

Shell Holes Nucleus Of Trenches Since The Great Drive Has Begun

British, as they Advance, No Longer Find German
Trenches they Can Utilize as Artillery has Done its
Work Well—Details of the First Lap of Great Race
for Victory on Western Front.

By H. J. Greenwall, "Daily Express"
correspondent.

Paris, Monday, July 3.—The outstanding feature of the first two days of the battle of the Somme is that we have taken the two defensive organizations of the enemy's first line. In no walk of life in France do the people believe that the Allies are simply going to charge right through the German lines. Everybody knows it is going to be a long and arduous task, but, nevertheless, the details of the new scheme of fighting, which it is known have been arranged by General Joffre, General Foch, and Sir Douglas Haig, working in the closest unity, inspire the utmost confidence. A glance at the German position on the Somme will show that the Allies had not an easy task in their first dash. The enemy position may be roughly divided into three parts. Their first line was a system of trenches, communications trenches, and shelters. The second and third were non-continuous lines of field works and villages, which were all linked up by trenches.

All Fortresses.

The first position was carried on its whole length, and the villages and hamlets taken by the allies during the first two days of the fighting link the first with the second line. To take Dompreux, our troops had to cross one line of enemy trench, then take two more situated barely 100 yards away, and then carry a fourth, known to the French as the Wolf Agency's trench. The village was strongly organized as a fortress.

Dompreux was found to be linked up with Beaucourt, and this village is only about 500 yards from a second strong position formed by the villages of Herbecourt and Anzeville. These two are united by a trench.

To capture Mametz the British also had to cross four lines of trenches. Montauban is situated about a mile behind the fourth line, and was defended by a brickfield, which had been turned into a strong fort. I use the past tense in speaking of this brickfield fortress, because when our artillery had finished with it, it was neither.

These operations, important in themselves and carried out with the greatest dash and courage, form only the first lap of the great race for victory on the western front. How many laps there will be it is impossible to say, but one can state without fear of contradiction that there will be many, and they will be run off at several days' interval between each, but there is not the slightest reason for anything but the greatest confidence in the ultimate result.

New Phase.

One cannot accentuate too much the fact that since Saturday we have entered on an entirely new phase of the war. Just one small illustration of this. Until Friday, when we captured a position and wanted to consolidate it, all we had to do was to reorganize the trench by transferring the parapet from one side to the other. Now there are no more trenches. The artillery has flattened them out. New ones must be dug, and, as time is very precious, the men have to utilize shell-holes and organize them as trenches and rifle pits.

This often is very arduous work, as the enemy, of course, knows his old positions by heart, and his artillery has the range to a yard, but the fact that we have won our position, and attacks and held on to our gains is proof positive that we have easily won the first lap.

A happy portent of victory on the western front is our allies' activity and initiative on the Champagne front, which will repay watching. Before Verdun, too, they are holding their own.

A Frenchman who has seen our hospital barges at work since the battle began is full of admiration for the efficient organization work and splendid morale of our troops. These barges go down the river slowly in the wake of a tug. Each barge carries thirty wounded, and is in charge of a doctor, with a chemist, five male nurses, and two women members of Queen Alexandra's corps for crew.

I hear that during the whole battle there was the greatest unity and loyalty between French and British. Each wants to praise the other, and give his ally all the credit for the success. Both, however, speak in glowing terms of France's colonial soldiers, who have been magnificent. So does Lucienne. She is a little tot of five, the fairy of an Amiens hospital. Her great friend is a gigantic Senegalese named Yollof, who is reported to have accounted for nine Boches, before having his shoulder broken. Lucienne soothed the last hours of a Canadian who, when dying, said to her, "Don't cry, little one, I'm dying for two countries—England and France."

I talked this evening with some of the wounded Frenchmen who took part in the fighting at Curlu yesterday. They said they were opposed to Wurtemburgers, who fought most stubbornly. Those who entered the village first found themselves fired on from cellars, while from inside the ruins of every cottage snipers tried to pick off the officers as they led their men forward.

Details I have learned of the taking of Frise tell of the remarkable dash of the men. The artillery preparation ceased at ten o'clock, and ten minutes

retreat of an enemy column which had taken refuge in the marshes bordering the canal. At twelve o'clock the whole village was in the hands of the French, who showed great superiority over the Germans in every branch of fighting. Mercaucourt Wood was captured after only half an hour's fighting.

"YOUTH WILL BE SERVED."

