

# Evening Public Ledger

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PHOTOGRAPHS OF INTERESTING NEWS HAPPENINGS, THE WAR AND PERSONS OUT OF THE ORDINARY



THE IDOL OF THE COUNTRYSIDE is the American soldier who is so fortunate as to be able to speak French and thereby spin yarns for the entertainment of admiring peasants "over there" about things over here. Imagine the happy lot of this husky marine, who is able to chat with every fair maid he meets, providing, of course, she is willing, which goes without saying. In this particular photograph he is the cynosure of more elderly eyes, which is the acid test for the Americans' popularity.

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A MODERN BETSY ROSS, you might caption this photograph. But Mrs. John Crosby Dorsey, of 2246 Wyalusing avenue, has given more to her country than a flag. Her three beloved sons have entered the service with her maternal blessing, the last one, John Crosby Dorsey, Jr., having just joined the Marine Corps. Whereupon his mother is adding another star to the family service flag.

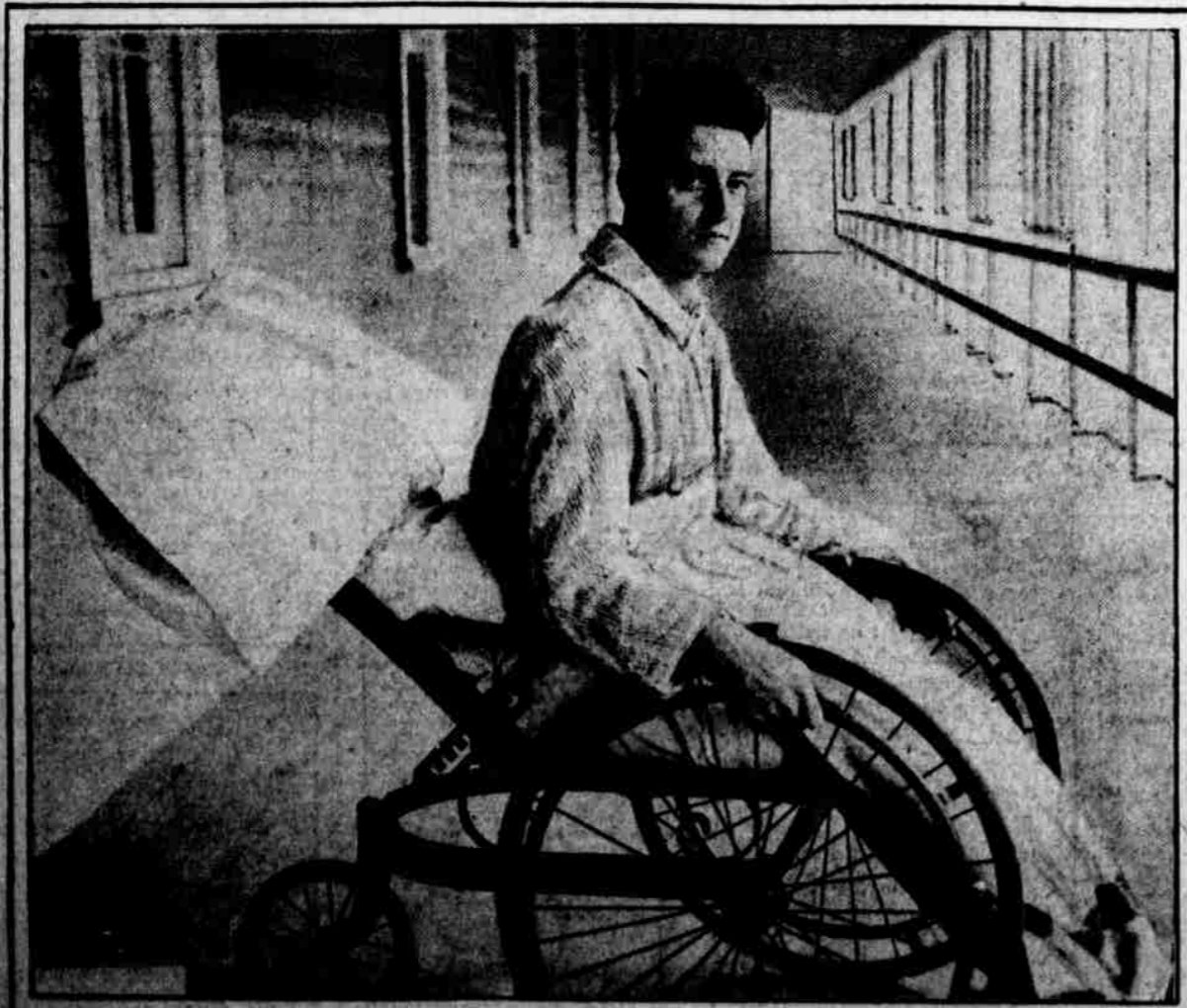


JUST TRY TO IMAGINE the emotions of these Americans, on their way to the first-line trenches in France. Are their thoughts of home, the perils awaiting them, wondering how they will return, or is it with the same alluring sense of uncertainty with which one enters a game of chance that they go forward? These are questions only a soldier can answer.



THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR most every evening behind the battle lines in France. Here, to speak colorfully, the horizon blue is serenading the khaki, the former being a corps of Alpine buglers who have dropped in on a company of American Marines at their billets.

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HE CLAIMS THE DISTINCTION of being the first American soldier wounded in action in the war, does Private A. S. McLeod, who admittedly is the most cheerful convalescent in the Walter Reed Hospital at Washington, where he is recovering from shock coincident with losing both his legs. Private McLeod was wounded during a German air raid on an American hospital behind the lines at Verdun.

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"ISN'T HE CUTE?" you can imagine the women folks exclaiming upon beholding Master Aubrey C. Dixon, Jr., fully equipped for a morning's fun in Rittenhouse Square. By the way, if the coming of spring doesn't mean anything in your old life, just pay a visit to some one of the public squares and see how it affects the kiddies.



WHAT KIND OF VEIL have you thought of for your spring bonnet? Perhaps you might be taken with the diamond mesh pattern in the extreme upper photograph. The mesh is four inches wide, of cheville dots, and is worn with a trim turban of black chip straw. When the momentous question is decided, meet Mrs. Norman MacLeod, who appears directly above. She is wearing the uniform of the Emergency Aid Aides, of which organization she is the director.



A GREAT DEAL OF DOUBT has been recorded recently as to the utility of the Home Defense Guards in Philadelphia. Nevertheless, upstate in Cumberland County there is an organization of fifty-two separate units, which is a model for the whole national home guard system. Speedy mobilization and rigid discipline are the pride of the various units, as are the natty uniforms, shown above.