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With the advent of glorious June weather comes the demand for trim, dressy, low cut Shoes. Our shelves are crowded with all that is new and name in Pumps, Colonials and Ties.

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GROW WISE AND WIN A PRIZE

Every Kiddie Between Six and Fifteen May Enter

PRIZES: TOOL BOX, NECKLACE, PENDANT, FOUNTAIN PEN AND BOOKS.

Drawing Contest

To the kiddie who makes the most correct and neatest drawing of the UNION JACK, in pen and ink, colored if desired, I shall award a VALUABLE FOUNTAIN PEN, and the sender of the next in order of merit, a beautiful STORY BOOK will be awarded.

All attempts must be accompanied by the coupon, filled in, as given herewith, and reach this office not later than June 14th addressed to

UNCLE DICK,
THE STANDARD,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Whose decision must be considered as final.

Proverb Contest

Below are given eight well-known proverbs, but the words of same are all jumbled up together. For instance I may say that "nothing venture, nothing win," is hidden amongst them. Can you find them all? And remember it is possible to use all the words in solving the problems. After you have found out the eight proverbs, write them carefully out on a piece of paper, attach the usual coupon, filled in, and send to

UNCLE DICK,
THE STANDARD,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Not later than June 7th, whose decision must be considered as final.

To the Boy or Girl, who sends in most correct and neatly written result, I shall award A SPLENDID BOX OF TOOLS (For the Boy) AND A BEAUTIFUL GOLD FILLED NECKLACE AND PENDANT (For the Girl.) A FINE STORY BOOK will also be given as a consolation prize.

STITCH STONE FEATHERS VENTURE UNTIL TOMORROW TIME NINE BIRD BEFORE BIRDS MAKE NOTHING FINE TODAY ROLLING CAN NEVER LOOK DONE FEATHER LEAP BUSH WORTH NOTHING MOSS NO A PUT A IS OFF A TOGETHER IN SAVES IN WHAT BE FINE YOU GATHERS THE IN OF TWO WIN BIRDS FLOCK A HAND THE

STANDARD COMPETITION.
For Boys and Girls

Full Name.....

Address.....

Age.... Birthday .....

WHY NOT WIN A CAMERA?

To the Active Member of the Children's Corner, of The Standard who succeeds in getting the largest number of other kiddies to join the Corner by June 30th, will be awarded a splendid Camera, complete with one film.

Besides, every Active Member who introduces four or more new members, will receive one of the new "Uncle Dick" buttons, (Kindly donated by the Conlon Studio.)

BASEBALL IN THE BIG LEAGUES

SATURDAY BASEBALL.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

Richmond 7, Newark 2.

At Newark.

Richmond	000230101—7	12	1
Newark	200000000—2	6	1

Batteries—Rhoades and Reynolds; Pieh and Schwert.

Providence 4, Baltimore 1.

At Providence.

Baltimore	000001000—1	4	2
Providence	00000004x—4	10	1

Batteries—Sherman and McAvoy; Schultz and Blackburn.

Rochester 2, Montreal 1.

At Rochester.

(First game).

Montreal	000000010—1	5	1
Rochester	00200000x—2	5	0

Batteries—Cadore and Wells; Ritter and Hale.

Rochester 11, Montreal 10.

(Second game)

Montreal	0003200203—10	11	4
Rochester	2050000004—11	9	2

Batteries—Colwell, Prieste, Goodbread and Wells; Leverenz, Kramer and Casey.

At Buffalo.

Buffalo-Toronto, rain.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

New York 7, Cincinnati 4.

At New York.

Cincinnati	100030000—4	7	1
New York	10031020x—7	11	1

Batteries—Schulz, Knetzer and Wingo; Anderson and Rariden.

Boston 3, Chicago 2.

At Boston.

Chicago	000000101—2	9	0
Boston	20100000x—3	6	1

Batteries—Vaughan, Prendergast, Brown and Archer; Allen and Gowdy.

Philadelphia 2, St. Louis 0.

At Philadelphia.

St. Louis	000000000—0	9	1
Philadelphia	01001000x—2	8	1

Batteries—Meadows, Doak and Snyder; Alexander and Killifer.

Pittsburg-Brooklyn, wet grounds.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Cleveland 11, Boston 2.

At Cleveland.

Boston	000000200— 2	8	0
Cleveland	10005302x—11	15	1

Batteries—Leonard, Agnew, Pennock and Thomas; Coveleskie and O'Neill.

