

Y. M. C. A. MEN WORKED ROCK- FORD TRAINS

Gave "Selects" Taste of way The Red Triangle Works Before Camp Grant Was Reached

A "cheer-up" squad of the Y. M. C. A. consisting of half a dozen railroad secretaries has been accompanying the new men going to Camp Grant this and last week. Their work is to give a touch of patriotism to the journey to camp, to help the men in any way possible such as taking messages, distributing postage stamps and attending to little matters left uncares for at home. Then there have been singing "bees" in each and every car, the distribution of postal cards before the trip has been ended so that each "select" can write a word to "ma" or "the girlie" just before the trip ends, and various other bits of kindness which the men are reported to appreciate. This Red Triangle work on selects' trains out of Chicago was organized during the week and therefore is a new thing in this territory.

In the last six days seven trains of young men have gone to Camp Grant as follows: First train, 473 men; second, 935; third, 1,036; fourth, 763; fifth, 221; sixth, 663 and seventh, 336 men.

In charge of the railroad Y. M. C. A. secretaries in this district is T. P. Pearman who for several years has been executive secretary of the C. & N. W. department of the Chicago association. Mr. Pearman has associated with him in the work; Dr. C. A. Gage, pastor of the Olivet Methodist church; R. M. Blackburn, general store-keeper of the Northwestern; E. P. Marsh, general superintendent of the dining car repairs of the road; Rufus C. Nash and Roy B. Foster, activities secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. Hotel.

"Our work on these trains during the past week has been a revelation," said Mr. Pearman. "The dominant note struck by the men as a rule was that they had no doubt as to the outcome of the war, that they knew what they were facing, that they gladly undertook the duty and that they each and all had a secret ambition to do some big thing which of itself would be the ruination of Kaiser-ism. The fearful brutalities of the Germans in Belgium among women and children the bayoneting of babies and the naturally cruel, selfish and double-faced policy of the German militaristic leaders seemed to have left a deep impress on these boys' minds.

"However, they were light-hearted. A majority of the selects drank no intoxicants and while one train was somewhat of an exception, we learned afterward that as many of the carousing kind as could be got together were put on that train purposely. Even on this train where most of the boys had been furnished with bottles by misguided friends, our Y. M. C. A. workers were eventually able to get the lads to forget their spree and go in for lusty, healthful singing. Just how successful we were one can understand when I say that by the time we had drawn out of West Chicago there was hardly an unsteady man on the train and that nearly all of the boys were whooping up in good, old-fashioned singing.

"There was almost no carousing on the other trains. And among the 5000 selects it was heartening to note the one song which most attracted nearly all of them. It was 'Over There,' the words of which are familiar to most of us.

"Our program generally was as follows: Two or three of us would enter a coach and begin singing 'America' or something else patriotic. We never got very far before we had a rattling good chorus accompanying us. I recall in a train of sixteen coaches we entered a car and there was quite a bit of card playing and crap-shooting in progress. We started our singing and a few feet away I noticed a fine looking lad rather glum. He suddenly took notice and joined in. He liked to sing it seemed, and when I motioned to him to come along, he got up and helped us as a song leader. There was a youth in the seat with him. He wouldn't be outdone by his 'pal,' for he reached up and produced a violin. He tuned up his fiddle and we started marching through the car.

"In the next coach we had a bully time and a select brought out a cornet and came along with our squad. In the next coach a young Jew whipped out a small harp and whanged away on it. By the time we reached the last coach we had a band of varied-out string and brass with singing troubadours in the background. It was a lot of fun and the fellows liked it. They told us so.

"In one coach as our men stopped a touch of us were an arm step in front of us. (H. C. A. connection) had a center in his chest as fast down

seat and yelled—"Say, fellows, here comes the Y. M. C. A. boys. Give 'em a hand fellows. I was down on the Mexican border, and I know how good they were to us down there. They're helping us in France and in home camps—give 'em a hand." We were awarded a loud cheer."

The Railroad Y. M. C. A. work is being rapidly organized and extended in this section, according to Mr. Pearman. Recently plans were made to have Red Triangle secretaries on all trains carrying soldiers or selects in this territory. To accomplish this there must be co-operation among representatives of the government, the railroads and the Association, which Mr. Pearman stated was being developed.

MYRON TOWSLEY WRITES INTER- ESTING LETTER

The following interesting letter received by W. B. Towsley from his son Myron, gives one an idea of how our boys feel "over there." It also shows the caliber of the men serving the United States.

January 24, 1918.

Dear Father: Your cards and letter of the 26th, with cigarettes and package arrived today, and I thank you for them. Yes, gum is almost as welcome as candy.

