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THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1918.

The Yankee and the Boche.

"The Germans are trying every art of their kind of warfare against our boys, but the Americans are learning fast. For instance, one squad advanced towards a platoon of Americans waving a white flag. The Americans let them come about a hundred yards and then cut loose and annihilated them.

"That they acted rightly was shown by the fact that the white flag had been tied to the handle of a live grenade, and while the Germans appeared at a distance to be weaponless, each one was loaded down with deadly grenades.

"Another favorite trick is that the German machine gunners, when seeing Americans approach, wait until our lads are close, when they cut loose with a final spurt of bullets, and then step out and cry 'kamerad.' Our men have adopted a rule that any German who shoots a machine gun at a closer range than 200 yards cannot be allowed to surrender."

These are salient paragraphs from a New York Times dispatch from Edwin L. James. Here we have the cold essence of warfare as it is forced upon civilized nations by the Hun. Every American ought to know just what it is.

The American has a practical mind. His idealism he reserves for the proper time and occasion. He believes in "fighting the devil with fire." It is folly to let the Hun profit by his Hunnishness. He must be made to realize that Hunnishness does not pay. Apparently the Americans are going to complete his education in this respect.

To every protest over barbarity the German shrugs his shoulder and says: "That is war."

So be it. We venture to say that when the accounts are closed and the returns are in, the German will find every foul deed, every bit of frightfulness, returned in overflowing measure by the American army. It is not a thing to boast about, but the chief lesson that must be taught the German people as the result of this war is this: that two can play at the game of turning men into beasts; that frightfulness is a losing investment.

In this mighty battle of the Marne, in which quarter is neither expected nor given, some of the brightest pages in American military history are being written. The capture of Sergy, for example, is bound to become a classic of American arms. When the brilliance of this achievement becomes known, it will send a thrill of pride throughout the land. At the present moment it is obscured by the larger issues of the battle itself.

The general impression that the Americans are contributing a really substantial numerical force to the allied forces in the Rheims-Soissons conflict ought to be dispelled. Gen. March says that seven divisions are engaged in it. With various American units brigaded with the French, the number does not surpass 260,000 at the outside. But the real significance of the American participation in this fight is thus expressed by Gen. Maurice:

"Among the causes of the German failure, I should place very high the effect of the dash and energy of the American troops. All the other armies now fighting are more or less war-weary, and they all contain a high proportion of lads and middle-aged men. Therefore, the appearance of a new army in the field, with its eagerness and enthusiasm unimpaired and composed of the pick of the manhood of a great nation, must be out of all proportion to its numerical strength. It would be absurd to suppose that anything like the 1,250,000 Americans who had been shipped from the United States have taken part in this battle, or anywhere on the front.

"The military power of America is only just beginning to make itself felt, and the most hopeful and encouraging feature of this battle is that the beginning has been so effective."

War Mothers.

Supreme institution of the universe; most sacred office in the House of Creation; nearest to the true source of all good—Motherhood!

A monument to fortitude, heroic sacrifice, tenderness, self-denial, uplifting influence, example, devotion and sublime patience is Motherhood.

Of us all, Mother alone knows what it is to give, give, give. And now she must give again. She is a War Mother. Mars demands her man-child.

She sees him snatched away, but through her tears of anguish catches a glimpse of the grand purpose he serves, the true mission she has performed. Real peace possesses her, though the heart aches when the mind forgets for a moment and loses that true perspective.

She is even more glorious, more wonderful, more angelic as a War Mother. Like Euterpe, who mothered Themistocles, she is strong that her boy may be strong.

Themistocles made the Athenian navy invincible and saved Greece from the Persian onslaught.

Cornelia was the magnificent mother of that indefatigable warrior and Roman general, Tiberius Gracchus, who died in battle. Gaius Gracchus, a younger son, was likewise a dauntless fighter. Rather than die at enemy hands, he had his slave kill him.

Some ladies were discussing the brilliance, worth and number of their gems at the home of Cornelia. She was silent until her two boys, Tiberius and Gaius entered. "These are my jewels!" proudly exclaimed this Greek goddess in the flesh, drawing them close.

Every American War Mother today is a potential Euterpe, a modern Cornelia.

She has much in common with all other War Mothers.