Looks like the case of Eddie Plank is proving the truth of the old adage that "Youth will be served." Plank, who now admits to 40 years, and who probably is cheating a little on that, has been having his troubles in his efforts to win games, and is suffering frequent knockouts, as he did on Tuesday. He has been figuring on going along for four or five years more, apparently hopeful of establishing a record that would equal or better that of Cy Young. But there is a probability now that this will be Eddie's last year in major league ball. And he says that he never will go to the minors.

It is doubtful that any pitcher ever will be able to last as long as Young did. He was a right-hander, for one thing, and no southpaw, because of the strain on his heart, can expect to go the route as a right-hand pitcher does. Also, for years Young was a man who didn't bother with curves, depending on his fast ball and his control. He was well along in his career before he developed a curve that was worth considering. Plank probably would not have lasted so long as he has were it not for the fact that he did not start to pitch professional ball until he was fully matured. He was nearly 25 years old when Mack grabbed him. He has been a credit to the game and his loss, when he is forced to retire, will be regrettable.

STYMIE WON'T BE ABOLISHED.

According to The Field, of London, there is little prospect of an agreement between England and the United States Golf association over the question of the abolition of the stymie. Abroad, the score is a matter of little weight in comparison with the result of the match, and consequently the stymie is welcomed as an extra hazard in the game. In America, the medal score is scrupulously kept, and there is also a fondness for multi-ball matches where a stymie is a very inconvenient thing. Jerome Travers and many other prominent players have come out wholeheartedly against the practice of playing stymies, and as a general thing the stymie is disregarded in private matches and the closer ball is played first in stroke competition. No such practice is followed abroad. It is possible that the same action will be taken in the case of the stymie as was

followed on the question of the Schenck putter, which is permitted everywhere, except in Great Britain. The two golfing bodies may agree to differ as to the method of playing the stymie, and still retain friendly relations.

AN OLD AUTOMOBILE.

In all probability the Haynes "Light Twelve" car, offered for the oldest Haynes car that is running in America at the present time, will be awarded to Walter E. Smith, Bound Brook, New Jersey, who has a two-cylinder car that was built in 1897. The car is in operation today. Its nearest competitor was a 1902 two-cylinder car. The automobile retains its original appearance almost in entirety. Even the rubber matting which was furnished with the car is still intact, and the original warning system, a bell operated by a foot

lever, is used by Mr. Smith today. It weighs 1960 pounds. It is a delivery with room for four passengers, and is steered by a lever. The car today makes from fifteen to twenty miles an hour over good roads.

ABOUT THE BOXERS.

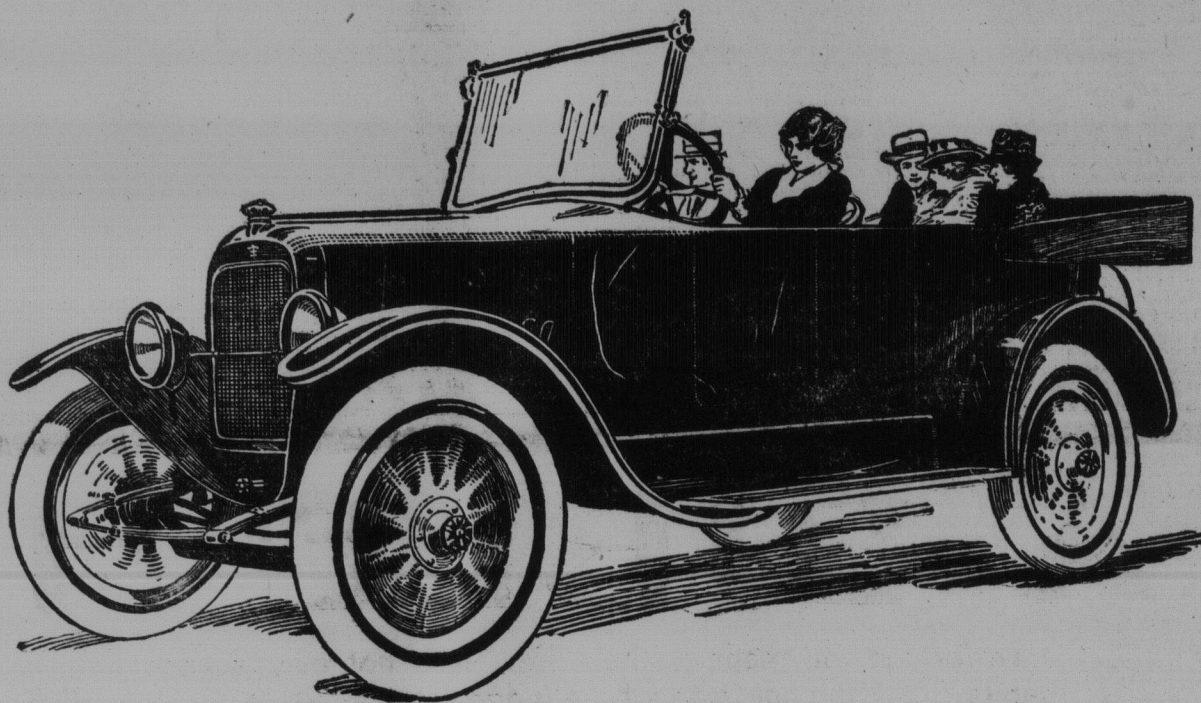
Matty Baldwin, who plans to try and make a comeback, will probably meet Harry Carlson at the Commercial A. C. in a few weeks. Frank Mitchell and Jack McCarron are signed up for a bout at Dayton, O., Aug. 2. Charlie White and Bennie Leonard will probably meet in Brooklyn next month. Fred Fulton has split with Manager Mike Collins and gone back to Frank Force, who first took him in hand. Both managers have contracts with Fulton, so there is going to be some squabble between the managers.

