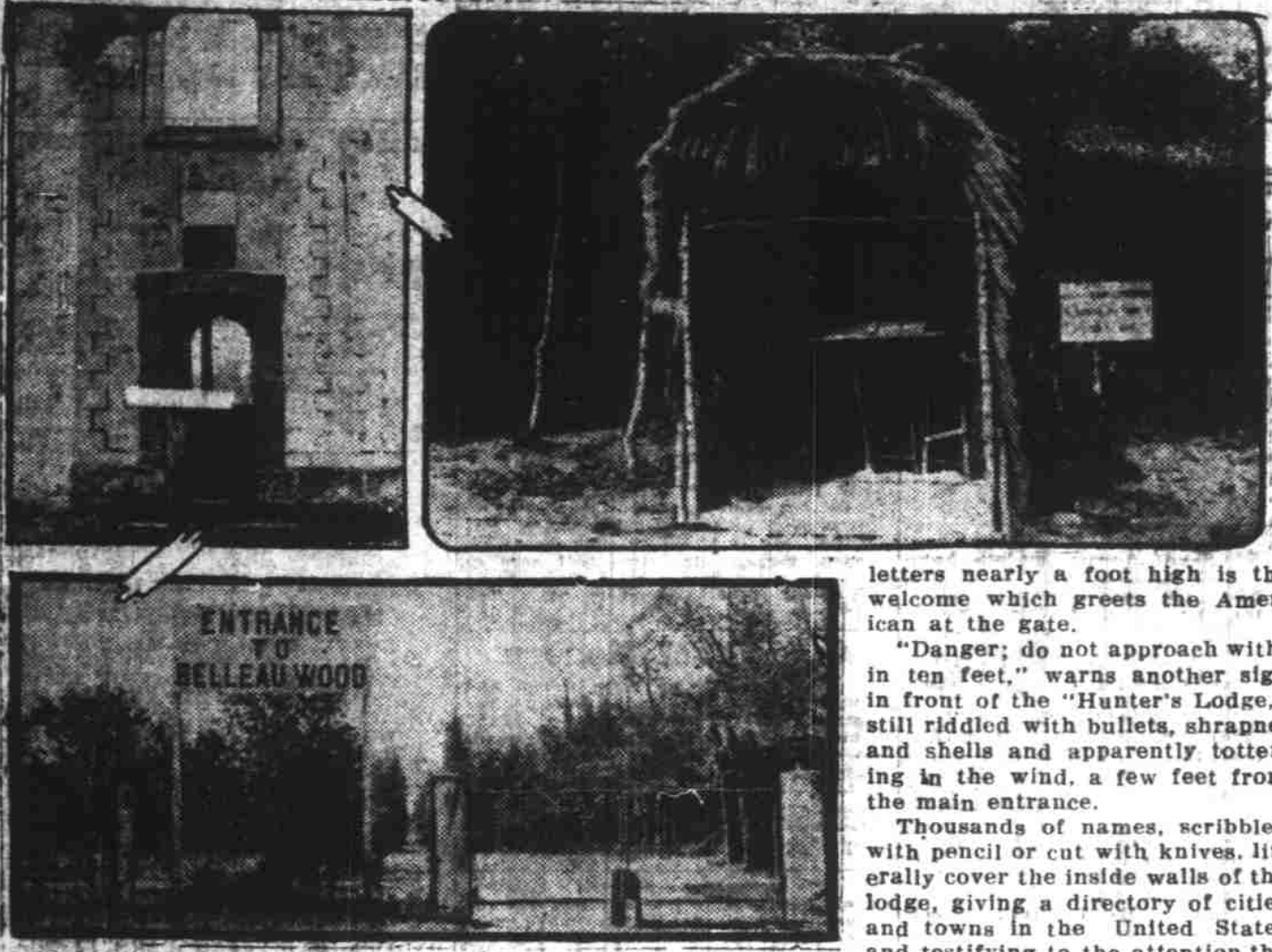


DOUGHBOY SIGNS ABOUND IN BELLEAU WOOD



Upper Left: "Hunter's Lodge" near entrance of Belleau Wood. Upper right: Open-air war relics museum. Below main entrance to Wood.

