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**LONDON WOMEN
NOW SERVE AS
LETTER CARRIERS**

London, Aug. 18.—In spite of the authorities, woman is forging her way into the various gaps in the community in which the war gives her an opportunity to prove her usefulness and patriotism. In addition to the various other offices women are now filling already published in America, quite a number of women are serving as postwomen.

The districts around London are gradually becoming accustomed to the trim figures of smart young women carrying the sacks distributing necessities of a business and social nature to the various eager recipients. Young men who never bothered about the time their letters arrived before leaving for their work now rise at least an hour earlier in order to hear the fair letter carrier give the famous "rat tat" at the front door, and, if possible, express their thanks in person, for the businesslike postgirls are off with the swiftness of a swallow as soon as the message is jettisoned.

**'MEET YOU ON THE RHINE' SLOGAN
OF KITCHENER'S NEW ARMY**

Frederick Palmer, Special Correspondent,
Tells of Fresh Spirit and Eagerness of Latest
Arrivals from England, Who Enter Trenches
in France with Songs, in Contrast with
Blase Air of Seasoned Men.

British Headquarters, France, Aug. 14.—The "Keecheenaires," as the French peasants call the New Army, have joined "Tommy Akeens," the regular, and the "Tereetoreals" at the front. "Tommy" begins to feel like the oldest inhabitant. By the way, he does not like to be called "Tommy," tho the world persists in a word which is as objectionable to him as "Jacky" is to the American bluejacket.

The British regular did all the fighting for the first five months of the war. He had his jokes at the expense of the Territorials, who are about the same as our National Guard, when they arrived. The Territorials thought that they were made soldiers when the war broke out; but they were drilled for months at home before they were sent to France, where they were drilled some more and set to digging reserve trenches behind the line. In the Spring they had their turn and the Canadians, too.

Don't be downhearted! There are still some Boches left! The Territorials join the regulars in saying to the New Army. Beside the New Army the Territorials feel like G. A. R. men.

We'll wait on the Rhine
"It's kind of you! We knew that you could have killed them all off, if you had wanted to," the Kitcheners reply.

"Don't charge too fast. Wait for us to catch up!" call the regulars.
"We'll wait on the Rhine!" answer the New Army.

Well named is the New Army. It has brought a new element into life at the front. When I heard the tramp of a company past my window the other morning, I guessed they were New Army men by the peculiar vigor and precision of their tread on the pavement. They bore the stamp of long route marches over English roads and of the merciless formal training of the drill ground.

On seeing three or four hundred soldiers bathing in a canal, their broad chests and the fine play of their muscles—figures to delight the eye of a sculptor—told that they were of the first 100,000 which answered the call to arms last August.

If the average old-timer of the trenches had to run five miles against the average New Army man, he would be blown half way and the New Army man would trot past the goal an easy winner.

Soldiers Growing Fat
Sitting in a dugout under shell fire is not exercise. When men come out of the trenches they want to sleep and eat. The tendency is to grow fat. If you doubt that, you have only to look at the adipose of an average German prisoner of middle age, who may be incidentally a first-class sharpshooter.

The veterans are flight-hardened and trench-hardened, but not muscle-hardened. That is the reason why the officers encourage cricket and football and other sports. It saves the men from the drudgery of compulsory exercise to keep them in condition.

The other night when on heard some soldiers biffeted in a barn singing, one was certain without asking, that they were New Army men.

The British regular rarely sings in camp or on the march. Neither elated nor depressed, he plugs along doing his day's work. As the New Army flows in he will be outnumbered, but unchanged.

Those New Army men were singing "God Save the King" before they lay down in the straw for the night in the land of France, which was all so new and strange to them and so commonplace to the veterans. Their fresh young voices were pleasant to the ear.

"It is good. The Keecheenaires sing and whistle as they march," say the French peasants.

Everyone hopes they will keep on singing. A mere layman did not know but that they might bring their bands. At intervals one asks himself, what is missing in this British army, anyway? Then he answers, music, of course. There are some back along the lines of communication they tell me. But then it is not a musical kind of warfare, 'tis, at best,

No Place for Bands
If a band were to start playing in the trenches there would be a shrapnel bullet through the drum and a high explosive into the mouth of the horn in short order. Bands may have no place at the front, but that does not rule out the Scotch bagpipe. When you hear "The Campbells Are Coming" at the head of a company marching back from the trenches—well, for

want of other music, the bagpipe becomes sweet to other than Scotch ears. No modernization of war will separate a Scotch regiment from its pipes.

"The band was left at home to aid recruiting," say the new army men.
"We did not know but your officers might bring along their swords," remark the old-timers.

There the veterans were having a dig at expense of the young junior officers, many of whom were at school when the war began. If there is any ornament which is obsolete at the front it is the sword. The only swords I have seen—except with the cavalry, which has sabres—were worn by Indian troops which had caught of an ammunition train. They were of no practical use, but the Indians had them when they arrived in France, and so kept them.

