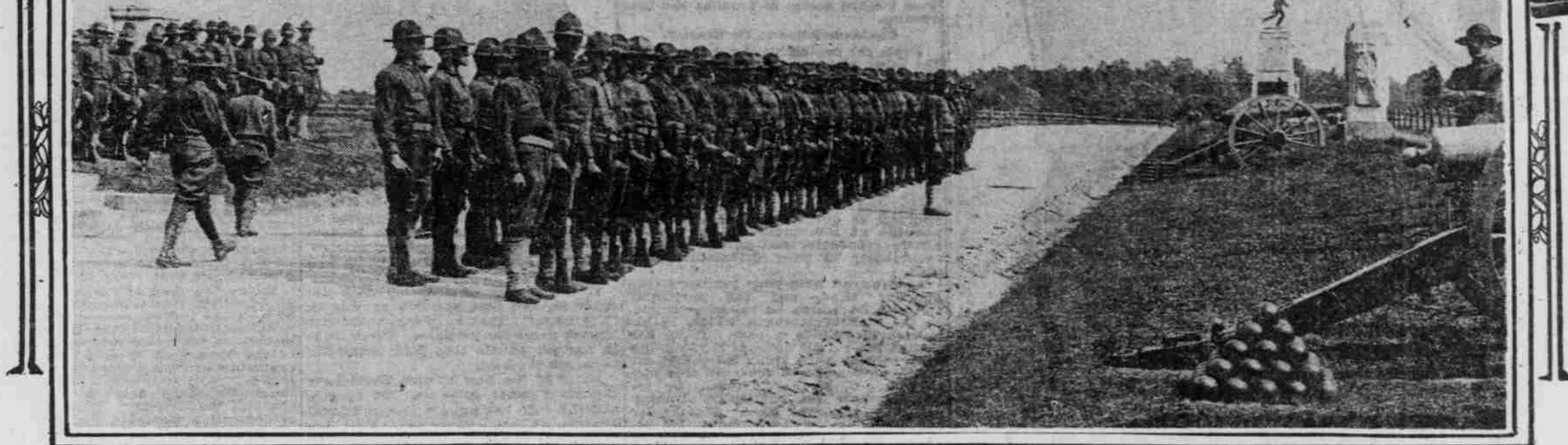
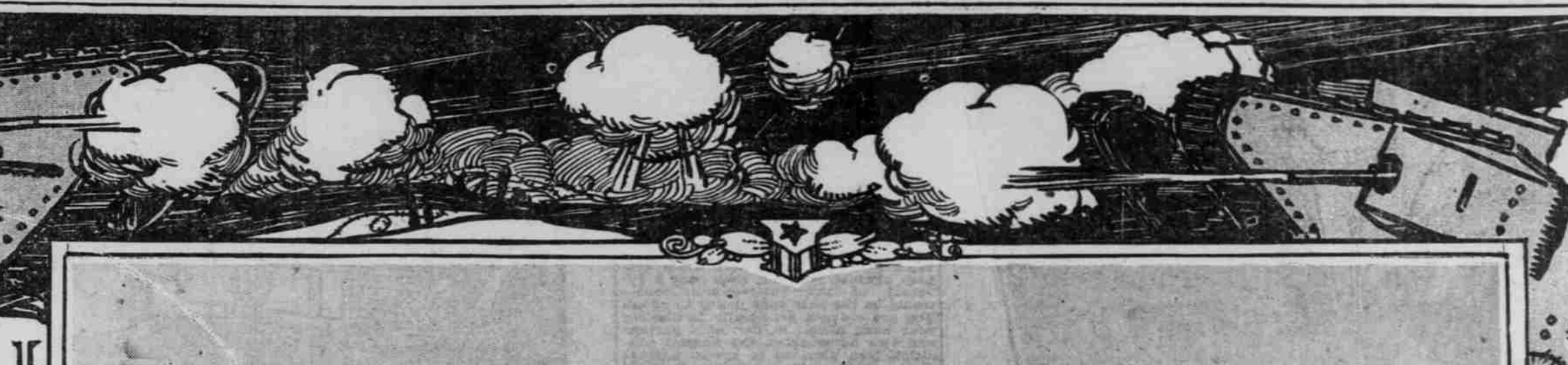
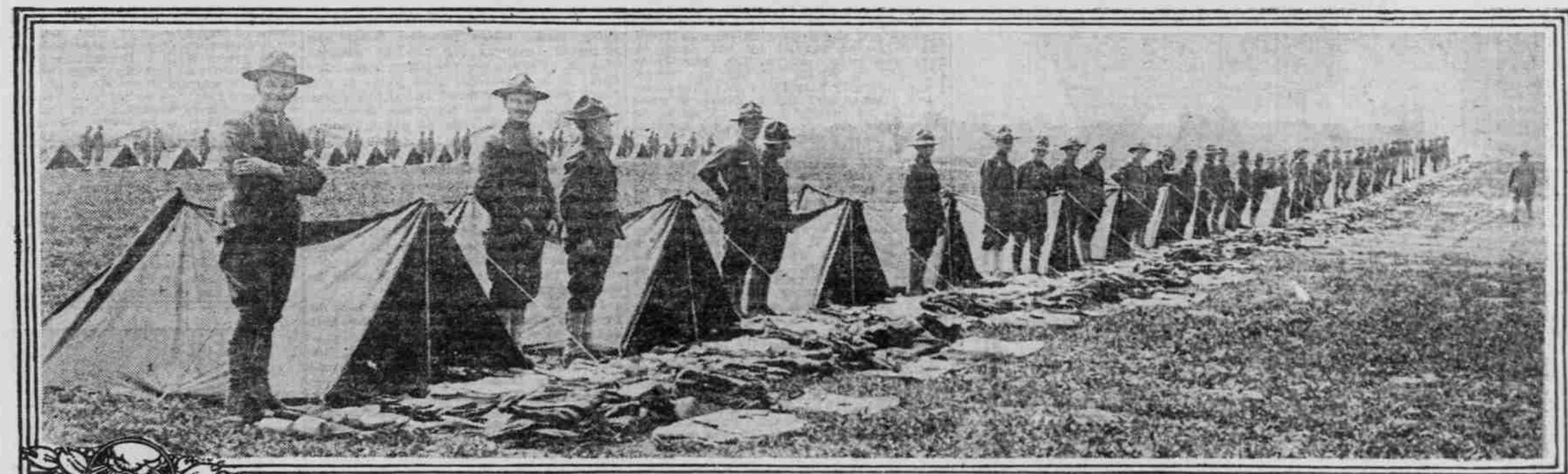