BELLEAU WOOD, France.—(A.P.)—Belleau Wood today is a few square miles of the United States transplanted into France. No battle of the great war in which the Americans were engaged struck the imagination of the American nation more keenly and deeply than the fight around Belleau Wood. Today there is no spot along the entire former front, from Belfort to Neuport, which gives the American visitor such a realistic impression of the United States' participation in the war.

THE BLACK HILLS BY "JIMMY" ELVIN

(Continued from page 1.)

up to the debate between the Salem, Mass., high school teams and our own high school teams, which resulted in our own team winning at both Salems. Mr. Elvin went to France and served in the World War in an important capacity with the Y. M. C. A. forces. He is now pastor of the First Congregational church at Helena, Montana. In the current number of the Congregationalist, Boston, leading journal of that denomination, Mr. Elvin has an article entitled, "The Black Hills: The West Welcomes the President," written in true Elvian style. To his intimates in Salem, Mr. Elvin was "Jimmy Elvin," not used with disrespect, either. Those who know him will understand. The following is the article in The Congregationalist: "The Black Hills country is all 'hot up,' as the old-timers say, 'clear to the gills,' for the president is its guest during this summer. We far westerners are so relieved. We had a hunch out here that the president would not get any farther west than Pennsylvania. But the Black Hills—that's far enough west to suit all of us! Whoever picked that spot is to be congratulated, for in my humble opinion the Black Hills country is one of America's beauty spots. Montana people are especially interested, for the Black Hills region is not far from southeastern Montana. It will seem so appropriate to have a president for a neighbor. From where we live to the Black Hills, is about as far as from New York to Chicago. But distance means no more to a plainman than time to a hog.

At the Black Hills east and west meet. The towns are beautiful and prosperous, and the people in these towns are hospitable, home-loving people. Hot Springs is a national health resort. Rapid City is a paradise for trout fishermen. Even my friend Henry van Dyke could be happy here. Deadwood is a monument to the old mining days. At Custer gold was discovered in 1875. Lead is the home of the largest gold mine in the world. Belle Fourche is known for its giant irrigation dam and Fourth of July tri-state roundup. Newell is a gateway from the southwest. At Rapid City, Spearfish, and Newell there are flourishing Congregational churches. The beautiful Congregational church at Rapid City is nice enough even for a president. I can truly say that these towns are the most hospitable towns that I have ever visited. At the Rapid City touring camp the keeper told us that for nearly a week he had been trying to get a string of trout for our family—and we were absolute strangers.

At Rapid City I had the pleasure of meeting Yellow Robe, a well known Indian chief of that vicinity. He told me that for untold generations the Sioux had camped on Rapid creek, from which Rapid City takes its name. One Sunday evening fully one thousand people assembled in the touring park to hear Yellow Robe describe the Custer massacre.

He declared that Sitting Bull was not present at the massacre, but was out on the plains, "making medicine." Yellow Robe wore an Indian headdress which he said that his uncle had worn in the battle, and that when he was a

There are battlefields such as the Argonne and Saint Mihiel, where American troops were more numerous and the task as difficult and the casualties larger, but to the layman traveling at the former front Belleau Wood pictures America.

All the signs within a radius of several miles surrounding the battlefield are in the English language.

"Entrance to Belleau Wood" in

the story, he had often listened to the boy as it was told by the older Indians. "What a pity," he declared, "that a great generous America, remembering Custer with monuments and naming communities and counties and even a great international highway after him, should be so forgetful as to overlook Sitting Bull, one of the greatest Indian chiefs." "What could be more appropriate," he continued, "than to erect a monument to his memory in the Rapid City tourist camp, and even call the place the 'Sitting Bull Tourist Camp.'" If that old chief doesn't adorn himself like the rainbow and cover himself with elk teeth, and plead with the president for a monument to Sitting Bull, then I miss my guess. His two daughters, charming young women and accomplished musicians, played several selections on the piano and violin. They had abandoned blanket and feathers for real modern dress. Some one said it would take three of their dresses to make a lamp shade. I listened to the beautiful music and meditated: "How times have changed. How much nearer to listen to the sound of that music than to the sound of the razor-sharpened scalping knife swishing through one's straying locks."

This favored region offers many other attractions: Wind cave, crystal cave, with miles of weird caverns; Sylvan lake, a gem of beauty, in the heart of the hills; Harney peak, easily climbed, from the summit of which, on a clear day, one can readily gaze upon the vast empires of South Dakota, Wyoming, and Montana; The Needles, to may mind a unique and superbly beautiful spot in America, unsurpassed by anything which even Yellowstone park has to offer.

