

YANKEE WOUNDED EAGER FOR REVENGE

Americans, Shot Down by Enemy, Tell of Many Experiences on Battlefield.

FIGHTING MEN ARE DARING

During Single Week Military Hospital Handles 3000 Cases and More Than 1800 Operations. Physicians Are Patient.

ST. CAROLYN WILSON.

PARIS, Aug. 24.—(Special.)—I went into the hospital at Neuilly just a week after the beginning of the "big push." Already the corridors were less crowded, the wards a little less hurried, although in the yard outside I had noticed two new brown tents which had been put up right over the lovely flower gardens of which the hospital had been so proud.

They had been hastily erected and were labeled: "Evacuation tents." As soon as a man had been operated on, if he was in a condition to move, he was sent out to the tent to wait for ambulances to take him to the station. And I smiled sympathetically at one boy who was grumbling to me that in a two by four glass he peered out of one unbandaged eye at a head completely swathed in bandages, a swollen lip, one bandaged arm, and a finger wrapped up on the other hand.

"And they call us light cases out here! Gee, I'd hate to feel any rotter than I do, and I'd hate to have anything more the matter with me—there wouldn't be a whole spot on me. I don't mind being wounded, but I like a bit of sympathy for me. I don't think, 'Oh, you're a well man, perfectly fit to travel.'"

He looked and acted just like a small boy whose mother had unexpectedly forgotten to get him when he fell down and cut his knee.

During the week following the counter offensive this hospital, which used to be the well-known American Ambulance and is now called Red Cross Military Hospital No. 1, surpassed any record made in any hospital in France since the war.

In eight days they handled over 3000 cases and in the same length of time by actual count operated on 1840 cases. As there are only two operating theaters, you can get some idea of the work of these doctors, and of course, this doesn't take into account all their daily dressings.

One doctor whom I know had only slept three hours in four days and he said he nearly fell asleep over his patient while the anesthetic was being given.

As I walked through the halls and the wards I'd call out, "Any one here from Chicago?" And it was surprising how often a voice would come back, "You bet—right here, North Clark street."

The first time it was a big blonde lad examining with the detailed interest of those who have very little to entertain them at the moment the spotless bandage wrapped around his leg. He gave a large smile to my inquiry and said:

"I'm one of 'em—Edward, Gehrke, from 4414 West Sixteenth street—with the Marines. I got a pill from the Boches on both counts. Got picked in the arm from the June attack and was hardly back—in fact, it was the day of the attack this time when I came out of a little patch of woods and got this bullet in the leg from some hidden machine gun nest."

"One of the fellows who came to the dressing station after me said they caught the whole crew. I'll be back soon with 'em—just in time for the next attack, I suppose. Say, honest, there's no getting around it, the Marines are the best in the Army, ain't they?"

"Certainly you think so," I smiled at a chorus of indignant protests went up from the ten surrounding beds. "Say, bo, where do you get that stuff? The first has been ten times the fighting you have," and from another corner a grunt from a member of a division which has never yet been even whispered about, but which has done extremely well: "If we all had the press agents you have we'd be sitting on page one of every paper, too."

I left them too interested in the most popular indoor sport of the Army—praising one's own organization—while I went into the next ward, called the Palm Beach ward, to the great amusement of the boys who now write home that they are taking a rest cure at Palm Beach.

In this room was Robert A. Fletcher, of 3239 West Harrison street, beautifully surrounded by pulleys and extensions and contraptions until he looked like a carpenter shop. He, too, was with the Marines. He paid a glowing tribute to the leadership of his officers.

"I've got both arms fractured," he said. "It's a long job, but not a bad one. Only I wish I were back. Beside the monotony of staying in the hospital and the wish to be doing something out there, I have the curiosity about your friends and wonder how they have all fared, for the moment you leave the organization you lose all touch with 'em."

that they thought we was a lot more than we was and surrendered. This is my second wound stripe I'm getting this time, and I'll bet I have half a dozen before I get back to the States. In the hall was Louis Jodel, of 6647 South Wabash avenue, who had been with a new division which went in for its first action south of Chateau Thierry.

"I got wounded right straight off before I got a chance to see anything or learn anything, but I helped a little bit, anyway," I guess," he said.