The organization of War Mothers of America, with chapters in every city, town and hamlet, will perpetuate the glory of War Motherhood.

It will speed nimble knitting fingers, bring comfort to those whose vision is grief-blurred, fostering faith through association with the strong.

Posterity will pay heart-homage at the shrine of our War Mothers. Their hallowed spirit will waft a-down the centuries, a sweet breath of the noble and sublimely beautiful, ever-lasting tribute to hallowed Motherhood and the glorification of womankind.

The Great Tasks Before Us.

Win the war we must and will though it requires great sacrifice, strips us bare and lays a tremendous burden upon future generations. It will be the price of our unpreparedness and the neglect of the human factors which must be the great reliance and concern of the future. While fighting to keep off the yoke of the Kaiser we must not fail to prepare for the great changes of the uncharted future. Democracy must survive to achieve the highest ideals for humanity. Heavier responsibility must be shared by each citizen. Results will be measured by the unity, strength, wisdom and vision of the great majority, who, without clear conception, are, in troubled times, easily led to their own destruction and may bring our children and their children for generations to a barren future.

The war has revealed weakness which must be turned to strength. It will give us renewed confidence and courage to know now that our future citizens will, as far as possible, be qualified mentally, bodily and spiritually for the great tasks which lie before us. This is the time to act courageously. The future must not be left to chance. We should decide now to give all future new young voters the short courses of Federal training for citizenship, efficiency and defense recommended so strongly by the nation's leading women. The training should result in returning about one million red-blooded, broad-minded, right-thinking missionaries for good citizenship and efficient business and community life into as many homes throughout the land every year.

Old Ludendorff is having a tough time of it picking out an allied army the crown prince can lick.

At last Germany admits the Americans are in France. We betray no military secret in announcing that Germany is the next station on the American route.

Kaiser's half-brother held in New York as a dangerous alien enemy. Strange that we've been so long deciding to cage this bird of plot-and-propaganda plumage!

Mother's Presbyterian Church.

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

You know this place we live in sometimes gets my pet Angora
And I cuss its whole existence, both its fauna and its flora,
But several years ago, before the Kaiser got the notion
He could post his sign "Verboten" anywhere along the ocean,
My wife and I, we took a trip and say! we traveled some
And saw more things than I could tell this side of Kingdom Come.
We saw "the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome"—
And ever since we've had a new respect for things at home!
And mother's quite in earnest when she says she made a search
And didn't find one thing to match the Presbyterian church!

They showed us big cathedrals, Paul's and Peter's and Colognes
With a few Westminster Abbeys, chock up full of human bones;
They'd fill us full of history that every place was rich in,
But mother'd poke around a bit and ask 'em "Where's the kitchin?"
"A modern church," she'd say, "you know ain't just for Sunday meeting;
It's for every sort of service, with conveniences for eating.
Your triforiums and buttresses and architraves are pretty,
But I was on 'Equipments' of our Woman's subcommittee,"
And then the Dean would most fall off his dignatorial perch
And mother'd add "You ought to see our Presbyterian church!"

They showed us miles of palaces with acreage of floors
And castles, towered and turreted, and big as all out-doors.
They'd show us where some doughty duke had laid the corner-stone,
And how, 'most like a living thing, the grand old place had grown.
They showed us banquet halls so big they might have fed a city,
And mother looked 'em over and responded "Very pretty!"
And then she added (and her voice would have a hostile quirk in),
"But Saints alive! AIN'T it the Godforsaken place to work in?
Now WE took every catalogue and made the closest search
And we've got all modern fixin's in the Presbyterian church."

Then they took us to museums, to the Vatican and "Louv-re,"
And the British big Museum! I thought maybe that might move her.
It's got the manuscripts and books from every age and nation,
'Way back to "Adam's Comments" on "The Sixth Day of Creation."
Why, the place just seemed to shrink me, with a sort of lofty pity
For such a puny thing as me. But mother says "It's pretty,
But in reading as in eating, it don't pay to be too greedy,
And in OUR Reading Room we got just ONE Encyclopeedy,
And though our Literary Club is given to research,
It has answered every purpose of the Presbyterian church."