Your card of the 27th was received first, which puzzled me, as I didn't know George was ill nor Gordon. Your letter cleared it up. I have heard nothing from George, and the only news I get of him comes thru you.

You wonder correctly about my not getting out to drill and "be out with the guns with the other boys." I'm inside almost as much as you. Stewart and Alexander, I don't see once a week, and when I do, it's in the evening when one guard goes off and the other comes on. They are with the regiment I know, but I seldom see them. I met Fritz Sacksteder in a little near-by village the other day. I saw Gilbert Lacey Saturday noon while I was going to mess. It is surprising how separated you are from the other units of your regiment. You seldom work together so that you get to see your old friends. I saw Donald Searles a week ago last Sunday morning as I was going out to camp and he was coming from the stables.

I haven't said anything about my friends for some time have I? Well, there's Benny Ryden, my age, a budding broker near the stock exchange; Chicago; Van Cleve, lawyer with a good practice; Esper Fitz, Rhodes scholar, died-in-the-wool Englishman, even though born in Montana; Benito Navarre, in the Foreign Department of some big shoe company, who up until two years ago was a captain in Pancho Villa's army. He's a graduate of the University of Mexico. He's got some ideas about war that'd make your hair stand up. Knows more about our Mexican border than a Texas ranger. He can tell some cattle rustling stories that make any novel of the early west look pale; Bennie Herbert, a French Canadian, but who lived in Wisconsin; Corporal Kay Andrees, and Corporal Johnny Michael, known as the Gold Dust Twins, because they're always together. Corporal Rusty Cone, and Private G. Gronnerud, from the University of Illinois.

I am associated daily with as fine a group of men as exist in the army. We work together, sleep next to each other and take our leaves from camp together, and don't get tired of each other. Each man (only one or two exceptions) seems to try to make this room as livable and pleasant to the others as he can; you can guess the result. The majority of conversational topics are the kind that emanate from thinking men. In the evenings, if we are not busy, some of the men play cards. Tonight, for instance, my steno pal is typing a stencil for our Y. M. C. A. newspaper. Three of the translators are reading American magazines, one translator is in town about as far from Camp as Downers Grove is from Chicago, two draughtsmen are busy over their desks, the mimeograph operator has just come in and is taking off his coat. It has been very quiet for nearly an hour. When I'm through writing I'll tackle Alexander Hamilton. Some evenings there won't be a sound for hours with a dozen men in the room, except when some officer comes in and steps to the Adjutant's desk for a moment, and then goes out again slamming the door. I've often thought that there's a lot to such a silence.

Have been spending Sundays lately tramping around the country, for that's the best way to see it. Last Sunday I went to see, closely, shell holes and effects of high-explosives on anything in the way. The Lord save the soul of the man who happens to be near by when one of them lands! Just what they'd do to a man I haven't seen yet but mother earth has a center in her chest as fast down

a thick hedge, an apple tree and came out on the far side of a pine, where it stuck. Where the balls went I don't know, but the shell was jammed through, full of wood. From there we went to a small town and had lamb chops, egg omelet, French fried potatoes, and cocoa, for 2 francs, 50 centimes,—about half a dollar. Can you beat it?

For breakfast we usually have bacon, potatoes, bread and coffee. Sometimes we have pancakes with syrup and, Oh, Boy! when we do! We invariably have soup for dinner with stew or steak and potatoes, and bread. Supper usually consists of stew or steak, and potatoes and coffee and bread. Our bread is white bread and it's great stuff. We are more fortunate than you in that respect.

The water conditions here are frightful. The camp is very well supplied, but it isn't a good thing, to drink outside of camp. Besides, what do the French need with water? They never take baths, and when they're thirsty they drink either cider or wine. The cider is rotten, unless it's fresh. The wine isn't so bad but I'm not strong for it.

Do we have snow and ice? Well one day it snows, the next it rains, then it freezes, then melts, then rains, freezes, rain, freeze, snow, big melt, more rain, so that most of the time we have mud, ankle deep. What snow we have stays only a few hours. There is practically no ice.

I didn't find any flowers growing on the 25th of November but yesterday Van Cleve, Fitz, Ryden and I took a long walk. Such a day as yesterday you will be having some time in the latter part of April. We lay on a sunny bank, out of the wind, and smoked and talked for about an hour. I'm the wettest guy you ever saw. Bet I weigh as much as you do.

Lots of love, Myron H. Towsley, Headquarters Co., 149th F. A., American Expeditionary Forces via New York

A MODERN MUSKATEER

Douglas Fairbanks in His Latest Aircraft Picture, Surpasses Any of His Previous Stunts.