The sword is the officer's symbol of authority; the sign that he is on duty. In place of it the officer at the front wears his sword belt. Only one fresh to the front would see anything odd in countless officers with empty frogs for holding their swords at their hips. However, if all wore their caps with band and visors and no tops it would soon be commonplace.

Officers Carry Sticks
One of these days I might meet a British officer who does not carry a walking stick. He picks up his stick if he is going across the street or making an inspection of his line of front in a trench.

The young officers of the new army, who a year ago had no idea of ever being an officer, also has the empty frog and also carries a walking stick. His sword, along with countless other swords, has been checked outside the cloakroom of war along with his umbrella, which no one thinks of carrying at the front. You cannot tell him from the other officers except by his eagerness and his battalion insignia.

"I had studied trenches and dug practice trenches and witnessed trench demonstrations," said one of them, "but when I came to go into a trench for instruction under fire I found that it was not like what I had imagined. I wonder why nobody has

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Baking Powder at
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1 dozen in a Box,
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yet been able to describe a trench so that you can really see it? Even the photographs deceive you. They are always taken of some show trench."

Waited Ten Months

For ten months the new army has waited for its Mecca. Its soldiers have read all about the effects of modern shell fire. They know what they are in for. Learners, they came among experts, expecting to be ragged a great deal as novices by the old hands, and except for the veteran regulars' little jokes at their expense they have found everybody very kind.

"We need you, and there can't be too many of you," say the old-timers. "It's you who must finish the job which we have begun."

There are men in this new army who have incomes in ten thousand a year digging trenches beside a man who had not a shilling when he enlisted. University graduates are taking their baptism of shell fire as privates who "pal up" with men who can hardly read and write.

"We like the Keecheenaires," said a Frenchman. "They are all classes shoulder to shoulder, the same as our army. Rich or poor, a man is nothing except the life he can give for his country."

**LT. LAWSON AT
TRENCH WORK**

Reports Several Casualties Caused by Big Guns of the Enemy

Describing vividly incidents of the fighting in France, Lieut. E. L. Lawson of the Royal Army Medical Corps, writes to his wather, Mr. V. L. Lawson, department of the interior, as follows:

"For some weeks I have been going out daily with digging parties. On my return to camp last evening I found a packet from Holt and Company, London, containing a lot of overdue correspondence, including a letter and postcard from you.

"On Sunday we had two men of the 6th Dragoon Guards killed by a shell. Another man was blown into the air and although he was not the least bit wounded, he suffered so much from shock that I had to send him to the hospital, and I don't believe that he will ever be fit for duty again. We placed sand bags on a stretcher and picked up the pieces of the other two men who were killed by the shell and put them on the sand bags. Then we covered all by the water-proof coats of the men. At the grave-site these sand bags were carefully lifted and lowered into the grave. We sent to the camp for the C. of E. "Padre," who conducted the funeral service.

High Percentage Killed

"Yesterday forenoon five shells went over us. In the afternoon two burst over our heads, but no damage was done. Last week we had a total of eight killed and fourteen wounded in our digging parties, an unusually high percentage of killed.

"We are working around and over Mount K. and the enemy can easily see us. It is a wonder that they do not shell us oftener and heavier.

"Of course we have all sorts of guns here and find it very interesting to watch our shells dropping on German trenches and in their lines. It is interesting also to watch the German aeroplanes and ours being shelled. Two German planes were brought down on Sunday evening, one by our guns and one by a machine gun from one of our aeroplanes.

"I received Hull and Ottawa papers, also the Standard, World Wide, etc. All are welcome, especially the illustrated ones, which are passed through many hands."

**GERMANS HAVE
NOT RELEASED
AMERICAN BARK**

Still Hold Cotton Laden Steamer

BREMEN, Aug. 14 (via London).—The German authorities have not yet released the American bark Pass of Balmah, which was brought into port a fortnight ago, having on board 5,000 bales of cotton from New York for Archangel. The case is complicated with circumstances which may lead to considering the Pass of Balmah a good prize, although her cargo of cotton is not contraband.

The case is similar to that of the Dacia in that the vessel was transferred from British to American register after the outbreak of war, and so far as can be ascertained her cargo already has passed to the ownership of the Russian consignees.

The ultimate disposition of the Dacia may be awaited as a precedent. If this case results unfavorably to the American owners of the ship and cargo, under the accepted rule of enemy cargo aboard an enemy ship, the Pass of Balmah may be regarded as liable to confiscation.

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These Hats are made of Extra Fine, Fur-Felt, of a superior quality, and are finished with high-class silk ribbon bands and a deep leather sweat-band.

Your choice of side or back bow, in Grey, Brown and Black. We have some special values in Men's Black Stiff Hats too.

All these Hats are certainly correct in style—this season's shapes. Come in and examine them—we'll carve your name on the leather sweat-band Free of charge. Come to-day while the sizes are complete.

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20 Crates BANANAS.
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