Of course I joked her, and, once home, I started a report
That while abroad she'd had the chance to be received at court,
And how she told the gracious queen her crown was "very pretty,"
But it should have been selected by the girls of her committee!
But mother answered, "Yes, a crown IS nice for lookin' at,
But it can't compare in comfort to the commonest old hat,
And for castles and cathedrals Europe leaves us in the lurch,
But for common use," says she, "give ME the Presbyterian church!"

(Copyright, 1918.)

Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn

By DWIG

AFIELD WITH THE OBSERVER

Portsmouth, N. H., July 31.—Lack of a sense of humor on the part of the Prussian warlords, and their followers brought on the world war.

If the Prussians had possessed a real sense of humor they would have stayed out of war, would not have been behased and prostituted themselves, and would not have coveted the balance of the world. Nor would they have indulged in licentious practices and cruelties which have horrified and disgusted all civilized peoples.

That is what New England folks believe. Accordingly they point to the abundant sense of humor which Americans have, founded on the Yankee sense of humor ,which will always be one of the splendid and ennobling traditions of our kind.

Yankee humor will not die. It will live on with the Yankee spirit which surrounds it and out of which come men of might and men of fight, men who are today taking his Hellishness, the Hock One, through the most cripling nightmare he has ever been called upon to endure.

Long live Yankee humor. We are for it. It has spread into every village of this great nation. It has grown with the great national spirit of America. It is an indispensable part of us, and must always remain so.

Here, there and everywhere about New England one sees evidences of it—some of them grewsome perhaps, but all of them examples of the spirit which made America the most beloved of nations and Americans most honored of all peoples.

We have always lived in the West but when we came here we confess we had some most extraordinary impressions of New England—all of them edifying, however.

For instance, we recalled our own railroads signs out West when we saw those here. Out beyond Chicago they read: "Railroad crossing—Look out for the cars." Or sometimes they are slightly modified to read, "Railroad crossing—Look out for the train."

But here they are more precise than that. They put it more tersely. Their signs here read, "Railroad crossing—Look out for the engine." They know here that if a man doesn't look out for that implement of destruction he need not worry about what follows behind. Indeed were the warning amplified it might read: "If you don't look for the engine it won't be worth while to look out for anything else."

The forefathers in New England must have worked hard. You see the proof of it in the thousands and thousands of miles of stone fences here. Which recalls to our mind that most of the sprain and backache remedies originated in this section of the country. After all it was only natural that they should. For, pray, who would need the remedies more than our fathers here when they got through putting up these stone fences. We haven't time to figure it up, and we haven't consulted any of the many statisticians here, but we'll wwager a rotten apple against a steamboat that there are many, many sprains and bruises and backaches tied up in these fences.

In most parts of the country, and we say it with the utmost regret, the folks do not take the interest they used to in the old-time card games—they pronounce it "cayhd" here. Of course, there are a multitude of ladies in society and some of the hevampires with them, who love to play hifalutin games in which they don't take much interest, but in which they drop a considerable roll of their principal. But these don't count. We mean the old-time games that folks will play all day and half the night if they get the chance—and do it all for no gain in pocketbook whatever.

"Sixty-three" is the game hereabouts. It is just like high five, in fact, except the king counts twenty-five points, the tray fifteen points and the nine spot nine points. And what infinite enjoyment is tied up in this game for the home folks. Ladies and gents play it and fillitheir souls on it, and an afternoon of it will make the most aristocratic person in the world feel like eating supper where everything is put on the table in big dishes and where some of the company may be guilty of coaxing peas onto a knife before they transport them to interior points. That is, this feeling will come to any aristocrat who is really more of a Democrat than an aristocrat.

Another sign of covilization here is the fact that one may hear occasional slams at P. M. G. Burleson just the same as he can in the Senate or House office buildings in Washington, or up and down Pennsylvania avenue. They perk up their ears at mention of the Texan mail-manager and opine, when they are given a chance to express themselves on the subject, that if Mr. B. would mend the ordinary facilities a wee bit it would be more to his credit than devising ways and means for carrying the mail a few thousand feet over our heads.

They aren't quite so sure in talking about Kerensky here. They have heard all about him, of course, but they've never seen him or felt him—like they have Mr. B.—so they wisely let others discuss this man. Way down under their B. V. D.'s however, they have a number of opinions about Russia, and we are quite sure if a Russian commission could be sent to this country and would come to New England for suggestions it would not be at all to the disadvantage of the Big Bear nation. This section, when it was young, had a multitude of problems just like Russia has nowadays but it managed to settle them so that the section expanded into a powerful nation. For the basis of their laws between men they went back to the laws laid down by God for men to follow. This proceeding shows their simpleness of spirit—and this same simpleness might be found useful right now in Russia.