There is a happy combination of satire, old romance, life of today, fun and physical daring in "A Modern Musketeer," the latest Douglas Fairbanks Aircraft picture, that furnishes the spectator with an unusually varied and enjoyable quality of entertainment. The story was written by Allan Dwan, from a novel entitled "D'Artagnan of Kansas," and is quite the best of the Fairbanks scenarios. The first half is particularly rapid in movement, and is chock-full of laughs and surprises. The hero of them all is Ned Thatcher, a breezy young gentleman from Kansas, whose love of adventure makes his pathway through life more or less cyclonic. Ned's nature is the result of his mother's love of romance. Just before the boy's birth she spent hours reading the works of Dumas, D'Artagnan, of "The Three Musketeers," being her favorite character.

When Ned reaches young manhood he possesses the qualities most admired by his mother and is the very soul of chivalry; only, unfortunately, he discovers that trying to rescue fair ladies from the brutality of the opposite sex is not always appreciated. The scenes satirizing the adventures of the original D'Artagnan are screamingly funny and overflow with record-making Fairbanks stunts. The real story opens when Ned is presented with a fiver by his father and told that his conduct is too strenuous even for Kansas. People in that fortunate state do not object to taking to cyclone cellars at frequent intervals, when the wind becomes playful; but when young Thatcher begins to get bored by things in general and runs up and perches on the weather-vane at the top of the church steeple or hurdles over all the front fences on the block and seizes the neighbors into fits, Ned's father fears that the popularity of the Thatcher family will not stand the strain. Once well out of Kansas and headed due West, Ned meets his first real adventure. He comes upon a stalled motor car containing Raymond Peters, Dorothy Moran, and her mother. These three persons furnish the proper dramatic motive. Peters is a wealthy roue who has deceived a number of wives; Dorothy is poor but beautiful, and her mother is anxious to marry her to a man of means.

Ned helps the party to reach the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and immediately Dorothy gets into all sorts of dangers. A treacherous Indian guide proves the most difficult enemy to manage, but Ned defeats him in true Fairbanks style. This calls for leaping, climbing, riding, fighting, sliding down the side of the canyon in utter contempt of life and limb, with little side contempt like turning somersaults or doing handstands on the edge of the canyon thrown in for comedy relief. The question of

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VAUDEVILLE AND FEATURE MOVIES TODAY

"The Sirens of the Sea"

A Big Jewell feature with
LOUISE LOVELY and CARMEL MYERS
Surpassing in splendor 'A Daughter of the Gods,' and
A 2-reel Fox Comedy

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**WILLIAM S. HART, in a play you
have not seen.**

See this big Double Bill. See it at the Curtiss Tonight!
Seats 10 and 15c including tax.



Curtiss Hippodrome Theatre

THIS THURSDAY MARCH 14th No Matinee
ANNOUNCES THE SELECTION OF THE
ITALIAN BATTLE FRONT

pictures for today. These are the only Official pictures permitted in this Country of the Italian Battle Front. **THEY ARE:** Educational, Wonderful, Real. There will be no advance in prices for this exceptional attraction today at the CURTISS; Seats 10 & 15c, including War tax.



er in the least. "Doug." Fairbanks does it, and that is all his public asks. Will be shown at the Dicko Theatre Thursday, March 14th

"LEAVE IT TO JANE"
MUSICAL COMEDY
A GREAT SUCCESS

Every theatregoer in Chicago is talking about the wonderful success scored by "Leave it to Jane" at the LaSalle Theatre, where this musical comedy is now in its seventh week and still filling the popular Madison street playhouse to its utmost capacity.

Jane" proving successful in Chicago, after running for six months in New York, no one expected it to break the record established at the LaSalle Theatre by "Oh Boy." But such has been the case, and now every critic in Chicago has made the statement that the theatregoing public must look to the firm of Elliott, Comstock and Gest for the better class of musical comedies in the future.

Percy Hammond, the dramatic reviewer of the Chicago Tribune, said that "Leave it to Jane" is the best combination of fun, music, dancing and pretty girls since the days of "The Red Mill," which in the same way is the best of its kind.

Chicago Examiner, in looking over all the shows now on view in that city, remarked that without a doubt "Leave it to Jane" is the best musical show in town.

The same cast of Broadway stars which appeared in this piece in New York is now on view at the LaSalle Theatre.

Old Coffee Now Valuable. Old metal collars that have not seen the light of day for many years have a value that is hard to estimate. These are the things that are being sold by the Chicago Examiner. They are the things that are being sold by the Chicago Examiner. They are the things that are being sold by the Chicago Examiner.