New York 5, Chicago 0.

At Chicago.

New York	000011021—5	8	2
Chicago	000000000—0	4	1

Batteries—Mogridge and Nunamaker; Scott, Williams, Benz and Schalk.

Detroit 3, Washington 2.

At Detroit.

Washington	000001100—2	5	1
Detroit	10000002—3	8	1

Batteries—Harper and Ayres, Henry; Dubuc and Stanage.

St. Louis 3, Philadelphia 2.

At St. Louis.

Philadelphia	010100000—2	1	2
St. Louis	000010002—3	7	1

Batteries—Sheehan and Meyer; Davenport, Kook and Hartley.

Sunday Baseball.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

Newark, 7; Richmond, 8.

At Newark—

Richmond	001200301—7	11	1
Newark	040000004—8	14	1

Batteries: Gleason, Jarman, Humphries and Reynolds; Enzmann, Enright and Egan.

Montreal-Buffalo game postponed, wet grounds.

Providence, 9; Baltimore, 7.

At Providence—

Providence	00500400x—9	13	1
Baltimore	300300100—7	13	1

Batteries: Baumgartner and Yelle; Morrissette, Thormahlen and Knowlson, McAvoy.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Detroit, 4; Washington, 3.

At Detroit—

Washington	010000011—3	8	5
Detroit	200000011—4	8	4

Batteries: Gallia, Rice and Henry, Ainsmith; Hamilton, Dauss and Stanage.

Chicago, 12; New York, 4.

At Chicago—

New York	010003000— 4	5	1
Chicago	20021322x—12	14	1

Batteries: Fisher, Allan, Russell and Nunamaker; Albert, Russell and Schalk.

Cleveland, 9; Boston, 3.

At Cleveland—

Boston	011100000—3	6	1
Cleveland	12110003x—9	13	1

Batteries: Mays, Foster and Thomas; Bagby, Morton and O'Neill.

St. Louis, 4; Philadelphia, 3.

At St. Louis—

Philadelphia	200000001—3	7	1
St. Louis	00100300x—4	5	1

Batteries: Meyers and Meyer; Koob, Groom, Weilman and Hartley.

No National League games scheduled.

COMING STEPS IN EVOLUTION OF THE WARPLANE

Speed or Height Only Proof Against Direct Shell Hits but Inventive Genius of Man Not Yet Exhausted.

By C. G. Grey, Editor of the Aeroplane.

It is rather curious to note how history repeats itself in aerial warfare as in other branches of war. In land war there has always been a continual duel between guns and fortifications. First of all somebody would produce a gun which would batter down any fortress which was impregnable against any guns then existing. Similarly in naval war there is the same duel between the makers of armour plate and the makers of guns and armour-piercing projectiles.

In aerial warfare this antagonism takes rather a different form, because, so far as one can see at present, it is impossible to make any aircraft proof against direct hits by shells, even though one may armour the body and so protect the engine, petrol tanks, and crew against small-arm fire or shrapnel bullets. The only protection any aircraft, whether airship or aeroplane, has against fire from the ground is either speed or height; and the speed and height-reaching power of an aeroplane depend ultimately on its engine power, while the height-reaching power of an airship depends on its gas capacity, assisted in some measure also by engine power.

Increasing Range.

At the beginning of the war, before the Germans saw what could be done with anti-aircraft guns, it was generally considered that it was fairly safe to fly at anything over 4,000 ft. It was soon discovered, however, that machine guns could reach 4,000 feet without difficulty, and could even make themselves unpleasant at 6,000 feet. Thereafter 8,000 feet was taken as a safe height at which to fly, because it was out of reach of the machine guns, and although well within range of the anti-aircraft guns, it was found that either the guns were not sufficiently accurate or the gunners were not sufficiently experienced to make anything like decent shooting at that altitude.

At this point the Germans concentrated on the development of their anti-aircraft guns, and produced types which were not only much larger, but were apparently much more easily handled and much more accurate in their shooting. The early anti-aircraft guns were of about 3-inch calibre, but today there are whole batteries of 6-inch anti aircraft guns all along the German front, frequently arranged in groups, so that they throw a regular bouquet of shells.