This State is dry. But no one deplores it very seriously. We talked to scores of men here who used to tickle their pallets with "Jimmy" Pepper, and some of the other more or less distantly related members of that race, but there appear to be none of them who want to bring back the drinks of other days. It gets a little hot now and then, but the old town pump offers such a liberal supply of real liquid that the natives flock to it and its descendants with commedable alacrity. Of course, the folks here do not want to dictate what the course of other States shall be, but they are willing to swear that if any State now possessed of grogeries and "Dew Drop Inn," will only take to the water the change will be beneficial to both pocketbook and stomach.

The legislature of this State is a wonderful body. We didn't get to see it in operation because the capital city is free of its illuminating presence just now. But the lower house is made up of several hundred members—every town being represented whether it is great or small. Many men go to the legislature here who probably wouldn't get the opportunity if the representation were cut down. The result is that many queer laws are proposed and some decidedly queer ones are actually put on the statute books. But the number is strangely low considering the makeup of the law-making body. Some day, so some of the progressive folks say, there'll be a constitutional amendment offered cutting down the representation. But we have our doubts about its adoption for the number of men who are or who have served in the legislature constitutes a majority of the population, we fear, and they all will oppose it for what they have gained from the old law or expect again to gain. We see no victory in sight for the amendmenteers until the number of lawmakers and ex-lawmakers decrees through some operation which makes many of them serve many terms and which allows no general passing-around of these offices.

The system is decidedly one of class representation, though. There are many lawyers in the legislature, of course, but the number of non-lawyers completely overshadow them and they do not get the opportunity to do the tinkering they do in some of the States where the representation is smaller. This may be an advantage which the keen-eyed Yankees observed long ago, and which will be their reason for refusal to amend their organic law. Besides, the change would destroy the big law-making family which gathers under the present plan and which, therefore, gives to the legislature distinctly the aspects of an old-fashioned New England town meeting. It might be bad to cut out this feature, anyway, and to deprive the folks of the one great outlet of fun which many of them have only once in their lifetime.

So long as the system works no inherent injury—and we fail to see that it does from a study of life and conditions here, and from interviews with the folks—it might be best to let it go on and on until sundown in our nation. There are worse things in the world than having an unwieldy legislature, our progressive friends to the contrary notwithstanding. Anyway, if all States could get along as well as New Hampshire does there shouldn't be any gross complaint emanating from the rank and file.

THE OBSERVER.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

MOTHER AUGUST.

Clad in a garb of regal green
Now comes our smiling August Queen,
Her face with majesty serene.

In other years from East to West,
From North to South she spoke of rest,
And made the weary heart her guest.

But in these days of War her away
Tells of the harvests on the way
That shall be ours some Autumn day.

For by the gifts she scatters wide
O'er fields and teeming countryside
The borning seed is fructified.

So in the midst of War and Pain
We hail her Queen, and bless her reign,
Fair Mother of the coming grain.

(Copyright, 1918.)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McINTYRE

New York, July 31.—William G. Shephard, tanned and lean from his experiences as a war correspondent, is resting in New York for awhile before he packs up his kit and starts off again for some far-flung corner of the globe.

When he drops in for a visit at the Press Club, all activities such as bending the elbow and raising it fifty cents, are suspended while the knights of the quill gather around him to hear the colorful tales he can spin of his experinces in Austria before America entered the war.

The leading journalist of Austria is Rhodda-Rhodda, a conceited scrivener who was much disliked by the foreign scribes. Shephard was in a hotel lobby with John T. McCutcheon, of Chicago.

The dashing Rhodda-Rhodda bustled in and after inquiry at the desk walked up to the couple. He clicked his heels and said with great impressiveness: "I am Rhodda-Rhodda."

"I'm pleased to meet with you," said Shephard. "I am Shephard-Shephard. My friend here is McCutcheon-McCutcheon."

Nearly all of the Austrian journalists more monocoles, a little conceit that irked the Americans. Shephard hit upon a plan. He went around to a watchmakers and got several dozen small crystals at five cents a throw.