Thomas O'Connor, 512 South California avenue, was lamenting his fate as he even stopped to go to dressing station for a little scratch on his face.

"A bullet nicked me here," he said, pointing to a scar on his cheek, and I went into a dressing station to get it painted with iodine or something and as I was sitting there waiting my turn a shell burst and I got a crack in the leg which probably will make me walk stiff the rest of my life. I ought to have had better sense. Why didn't I just go on with the boys instead of bothering about my face?"

A young pink-cheeked boy, Percival Eklund, of 1322 Third avenue, Rock Island, had been with the Marines in both their drives. He said the second was worse than the first, but kinder to him, for he got a German officer as a prisoner.

"I was bringing him to the rear, and as I was wounded myself, though not badly, I couldn't see any sense in carrying my pack, so I put it on him and also some souvenirs I saw in the field as we came along. And when we got to the top of the hill I took my own things and thanked him—I thought I'd show we were polite, anyway—and sent him off with a prisoner convoy."

In another room was Elmer Anderson, of 712 Ninth street, Des Moines, Ia., who, in spite of the fact that he had been one of the sickest boys in the room, looked healthier and browner and fresher than any of the others. In bringing back three prisoners he and his pal were both hit in the back by concealed German machine gunners and one of the prisoners was killed.

James O'Toole, of 434 South Leavitt street, and Raymond Olinger, of 1449 Island avenue, Milwaukee, were from the same Marines regiment and had been through both pushes. Both of them said they hoped they'd never see another wheat field except those of our own Middle West.

"Give me a woot every time to fight from," said one of them. "You have a sporting chance to have a bit of action. In fact, woods are fun. But these little low wheat fields that you are always having to cross are the most disagreeable part of an attack, for the woods on either side are sure to be full of German machine gunners."

Gilman Teisberg, of Edgerton, Wis., had just been brought in, and, as usual, after the ambulance trip and the fatigue, was tired and pale. But he nevertheless added his testimony to the wonderful quality of the French Foreign Legion soldiers, who fought on the right of his division.

"Our boys wanted no better praise than to be complimented by those fellows. They sure can fight."

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—Republicans of the Senate in conference today adopted a resolution urging action at the earliest possible date on the pending Federal woman suffrage amendment. The resolution did not advise the Republican membership how to vote.

Senator McNary, of Oregon, was one of the leaders in the movement which resulted in adoption of the resolution. Similar action was urged by Senators Fall, Curtis and McNary some time ago. The resolution is expected to cause the Democrats to bring the question to a vote in the near future.

"The resolution says that 'we shall insist upon such consideration immediately after disposition of the pending unfinished business (the National wartime prohibition bill) with all amendments thereto.'"

Republican Senators regard their action as placing upon Democratic grand agers of the woman suffrage resolution the responsibility for any further delay. The resolution was adopted by the House last January.

At present, according to polls of its friends, the resolution probably would be defeated by two or three votes. The death of Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, weakened the strength of the bill supporters.

Ensign Schetky has two brothers in the service, Lionel and Bernard Schetky, both in the aviation corps. Lionel Schetky is in France.

C. H. Boothroyd Fatally Shot in His Office at Houston.

HOUSTON, Tex., Aug. 24.—C. H. Boothroyd, general agent of the Constitutional railroad of Mexico, with headquarters in Houston, was found fatally wounded at his office in this city this evening. He died soon after he was taken to a hospital.

Mr. Boothroyd occupied the position of purchasing agent for the government controlled Mexican railroads in the southern district.

The pistol with which the shooting was done was found in the office. The bullet entered his right temple.

Liner's Repairs to Cost \$500,000.

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 24.—Contract for repairs to a large Japanese liner, which recently went ashore en route to this coast, has been awarded at an estimated cost of \$500,000. A Canadian Pacific port will handle the work upon the vessel's arrival in September.

YANKEES UNHANDY LOT FOR HEATHEN

American Soldier Goes to Limit, and Beyond, Says Rudyard Kipling.

IDEAS ARE BEING RECAST

Early American Hatred of Britain, Now Disappearing, Traced to Action of Irish People in Years Long Past.

(Continued From First Page.)

turn was honking to warn an American squad coming back from a promenade that she meant to turn in front of them. The English policeman raised his hand, the subaltern halted his men. One could feel the embarrassment when the smooth-faced English houses all of a row echoed the uncertainly pitched word of command.

