AMMONS TELLS HOW HIS REGIMENT ADOPTED BOY

Richmonder Now With Field Artillery in France Writes Interesting Letter.

FIRST TIME IN THE TRENCHES

Describes His Experience in Marching Almost Up to the German Line Through Network of Communicating Trenches.

The following interesting letter has been received from William R. Ammons, a Richmond boy, who is now serving with the Field Artillery, "Somewhere in France":

Try to picture a Y. M. C. A. hut, close beside a beautiful lake; an ancient chapel on the far side, its spire pointing heavenward through tall pine trees, the warm sun of June making a Sabbath day worthy of the legend of "Sunny France." Then go with me into the interior of this hut, where we find a large assembly room. Upon the wall back of the platform, in all its glory is suspended the Stars and Stripes. Beneath its folds is the field artillery band, our grand beloved little colonel, and Sammies—chosen to represent the different faiths in our regiment. From the chancel is draped the Tricolors of France.

The room is overtaxed to hold the assembly. On the very first row of seats, you notice four noble Red Cross nurses, two young women of the Y. M. C. A., and a Red Cross official, and our dearest friend, the chaplain.

At the piano, on one side of the platform, is seated a mere private, who back in the good old days of peace and plenty in the U. S. A. was hailed as an artist.

Wedged in on the seats, standing in the aisles, and every place where a peep at the platform can be obtained, are the boys, but a few months across from "home," and who, if rumors are correct, will bring about victory for the allies, in these last days of the war.

Why this gathering? Why so much interest? Why this look of expectancy on all the faces?

Take a good look at the dear little mother, near the middle aisle in front, wearing the tell-tale raiment that shows sadness and sorrow have knocked at her door, as well as the hundreds of thousands of other mothers in this grief-stricken land. Snuggled up close to her side is a mere boy, who first blessed the world with his baby laugh, some four years ago. Like his mother, he has the same raven black hair, large black eyes, so full of intelligence, but sad from dreaming of their sacrifice, a delicate, straight nose denoting character and good breeding, and a skin clear with the glow and health of childhood.

CROSS OF HONOR FOR SMALL ROGER PAGET

The band plays that wonderful hymn, "America," and with the aid of the boys, the strains of this anthem, telling of the Land of Liberty, float out upon the balmy summer air of France.

Then upon the platform steps our chaplain. Breathlessly everyone listens! "Men of the field artillery, we are here on this Sabbath to welcome a new member to our regiment. A son of one, who so nobly gave his life for the great cause of France. A soldier whom this country has twice honored with the Croix de Guerre, and the Legion of Honor—the highest of and most glorious of all honors to a Frenchman. A hero who will go down in the history of France, as one who knew no fear, and fell upon that bloody battle ground, the Marne, doing his duty, in the last drive in that sector. I am not presenting to you men—Roger Paget, but rather the children of France, and in fact, the whole world, for it is for these children we are now struggling. We who have left our native land must not fear the things to come, but make the world safe for these children, like Roger Paget, in which to live their lives of liberty. Our colonel will now present to you Roger Paget, our new comrade."

Lifted up in clear view, so that all can see his beautiful, childish face, is Roger. The colonel embraces him with fatherly affection, but his heart is so full of tenderness, that speech is hard to find. Then after the boys had let out their pent-up cheers and applause, and order was finally restored, the colonel made Roger feel that he was one of us, heart and soul. So that there may be no possible doubt about it, our French-speaking sergeant told him the story again.

COMPARES AMERICAN WITH GERMAN ATTITUDE

Then comes Rudolphe (formerly with the Boston Opera Co.), with his rich, full, mellow tenor, of which the only John McCormack might be envious, and sings: "We Don't Know What to Call Him, but He's Mighty Lak' a Rose." And to add due feeling to the occasion he bursts forth with the stirring notes of the Marseillaise.

Our Red Cross friend now comes up to tell us the difference in the manner in which the boys of the field artillery accepted this lad, as compared with the Germans, who mutilate and hang upon the roadside the little children so that they may be found there by the allies. He also tells of his thrilling experiences under shell fire at a certain hospital in the —— sector.

Our stirring field artillery march (written especially for us by America's great composer, John Philip Sousa) came next as a final welcome. The way in which the boys sang their favorite tune: "As the Caissons Go Rolling Along," was good to hear. Then to the stirring notes of a well-known military march, the officers and boys file past to shake Comrade Roger's hand, speak words of cheer to his mother and greet the hard workers of the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A.

