

# American Women at Chateau Thierry

By E. Buckner Kirk



AT THE COUNTER OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS CANTEEN

**A**MERICAN women as well as American men were at Chateau-Thierry. To be sure, it was no longer the very front itself, but it was just at the back of the front and through it passed all day long supply trains and men moving up towards the trenches and men and empty supply trains coming back.

In 1914 an American woman, Frances Wilson Huard, watched hundreds upon hundreds of refugees stream along that road toward Paris.

Four years later a little group of American canteen workers were in Chateau-Thierry watching an ever-moving procession in the other direction. The town for the possession of which so many American lives had been laid down was safe at last; so safe that the ever-cautious authorities asked for women to run a Red Cross canteen there, and thus it came about that a little group of us were able to follow our own troops into the famous village. We set up our kiosk tent on the lawn of the chateau and from there we saw the whole panorama of war go by. It was a strange sight to women, an unendurable sight, if one could not feel that in some small human way one was of service. But our canteen, with its huge sign American Red Cross, drew troops from the road as a honey pot draws flies; and with the villagers who had come home, we were almost as popular as the fountain across the way. So we came to know that we were of use—a stimulus to that weary but indomitable fellow, the poilu; a kind of cross between diversion and oracle to the villagers; and, best of all, a bit of home to our own men.

"Gee," a young artilleryman said to me one day, "you're from home, aren't you? But I don't suppose you come from Indiana." For the first time in my life I would have gladly disowned my own state, if only I could have honestly told him that I came from Indiana.

From our duties at the marmite, cache or counter, we could look out upon the cross road and the fountain of the little village, two years ago unknown to most of us, now an unforgettable landmark in American history. For us who have been there, it is an even more unforgettable memory.

### Martial Splendor Lacking.

During the period of reconstruction, when we were at the village, a motley stream of soldiers passed over the dusty road every day. One man who visited our canteen, excited by the color and variety and gaiety of the passing show, likened it to P. T. Barnum's "greatest show on earth." But we women who saw it day by day, who in however slight a measure ministered to the bodily needs of hungry American boys, tired poilus in faded blue, slender, picturesque chasseurs Alpine, big black Senegalese, yellow Annamese of the salvage corps, beautiful bronze Moroccans with red fezzes, and an occasional group of grave young Anzacs, swearing, singing, Tommie, or "bunty jocks" with kilts awning and bonnets afloat, we who saw it all day and hour by hour, could see nothing of the circus about it. To be sure, the smooth road, winding into the little village between shattered trunks of once stately poplars, was often vividly alive with color and movement and comedy. But of martial splendor, in our old sense of the word, there was not a trace. No music but the grinding of hard-worn axles under grimy camouflaged field pieces, or the creak of dusty wagons piled

### The Old Gardener

We were talking, as he instructed me in simple work about the garden. I narrated that a famous Japanese said this war was to be the destruction of European civilization. "It is the fulfillment of it," the gardener said. "It is the best it can do." I went ahead with the hoe. "A golden age is coming," he rambled on, "but not yet. This war is a picnic compared with the times that lie ahead,



A SMALL VISITOR FROM THE VILLAGE



SYMPATHY AND AID FOR EVERY REFUGEE

high with the paraphernalia of camp kitchens, or the screech of a motor horn or a madly whizzing motorcycle. Even when the road was clear of vehicles and long lines of soldiers moved over it to the front or clumped drearily back, there was no sound of compact, marching feet. "Route marching" was the way the Americans came, while the French poilus, with queer bundles strung about them at all sorts of unexpected places, seemed fairly to stroll along. But they were going up to the front, these men, and however they might feel about it, it was no circus for us.

Not that the outward appearance of the moving troops was depressing. Far from it. They went by, to quote Ian Hay, "scattering homely jests like hail." Some came singing and I shall never forget the first day that American boys came into the village. "The Americans are coming," sent us flying out of doors; and "les Americains" echoed the French about us. Around the bend of the road by the church, they came. We could hear them singing before we could distinguish the words and then—"until my dreams all come true." It was "The Long, Long Trail," which brought back to some of us vividly the first summer of the war at home, when we had danced and played and said good-by to the music of that song.

### Present From Headquarters.

One morning I looked out from the canteen upon a new scene, a surprise. Several groups of very feeble old men and women were seated upon the lawn of the chateau. A canteener dashed in breathless at this moment. The old people, according to her hurried account, were a present to us from G. H. Q. They had been living up near the front and some action was planned that might prove dangerous to them. So the French authorities, with charming confidence, simply shipped them back to the American Red Cross canteen to be sheltered and fed for 24 hours, until they could be sent on by train to their final destination. The day before we had been eaten nearly out of house and home, by a number of hungry French infantrymen. Now, as our camion had not arrived, we were looking forward with dread to running short of rations for the afternoon contingent.

Every available canteener was rushed out into the byways and hedges, and in an incredibly short time the villagers had contributed enough from their own poor stores to give the old people a hearty meal. Pitiably dazed were these old folk. They had clung

to their homes through invasion and shell fire for three long hard winters; and now it seemed incredible that their own people could turn them out. C'est la guerre.

