpreter. Speaking French, he was able to give valuable information, and I took him to the division headquarters.

"When questioned I pretended I did not know what was wanted and wouldn't give my name. After a time the French commander got this information by telephone from the British commander."

Not a Slacker There.
Shelbygan, Wis.—A raid on summer hotels and dance halls at Crystal and Elkhart lakes conducted by members of the defense council and similar organizations failed to round up any slackers, as every young man accosted by the officers produced a registration card.

TEACH WOMEN HOW TO FIGHT HUN PROPAGANDA
Seattle, Wash.—Seattle women are learning how to combat German propaganda. At the University of Washington, an institute under the direction of Miss Hunley Caldwell, dean of women, is in session giving a large class of women accurate information of the government's war program.

WHAT CAN WE DO?



work, for it surely is not. Emergencies may arise which will make it necessary to call upon the workers for duties not on the program; for it is now an established rule of the Red Cross that all those accepting service abroad must hold themselves in readiness to accept any duty which is assigned to them. Only those who have strong constitutions, and do not tire easily—and who still possess that never-to-be-forgotten "cheerful disposition"—are fitted for enrollment in the hospital hut service. Application should be made to the Bureau of Personnel, Central Division, 180 North Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

In the issue of the Central Division Bulletin of the American Red Cross of August 28 the following article appears:
Women of Cheerful Disposition for Hospital Hut Service Abroad.
Several hundred American women, whose dispositions are of the cheerful variety, are wanted for work in the Red Cross hospital huts in France. The "cheerful disposition" proposition is an essential requisite, for the reason that their duty will be to spread cheer among the boys who are convalescing after wounds received on the battlefield or from attacks of illness.

The bureau of personnel of the American Red Cross already has enrolled 150 of these workers, while 443 is the number estimated as necessary to be supplied before the first of January, 1919. The Red Cross commissioner to France, in a cablegram calling for these hospital hut workers, specifying some of the qualifications required, suggested that the women chosen should be those who are keen on entertainment. Lots of music, reading aloud, and all that sort of thing help to make the recovery of wounded and sick soldier boys much quicker than otherwise would be the case. Everything that keeps up spirits and turns thoughts in a channel that prevents one of the bitterest of all ailments—boredom—is a godsend.

The American Red Cross intends that there shall be no lack of entertainment and good cheer "over there," and it is particularly desired therefore that the call for hospital hut workers be complied with according to schedule. Those who volunteer for this service will be expected to remain abroad for at least a year.

It is desirable that applicants be able to pay their own expenses, but in cases of exceptional qualifications the Red Cross will pay living expenses in France. Transportation to and from France will be furnished by the Red Cross.

There should be no mistaken notion that this hospital hut service is easy


Interest in Plaids.
Perhaps it is through the influence of the Scotch kilts, who have appeared at various times in our American cities to remind us that the kinsmen of Bruce and Wallace are among our allies, that we have revived our interest in plaids. Perhaps it is just because bright colors are in vogue as a counteractive against the grimness of war, or perhaps it is just time that plaids returned to vogue—they do periodically, do they not? At any rate, some of the most interesting of the new separate skirts are made from Scotch plaid and some of these skirts are made in blended designs to carry out the idea of the highlander.

Summer Smock.
It would be impossible to create a more artistic garment for summer wear than the smock. Young girls and slender women find it exceptionally becoming. The loose and straight but pliable lines of the smock conceal and even beautifully defects, simulating a pleasant roundness of figure. The materials used for them range from calico to georgette crepe. One very practical smock is very much like a large allover apron, for it buttons on the shoulders, is very long and shows large pockets capable of holding any necessary articles, from knitting to farming implements.

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NOW RAISED

After Being Suffered by Organic Trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Oregon, Ill.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for an organic trouble which pulled me down until I could not put my foot to the floor and could scarcely do my work, and as I live on a small farm and raise six hundred chickens every year it made it very hard for me."
"I saw the Compound advertised in our paper, and tried it. It has restored my health so I can do all my work and I am so grateful that I am recommending it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M. ALTERS, R. R. 4, Oregon, Ill.

Only women who have suffered the tortures of such troubles and have dragged along from day to day can realize the relief which this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, brought to Mrs. Alters. Women everywhere in Mrs. Alters' condition should profit by her recommendation, and if there are any complications write Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

Surgical Operation by Telegraph.
The life of a man was saved in Australia by means of an operation without proper instruments under the direction of a surgeon 1,800 miles away. The subject fell from his horse at Halls Creek, in northern Australia, and suffered serious injuries. An operation was urgently necessary, and there was no doctor within 1,000 miles. The condition of the patient was described by telegraph to a doctor in Perth, and he sent back, by the same means, instructions under which the postmaster at Halls Creek, with such surgical instruments as he could get, the chief of which was a razor, carried out the operation successfully.

GIRLS! USE LEMONS FOR SUNBURN, TAN

Try It! Make this lemon lotion to whiten your tanned or freckled skin.

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion whitener, at very, very small cost. Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands and see how quickly the freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.—Adv.

Superior Attitude.
"Is Gilwitz a man of large ideas?"
"In one sense."
"How is that?"
"Anyone who disagrees with his ideas looks extremely small to him."

Grove's Chill Tonic Tablets and Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic
You can now get Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic in Tablet form as well as in Syrup, the kind you have always bought. The tablets are intended for those who prefer to swallow a tablet rather than a syrup, and as a convenience for those who travel. GROVE'S CHILL TONIC TABLETS contain exactly the same medicinal properties and produce the same results as Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic which is put up in bottles. The price of either is one.

The Talkative Pest.
Hokus—Here comes Talkatoot.
Pokus—Do you know him to speak to?
Hokus—No, merely to listen to.—Town Topics.

America's 1918 corn crop is estimated at 3,000,000,000 bushels.

Suffered for Years Back and Kidneys Were in Bad Shape, But Doan's Removed all the Trouble.

"My kidneys were so weak that the least cold I caught would affect them and start my back aching until I could hardly endure the misery," says Mrs. D. C. Ross, 923 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "In the morning when I first got up my back

One-Piece Pajamas of Wash Satin



Many women have become addicted to the pajama habit, and pajamas are beginning to crowd nightdresses in the good graces of the up-to-date young woman. Already manufacturers are turning out a variety of them in cotton and in silk fabrics. They are made in two pieces with more or less fancy coats and jackets and in the plain original model borrowed from the masculine garment. But the tendency is away from the severe type to the more feminine and frivolous styles.

In the picture a one-piece model of flesh-colored wash satin is shown. It appeared at the Style Show held at Chicago.

the figure at the waistline. The band is run in a casing sewed to the inside of the garment. There is a wide turned-back collar edged with a substantial lace, which also finishes the short sleeves. At the nuckle the pantaloons are gathered in by an elastic band, and a trill of lace falls about the foot, for no reason but to look lovely. It accomplishes its commendable purpose.

Julia B



In this, one of the first pictures to reach this country of the battle of Chateau Thierry, are shown some inhabitants of the town who remained during the German occupation walking through the destroyed streets to meet the American soldiers.