GETTYSBURG THEN AND NOW—FROM GRAPE TO TANKS

Sons and Grandsons of the Gray Mingle Today With the Posterity of the Blue at Historic Highwater Mark of the Rebellion in Training for Our Fleets of New Yankee Land Battleships



One of the Companies of "Tankers" From North, South, East and West Drawn Up for Inspection Before the Pennsylvania Monument on Gettysburg Battlefield.



Here, on the Ground Where Pickett's "Flower of Virginia" Made Their Magnificent Charge, the Scions of Democracy Prepare for "Over There."

BY CHARLES W. DUKE.
GETTYSBURG, Pa.—"Berlin Junction"
 Like the crack of a Hun shell dropped suddenly in the midst of a bunch of raw recruits came the cry of the elongated Western Maryland Railroad brakeman on the early morning train that skirts along through miles of undulating grain fields in Southern Pennsylvania by the route that leads up from industrially quickened York to the bucolic and sacred environs of Gettysburg—the highwater mark of the Rebellion.
 "Berlin Junction!" came the cry again, as the whistle of the airbrake resounded along the keel of the rocking passenger coaches and the steel shoes gripped the pinning wheels with the force of a relentless deterrent.
 If General Pershing himself had stepped into the smoking car at that particular moment and shouted, "Here comes Kaiser Bill!" the effect could have been no more dramatic upon the score of khaki-clad youngsters lounging in their seats in the lethargy of a long and tiresome rail trip. As the train drew up finally before a little way station placarded "Berlin Junction," every mother's son caught the inspiration from the movement.
 "E-yah," chortled a dozen spirited youths in a rebel yell not unlike the famous old rebel yell flung across the same valley more than half a century ago.

