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Tommy At Play
 All Sorts of Sports For The Soldiers When They Are Off Duty

(By Lacey Amy, special correspondent of the Times with the Canadian Forces in France.)
 With the Canadian Forces, France, July 23—Before me in two invitations which I would accept if I could. One pictures the excitement, side shows, and general entertainment offered by the Tank Corps sports. The other desires my presence at the Horse Show of the 4th Division. Both last two days—unfortunately the same two days. Besides I am engaged for sports nearer home.
 To my knowledge this is the sixth formal sporting event in this district within the last four weeks, and of battalion contests there is no official record. The soldier in France is not always playing; but it is a safe bet that when he is not in the front line there is always something within easy reach to make him forget when he was.
 I write within sight of a field devoted to games, one of the scores behind the sound of the machine guns. It is bounded roughly by a casually clearing station, a French town, and a Y. M. C. A. cinema and canteen. Within its area are a football field, a baseball diamond, an indoor baseball diamond, a volley ball net, a boxing platform, a hand stand, and a swimming tank; and there is always room for cricket and lacrosse on occasion. There is a slope to the ground, and a ditch cuts through it, that is no impediment to games that would do credit to the champion team in a Canadian town. The home plate and bases of the baseball diamond are regulation; the football goals are formal in shape and color; the boxing platform has withstanding stinging elimination contests for bigger events; and the swimming tank is of concrete and kept fresh by a constant flowing stream.
 To the baseball diamond the leads of the 23rd travel a few miles in regulation

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intent cars. At last the faintest whorl of smoke was visible—so very faint as to elude me at intervals. Somewhere, between two and three in the morning, a Highland regiment was marching to its pipes and drums. I have made no enquiries as to its meaning or location. It contents me that out there in the dark world while I slept, British arms were moving to or from the battle line to the cheering sound of the most entrancing music any country can claim as its peculiar own.
 At night the town is deserted, save for a few military policemen, an officer returning late to his billet, or the intermittent night traffic of a war that never sleeps. Nine-thirty and lights are out; before the windows of the French populace a military policeman stops and calls for less light, for night raiders are on the watch. I wander down the rough stone streets, my footsteps echoing on blank walls. A traffic man keeps his night vigil on a sharp corner. A dim light beside the road demands no lights on cars. A military policeman cuts across the street towards me, sees my officer's uniform, and passes on. Overhead is the drumming of our own night planes on the way to exact retribution for the ruthlessness of the enemy.
 My friend, the soldier, is asleep. His barn floor or moor—perhaps a bed in a house or a cot in an airy tent—is to him the scene of luxury. He sleeps in shells seldom fall and even the thud of guns depends upon the wind and that other mysterious atmospheric something which controls sound. Resting after his day of easy duties and hard play, he fears nothing, hears nothing, dreams nothing for the moment. It is the Tommy who plays who makes the Tommy who fights. And no one knows it better than the men at the top who plan his entertainment and relaxation.

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 Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or may be had by mail for 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ON RED CROSS WORK IN PARIS
 Maine Girl Writes of Her Experiences
 Wonderful Organization
 Commends Red Cross to All Who Have Interest of Soldiers at Heart—Could See Flash and Feel Shock of Big Guns in French Capital