How glad we were as we headed for our billets to know that Roger was to be cared for, educated and grow up, to serve his country (perhaps as did his noble father) by our efforts. What Sammie would mind going a few days without his "Fags" when he knew Roger was being made happy by his comrade's sacrifice? How much stronger will be our arms, and, added to our Yankee pep, will come the spirit of victory, when facing the boches and thinking of Roger Paget.

TELLS OF HIS FIRST MARCH TO THE TRENCHES

We paraded at sundown to march to the trenches, and started off, marching first through a wood and then over open ground. I saw many shell holes, and thrilled as I realized that each step took me farther into the land of adventure.

A rising mist shrouded the fields, and darkness came as we passed another wood containing many dugouts and thickly planted with artillery. Then we came upon a village full of the ghosts of houses. Weird and spectral in the moonlight lay the shattered church; the tower was gone, the roof also, and through the gaping walls I glimpsed a litter of broken masonry.

We turned right and followed a road. On the left a trench extended parallel with the road, and in the fields—astonishingly near they seemed—Verey lights rose and fell.

Suddenly a stone cracked with a flash of sparks almost at my feet, and something whined shrilly between the man in front and me.

"What's that," I asked.

"A stray bullet looking for a billet," an "old hand" answered.

The road was crowded with ammunition and food limbers going forward and an occasional quietly moving ambulance returning. At last we came to a dump, and here entered a communication trench.

I was sweating profusely; my pack straps galled my shoulders, and I had my work cut out to keep Ted, who was in front, in view. The trench was narrow, and a soldier in full pack pretty well filled it. The sides were strewn with telephone wires, which in many cases had become detached and drooped, ready traps for the unwary, or zigzagged across so that our rifles and impediments became entangled and each man had to disentangle his comrade.

The trench was floored with duckboards. These were excellent in themselves, but there were always gaps where shells had fallen, missing boards, or others placed see-saw-wise on a bump, so that on placing one foot on the duck-board rose up and smote the unwary with surprising suddenness.

RIGHT UP NEXT TO THE GERMAN LINE

Messages were continually passing from front to rear of the procession—"Ware hole," "Step up," "Don't lose touch," "Hurry up," "Are you all up yet?" While from the rear came appeals to "Halt in front," "We're losing touch."

I became wedged in a broken part of the trench and had to wait until Bill, who was behind, caught up and unwedged me, during which process I shed some skin. I retaliated by dragging Bill clear in his turn.

On we went through trenches occupied by men so weary that they neither waked nor protested when we trod on their sleeping bodies.

At last we halted. A Verey light sailed overhead and I saw we were relieving men who were prepared to depart.

"Don't take your packs off yet," came the command from a noncommissioned officer.

"Are we here at last?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Is this the front line?" I whispered to a soldier, whose one idea seemed to be to get away from the place.

"Yes, mate, you've got it," he said as he departed. "The very front line—the one next to the Germans. Good-by-ee!"

(Signed) W. R. AMMONS.

WHITE REGISTRANTS CALLED

Will Be Sent to University of Virginia for Special Training.

The following white registrants have been called for service by local exemption board 1, and will be sent to the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, for special training on July 23:

John A. Clarke,	P. R. Cottrell,
Julius B. Parlee,	Howard W. Butler,
Roy G. Ashworth,	Wm. J. McIlwire,
Richard C. Rhodes,	Fred. L. Harvey,
R. Steckmar,	Eddie R. Carneal,
B. C. Wharton,	Thos. Simmes, Jr.,
J. A. Armbrecht,	H. R. Carlton,
Frank E. Blount,	Jas. A. Blackburn,
J. T. Humphries,	L. F. Vincent,
Russell Caldwell,	Robert L. Britton,
J. L. Perkins,	James E. Maan,
David E. Francis,	Wm. E. Reese,
Odell Brown,	Wm. C. Hollins,
Dorsey S. Smiley,	Robert P. Trower,
E. Calder,	Robert B. Martin,
Wm. T. Berne,	Edgar F. Walton,
James T. Healey,	E. L. Crouch,
Raymond Davis,	J. M. Steinbrecker,
Wm. A. Mackey,	Otis W. Gilman.