A house near the railroad station was procured for them and the next morning they were speeded on their way by a group of young American girls who rose early to see them comfortably off.

### Attraction for Kiddies.

The children of the neighborhood found the canteen a fascinating place. They were with us all day long, slipping in and out, being shoed out remorselessly when we were busy or welcomed when we had time to play. Very early in the morning little ten-year-old Pierre came up the drive with our milk pail. Then, after a cupful of hot chocolate and a hunk of bread, we watched him set off sturdily for home, eight long miles away. Pierre was always our first visitor, but before the day had ended, there were a score of others.

Not far from our canteen, the Smith college unit was doing its splendid work: The members of it dropped in on us occasionally, but we heard far more of their doings and sayings from the children. "The play teacher" was a special marvel and we watched with infinite pleasure her successful efforts to teach these small people, who had learned hard lessons in the school of war, the joy of play.

The doctor, too, was a source of endless comfort and amusement to the children. To hear their talk, you would rather than they preferred to be sick rather than well, in order to get her attention. Some of those under her care, made unheard of journeys to distant hospitals and dispensaries. After five whole weeks of absence, Andrea, the prettiest, frailest child in the village, returned from Doctor Baldwin's little Red Cross hospital at Nesle minus tonsils and adenoids and plus several pounds of soft pink flesh. She had been entirely revolutionized by that institution and started her mother by demanding to be bathed, bathed every day. When the much harassed woman came to us for advice, I am sure she went away marveling at the madness of Americans who believed in soap and water for babies, even in the winter time.

So from the canteen at Chateau-Thierry, our little group of American women were privileged to see war in all its aspects. Color and excitement, comedy and tragedy, all of life we watched as we worked.

truth in which he is confident he dwells.—Norman Hapgood, in *Les Iles*.

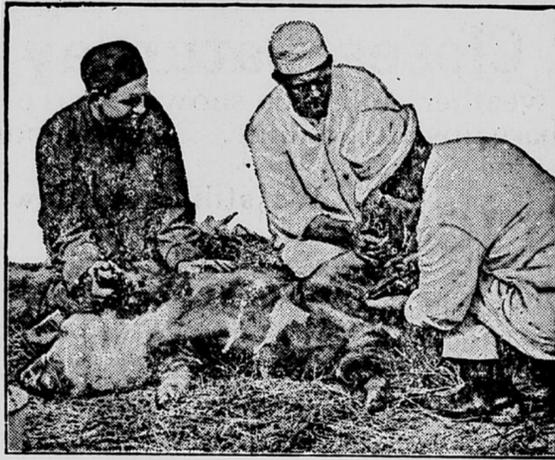
### Completely Lost.

A member of a stevedores company after attempting vainly to hold converse with an Algerian, entered his barracks with this announcement: "Heah, you fellers. Outside Al done got a digger who doan know wher he is or whar he's front. I done thint I was loss in France, but dis boy doan got sunk widout a trace

## Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

### HINTS ON HEALTH OF LIVE STOCK



Treating Hog With Antihog Cholera Serum.

## FARMER BROWN A PRACTICAL MAN

Knows He Must Keep in Touch With Agricultural Publications to Be Up-to-Date.

### DOES NOT NEGLECT ANIMALS

Takes Advantage of Advice and Help Offered by Federal and State Agricultural Agencies—Instructions to His Son.

Old man Brown is known as a man of ripe experience and sound judgment. He is a successful farmer of the practical rather than the "book" type, yet he knows the value of books in his business and that to be up to date he must keep in touch with agricultural publications. He is also wide awake enough to know that the United States department of agriculture and the state and county agricultural agencies are not mere academic institutions, but are in the business primarily to help the practical farmer. Hence he keeps himself informed of what they are doing and frequently takes advantage of the advice and help they offer.

At this particular time the old man's thoughts had been running on the health of his live stock, and none knows better than he the importance of having such matters strictly attended to. So it happened that one morning after breakfast he gave the following instructions to his son who was about to motor into town to do a batch of errands. The incident is here mentioned because there may be others who might get a profitable hint or two from Farmer Brown's directions. His directions were:

(1) "First of all, fix that leaky carburetor in the machine so you won't lose more gasoline before you start than it takes to carry you to town and back. You might get stalled on the way, and that would put you in a nice fix.

(2) "Don't forget to stop at the post office for my department of agriculture Farmers' Bulletin 957, as I am anxious to learn what causes those little warts on the heads of our pullets; they are not just right and, besides, the bulletin contains much other information about chicken diseases.

(3) "Stop at the drug store and get new needles and washers for your old blackleg vaccine syringe, or buy a new syringe, and don't wait for the county agent to do your vaccinating work for you, even though he is kind enough to offer to do the job; you know how to do the injecting as well as he, and, besides, that is not his work, he is only supposed to demonstrate how the work should be done. And while you are at the druggist's it wouldn't be a bad idea to get that prescription filled for our colicky stock, as Veterinarian Spath told you to do, then you wouldn't be obliged to call him away out here in the middle of the night to treat a simple case of bellyache.