"Look, look—Berlin Junction!" shouted a trim, curly-haired sergeant as he straightened smartly against the plush-backed seat and extended a forefinger to the signboard fronting the station. "What you-all know about that?" cut in a husky private with a chuckle. "Here you are, fellows," he continued. "All off for Berlin Junction. Here's the road we're looking for—the royal road to Berlin. Oh, boy, lead me to it!"

"Up From the South."
 All this in the unmistakable drawl of the Southerner, the round-cornered, smooth-running lingo of the Son of Dixie. From his comrades in khaki came the same characteristic accents of the Southland as these intrepid lads vented their merriment over the name of the sleepy little burg they had encountered on the last leg of the long trip from Dixie to Gettysburg.

Attracted by the demonstration, the writer had allowed his way into the smoking car to get a line on the cause of the jubilation.
 "Where are you boys from?" I inquired of a rangy six-footer, a handsome youth with a bronzed and smiling face, pearl-white teeth, broad shoulders, free and easy limbs and the bulk of a modern fighting man.
 "We all come from the South," he answered, turning with all the deferential grace of the chivalric Southerner.

"Where from?" I asked.
 "From New Orleans," he answered, the zest from Birmingham, Ala., he explained. "Bound for the tank camp over at Gettysburg, and hoping right soon to get going over there with a twinkle in his sun-loving eyes."
 Conversation was interrupted by now by a line of general officers striding out of their prison car and it was Thursday morning. This "Berlin Junction" had stirred them up, and they were out to let loose a bit of their pent-up enthusiasm upon the station platform.

"Hope to die if ever expected to get next to Berlin so soon after leaving home!" exclaimed one exulting Louisianian.
 "If not now, eventually," countered another.
 "Change cars for the Kaiser's town," chimed another stalwart, as he swung up on the pilot of a dinky locomotive that stood on a siding coupled to a passenger coach that shuttles back and forth daily from Berlin, Pa., to Berlin Junction.
 It was a great party while it lasted. So jubilant were these lads from the Sunny South that they forgot the evidence of encountering Berlin Junction just as they were arriving at Gettysburg for the training that would start them shortly in the general direction of the Berlin of Germany that they held high carnival here on the station platform.

circling movement around Washington and Philadelphia. Only a busier Gettysburg now since Uncle Sam saw fit last February to establish a training camp for tank recruits here on the historic battlefield.
 I took my leave of this merry company of travelers as we climbed down out of the coaches and slipped my friendly Dixie sergeant a cake of chocolate that I had packed for emergency rations in a ramble through the tank camp. He was hungry—oh, yes—that soldier isn't hungry after a four days' travel from New Orleans. But, like the typical American soldier, he said he was most concerned with getting a bath and a clean shave.
In Heart of Battlefield.
 "Fall in!" came the order, and in a few minutes more, after a cursory inspection and vouching of credentials, together with a welcome from a tank captain and his aide, the southerners were packed into a huge motor lorry and whizzed away to the headquarters of Camp Colt, laid out right in the heart of this historic old battleground. Their route took them directly through the town where Buford's Union cavalry charged with Heth's division of Hill's Confederate corps, and where next day on that memorable July 1 Reynolds' two Federal corps, falling back to the great battle for Seminary Ridge, fought through the streets of the town in their retirement to Cemetery Ridge.
 Soon we were all at the headquarters of Camp Colt and viewing grimly the monument-dotted battlefield, with its historic and strategic battle points. This camp where the boys of the North and the South in 1918 are preparing to man the land battleships of our Army in the great battle for civilization and the democracy conserved and glorified at Gettysburg in 1863 is pitched directly in the center of the old battle arena. Directly on the line between Seminary and Cemetery Ridges, over which swept Pickett's immortals in the famous charge, stand the barracks housing the khaki-blended Blue and Gray. From the headquarters of Camp Colt it is only five minutes' walk to the sacred stone "high-water mark."
 What a contrast between 1863 and 1918! Off there in the dim distance the thin blue line of Seminary Ridge from which Lee's hosts debouched in the titanic blow at the foot of the triangle, where the Unionists stood with their backs to the wall until they hurled back those 14,000 Virginians sent forward by Longstreet, under Pickett, at the behest of Lee. Not a foot of soil tramped today by the legions of democracy but is hallowed by the memory of that terrific struggle 55 years ago.
 "Talk about casualties today, they had some figures here in '63." I was stirred from my reveries by the voice of Captain Dwight D. Eisenhower, a West Pointer but 28 years old, a clean-shaven, brown-tinted home-boy. Sam has entrusted the training and development of the thousands of young Americans who have come from north, east, south and west to be fitted for the crack tank corps.
 "Lee had about 70,000 men here in '63 and Meade approximately 32,000," he mused. "More than 150,000 men en-