CALL COLORED REGISTRANTS

Will Go Into Service at Camp Meade, Md., on July 30.

George W. Rogers, chairman of local exemption board No. 4, announced yesterday that the following colored registrants will be called into service in the next increment, and will be sent to Camp Meade, Md., on July 30:

Charles Jackson, Yancey William Orange, Millas Tucks, William Carter, James Randall, William Alexander Robinson, Henry Henderson, Russell Mingleton, Robert Yancey, Frank Scott, Jack Harry Rose, Frank Leslie Ricks, Merritt Wilder, Andrew Gunar, Joe Burke, Rufus Lynch, Charles Hogan, Horace Melvin Johnson, Nat Scott, Major Dickerson, Walter Mosby, Willie Smith, James Elwood Jones, Wesley Dubar Trent, Sam Woodson, David Carter, Thomas Mebaniel, Edgar Woolridge, Read Hall, James Reeves, John T. Morris, George Jones, Ralph William Jackson, Alfred Glenn, Arthur Thompson, Joseph Thomas, John Gray, James Delaware Gentry, Paul Morris, Jr., Charles Percell Christian, Nathan McGregor, Elgar Harvey, John Allen, James Collins Bell, John Bagby, Pompiey Bullock, John Alexander Allen, Ruben Bell, Charles Elliott, Clarence Kelly, Jessie Kenney, James McCargo, Arthur Ransom, Norman Massenburg, William Wilson Wheaton, Linwood Jones, John Harris, Frederick Taylor, Roger Watson, Hugh David Brown, Willie A. Doe, Vollie Henry Crump, Leonard Jones, James Henry Taylor, James Jones, Clarence E. Franklin, Charlie Gloss, Clarence Stevens, Watkins, Joshua Chamberlin, Robert Jackson, Willie Jackson, Samuel Jones, William Thomas, Eddie Noel, Clarence Bryant, Isaiah Thornton, James William Cheatham, Jr., Junius Brown Glover, Nathaniel Richardson, Newton Lanzy Cooper, George Shackleford, Harry Williams, John Alexander Boyd, Edward Dennis, Richard Johnson, William Oliver Christian, Zeff Cooper, Willie Gray Lewis.

SALVAGE WASTE MATERIALS IN THE UNITED STATES

American Civic Association Starts Campaign to Gather Old Metal and Tin Foil.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—The American Civic Association is starting a campaign for the salvage of waste material on a scale which promises to save many millions of dollars annually to the United States. In pursuance of this object, the association has formed a national salvage committee, with Mrs. John Allan Dougherty as chairman, and with headquarters in Washington. This national committee will act as an advisory board. In each State a chairman will be appointed, who will choose her own committee and organize her State as closely and as quickly as possible. The materials to be salvaged are such domestic waste as tin and lead foil, brass, copper and aluminum, old gold, silver and broken bits of jewelry, paper, rubber, cotton and woolen rags, glass fruit jars, tin cans with fitted lids, furniture and innumerable other articles. The salvage of domestic materials already has been successfully tried out in Los Angeles, Cal., and in Kansas City, Mo.

New Wage Schedule Soon.

SEATTLE, WASH., July 20.—The decision of Director-General McAdoo, of the railroad administration, on new wage scales for the mechanical drafts will be rendered July 25, Mr. McAdoo announced here to-day. He said that the decision had been delayed because of his absence from Washington.

Boy Unloads Old Gun.

FORT WAYNE, IND., July 20.—John McClintock, thirteen, discovered that a revolver used in the War of 1812 would shoot. He attempted to remove a cartridge from the rusty weapon when it exploded. He was shot through the hand.

TUBBY SMITH'S REVENGE OVER NORTH SEA CLOUDS

How Sight of His Mother's Charred Body Stirred Him to Become an Aviator.

DESTROYS THE BABY KILLER

Reported "Missing During Flight." Duel to Death—Petrol Gone. London Clerk Transformed Into Hero Who Uses His Head.

FLIGHT LIEUT. H. C. RUTHERFORD.

[International News Bureau.]

"Flight Lieutenant Harrold Smith—missing during flight."