So remarkable is the accuracy with which these guns are handled that an aviator considers that he is certain to be hit if he flies at anything under 10,000 feet., wherever anti-aircraft guns exist in numbers; and even at 13,000 feet or 14,000 feet, their shooting is a great deal too good to be pleasant for any one who is not flying a fairly fast machine.

Higher and Higher.

An aeroplane which normally flies at only about 70 miles an hour, finding itself flying against a wind perhaps forty miles per hour, is only making progress at the rate of thirty miles per hour over the ground, and consequently offers what looks like an almost stationary mark. It is obvious that it will take four minutes to cover a distance of two miles at this rate and in those four minutes, while it is covering a mile on each side of an anti-aircraft battery over which it may have to pass, that battery can get in quite a number of shots at it, and have time to correct its aim after each shot, so that, even at very great altitudes, a slow machine is in considerable danger of being hit.

So well are these facts realised that, whereas at the beginning of the war any aeroplane which could fly at over sixty miles per hour in still air, and could climb to a height of 5,000 feet was considered good enough for war service, it is now a recognised fact that to be anything like a first-class war machine an aeroplane must be able to do at least ninety miles per hour, and climb to at least 15,000 feet. In fact, anything between 12,000 feet and 15,000 feet is now considered quite a reasonable height for reconnaisance.

When it is remembered that the world's record for speed is 135 miles in an hour, made by a French aviator, and that the world's record for height is 25,750 feet. or thereabouts, made by a German aviator just before the war, it is easy to realise the prospects of the average war aeroplane of the future, since it almost always follows that the record of one period is the normal performance of the next.

The Next Move.

Up to quite recently, at any rate, the Germans have been distinctly superior to the Allies in the matter of engines, for, thanks to the support given by the German Government to various motor firms three or four years before the war, the Germans started aerial hostilities with engines of between 77-h. p. and 100-h. p., whereas the Allies' engines only averaged between 60-h. p. and 70 h. p., and this proportion has been maintained fairly regularly ever since. The latest German Mercedes engines give between 160-h. p. and 200-h. p., and these are fitted in quite small aeroplanes, with the result that the machines have very great speed and climbing. In the meantime the Allies' aviators have had to be content with something between 100-h. p. and 150-h. p.

It is true, of course, that in all the belligerent nations there are a certain number of very high-powered engines in an experimental stage, and all the belligerents have tried in one way or another aeroplanes driven by two, three, and even four different motors of about 100-h. p. each, but all these multi-engined aeroplanes have been gigantic machines designed more for weight-lifting and climbing than for sheer speed.

The problem now before engine designers is to produce an engine of reasonable size to fit into an aeroplane to carry only one or two people, and yet of such power as to enable any average aviator to break existing world's records for speed and height whenever unduly pressed by anti-aircraft guns.

Aeroplane manufacturers and designers have produced aeroplanes which are rapidly approaching the utmost limit of simplicity, and lightness, and unless somebody invents some utterly new material, it seems unlikely that there will be very much more speed or lift to be got out of aeroplanes with existing engine powers.

DR. CATHERINE TRAVIS WAS GIVEN WARM WELCOME HOME

St. John Nurse Who Had Seen Much Valiant Service in Serbia Reached Home on Saturday—Reception at Boat and at Her Home.

From far-off Serbia to St. John, N. B., is a long distance and Serbia must have seemed very far away to Dr. Catherine Travis as the Governor Cobb steamed into the harbor of St. John and she saw the red brick line of the city stand up against a sunny sky. Strains of band music and waving of flags greeted Dr. Travis as the boat drew up to the wharf where her fellow citizens had gathered to honor one who has done such noble work for the relief of the sick and wounded in the desolate country of Serbia. An English paper has said that whatever else has failed, whatever established institutions we may have lost faith in, woman has but risen higher, she has not faltered but stepped forward nobly to help and to assist in this time of trouble. Surely this applies to one who volunteered to go to a foreign country and was able to do work of such high value and who never flinched when the enemy entered the city but remained there as long as she was allowed to stay. What adventures Dr. Travis has been through, what sights she has seen, we shall look forward to hearing her describe just as soon as she has had the rest and quiet of her own home in Hampton. With the beauty of spring green on the Norton hills to look upon, it will indeed seem as if the war and tumult she has passed through must have been some fearful dream. But any relief work is its own reward and the thought of the pain alleviated and the comfort given not only by skill but by the real sympathy of the true physician must take the sting from many sad memories. Dr. Travis will probably tell us how we may assist this suffering nation and our city will respond generously to this call as it has to so many others.