We ate our dinner one day in the picturesque lodge which the president now occupies. It has magnificent terraced mountain roads, and only in France and Italy have I seen roads comparable to them; I congratulate the engineers who made them. Blacktail deer, elk, bear, and buffalo, and innumerable other animals run wild in the great woods, for the reservation is a most secluded wilderness. Down the creek the beavers are building their log houses. In the depths of the hills, mountain sheep, mountain goats, lynx, and mountain lions are found. If a mountain lion ever chased a president, wouldn't that be something for a mountain lion to roar about?

The summer White House is surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. It is charmingly situated and set down in a real wonderland of America. Mrs. Coolidge is surely delighted with the beautiful lodge building, the delightfully pleasant dining room, and the rose tinted quartz fireplace. The flavor of the far west is everywhere. The flavor will be strengthened by the troop of full blooded Sioux Indians who are serving as a guard of honor to the president and his entourage.

We heartily congratulate the president for the thrills that will be his when he visits Deadwood, the home of Jesse and Dick James. He will get first hand information about Wild Bill and Calamity Jane and Parson Smith. Next to Wild Bill, Calamity Jane was the crackshot of the hills, and as quick on the trigger as Wild Bill himself. Since she could pick off

the way from Medora, N. D., to hunt in those same hills. Fishing in the nearby streams near the summer White House is hardly surpassable. Trout and bass are numerous. All mountain streams in the hills are well stocked. When the president goes into one of those mountain streams, which the cowboys say are as "cold as hell," and feels the electric thrill of a lighting-speed trout, and pulls out a speckled beauty, he will never go back to pike-fishing again. Do we far westerners welcome our president? We do so with open arms and hearts! All dwellers in this section of the United States deem it a singular honor to have their president call upon them, and the cordial welcome is as warm and hearty as the west can bestow. Here's wishing the presidential party the happiest summer that they have ever enjoyed. The land of Deadwood Dick royally welcomes them.

letters nearly a foot high is the welcome which greets the American at the gate. "Danger; do not approach within ten feet," warns another sign in front of the "Hunter's Lodge," still riddled with bullets, shrapnel and shells and apparently tottering in the wind, a few feet from the main entrance. Thousands of names, scribbled with pencil or cut with knives, literally cover the inside walls of the lodge, giving a directory of cities and towns in the United States and testifying to the attention the average American visitor gave to the danger sign.

"Visitors are forbidden to handle or remove relics of war." This is scrupulously obeyed. The relic at the little open air, straw covered shelter containing the relics has been signed by thousands, representing every state in the union. There is no sign near the deep natural trench at the foot of Belleau Wood Hill, as one approaches it from Chateau Thierry. The French chauffeur provides it: "This is where the 26th American division spent an entire day in July, 1918. The Germans were holding yonder ridge, and their fire was murderous."

a fly speck on a sparrow's tail, whenever her gun came out somebody had to go for the undertaker. Dear old timers, citizens of a wild era, they all sleep peacefully enough in the hilltop cemetery at Deadwood, and full-length sandstone statues mark the graves of Parson Smith and Wild Bill. Poor Jane has gone; maybe there wasn't sandstone enough for all her she needs. Well, her name is all the monument to her name is all the monument in that wild dare-devil camp where life wasn't worth the bat of an eye, Parson Smith a preacher from Connecticut, was honored and respected, for those wild humans recognized the gold in human nature as quickly as they recognized the gold in the hills. Sinclair Lewis would find no Elmer Gantry in him. On the eventful Sunday in 1876 when Parson Smith was going over Deadwood hill to preach to the people of a near by little settlement he was shot and scalped. What those Indians would have done to Sinclair Lewis is simply conjecture. When Parson Smith's body was brought into Deadwood amid great excitement, the body was laid out by Calamity Jane and her friend Kitty Newell, the only other woman in Deadwood.