If "Tubby" Smith is alive and in a German concentration camp he may have a smile coming at that notice in the paper last February. If poor old "Tubby" is out of luck and for all time some 200 miles out there in the North Sea, I am afraid that the notice will be his only epitaph. In any event, "Tubby" Smith won't care. He's done his job, and he's done it well. Seldom, if ever, have I seen or heard of a chap who was so single-minded on revenge. There are a lot like him in all branches of the service, but "Tubby" was a nut on the subject.

No wonder! Just picture to yourself how the reason for revenge came to old "Tubby."

It happened one night last September. The last train from Fenchurch Street to Southend pulled up with a jerk that woke the crammed and slumbery occupants of the third-class carriage.

A pale-faced youth yawned and put his head out of the window. At that moment all the lights went out. The youth was "Tubby."

"Hi!" he shouted to a train official who was passing by, swinging a lantern along the railway track. "What's the matter?"

"Zepps," grunted the official. "You'd better get inside and sleep; we ain't moving for some time."

For the first time in his life, "Tubby" told me, he felt an unselfish fear. You may understand that fear the better if I tell you that he was a very ordinary type of a clerk who had done scarcely a thing worth while in his few years of business. He was just twenty-one.

HIS MOTHER WAS "TUBBY'S" GREAT LOVE

"My main idea in life was to duck work," he confided when we became real chummy after he had been assigned to "X" Squadron of the East Coast Defenses. "When the army wouldn't take me and the board said it wouldn't be fair to initiate another chap at the chemical works, I was only passing sorry. I wasn't an expert, you understand, but I copied and compared all the drafts of the formulas and it requires something like an apprenticeship of two years for accuracy. Put a greenhorn on my job and he'd be bound to cause trouble. Once learned, however, it was 'cushy.'

"Plenty of 'fags' all the time, and once a week to a music hall in London, whence I was returning this night and I was happy.

"But I did love my mother." He blubbered a little and went on. "She was the one big bright spot in my life. Nothing was too good for her, and all that was good in me I owed to her."

When "Tubby" heard of the Zepps near waere he lived, he was stricken with fear at the danger to his mother. He knew that he was not more than five miles away by road, so he decided to walk there. He had not completed more than half his journey when four bright flashes right ahead of him, followed by loud detonations, denoted that one of the murderous Zepps was overhead, and was dropping its bombs perilously near his own home.

FINDS HOME MASS OF RUINS AT END OF HIS WALK

"Tubby" trudged on, and at the end of an hour and a half's walk found himself near the familiar street of his home life. "What's the matter?" he asked the first person he saw. A crowd, amidst which could be discerned the uniform of the police, now surrounded the spot where his home—now a mass of ruins—had once stood.

"'Ouse blown to bits, and every one inside," replied the person addressed; "all in bed, nobody saved."

Such was "Tubby" Smith's homecoming. Tears streamed down his ugly, young-old face as he narrated it.

The next morning, pale-faced young Smith appeared in Whitehall and sent up his name to the air service recruiting department.

On the day of the funeral he received an official-looking document, commanding him to appear in Whitehall two days later for examination. Accordingly, "Tubby" was hailed before a board of five officers, who asked him questions as to his private life, education, pastimes and work.

Not a one of the five gave "Tubby" an encouraging look when the examination was finished. "That will do, Smith," said the senior member. "Leave us now and we will ring when we want you again."

Out went "Tubby," knowing full well that he had made a poor showing.

But if they wouldn't have him, how was he going to accomplish the task he had set himself? "Tubby" told me that again the scene of the wreckage of his home on the night of the raid, with the poor, shattered bodies of his relatives on stretchers, the gaping crowd and the smell of charred wood came up before his mind. He must get in! He would make them take him! He started from his reverie at a tap on the shoulder from the burly old messenger.

"Come on, the committee wants you again."

"Tubby" appeared once more before the board. The president addressed him.

"Smith," he said, "we are afraid that we cannot recommend you."

Tears filled "Tubby's" eyes, but he managed to blart out, "Might I speak to you alone, sir?"

"Certainly, my boy, if it will be any consolation to you. Come to the inner office." The senior led the way into a small room adjoining.

Once there, "Tubby" Smith laid bare his heart, and told all the happenings of the past few days.

Knowing "Tubby," I imagine it must have been a miserable tale, pitifully told, and with frequent pauses to keep back the emotion that threatened every moment to overcome him.

"He left me, shutting the door behind him, without a word when I got through," said "Tubby." "But immediately after, through another door came the messenger with a glass of water. The drink made me feel better, and I commenced to have hopes in view of the president's sympathy and kindness.