(Bangor Commercial)
 Miss Marie Twaddell of this city, who volunteered for Red Cross work in Paris several months ago, and is now in the French capital, writes very interestingly of life in Paris. She has been through numerous air raids and on one occasion had been out visiting in hospitals when the Hun airplanes raided the city and she and a girl friend sought the shelter of trees in a park to escape bursting shrapnel, which came dangerously near. She writes that Dr. Barbara Hunt of Bangor has been made head surgeon in a large Paris hospital. Excerpts from Miss Twaddell's letters follow:
 Paris, June 19.
 Dear Ann—Just a line while I have half a minute, and believe me, half a minute will not sound much to you, but they are as much to me here as hours were at home.
 I only wish you could see Paris. You could never imagine what a beautiful city it is. Such flowers you never saw. There are streets and streets just lined with roses and one can buy as large a bunch as they would wish to carry for 10 and 12 cents, equivalent to 10 and 12 cents in our money.
 I have the nicest place in which to live. It is a large hotel which has been taken over by the American Red Cross, about as large as the Bangor House and a most beautiful place. We have all the comforts of home and nobody but Americans can live there. There are about 600 girls there now, including girls in every service, such as the trained nurses, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. workers, canteen workers, stenographers, etc. A large number of American soldiers and officers make their headquarters there while in Paris on their furloughs.
 Visited Hospital.
 Sunday I went to some of the large hospitals to visit the wounded soldiers. I cannot write you half that it is like. Our poor dear boys! That is all I can say. I wrote letters home for them to their mothers and sweethearts and they were all so pleased. Some of the boys had been there two and three months and had not been able to write home. They are all having everything possible

IN MESOPOTAMIA.
 Canon Parfit of Jerusalem, who described himself as "Vicar of Mesopotamia and Rural Dean of the Garden of Eden," told a few Eastern tales in London the other day. He said that when he first saw his "charge" the scenery did not impress him. The people were poverty-stricken and begged for "blessings," the children were "brilliantly clad in olive oil and the sweetest of smiles." A soldier, writing home, said the heat was so intense that the population were feeding their fowls on ice cream to prevent them from laying hard-boiled eggs. Another, referring to scorpions and mosquitoes, said: "Everything in the garden's lovely (I don't think). It wouldn't take a flaming sword to drive me out of it." At Bagdad, the pontoon bridge having been washed away, the Sultan determined he would build a new one, so he set about raising the money. The people were whipped and blackmailed into parting with \$200,000. The bridge cost \$200,000; the tax-gatherer pocketed the rest.

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done for them and I only wish all the mothers back home could realize it.
 Siren Warnings of Raids.
 Did you ever hear a siren blow? Well, that is what starts when the raid begins to warn the people that the Germans have headed for Paris. I cannot begin to write you what terrible, terrible things the Germans have done and are doing to France. People back home do not know half, but the Huns will get all that is coming to them and the time is not long away.
 I suppose there was some excitement in the States when the subs were on the coast. We have a small paper called the Paris edition that we get some news from the States in. With you could send me a paper from home once in a while. I don't care anything about magazines, only a paper from home is all I want. Quite a number of the girls receive papers from the States and they look good but no Bangor papers.
 Helped Refugees.
 I must tell you about the poor refugees that are coming into Paris now on account of the Germans taking their homes. Last night we went to a place to help the canteens, that is, to wait on the children, the poor old ladies and mothers. If you could only have seen those dear little babies, some of them who had not had food for three or four days. The canteens are all run by the Red Cross. Mother, it is the most pitiful sight. There are thousands coming tonight. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt is next office to me. She is the head of all the canteen workers here in France. Mrs. Vincent Astor was at Bordeaux, where we had supper on our way to Paris. She is in a canteen there so you see the rich are working beside the poor here. James G. Blaine's son came over on the same boat I did. He is a man about fifty years old and is here in the interest of the Red Cross. Every person in Paris is working, men, women and children. The thing that impressed me at first was the children in mourning. They wear little black gowns and it looks so sad.
 The Red Cross is absolutely the most wonderful thing in the world today. Do all you can for it, mother, as when those back home are working for us, they do not realize that they are as much soldiers as those who are fighting here. If you could hear the stories from the boys telling what the Red Cross has done for them. Every boy here is given

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 As the skin tends to expand in warm weather, causing wrinkles to form, a good restorative lotion should be used these days. Dissolve an ounce of Cuticura in a half pint of witch hazel. Bathe the face in this and see how quickly the wrinkles and furrows will disappear—and how much younger you will look! There is nothing better for sagging cheeks or double chin, or for enlarged pores.
 Use this simple lotion during the heat of the day and you will find it wonderfully refreshing. You will lose that wilty, tired look. The ingredients of course are perfectly harmless. Be sure to ask the druggist for powdered azoxites.