Suppose Tables Were Turned? But suppose you had been snatched from, say, the suburbs of Coventry, and after three weeks turned down at a place called Morristown, N. J., with orders to take your platoon, which till then had never seen a rifle in a week, to the golf club. Would your voice be at its most professional the first time?

"That's doing 'em good, too," was the Major's comment. A fellow officer at his elbow groaned:

"What's the American for three-pence half-penny? I've been buying post cards."

Said the Major to me: "Your British friend is like our uniform; too conservative."

"Where does your salute come from?" I demanded. "Pre-Revolutionary times. Copied from the English of that date, I believe," like our collars. He fingered his stiff, neatly hooked stock. "Will have to scrap this when we get to business."

The detachment passed. Taken at large they seemed to be more well covered than the last generation. "That's only ship suit," said the Major. "We'll hike it off in a week."

Something More Than Suet. "No," I said, "it's more than that. They're naturally fatter than their fathers."

Maybe. Their fathers worked hard enough to give 'em a good time, but I think it's the way our uniforms are built. Our tunics are too short. Our hats are no good for this job either.

They wore the chin strap behind, Harrow fashion, and the four dimples in the crown faithfully collected the rain. The eyes under the broad brims swept the street, taking in everything, full of curiosity and comparison, all mixed up with that defensive "mustn't give myself away" attitude that you see on the face of a new boy at school. Our own flocks when they first filled in from the dominions had something of the same look, but being at home, lost it early.

While I watched an Australian, evidently on leave, bore up the street. He had been a new recruit a year ago, so with his national air of wrapping illimitable deserts around him he stood and reviewed them for a while all by himself. The Major had the situation at a glance.

Australian Has Graduated. "Well," he said, "he's got the right to. He's graduated."

That detachment was one minute link of the chain that rattles through Winchester day and night. They pour in here from the ports, go to camp, walk out for a few days, then with full packs depart. The desert of the street shows them continuously in ascending and descending columns like hay on mechanical carriers. They are deadly quiet and low spoken and as direct as their ancestors.

They are here to help to kill the Germans. They say it without any heat. We have been four years fighting the enemy, and even now our press talks like an embarrassed governess to an inquiring child, as though dead Huns were found by God's grace beneath gooseberry bushes.

I heard the story of a regiment that had recovered some of its men mutilated by the Hun. No detail was slurred, and the tale ended: "The Germans did that to frighten us, sir."

Something Unpleasant Happens. "What happened next?" I asked. The voice told me what had happened and it was not at all a pleasant happening for the Hun. Yet the same man, a minute afterward, carefully used watered-down euphemism for an elemental fact which an Englishman, or for that matter an Englishman, would have got at in one word. The American inclined this way a generation ago, because even then they were very generally educated by women, and women's share in their education has increased since. They deliver themselves of whole sentences, through which one can almost hear and see the keen, tense "uplifting" womenkind, whose the entirely virile sentiment is its funnily feminine cloak.

But of all creatures the woman-taught man is quite the most unprofitable to irritate or bully. In addition to normal male wrath his acquired delicacy is outraged and he finds himself at white-hot feud with the system which makes such things possible. Then he goes to the limit and beyond and is as impetuous as a woman afterward.

Cleanliness Almost a Hobby. Like a woman, too, he cleans up behind him with acids and disinfectants. This, as the boy said when he showed up a list of the Kings of Israel for his English essay, is not all my own idea, but arose long ago out of a talk with that wise philosopher, Mark Twain. Certain Americans who, by the nature of things could not have lain more than a few days at Winchester, became

interested in the statue of King Alfred at the foot of High street. Perhaps they were fed up with the story of the burnt cakes. Perhaps, for this, too, is a national fable, they wanted him for a souvenir (he can't weigh more than seven or eight tons), or perhaps it was an act of homage. At any rate, one night, being filled with the collective joy of being alive, a malady mostly incident to youths, they went forth with ropes to gather him into two days' arduous labor.

"Then," said my informant, "we had to send down an organization from the camp to stop it."

"Good Lord," I said, cowed by the awful word. "Does that mean tanks?"