gaged. The South lost more than 25,000, or about one-third of Lee's army. The Union lost more than 20,000, or very nearly one-quarter of the men engaged. Terrible losses!"
 "But see how it goes today!" he added. "The English are said to have something like 3,000,000 men in France. Their losses have averaged some weeks as high as 40,000 men. In three days at Gettysburg the Union lost a quarter and the South a third of their armies. No such averages are maintained today. A man has infinite more chances now than he had then, notwithstanding all the powerful instruments devised since Gettysburg, and more particularly since the beginning of the world war."
The Deadly Parallel.
 Here again the contrast. The batteries that hurled their grape and canister from Seminary Ridge to Cemetery Ridge and vice versa as against the 70-mile guns with which the Germans bombarded Paris! The cavalry of Stuart and Buford that scooped out the positions of the opposing forces as against the winged cavalry of the air that fill miles above the Marne and the Ourcq in duels of the clouds! The carbines with which Hood's sharpshooters picked off Warren's men in the crazy delirium between the two Round Tops against the automatic rifles of the camouflaged sharpshooters today! One can speculate at length in this modern tank camp as to what Pickett might have done in his epochal charge up Cemetery Ridge and his Virginians been led by shambling big tanks, equipped with Lewis machine guns and hand grenades.
 "Hope we find some battlefields like this over there in Germany when we get going toward Berlin," soliloquized Captain Edinborough with a sweep of the hand toward a sweep of the battlefield. "Nothing better."
 Every West Pointer knows Gettysburg from A to Z. Classes come every year from the Hudson to study it, to chart it and fight it all over again in the light of modern warfare.
 But enough of the memories. The thing at hand was to see something of the tank recruits in Camp Colt and to hear something of their work below the waistline. The cape, which falls quite to the knee, may be thrown back to reveal the waistcoat, or fastened snugly together from throat to chest and they are slashes in the cape for the arms to be thrust through. These capes are extremely dashing and "sporty," and they are also splendidly practical for general outing wear and for traveling by automobile or by boat. A good many vacation folk are taking a trip one of these sport capes, and such a trip one of these sport capes and a wool sport suit of the kind previously described would be invaluable.
Batiste Skirts With Slip-on Sweaters.
 Some of the Summer girls one sees on the sand at Atlantic City and Long Beach these early days of what promise to be a warm Summer are wearing pleated skirts of crisply laundered batiste with slip-on sweaters of soft, yet bright-colored worsted. The combination is very fresh and charming on a hot mid-Summer day. The pleated skirt must have a tailored, sport suggestion and not a dainty, lingerie-frock suggestion; and this tailored effect is given by a deep, machine-stitched hem and by crisply pressed pleats—also in part by the footwear;