"Then the bell rang again, and the messenger once more told me to follow him into the committee room. I lost hope when I saw the business-like look on the president's face. But the next minute I was the happiest chap in London, for he said:

"'Smith, procure for yourself the uniform of a probationary flying officer and report to the training center at Redford. We wish you luck. Go away, and do well.'"

He rose and shook hands with the overwhelmed "Tubby," who stumbled out of the room, down the stairs and into the open air. Two hours afterward he was being measured for a uniform, and a week later saw him a budding young flying officer at the air training center.

"Tubby" said little, but he thought a whole lot. He found he disliked, nay almost feared, flying; but he attacked his work with a grim determination to succeed that contrasted with his somewhat dank face. Under the influence of air service training the bent in his back disappeared. Three months later when he passed his "exams" satisfactorily you never would have suspected him of once being a typical London clerk. A week later we got him on the east coast defenses as Lieutenant Harold Smith, but once he and I got chummy he confessed to the nickname of "Tubby"—why the nickname, he didn't know.

"Tubby" had one bad fault—the obsession of his desire for revenge. But I broke him of the habit of dwelling too much on the subject, much as I sympathized with him.

TUBBY GETS HIS CHANCE FOR REVENGE

His chance for revenge came on the February night of the press notice of his disappearance. I was on duty that night at headquarters with an ungoodly amount of weather forecasts.

Three Zeppelins passed overhead between midnight and one o'clock in the morning, and after them, in purysuit, rose the land machines of the squadron. Four hours afterwards the same Zeppelins were reported returning from landwards over the station, apparently unscathed from the attacks of anti-aircraft guns and aeroplanes alike. "Tubb' happened to be with the commanding officer when a message to this effect was received.

TUBBY RECEIVES PERMISSION TO GO ALOFT

"May I have a try for them, sir?" he asked.

The C. O. shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I know you're a good pilot and I know that you can land at night. It's perfectly calm. If you want to go, go, but don't get done in."

"Tubby" reached for my hand and I was surprised at the strength of his grip, for he was not over-strong. Now I can see its significance.

Twenty minutes later "Tubby" left the water in a small seaplane. For one about to attack Zeppelins coming from the land his movements appeared curious, for he made no attempt to turn and keep over the land after rising.

Due east, straight out to sea, climbing steadily, he headed.

An hour later a destroyer reported: "Passed unknown plane, east, forty miles, 5,000 feet."

It was "Tubby." The C. O. swore. We were at a complete loss to fathom his game.

Twenty minutes went by. Another report from the destroyer: "Passed one Zeppelin, east 10,000 feet."

"There's something uncanny about that boy's movement," the C. O. commented. Then he turned to hear the report of the land flyers who had just returned from their unsuccessful pursuit.

An hour later we got a third report from the destroyer: "By radio from trawler; unknown aircraft engaged in square—"

Square—is 200 miles from our sea base. I could see what was happening as though I were in the seaplane with "Tubby."

The Zeppelin had overtaken him. He had seen it approach from his rear and turned. The Zepp had seen "Tubby" and turned its nose up with the astounding celerity that we have been taught to expect when one of them is attacked.

Before he could check his downward swoop, "Tubby" had swept past the great silvery envelope, and, naturally, found himself right in the midst of a hailstorm of machine gun bullets. "Tubby" was in a tight corner. The Zepp was above him and he was in its range of fire.

The climb above the Zepp was a long and tedious, well-nigh impossible, task, and meant that in pursuing her he was withdrawing farther and farther away from his home base.

He had to choose between returning to safety at his own home base—or as near as he could get to it on his petrol supply—with his work of revenge unfinished, or following his enemy until he once more had an opportunity to drop his bombs from a superior height above her and effect her destruction.

It was obvious that "Tubby," the erstwhile pasty-faced clerk, never hesitated.

He turned and, in spite of the machine gun fire, followed his receding enemy.

Back there in the base headquarters the whole dramatic scene unfolded itself before my eyes. It was after dawn and the C. O. remained up with me for the finish.

Another hour had gone by, when I said to the C. O. "He must be above him by now. I'd stake my life that Smith will never let the Zepp get back."

"By radio: trawler reports from square—sighting Zeppelin falling, on fire."