Soon all the American writers were wearing the crystals. They would group about the hotel lobby and one by one they would let the crystals fall from their eyes, never stopping to pick them up, but constantly replacing them with fresh supplies in their pockets.

Sometimes they would break as many as ten in an evening, apparently appearing unconscious of any loss whatever. As the Austrians were paying ten and twelve dollars for their monocles they were horrified.

The esteem in which Bert Williams, the colored comedian, is held by Broadwayites was demonstrated the other night when Williams appeared at the "Midnight Frolics." Ziegfeld had not found a place for Williams in this year's "Follies" in which he has long been a feature. There were some who said Williams was through.

There was a gap in the midnight show and Williams was called in. The crowd cheered for fifteen minutes and the ovation was said to be second to the reception afforded Galli-Curci at her New York debut. The show was disrupted by the constant applauding.

Bert Williams is the only actor of prominence I have never seen on Broadway. He makes no attempt to bask in the Rialto spotlight. He does not attempt to mingle with other members of the company. He is always respectful and pleasant but keeps to himself. When he is through he gets into his car and drives to the little apartment in the negro section where he lives.

Seen Around the Town: Six former Broadway professional dancers in sailor uniforms whistling "Good-by Broadway, Hello France." A girl elevator operator stopping between floors to powder her nose. A millionaire publisher forcing a waiter to return a tip because he had not thanked him. A crowd jeering at a male flirt as he stepped into a patrol wagon.

A young girl of the chorus stepped out of the revolving door of a gilded Broadway beanry the other afternoon wearing half-hose. A crowd of course fell in behind. A worried policeman saw her, scratched his head and finally told her she had better take a taxi home and finish dressing. She did. And a humorist in the crowd yelled: "Soc et tuum!"

"What Do You Really Know About Other Men, Anyway?"

By THE REV. CHARLES STELZLE.

You and I know mighty little about people, after all—in an intimate way, I mean.

I was seated in the hotel barber's chair in a small Western city, and the barber was telling me about the town's leading labor man:

"You never heard of Jim Anderson? He's the feller with the brown derby—there he is out in the lobby!"

And he seemed very much disappointed that I had never met Jim, for to him Jim was the biggest labor leader in the movement—even though he had not yet been sent to a national convention, nor been mentioned in the news stories outside the State.

Jim was a big man to the barber because he had been active in the interest of the men in the town in which he lived—these national "leaders" were all right, no doubt, but they hadn't entered into the life of the barber.

Yesterday I talked with a "big" preacher. He was known throughout the country—but only among the people of his own denomination.

Those of other churches had scarcely heard his name. And it seemed to distress him that scarcely anyone in New York knew him—even among the laymen of his own church.

The preachers knew him because they read the church papers. Few of the laymen did.

And I felt sorry for the big preacher from the Pacific Coast, because he seemed so alone.

While the preacher was talking with me, there came into my office a cheery, smiling chap—the kind who simply radiates prosperity and good fellowship.

"Why, hello, old man!" the preacher fairly shouted at him. "What are you doing these days? Often wondered what became of you—haven't heard anything from you in years. Fact is, you never struck your real gait since you left your church position. You were a big man in those days."

Not all in one sentence, but all in about three minutes' conversation, the smiling one had this fired at him by the preacher.

And I looked at my friend as he smiled broadly at me—for he was a bigger man than ever, not only in New York, but throughout the entire country, with a broader influence and a finer outlook—but because he was no longer within the narrower field of this particular preacher's life, the preacher sincerely believed that he had simply dropped out of the big push.

Come to think of it, I haven't seen the man who lives across the way from me in six months, although there are only four houses on my street. We ride to town every day in the same train—but he rides to the train in an auto, while I walk, and he sits in the smoker, while I don't. He's a corking good fellow, I know, and I like him immensely—but know him? How can I?

What do you really know about other men, anyway?

Army and Navy News
Best Service Column in the City

Residents of this city and vicinity commissioned in the army are:

Samuel T. Dana, Department of Agriculture, captain, national army.

Adam G. Adams, jr., 1757 Columbia road, second lieutenant, Ordnance Department, national army.

Earl J. Carmine, Arlington, Md., first lieutenant, Ordnance Reserve Corps.

