

CAMOUFLAGE.

The tell us tales of camouflage. The art of hiding things; Of painted forts and bowered guns Invisible to wings.

WHEN SONGS ARE PRAYERS.

On the veranda of a summer home, that looked down to the waters of Puget Sound—on an August night one year ago, and a full clear moon, and shadows, and shimmering tips on tiny waves that ran their course before a gentle evening breeze.

And inside—back in the darkness of the living-room—a piano and a girl, and soft-played airs of familiar songs—just dreamy music that drifted out and whispered its way to the tops of the lovely pines.

And Bill and I sat out upon the porch. Bill was a soldier man, come back from France, gassed that fatal day at Ypres, when war came home to Canada in all its tragedy and grief.

Since dinner-time he had been telling me war tales; and, in between, both of us would dream to music by the girl within the six-feet-three, straight and strong. He had come home not quite so tall, it seemed, and older than his thirty-seven years.

And so we sat and talked and dreamed until there came still softly played, the music of "A Long, Long Trail." And then Bill left his chair and went inside. Someone got a lamp and lighted it, and Bill and I, and she who played, sang through the song.

And over at another base hospital in France a group of American soldiers, under treatment for wounds received on the battlefield, had spent this particular Sunday on the veranda of which I write on the veranda of the hospital building. Shortly before noon a storm came up and the head-nurse ordered the men back into the enclosed dormitory.

Afterward, back on the veranda, Bill told me of the songs they used to sing behind the lines; of blue days that were cheered by the singing of some old-time air that everybody knew; of "Tipperary" up and down the line with all the vigor a soldier gives to everything he does; and then some old home song or, perhaps, a bit of sentiment about a love affair, but always—sometimes while they sang—"A Long, Long Trail."

to sing them because of the strange and agonized expression on my face each time I do succeed in reaching them.

Secretly, too, I have begun to worry because my parents didn't see to it that my voice was cultivated when I was still young. I haven't said anything about it to any one, but every while when I strike a good line in one of the popular war-songs, I get through with it so smoothly, and with so much satisfaction to myself—that ever others may think of it—that I sometimes feel that in their neglect of my voice my parents ruined a wonderful tenor, or bass or baritone, or whatever noise it is that I make.

For various reasons, therefore, I have become interested in the singing of our soldiers and sailors. I have made it a topic of conversation at numerous times, and have been told some remarkable stories as the result of the singing of the soldiers in France. I have been told of an officer, stricken with shell-shock, and apparently uninjured, except that it left him completely dumb.

And as they sang the nurse who brought the story home to the United States, the officer who had been dumb slowly rise up in his chair and sing!

Not very long ago another Red Cross nurse came home from France on leave. She had gone across before the government undertook to teach the nurses the songs that the soldiers sing. They are doing it now, and every unit awaiting shipment over seas must know, before it goes, the words and music of at least twenty songs.

And then, from over the water and out from the pier and its waiting ship, nurse and soldier and men on the pier, sent up their voices in the favorite song: "There's a long, long trail a-winding. Into the land of my dreams. When the night comes, and I'm singing. And a white moon beam!"

That was all, except that the sweating men and their great big trucks figures aboard the ship were blurred, and got in the way of the sweating men who went on with their work and the great big trucks.

October is the month of colors. The greens turn to a great variety of shades, from dark brown, purple and red to pink and pale yellow; the flowers add to this display the blues of gentian and aster, the red of cardinal flower and the yellow of golden-rod.

Watch the turning of the leaves and note how quickly some fade, while others hold on to their summer hues almost until the leaves fall. Of the deciduous species the cherries, apples, hawthorn and healthy peach trees are the longest green.

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down from the rail of the departing ship. A mist came over my eyes; the figures aboard the ship were blurred, and got in the way of the sweating men who went on with their work and the great big trucks.

And then, from the deck of the other ship, where the nurses were, there arose, above all other sounds, the clear voices of the blue-clad girls, and they sang:

And the sweating men and their great big trucks stopped where they were. Indeed it seemed for a moment that everything ceased in all the world while the nurses sang. Then they were through, and from the deck of the other ship the answer came:

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What Your Pocket Change Will Do to Bring Victory for our Boys Over There.

1 WAR SAVINGS STAMP Will buy one hundred rifle bullets; or a steel helmet to protect a soldier's head from shrapnel; or a woolen blanket; or fresh potatoes for four soldiers for a whole month; or a pair of campaign shoes, a shaving brush, and a cake of shaving soap; or a clothes roll and a pair of canvas leggings; or a coffee mill to grind the coffee for the soldier at the front; or an iron hospital bed for a wounded soldier.

2 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS Will buy a blanket and a pair of field shoes; or a bedding roll and a bed sack; or an olive drab woolen coat and an olive drab woolen shirt; or a blanket-lined overcoat; or a pair of field shoes and a pair of russet shoes; or a ton of anthracite coal.

3 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS Will buy a gas mask for the soldier in the trench; or a blanket, a flannel shirt, and a pair of hiking shoes; or a pistol; or a locker trunk each for two men; or subsistence for one soldier for a whole month; or an overcoat.

4 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS Will buy government monthly allowance for the wife of a soldier in his country's service; or a rifle; or completely clothed a soldier for field service.

5 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS Will buy government monthly allowance for a soldier's wife and dependent mother; or forage to feed a horse or a mule for a whole month.

6 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS Will buy government monthly allowance for a soldier's wife and child.

7 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS Will buy a medium size pyramidal camp tent.

8 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS Will buy government monthly allowance for a soldier's wife and two children; or the monthly pay of a private soldier on duty in the trenches.

9 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES Will buy subsistence for a company of 200 men for one day; or a change of woolen socks for 330 tired soldiers.

10 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES Will buy a cavalry horse to lead the charge.

11 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES Will buy a hardy mule, and feed for him a month.

12 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES Will buy a motor ambulance to carry wounded soldiers to the hospital.

13 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES Will buy a motor truck to rush 40 soldiers to the aid of their comrades.

Which of the above have you supplied Uncle Sam's army with?

YEAGER'S SHOE STORE School Shoes FOR BOYS, Th kind of shoes that wear, made by the J. E. Dayton Company, and guaranteed to be all solid leather, high and low tops, \$4.50 Per Pair. Purchase your Rubbers now.

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