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Briscoe \$825

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—the de Luxe Eight of super-power—the aristocrat of motordom. For sheer beauty of outline, luxury of appointment and even flow of power, the Briscoe Eight-38 leaves nothing to be desired.

114-inch wheel base—French stream line body—full cantilever rear spring suspension—and every refinement that comfort suggests.

The price includes every accessory.

Just as Benjamin Briscoe created a new era in motordom when he brought out the Briscoe Four-38 and Eight-38, so too, motor history begins all over again with the coming of the Briscoe Four-24 at \$825, the car with the half million dollar motor.

The Half Million Dollar Motor is the longest long-stroke motor in the world, 3½ inch bore to 5½ inch stroke—that's why the Briscoe Four-24 made 32 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

104 inch Wheel Base—Demountable Rims—Briscoe Line 5 Passenger Touring Body—Briscoe Line 4 Passenger Roadster Body—Exceptional Body-room and Leg-room—Full Elliptic Springs—Floating Type Rear Axle—Splitdorf Electric Lighting and Starting—Completely Equipped.

Five Passenger Touring, —Four Passenger Roadster, —\$825.

It is a car to give you everything you could ask for in the way of style, attractiveness, comfort and equipment, with the minimum cost of upkeep for tires and gasoline.

Look up the Briscoe dealer and see this new Briscoe creation—the Four-24.

Write for copy of "The Half Million Dollar Motor" by Benjamin Briscoe. There are wonderful facts, little pathetic happenings and sunny spots of piquant humor. It's a real story written by a real man with the creative and artistic temperaments combined—probably the greatest ever written about a motor car. Mailed free on request.

A Wonderful Proposition for Dealers

The Briscoe Cars are the greatest combination of light cars that any dealer in Canada can handle. First of all, they are Canadian-built cars—built right here in the Briscoe factories in Brockville.

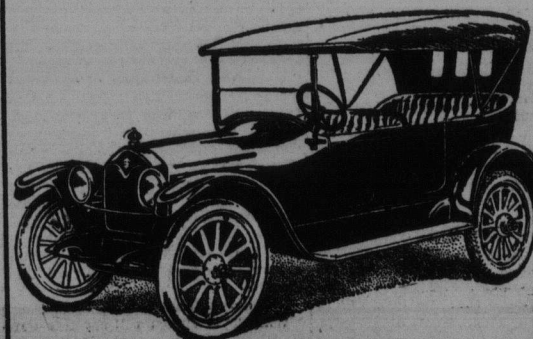
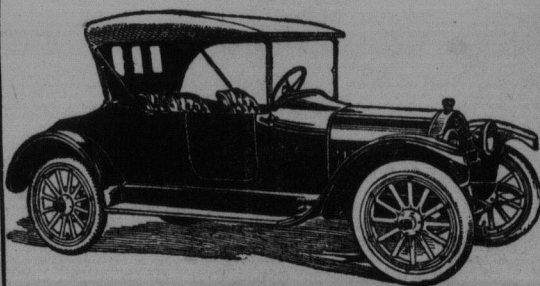
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Here's the new Four-24 at \$825—the car for the average family. Then—the Four-38 at \$975—with longer wheel base and larger motor.