Gettysburg since the camp was established, until it is now laid out as a permanent cantonment with rows and rows of barracks that are to remain until the Crown Prince has whined for mercy and the Kaiser has turned his bloody sword over to General Black-jack Pershing.
 "What kind of a man makes the best tank man?" I asked Captain Eisenhower.
 "Must be Fighting Type."
 "First of all a top-notch, clean-cut fighting man, he answered. "Got to be a crack-jack fighting type all the way through, or we can't handle them. Men who know nothing of fear. It is a very good thing for them to have the mechanical bent, to know something of automobiles, or machinery; but this is not entirely essential. The type of man we select is the all-around adaptable youth so versatile that he readily takes to the ins and outs of tanking."
 He is known far and wide that the men who comprise the new American tank corps are crack Americans in every way, from the standpoint of physical perfection and mental aptitude. Every big cantonment in the country has been combed for the super-fine officers and men who make up the various regiments now encamped on the battlefield of Gettysburg. "Give us the kind of men we want," said the Washington officers put in charge of this work. "Take your pick," replied Uncle Sam, pointing from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to Mexico. The recruiting officers who brought in the rookies brought only those who measured up to the strictest kind of specifications.
 If you could hear any one of these tank men tell of the psychology tests through which they are put just as I heard it from one of the men in the quiet of his tent you would know that the "tankers" are some boys. It would be telling things to relate the conversation in detail. But it would do your eyes good to see one of these companies coming averaging into camp after a long hike to "timber up." Until recently Gettysburg was a mobilization point, where the boys were as-

sembled and given only infantry drill and other fundamental military education. Thence they were sent abroad to complete their training with allied tanks on English soil. It is broaching no secret to say that a number of our tank regiments have gone abroad, now that recent dispatches have told of the operation of American tank units in the fighting along the Marne.
 But now the boys are getting first-hand training at the Pennsylvania camp with bona fide tanks. The morning I was in camp a rumble and a clank over the brow of a hill greeted the boys as they moved over the machinery. In a moment a tank drew up in sight and caterpillar along to its station—a new rookie in camp greeted a legion of old hands by the boys who had been "playing tank" with a papier-mache creation set up over a flivver.
 To get back to that company column that I saw swinging down the famous old Emmitsburg road on this June morning. Along they came in column of fours, their leaders hitting up the pace and counting "one, two, three, four," the men striding free and easy. Well set up, moving gracefully and in unison, they looked like simon pure veterans.
 "Must of had those chaps a long, long time," I queried of Lieutenant Tenney.
 "Less than three weeks out of Sloucum," he answered.
 They had just come in from a hike to the Devil's Den, the celebrated chasm just west of Little Round Top, that fell into the hands of the Confederates on the second day's fighting and from which they had poured a deadly fire on the Union ranks. A few minutes later another column swung in from the direction of Rock Run and Culp's Hill, where the Blue and Gray struggled heroically during the three days' fighting.
 "Treat 'em rough," the motto adopted by the boys at Camp Meade for the first American tank contingents sent out, is the slogan of the boys at Gettysburg. They are as fine a fighting bunch as ever have been brought together in the history of the world. There are thousands of them up here—it is not possible to see just how many or to go too much into detail of their work, but they are marvelous. I don't think that the men of superlative caliber and they are going to give a great account of themselves.

Lincoln's Message.
 Here they are in the famous "Valley of Death" of Gettysburg. As I wandered among them, talking first with an officer and then with an enlisted man, all the while noting the equestrian statues and the marble monuments with their inscriptions, I could not help but recall the words of Abraham Lincoln, who in November, 1863, after this battle, came up to this very same Gettysburg to dedicate the National cemetery where lie the Blue and the Gray. And you might think of the southern boys who had come in on the same train that I had and of what North and South were fighting for in this hour of the world. It seemed that each silent monument and each living American in this Camp Colt, of tank at Gettysburg, recalled and over those words of Lincoln:
 "We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

WAR ELIMINATES SUPERFLUOUS FEATURES AND RIDS WARDROBE OF BRIGHT COLORS

Sport Suits This Year Have Caught the Prevailing Note of Simplicity and Conservation Dominates Feminine Dress—Enormous Plaids Well Managed by Clever Tailors.

Sport clothes this year have caught the prevailing note of simplicity and conservation that dominates all feminine dress. Superfluous features have been eliminated and colors are less flamboyant than they used to be for mountain and sea. Good lines coupled with good materials are the shibboleth of this branch of costume just now, and it is better to have one really distinguished sport outfit than half a dozen pretty and colorful combinations.
 The best choice, for the woman who wants to make her dress allowance go a long way, is a tailored sport suit of homespun or mixed cheviot. These suits have straight, well-cut skirts, a trifle shorter than the ordinary tailored suit skirt, since low-heeled, manish oxfords are usually worn with the sport costume. All the interest in such a suit is centered on the jacket, which is immensely good looking, of dashing boys' cut, with belt and patch pockets and sometimes smartly grouped buttons. This jacket may be separated from its skirt and worn with straw sailor. Or, brown-toned homespun jacket with tan and brown plaid gingham skirt, tan silk stockings and tan oxfords and sailor hat of brown straw.
 Equipped with a good-looking wool sport suit, one or two tub skirts and plenty of blouse, a woman can take a wacky's journey in mid-Summer, carry-