Richard H. Tyner, 2801 Eighteenth street, second lieutenant, Ordnance Reserve Corps.

Thomas Hill, Army Medical School, second lieutenant, Sanitary Corps, national army.

Frederick M. Sibley, Harrington Hotel, first lieutenant, air service (production).

Charles N. Temple, 21 M street northeast, second lieutenant, air service (production).

Two officers of the navy and one Marine officer have been dismissed from the service following conviction by court-martial of violations of the regulations. They are: Lieut. Julius W. Simms, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. Dixie, convicted of gambling with enlisted men; Ensign John S. Upton, U. S. N. Reserve Force, convicted of absence without leave and drunkenness, and First Lieut. Edgar Hayes, U. S. M. C., convicted of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

Clemency was exercised in two other cases. Lieut. (J. G.) Constantine Clay, U. S. N., was convicted of neglect of duty, resulting in a navy vessel being stranded, and sentenced to lose thirty numbers in his grade and to forfeit $25 pay per month for twelve months. The portion of the sentence involving loss of pay was remitted. Ensign John J. Fingleton, U. S. Naval Reserve Corps, was convicted of striking his superior officer and sentenced to be dismissed. The sentence was reduced to the loss of pay at the rate of $25 a month for six months.

The cure of a little village church down in the S. O. S. got it into his head that his parishioners were overcharging the Americans for laundry work, for chocolate, for souvenirs and other things. Being a downright sort of person he decided that something must be done about it.

Next Sunday, in his church, filled one-half with his own congregation and the other half with les soldats americains, he proceeded to read the former the riot act. In accents strong and French, he laid down the law. "Vous demandez cinq francs quand vous avez droit a un franc seulement!" was one of the points he laid stress on again and again by way of telling the faithful that some of them were asking five times more than they had a right to.

Cinq Francs by the Bushel.

The Americans didn't know much French, but they had been over here long enough to know cinq francs when they heard it. They heard it so often in the course of that sermon that they thought that was what the good man wanted from each one of them.

So when M. le cure started down the main aisle right after the beginning of the credo to take up the collection he was fairly swamped with five-franc notes. Every O. D. blouse was unbuttoned and from every one came the little blue paper. By the time he had got down the main aisle and was going to turn up the side aisle, they had so exhausted the collection basket's capacity that he had to make an apron out of his cassock. And he couldn't understand it at all.

The chaplain of the particular American unit that thus shelled out sat in the back of the church. Knowing French—and also the boys—he was surprised at the outlay. Later he inquired and found out what prompted it. Then the boys and he had a mighty good laugh.

Not so the French priest when he heard about it. He was horror-struck. "I must get that money back to them! It is not right! I must give it back!" he exclaimed.

"No, you mustn't, brother," laughed the American chaplain. "I told the boys all about it, and they say the lesson in French was cheap at the price. Besides, your sermon hit home so hard they've more than saved five francs apiece this last week in town!"—From the Stars and Stripes, France.

Rear Admiral Henry B. Mansfield, U. S. Navy, retired, died on July 17 in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was 72 years old. He had been ill fourteen years, having suffered the first of a series of paralytic strokes when he was in command of the battleship Iowa.

Born in Brooklyn Henry B. Mansfield was educated at the United States Naval Academy, to which he was appointed from Massachusetts Ferbruary 27, 1863. He was a member of the Eclipse expedition to Siberia in 1869. A few months later, as commander of one of the Mohican's launches, he participated in the burning of the pirate steamer Forward in the Tecupan River, Mexico. In the Spanish-American War he was commander of the U. S. S. Celtic. He was retired in 1905.

Another record was made in destroyer construction at the navy yard, Mare Island, where Secretary Daniels announced that the U. S. destroyer Ward was put into commission Wednesday, 70 days after her keel was laid. "This breaks the world's record," said the Secretary in making the announcement. "Before the war from 20 to 24 months were required to complete a destroyer. The keel of the Ward was laid on May 15 at 7:30 a. m. The vessel was launched at 8:30 p. m. June 1, 17 1-2 days after her keel was laid. She was put into commission June 24, 70 days after the laying of the keel. The Ward was built at the Mare Island Navy Yard, which has set a fast pace in destroyer construction, and in building the Ward has made a new world's record."