Teh C. O. and I heaved sighs of relief. "Tubby" had done it. By climbing doggedly for one hour he had gotten over the Zeppelin, assisted by his lightened load of petrol.

He felt for the little levers before him. He tugged at them. The bombs fell true. The usual percussion rent the air. "Tubby" dazedly saw the great gasbag vomiting black smoke and flames from her upper surface.

Then, with a final explosion that must have hurled his seaplane like a leaf in the wind out of his control, the Zeppelin went spinning over and over in dizzying movements, to fall through space, a blazing mass—just as the trawler glimpsed it.

"The boy's petrol is gone." The C. O. looked up from his calculations with pencil and paper and shattered the hellish film that had been passing before my eyes. Then the C. O. seized a telephone and sent out the general search order for "Tubby."

And "Tubby." He felt his motor begging for its elixir of life. But I don't think "Tubby" cared much.

His engine had ceased to revolve and down he went with a gentle flop onto the water. I can see him lighting one of his inevitable "fags" and settling down for a long and weary wait, stranded 200 miles out to sea and probably in an enemy minefield.

"No trace of Zeppelin or seaplane" was the disheartening message that greeted me on awaking from an enforced sleep a few hours later.

Poor, old "Tubby." The floats of his machine must have been riddled with bullets. There's no other way to account for his passing except that he was picked up by an enemy patrol.

But "Tubby" couldn't have cared much. He had had his revenge. When the machine settled lower and lower in the water, first the floats, then the lower wings, he could visualize that terrible scene of the ruins of his home and smile a grim, satisfied smile.

The end was inevitable. "Tubby" Smith didn't mind.

WOMAN GOES TO FRANCE FOR TREASURY BRANCH

Miss Clara Greacen Will Audit Accounts of All Military Establishments Over There.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—Miss Clara Greacen, of the Treasury Department expert accountant and law clerk, is one of the latest of the government's women experts to join the force of the comptroller of the treasury in France. A cable just received announces her arrival.

The comptroller of the treasury has jurisdiction to decide all questions involving the right of any one to be paid money by the government, and this includes all legal questions upon which the right to such payment depends. The branch in Europe audits the accounts of the military establishments over there.

Miss Greacen has spent fifteen years in this branch of the Treasury Department, and is a specialist as an investigator of difficult questions, giving special attention to those involving complicated naval tangles. She is a Michigan woman, her home being in Kalkaska.

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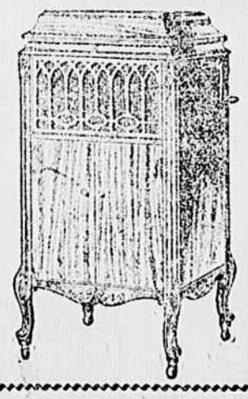

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GOVERNMENT PLANS TO RESTRICT READING MATTER

Publishers Recommend the Elimination of All Waste by Newspapers.

FIX 2 CENTS AS MINIMUM PRICE

Smaller Papers and Less News Will Follow in Event War Board Adopts Ideas Advanced by Publishers' Organization.

[By Associated Press.]

WASHINGTON, July 20.—Restrictions on the reading-matter space in daily and Sunday editions of newspapers, a retail price of 2 cents or more, and the elimination of all waste were recommended to the war industries board to-day by the commitee on conservation of newsprint paper, appointed by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. The recommendations were taken under advisement by the board officials. The committee issued this statement:

The committee on conservation of newsprint paper, appointed by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, responding to the call of the chairman of the pulp and paper section of the war industries board, Thomas E. Donnelly, for conference respecting the adoption of measures looking to the reduction of the consumption of paper, met to-day at the office of the war industries board. Mr. Donnelly outlined to the publishers the necessity for radical reduction in the use of paper of all kinds, and asked them to formulate for his information certain definite recommendations for the accomplishment of that purpose by methods which would be effective, and at the same time be fair and possible from the point of view of the newspaper publishers.

"The committee made recommendations based on the following principles:

"1. The abolition of all waste, including 'returns,' in accordance with the suggestions already made to the chairman of the pulp and paper section of the war industries board, and which have now been made mandatory by the board.

"2. The retail price of 2 cents or more for all daily newspapers.

"3. Restrictions on reading-matter space in daily and Sunday editions proportionate to the necessities of tonnage to be saved, and recognizing as nearly as possible, the relative reading space needs of the papers, as indicated by their present use of space.