(4) "If you should happen to meet Will Simmons in town and he says anything to you about your shooting at his sheep-killing dog, tell him, 'Yes, I shot at it and if the act is repeated it will be done again.'

(5) "By the way, you might stop to see Doctor Spath and find out whether the microscopic examination of the muscle sample which he took from the dead Hereford calf proved it to be just blackleg or that anthrax disease, as he said it was impossible to say definitely which disease it was and I guess our naked eyes are no better than his own; moreover, he ought to know better than we.

(6) "Just one more thing, if Doctor Spath says the disease is anthrax or anything other than blackleg, you better tell him to come out here and take charge of the doctoring, as we

are not supposed to dabble in things we don't know about; you know they say that anthrax can be taken by human beings as well as animals, and the more quickly we get it stopped the better for all concerned."

### AVOID TROUBLE

Farmers and animal husbandmen often can avoid serious trouble among their animals by making careful inquiries relative to the history of the animals they contemplate purchasing for introduction into their herds or flocks. The purchase of an animal lacking a clean bill of health from its birth until the time it is offered for sale, or of an animal from a herd or flock in which an infectious disease is known to have occurred, should be regarded as courting trouble.

### Animals Spread Disease.

The medical profession has known for a long time that one of the menaces to which health is exposed is the infectious material often carried and unconsciously expelled by seemingly healthy persons and animals, but the true importance of this fact has begun to receive the wide recognition it merits only in recent years.

Today we know that many persons after recovery from typhoid fever continue to discharge typhoid germs from their bodies and that such persons cause numerous cases of typhoid fever unless they are properly controlled, and we know that exposure to diphtheria, even when it does not lead to the development of disease, means that the exposed individual often becomes a carrier of diphtheria germs, which are located in his throat, a region from which they are expelled in a way dangerous to the health of susceptible persons. And we also know that this same problem of seemingly healthy carriers and disseminators of disease germs must be given careful consideration because of its bearing on the health of our domestic animals.

The possibility that animals may become persistent carriers of disease germs is not limited to any one or any kind of disease.

### Management of Calves.

With good pasturage the roughage portion of the calves' ration may be eliminated. The grain portion of the ration in some cases may be slightly reduced, although as a rule the calves should be given all the grain they will eat while on pasture. It is seldom advisable to carry calves through the entire finishing period on grass. A better finish is obtained when they are dry fed during the latter portion of the period. It is never advisable to change calves from the dry lot to pastures when on full feed. It is safe, however, to change from pastures to the dry lot during this period.

When pastures are very good some trouble may be experienced in getting the calves to consume enough grain for the best results. In such cases it is generally better to keep them away from the grass during a portion of each day.

In sections where winter pastures can be grown the feeder should make a strong effort to provide such pasture during the cold season, as the green feed greatly reduce the cost of both growing the calves and fattening them.

**Gluten Meal and Gluten Feed.** Digestible Nutrients—Gluten meal: Protein, 30.2 per cent; carbohydrates and fat, 53.8 per cent. Gluten feed: Protein, 21.6 per cent; carbohydrates and fat, 50.1 per cent.

Gluten meal is a by-product of the manufacture of starch from corn. The basis of the meal is the germ part of the corn kernel. Gluten feed is composed of the gluten meal plus a certain quantity of corn bran, which makes it lighter than the meal. Both feeds are fairly palatable and are usually among the cheapest sources of protein.

## DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful.

Girls! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.



Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine for a few cents at any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.—Adv.

### The Robust School.

"Give me the old-fashioned tragedian who used to bellow and smite his chest as he stalked about the stage." "That sort of acting is out of date." "I know it, but the old-fashioned tragedian frequently worked up a profuse perspiration before the performance was over. Even if he couldn't act, you could see he was no quitter."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## WHY WOMEN DREAD OLD AGE

Don't worry about old age. Don't worry about being in other people's way when you are getting on in years. Keep your body in good condition and you can be as hale and hearty in your old days as you were when a kid, and every one will be glad to see you.

The kidneys and bladder are the causes of senile afflictions. Keep them clean and in proper working condition. Drive the poisonous wastes from the system and avoid uric acid accumulations. Take GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules periodically and you will find that the system will always be in perfect working order. Your spirits will be enlivened, your muscles made strong and your face have once more the look of youth and health.

New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue this treatment. When your first vigor has been restored continue for awhile taking a capsule or two each day. They will keep you in condition and prevent a return of your troubles. There is only one guaranteed brand of Haarlem Oil Capsules—GOLD MEDAL. There are many fakes on the market. Be sure you get the Original GOLD MEDAL Imported Haarlem Oil Capsules. They are the only reliable. For sale by all first-class druggists.—Adv.

### A Lowly Buyer.

"Did you order anything from the grocer?" "No I humbly requested a few things."—London Answers.

Always keep a market basket within reach to carry quantities of little things up or downstairs.

### Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum

When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

Some men have to get rich in order to discover how happy they were when they weren't so rich.

The bigger the pockets in a woman's kitchen apron the more uses she will find for them.

**Your Eyes** Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by *Merz's Eye Salve*. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 25c per Bottle. For Best of the Eye Care write *Merz's Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.*