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Completely equipped—not a dollar to spend for extras.

THE WAR

Changes in the Human Face
of London.

By James Milne.

The war has made a difference in the human face of London, though it has come so gradually that most of us may not have noticed it. The features have changed, taking a khaki touch, and their expression has changed still more. The great newness is that the young men have gone away to the war, and that their places have been filled by the older men and the young women. But there is also a spiritual newness, a quiet purification, one might call it, as of a time of high ordeal.

You did not know before what the thought might be in the mind of a friend you met. Now you know that it is the war, for it is the thought on the outer turret of the mind of everybody. That leads to a certain fixity of expression in the features, and if the war only lasts long enough, it may bring a new set of wrinkles to our foreheads. The life adventurous, mental or physical, is less individual than it was, because it is all gathered into the grand national adventure upon which we are launched. Personal affairs neither engross nor amuse us as they once did, and that gives strength to minds, but it takes away their subtle edges, leaving no place for the little things, the pretty trifles, the braidings of life, which used to be so important.

The Whispered Somethings.

Watch a company of men and you will see their heads bent, not in the diverse attitudes of telling tales against each other, but set together at an even angle, as if they were following one subject, which, indeed, is the case—their heads bent toward you at a tea-party of women, and you get the impression that they are not whispering secrets behind their veils, not even joining in a melodious rustle of talk about frocks. No, they are talking each other of their friends in the war, and of how it fares with Captain Chivalrous and with his wife and his little boy at home. Women smile less, but there is a softer look in their eyes, as if they saw somebody near and dear to them in the far beyond, through the smoke of war. The sweet woman's heart has become, not merely the rival of the clever woman's head, but its easy victor. It is no longer a crime for a woman to be seen crying, and it does her good, and is good for those who can only turn their eyes away in sympathy. If those tears could be crystallized into pearls they would make a splendid new crown for English womanhood, and though they cannot be, they are still a glorious crown.

You will find collectively this "one touch of nature"—the iron mark of the war, but a softening mark on human nature—in the greater assemblies seen in restaurants or theatres. A real impulse behind entertainment there is to give a good time to the soldier man going to the war or back from it on "short leave." The fatted calf is killed for him, because while it is being eaten, anyhow, he will forget that he is leaving tomorrow for the front. It may be forever; forget the winter-clogged clay of Flanders. When that is understood, war lunches and teas and dinners and theatre parties, with, maybe, a trifle of teetotal supper afterwards, all take a different aspect from the soulless gaiety which they might, on the surface, present to the unseeing eye. True, the get-rich-quick people, who have found rapid corners of gold somewhere in the war, are in the swim, spending like princes. But there is nobody so poor as to do them honor. They eat and drink and are merry they cannot, and their imposture deceives no one, not even themselves. What they are spending is blood money, and they cannot make it ring honest, because it won't, it never has, even in the spacious days of high-sea piracy. The very head waiter wonders in his eye for a moment, over the excessive tip left on the table, as if some sense in him knew it to be gotten of the cockpit of Armageddon.

"Walter!" "Yes, Sir!"

The ancient and worthy class of waiters is always a tell-tale weathercock to the human nature of place, and the changes made on it by new circumstances. Our London waiters have changed greatly in the war, not merely in the complete going of the light-haired Teuton, but otherwise. The home-born English waiter, only made merry by years and not fit for the fight, or if he be young he has flat feet and cannot march, or bad eyesight, or some other unmilitary quality. Where a Frenchman or an Italian remains, he also is of years beyond the military call or he is not equal to it physically. It is the black-haired Spaniard who now makes the young waiter, and one could hardly have fancied there were so many members of an illustrious and proud nation willing to lay a covert.

Another man of Spanish blood, the South American, chiefly from the Argentine, is about the only person who tries seriously to find anything of a pleasure-house in war-stricken London. He dances where he can, he wears his lounge suit short and tight, and his trousers a trifle baggy at the feet, and his boots are of the most patent leather. Even so, he makes a rather lonely butterfly, an apparition gay in outward colors, but without an atmosphere in which to move. Grey-moustached hall porters at the hotels and restaurants salute him without any real air, feeling, perhaps, that he is an exotic who would be most at home in gay Buenos Aires, which the