Huns Doomed To Disappointment
 (New York Times).
 It is beautifully illustrative of the Teutonic mind in its present stage of development—or perhaps one should say of arrested development—that one of the German papers proposes that black and white American captives be herded together in closest association in the prisoner camps. This, the deviser of the scheme thinks, would give keenest pain both to those thus united in misfortune and to Americans in general. For him, of course, that is its sufficient recommendation as a new form of "rightful news."
 His basis of belief is some vague knowledge he has of the negro's place in the United States and an exaggerated and distorted notion of antagonism existing here between the white and black races. He is quite unaware that only in certain ways is that antagonism real, even in those who feel it most strongly, and it would be news to him if he were told that in many other ways there is none at all.
 American prisoners of war would

a bag like the one I made Harry with everything in it and at the head of every bed hangs those bags for the boys to use while they are sick as well as when they are in health.
When Germans Were Near.
 We hear the guns at the front, but that is nothing to be wondered at as the biggest battles are now going on only about thirty-five to forty miles from here. We could see the flashes from the big guns and it fairly shook the city. We have not had any air raids now for over two weeks, but will have a new moon in a few days now and they will make up for lost time. I used to look forward to a moon, but now is so different, we all hate to see the time coming for a new moon as then the raiders do the worst. The German planes follow the Seine river, which is their only landmark at night, and as the river runs through the centre of the city, it gives them a pretty good idea where they are located, but the city is too well guarded with anti-aircraft guns and they have very little show of getting into the city and doing much damage.
Imposing Allied Parade.
 Never before until yesterday did I realize how much of this was against Germany. There were troops from all over the world in the parade yesterday and such a sight to look at. I wish you could have seen the Scotch Kitties, there were perhaps a thousand of them and they did get cheered as they passed then there were the British, French, Americans, Portuguese, Australians, Negroes, Italians and Colonials, I cannot think of them all.
 There were thousands of troops from the allied country and most of them from the front. They were three hours passing and you can imagine what a wonderful sight it was. Every soldier, including the Americans, had all kinds of flowers thrown at him. The French women saw their husbands, brothers and sweethearts in the parade that they had not seen for a year and longer and they would run into the lines and put their arms around their necks and kiss them. It seems more like something one would read about. They marched through Place de la Concorde, which is the largest and most famous square in France and decorated the monument in the square representing cities in France that the Germans are now holding.
American Wounded Arrive.
 July 18, 1918—Of course you have read of the terrible German offensive, which started July 14. It is the worst yet. Yesterday they called for American girls to go to the gares, which are dressing stations for the American soldiers just from the front. I was one of the first to volunteer, of course, and worked until 10:30 today. We worked with the boys going into the hospital trains before the stretcher bearers could get to them, gave them water and everything we could for them until they could be moved into the large rooms of the gares, preparatory to being moved to the hospital. There were anywhere from 500 to 800 on each train and only about seven or eight of us girls to do for them outside of a few French nurses, the American nurses being obliged to stay at the hospitals to receive them. The 26th division is all in it now, or was up to last night and that means all the New England states.

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have other things to think about than the color line. Among the other things, the first to attract their attention would be their German guards, and the second would be food, or rather the lack of it. As for the presence of negroes in the same pens and suffering the same hardships and cruelties, that might be resented, but hardly for any other reason than that it was intended to be a tentative form of persecution. Compunctions in misery would not be troubled by the spectre of "social equality," and there would be no lack of respect on the part of white men for black men who had fought as well and as bravely as themselves against the common enemy of both.
 Somebody should tell the German editor that negroes are not hated in this country—that in innumerable white families they occupy positions that bring them into daily and intimate contact with the other members, especially the children, and that it is the Americans who know the negro best that in proper place and season are most forgetful of racial differences or make most kindly allowance for them.
Spotless.
 "That scowly rich family are very pretentious. I have they a clean record?"
 "They ought to have. The father was a street cleaner and the mother was a washerwoman."

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