The 140th Band were stationed on the dock and as the boat docked the band played "Home Again," and "O Canada." Dr. Curren, president of the Medical Association of St. John, welcomed Dr. Travis on behalf of the association and in a few well chosen words told of the city's pride in Dr. Travis' achievements and the joy we felt at her safe return.

Mrs. Kuhring presented her with a silk Canadian flag. "Oh, how glad I am to see that," Dr. Travis said. Many relatives and intimate friends flocked to welcome her.

Among the patriotic societies represented in the reception were the following: Woman's Canadian Club, Red Cross, Soldiers' Wives' League, Daughters of the Empire, Young Woman's Patriotic Association, Volunteer Aid Department and other societies, military representatives, friends, Rev. A. H. Crowfoot, Hampton, and a large crowd of citizens. Accompanying her was her sister, Miss Minnie Travis, who had gone to Eastport to meet her.

Dr. Travis had a wonderful experience in Serbia, and while it was a trying time she was not sorry that she had gone to the aid of those superb fighters, the Serbs. It was a country which one could not help loving, and the people wound themselves around one's heart. Dr. Travis was sent out by the American Red Cross Society to Nish to a hospital for the care of sick babies. She was there three months and then the call for workers in the military hospitals become so insistent that she was transferred to the hospital at Chelekula, where she was stationed for three months. During that time about one thousand patients passed through the institution, mostly Serbians, although a number were Austrians and Bulgarians. The wounded were very grateful for the care and attention paid to them and she was more than sorry that the Bulgarian government would not allow her to stay in the country. After she had rested somewhat from her trip home she would tell of her experiences in fuller detail before the Women's Canadian Club at a meeting to be arranged. "I have had a wonderful trip home," said Dr. Travis. "We started from Nish, then went to Sofia, and were there three weeks waiting for permission to leave. From Sofia we went to Roumania, staying eleven days at Bucharest. Our passports were all correct, but the trouble was, we were taking Melosh, our interpreter, with us and he was an Austrian. Roumania is really Roman, and is a little bit of Latin civilization, set down among the Slav states, and very proud her people are of it. The state documents are written in old Latin. I have always loved to travel, and here I was seeing places I had never dreamed of visiting. The matter of passports finally arranged with the Russian consul we proceeded on our long journey, passing through Odessa, Kiev and Moscow to Petrograd, after which we came through Finland. We had to cross between Finland and Sweden on sleds. At Christiania Melosh left us and the trip down through the mountains was a most wonderful one." On reaching England Dr. Travis visited Dr. William Osler and friends at Oxford, and had a delightful time there. She came home via New York, and will spend the summer resting. She appreciated to the full the cordial welcome extended to her, but said she felt unworthy of it, as there were so many others doing such noble work. A most interesting sight was her passport, which was simply covered with written matter, and vised in almost every known language. At one place there being Serbian, Roumanian, Russian, French and English. Dr. Travis has a most interesting collection of snapshots which are valuable as mementoes of her trip.

The reception committee was represented by Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Mayes, who drove Dr. Travis in their flag-bedecked automobile to the train. Mrs. G. A. Kuhring, Mrs. H. A. Powell and Miss Alice Walker. The Women's Canadian Club are arranging a reception for Dr. Travis at Stone church on Friday afternoon of this week at which everybody will be welcome.

The funeral of Mrs. Patrick Cronin took place Saturday morning at 8.45 o'clock from her late residence, 35 Broad street, to St. John the Baptist Church, where Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. F. J. McMurray. Interment was made at the Old Catholic cemetery.

THE BACKBONE OF THE ARMY

A Tribute to The "N.CO." And His Work At Front.

BATTLES THAT ARE WON BY BRAINS

Soldier in This War Must Do His Own Thinking and Pluck Alone is Not Sufficient.

It is written that on the seventh day man shall do no manner of work, nor his servant, nor his ox, nor anything that is his. This law is in the main rigidly observed by men and women in all stations of life. There is, however, one notable exception. The British non-commissioned officer works not only on the seventh day, but very often far into the night of it. He must work, and work, and when he has finished one job he must look for another. It is not often that one finds the N. C. O. looking for work. Work flies to him as if he were a magnet. But he is very often to be found looking for trouble—trouble for idle hands that is.