"In connection with the second principle stated, the following resolution was adopted: 'It is the judgment of the committee that to avoid unfair competition, and to make practicable the reduction of the newsprint tonnage desired, it is necessary to fix the minimum retail for daily papers at 2 cents.'

HOW WAR BOARD AIMS TO REDUCE SIZE OF PAPERS

"The recommendation in the application of the third principle is as follows:

"Reduction on all reading space up to fifty columns, 5 per cent.

"Reduction on additional space over fifty columns and not over seventy columns, 15 per cent.

"Reduction on additional space over seventy columns and not over ninety columns, 50 per cent.

"The reduction to be based on the daily monthly average of each paper for the six months ending June 30, 1918.

"Recommendation as to the reduction of the reading space in Sunday papers is as follows:

"Reduction on all reading space up to fifty columns, 5 per cent.

"Reduction on additional space over seventy columns and not over ninety columns, 50 per cent.

"The reductions to be based on the daily monthly average of each paper for the six months ending June 30, 1918.

"Recommendation as to the reduction of the reading space in Sunday papers is as follows:

"Up to 150 columns, reduction 10 per cent.

"Next fifty to 200 columns, reduction 20 per cent.

"Next fifty to 250 columns, reduction 30 per cent.

"Next fifty to 300 columns, reduction 40 per cent.

"Next fifty to 350 columns, reduction 50 per cent.

"Next fifty to 400 columns and over, reduction 60 per cent.

"It is suggested that these reductions be effective for daily papers August 5, 1918, and for Sunday papers, September 1, 1918."

$5 FOR KISS

California Judge Imposes Same Fine for Hugs in Public Parks.

LONG BRANCH, CAL., July 20.—Five dollars per kiss and five per hug is the charge imposed by Judge Carl V. Hawkins upon spooners in the Long Beach parks, whether the spooners are engaged or not.

In fining Thomas Arthur $10 for two kisses bestowed upon his fiancee, Miss May House, Judge Hawkins said:

"The law says that men and women shall not publicly indulge in caresses, hugging, fondling, embracing, spooning, kissing or wrestling, and I am going to see that the law is enforced."

RED CROSS RECEIVES $10

Kansas City Man Parts With Pipe He Has Used Ten Years.

KANSAS CITY, July 20.—The Red Cross is $10 richer by the sale of the famous pipe of S. P. (Cap) Hinds, well-known board of trade man here. "Cap" Hinds and his pipe are well known to grain men of this section of the country, he having used the same pipe for more than ten years. "Cap" agreed to quit smoking for a month, and to sell his pipe at auction for the benefit of the Red Cross. M. J. Lane was the successful bidder.

Insults Hoosier Soldiers.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 20.—William Rosenow, fifty-five, a carpenter, is in jail here because he referred to Indian soldiers as "Sums and clodhoppers," according to affidavits filed with Homer Williams, president of the executive committee of the Indian Patriots' League.

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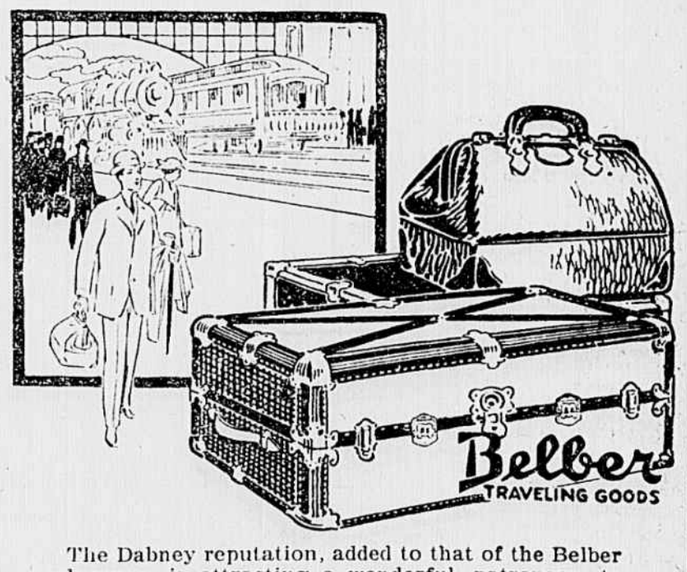

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