"What a pity," says Calamity, the gold of her genuine womanhood coming to the surface and the tears streaming down her cheeks, "what a pity that the only man who ever tried to do us any good should be murdered in this terrible manner." Fifty years after this good parson's death, his memory is as fresh and green as ever. I was present at the fiftieth anniversary of Deadwood, several years ago, and, representing the Congregationalists, was one of the speakers at the memorial service held for Parson Smith, at the beautiful monument which the people of the Black Hills have erected to the memory of this noble frontier preacher. At this celebration soldiers, Indians, cowboys, gamblers and old timers were present from all over the northwest. The business and professional men of Deadwood grew and wore whiskers of all shapes and colors. In honor of the olden days, if any of those fellows had refused to grow whiskers he would have been fined even more heavily than he would have been for squealing on a bootlegger. I was invited to be one of the judges, to pick out the man wearing the handsomest whiskers, the man wearing the longest whiskers, and the man wearing the most unusual whiskers. As there were about a hundred of them, all of them two-guns men, that was one of the hardest jobs that I ever tackled. That job had preaching backed off the map. I didn't mind them shooting the blanks from their revolvers, right under my nose, but I was afraid of one old miner. He was an old fellow with giddy mustache and whiskers, and he had a queer way of attracting my attention. He carried a bowie knife, two revolvers, and a double-barreled shotgun. Every time I would look at him to examine his whiskers, he would blaze away with blanks from the two barrels, straight at my feet. I did some tall jumping, as well as judging, that day. Out of Deadwood on one of the highest hills is a tower, one hundred and fifty feet high, erected by the people of the Black Hills, to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt, who trailed in the early days all

HOME BUILDERS WARNED AGAINST

Pacific coast states is often very serious, say the entomologists. In the Canal zone, where the pest is prevalent, a chemically-treated wooden shack is used for experiments with the insect. Termites live in large colonies. There are both winged and wingless mature individuals, "soldiers" and "workers" and various fertile reproductive forms. The "workers," which are blind, are the most destructive. They are able to penetrate the hardest of woods provided they have access to moisture in the ground. Considerable damage has been wrought by the pest in many government buildings in Washington. \$25,000 being spent at one time to repair a temporary war structure rendered unsafe by the gnawing away at the foundation. The following prevention method is suggested by government entomologists: No foundation timbers, floors, sills, clapboard, etc., of untreated wood should be laid on or in the earth, and untreated beams must not be laid in concrete without at least one inch of concrete underneath and separating it from the earth. A special grade of hard mortar should be used in making cement for foundations or in cellar walls where they are in contact with the earth, as termites are able to penetrate certain mortar after it is some years old. For greater safety all brick-work extending below the surface should be faced and capped with concrete at least one inch thick. Metal termite guards should be provided between the earth and treated foundation timbers, stone, brick or concrete foundations. By simply inserting a sheet of galvanized iron into the masonry and turning the projecting edges downward at an angle, communication of termites with the earth can be cut off. In less pretentious frame buildings, metal caps are placed over the tops of construction stone piling, pillars, or wooden supports. There are three principal points to remember—insulation of untreated woodwork from the earth, metal termite shields to shut off the shelter tubes built by the insects over impervious substances, and treatment of interior wood work and furniture with preservatives. The last recommendations is directed principally to builders in the Gulf states, the southwest and southern California.

GUARDS, BOLTS AND SEALS TO PROTECT

catch a shadow. It is of special construction, to guard against silhouetted signals. No one may enter the room except department employees. Once inside they must remain until the board's work is done. Figures showing crop estimates by states are given to typists unidentified. The names of the states are added at the last moment. Estimates sent in by field men, which the board consider and debate before reaching a conclusion, go into a special mail box to which secretary of agriculture Jardine has the only key. Crop reporting by the U. S. Department of Agriculture has almost tripled in scope since 1920. It takes 33 typewritten pages just to list the reports that are made in one year. More than 300,000 voluntary crop reporters, most of them farmers, supply information for the department with no other compensation than the knowledge they are contributing information of financial value to themselves, and to other producers. From their reports approximately 50,000 separate estimates and reports are issued annually. Ninety per cent of the farmers who replied to a questionnaire said they found the crop reports of practical value.

Snake and Lizard Skin Upholstery for Autos

PARIS.—(AP)—Motor cars are seen here with snake and lizard skin upholstery. A well known closed car belonging to a Parisian actress has a hood and upholstery of leather printed in imitation of a lizard. Furniture covered with snake skin is also appearing in Paris. The best known shoe designer of France has arm chairs in his saleroom entirely upholstered in python and boa skins.

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