There never was a truer saying than that the sergeant is the backbone of the British Army. He always has been, and he always will be. Usually drawn from the same classes as the men he commands, in all cases having undergone the same experiences in the ranks as they have, he is naturally fitted to be the go-between of his officers and his men. A good N.C.O. is just as valuable to a company as an efficient colonel is to a battalion; in time, he will be promoted company sergeant-major, when his position will be very much the same towards his company commander as the adjutant's is to his colonel. From company sergeant-major, whose post is usually filled by that N. C. O. who combines all the qualifications necessary for the various ranks through which he has passed. The duties of a regimental sergeant-major are not light. He is the stepping-stone between orderly room and battalion; he is a foreman of works, a master of parades, a chief of police, and a walking King's Regulations rolled into one. If a regimental sergeant-major is fitted for the rank he holds, what he does not know is not worth learning. He is the evolution of the good N.C.O., the finished product.

Old Style and New.

The sergeant of today must use his brains as well as his hands. There was a time when quick hands and feet were the principal qualifications of the N.C.O. Some years ago, at an inspection, the general called for the oldest sergeant in the battalion. "What are your duties?" said he; and the grey-headed old man replied, "Work 'ard, fear Gawd and the colonel, sir." That was the old type of army sergeant. The modern N.C.O. still "fear Gawd and the colonel," but he has many other maxims to bear in his mind. Battles are won by brains today. Sheer pluck alone will not save a ticklish situation.

In the Egyptian campaign of 1884 the soldier was first taught to think for himself. Before then it was firmly impressed on the recruit that he had no brains, and that other people were paid to do his share of thinking. All he had to do was to obey. In the last twenty years, and more especially since the outbreak of the present war, these ideas have not only become obsolete but they are reversed. Now the soldier is taught to do his own thinking, and it is the sergeant of his platoon who teaches him how to make use of his brains.

When a young officer joins his unit for the first time, there are certain N.C.O.'s detailed by the adjutant of his regiment for the purpose of instructing him in the duties of his profession, but chiefly in how to handle the men he has to command. It is a true saying that bad officers make their N.C.O.'s bad; when the position is reversed, the result in a good many instances is the same—bad N.C.O.'s, inefficient officers. The sergeants of platoons and companies are the people who keep the men "in check." They are with them night and day, on the parade ground and off. They know their men. That is the great point. A sergeant, no matter how keen, will never be really "a good N.C.O." in the sight of his officers until he knows every man in his platoon from A to Z. He must study their points, good and bad; he must sort the "brainy" men from the dullards, the hard workers from the slack; he must know, in fact, all the qualities of every man under his charge, so that when his officer asks him "What sort of a man is Private Smith?" he can tell him all he wants to know about his character as a man, his popularity among his fellows, whether he is a good or bad rifle shot, and if he is a clean or dirty soldier.

The Dirty Soldier.

The dirty soldier is the sergeant's bug-bear. In the first place a sergeant is trained to be clean. The sight of a dirty man is naturally repulsive to him. A dirty soldier means a dirty kit, and a dirty kit is a sure guarantee of a foul rifle. There are two things which no officer or sergeant will forgive a man—untidy clothing and gear, and a badly kept and dirty rifle. The rifle is—or should be—the soldier's companion. In war it is his best friend. Consequently it can never be too clean, nor too gently handled. Continually to be chasing a man for the same faults becomes irksome to the hard-worked N.C.O., who has other and more urgent duties to attend to.

A line battalion N.C.O. has not much time for recreation. He is out of his cot at reveille, superintends the cleaning of his room, and before he sits down to his breakfast, puts in a good hour on the square, either drilling his section or teaching musketry to the uninitiated. After breakfast he must superintend the cleaning and scrubbing of the mess tables, the floors and the lockers of his room, and at the same time see that his men are cleaned and ready for the morning's parades, or route march, as the case may be. If he is doing "orderly sergeant" he must visit his company rooms and acquaint the other N.C.O.'s with the orders of the day, and attend outside the orderly room until the C.O. has held his morning "judgment."

The afternoon, if the battalion is in training, is a repetition of the morning's work. It is only in the few hours before bedtime that the N.C.O. can sit down in peace to do as he will. His life is one long hustle from dawn till dusk. "Panics" are of daily occurence, but the good, reliable N.C.O. over comes them. The British sergeant has been called the Tommy's wet nurse.

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