ing in her suitcase a light frock of foulard or seersucker for special wear.
A Splendid Sport Cape.
 There are many types of capes for Summer wear and the most practical seems to be a sport model of soft, lightweight wool plaid, the long circular cape attached to a sleeveless jacket, and it is better to have one really distinguished sport outfit than half a dozen pretty and colorful combinations.
 Unless the knitted sweater is very long, indeed—almost to the knee, in the French mode—it is extremely short and jaunty, and this is well for less valuable wool is required for its making. There is almost invariably a band of close purling at the waistline, so that the garment hangs to the figure gracefully; sometimes the purling runs from waistline to hip, giving the slip-on a tapering, clinging line. This is becoming only to slender, rather boyish figures. Women are becoming expert in the use of knitting needles and a sweater can be turned off these days in a week or so, where a month used to be the average time required. But nobody could spare a whole month from knitting socks for the soldiers now! About a week is all one can give to knitting a sweater for personal adornment. Perhaps this is the reason the new models are so abbreviated in length and are made sans sleeves. One of the most effective sweaters noted at Long Beach recently was of gray wool with a deep, pointed collar of white brushed wool, the points reaching to the waistline in front. At the waist was a four-inch purling of pale yellow wool through which ran two stripes of black. Below this knitted-

belt the gray sweater was purled in a wider rib to the hip.
 That exclusive standby for Summer riding habits, linen crash, is being replaced by a hither-to humble cotton weave that never before has dared to aspire to saddle wear. As linen grows more scarce and expensive, cotton substitutes seem in vogue, so one is really quite as exclusive wearing calico and galatea this Summer as one was garbed in Irish linen and silk foulard a couple of years ago. The new galatea riding suits are extremely good looking—because a clever tailor can give style and lines to any fabric. There is a model, for example, with belted riding coat of cream galatea over riding breeches of cream and tan check; and another model has a gray belted coat over breeches of black and white check. Of course, very correct riding headgear, footgear and stock help to give these cotton riding habits their desirable quota of style. Among the exclusive sport togs are polo suits of brown linen, the sleeveless coat showing a riding shirt of lustrous cream satin.
The Woman Behind the Author.
 Almost all of us indulge in an occasional game of blind man's buff when we try to find the author behind the story. It's a fascinating game—this one of trying to match personalities and faces with the stories people write, but there's a great deal of risk in it. You are apt to go wide of the mark. In the June issue of Good Housekeeping several well-known authors tell the stories of their lives and how they won success in the literary field. Ruth Sawyer, author of "The Pipes of Pan," "The Man Who Feared Sleep," and other stories, says in telling of her life:
 "There were three things in the beginning of my life for which I have been extraordinarily thankful: the early inoculation of fairies by an Irish nurse, the generous diet of Scotch oatmeal, and the blood inheritance from a Lexington Minute-man. It is what you might call a well-balanced ration to grow on. Irish fairies for imagination and humor, Scotch oatmeal for a good constitution and plenty of common sense, and a hold-the-road-at-any-price faculty in your blood."

Little Sister's Skin Healed by Cuticura

Could Not Rest in Any Position. Disfigured, Cross and Fretful. Cost Soap and Ointment 75c.

"My little sister broke out all over her body and even on her head in little white blister-looking places. The skin was very much inflamed and red, so much so that she looked as if she had been measles. It itched so that she would rub her head from side to side on the pillow, but this caused the affected parts to become irritated. She could not rest in any position, and she was very cross and fretful. Her face was very much disfigured."
 "She was bad for two or three months. Then we got Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and before one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment were used she was healed." (Signed) Miss Myrtle Shipp, Glendevore, Colo.
 You may rely on Cuticura to cure for your skin, scalp, hair and hands.