"No, sir. No one was tanked. An organization is what you call a unit, just some boys to make 'em quit," assured Alfred. They quit. But believe me, it wasn't any prayer meeting for a while. Anyway, they didn't get Alfred."

I expressed my abhorrence of the atrocity in fitting terms and repaired to the camp where "organizations" swoop down to interfere with the amusements of the young. It was a standard pattern camp of a few square miles, but they had contrived with the materials at hand to give it all the spacious atmosphere of an Army post in their own country.

They are stiffened with officers out of their regular Army or promoted non-commissioned officers from the same. There is no discipline much more drastic than that of a United States regular regiment, and in certain respects their mess ritual could give points to ours.

Like the French system, this is all very prettily camouflaged, but I believe me—e—e—e as one long sample child confided), it does not pay to be casual, dirty or much of a fool in that Army.

Yankee Careful in Talk. An enlisted man of some years' service gave me a curious sidelight. His talk had been of his mother in the Middle West, of some life and the joys of motoring. Suddenly he announced:

"What astounds us most is your regulation that no one here must have his ammunition on him. Not even officers! Not even for your pistol! Take away all a man's cartridges. Why, he's no use. But I reckon it's better that way with folks as thick on the ground as they are hereabouts. If there's a fuss, an' a man's got his ammunition handy, why, he's liable to be tempted, isn't he? Yes, I reckon it's safer."

That is a reflection which would not have occurred to many English mother's sons in a camp within rifle shot of the gray bulk of Winchester Cathedral. Yet this man, too, a salted regular, recounting some piece of Hun beastliness in Belgium, picked and chose his words like a girl of 15, a most unhandy person for the heathen to deal with.

Men are Splendid Lot. Next I met a few thousand of them, in bulk, a pageant of splendid youth representing perhaps two days' arrival. One batch of over a thousand averaged 5 feet 10 by 37 inches chest, all very silent, all very soft spoken, and all with that one look like the inquisitive eyes. How will they look when they see women and children gassed or have to put away the remnants of a bombed nurse?

"It is a pity their people at home cannot realize the unending frieze of wounded in hospital blue which is the background of our life in England," one man said. "Those boys ought to be told there's war on, and they would do our people good."

"Don't worry," said I. "You'll get your share later."

"Shouldn't wonder, but we're a big country and we'd not quite a few to go round. You've got too many."

The wound stripes impressed them, too. They judged it bad business to use seriously wounded men several times over. Some of them—there will be more later—seemed to know to what we owed this state of affairs and said that the draft (Anglice), straight conscription from the first.

Truth Coming at Last. And, slowly or swiftly, each out of his own experience, they are recasting their ideas of the English, which, to tell the truth, were first placed in them and their forbears by the Irish. Ask any American of the last generation whence they had their hatred of the English, and nearly all of them will tell you it was from Irish nurse, servant, hired man or friend. So with these.

But now the wheel has come full circle. England, stripped for the dear life and too busy to know or care, is laid open to them from end to end as she was and low to our own dominions.

Meantime Ireland, for reasons sufficient to herself—her sons will have to restate them year after year after generation to ever rise and color in the world—the Ireland that calls herself the beautiful names and strikes the beautiful poses, is not on demagogues Ey and damned out of it, but loudly in alliance with the Hun.

NEW LANDS TO BE SETTLED

88,671 Acres Withdrawn From the Rout National Forest.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—Under a Presidential proclamation announced today 88,671 acres of land in North-western Colorado are withdrawn from Rout National Forest and made subject to homestead entry in advance of settlement.

The lands become subject to homestead entry after 9 A. M. October 17 and to settlement or other disposition on and after October 24.

About 60,000 acres are for coal classification, but open to surface homestead entry. Some of these tracts are reported of apparent value for agricultural purposes.

Navy Workers to Be Housed.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—For Puget Sound Navy-yard workers at Bremerton, Wash., the Department of Labor announced today it will provide a hotel of 350 rooms, three apartment houses of 15 apartments each and some 250 houses of the bungalow type. Contracts will be let for the work shortly.

Serbian Minister Resigns.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—Because of ill health, Ljubomir Micovic, Serbian Minister to the United States, has resigned his post. Alexandre V. Georgievitch, secretary of the legation, will act as charge d'affaires until a new minister can be named.



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The Committee.