

AMERICA IN FRANCE

XI—Domremy

Domremy is a wee mite of a town, boasting in times of peace but some 300 inhabitants and in war-time even fewer than that.

Yet there is not a single American soldier, Catholic or Protestant or Jew or what not, who, learning that chance has placed him for a while in the region about Domremy, does not bend every effort to visit it, even though the visit may entail a long overland hike after a week of much hiking.

For Domremy — Domremy-la-Pucelle, as the guidebooks call it — is the birthplace, the shrine of Jeanne d'Arc; and being that, it is the one shrine above all in France for all Americans to honor.

Over the road leading to the south, the very road by which Jeanne and her band of Neufchatel to escape the marauding band of Antoine de Vermy, the governor of Champagne, who espoused the English cause, you can see the Americans trudging of a Sunday. Over the road from the north, the road by which the Maid of France set out for Voucuirecourt to beg the aid of the Sire de Baudricourt for her high adventure, you can see them tramping in aimless. Yet they march with less than their usual blitheness and abandon, if anything; for, one and all, they instinctively feel that they are about to enter on holy ground.

The Mission of Jeanne

Holy ground it is indeed, as holy in the eyes of long suffering France as the shrines of Mt. Vernon and of Springfield, Illinois, are in the eyes of America. Here, in this obscure little hamlet of the Lorraine marshes, was born she who was to lead her country, sore oppressed by foreign rule, sore beset by internal strife, to liberation and unity.

Though her work was later set at naught, though her striving had to be repeated, over and over again, by men less worthy, less earnest than she, yet she it was who gave to the French the vision of a united and restored nation, free from foreign domination, a nation wholly French. As she put it, "It is my Lord's will that the Dauphin should be king and receive the kingdom in trust," meaning in trust for the King of Kings.

Everestingly the Americans enter the village and proceed to the little church, successor to the edifice in which Jeanne was baptized and in which, for long hours, she used to implore the aid of her saintly trio, the great St. Michael and Sts. Marguerite and Catherine, the martyrs who sent her forth on the quest that ended in her own martyrdom.

There in the garishly new but none the less inspiring windows of stained glass, she read her history, from the time when, under the great beech tree on the hill beyond, she heard the voices calling her to the time when, reviled and discredited, she was led to the stake at Rouen.

Pilgrims, Not Sightseers

Perhaps they enter the little church during service, and hear the choir of children singing "Sur ton front, o noble heroine," the hymn especially dedicated to the Maid of Domremy. Perhaps, too, as on one occasion, they retire abashed before the eloquent welcome of M. le Curé, uttered from the pulpit itself.

The good man has been exceedingly touched to see the Americans, strangers from more than 6,000 miles, come trooping by twos and threes, Sunday after Sunday, into his famous little parish, and coming frankly as pilgrims, not as mere sightseers. In consequence, his greetings is warm, and it loses none of its warmth because of the fact that, perhaps, not one in four of his khaki auditors can comprehend it all. Certainly, on their part, their appreciation is just as great as if they understood every word of it; they are content at being able to divine the spirit behind it.

Then, of course, there is the shrine of shrines of Domremy, the little house close by the church in which, on January 6, 1412, Jeanne was born, with the white marble statue of her, that was sent from England, the model of the bronze statue wrought in her memory by Princess Marie of Orleans, and the earlier one given by King Louis XI, adorning the room on the ground floor in which the family of Jacques d'Arc, all unmindful of the fame that was to come to them because of the youngest daughter sat during the long cold evenings—colder and bleaker in old Lorraine than in any other part of France.

The Room with the Double Window From this room the pilgrims may proceed, with hats off and with reverent step, through the low door that leads into the bare little room known as Jeanne d'Arc's own, with its double window looking out on the garden beyond. Above on the second floor, they may see a collection of arms, of pictures, books and other relics of the days when the peasant girl led the four-decades to victory.

Interesting as the house and the church are, the Americans do not stop with them. High up on the neighboring hill, in the Bois-Chenu, on the very spot where the wailing maid heard those miraculous voices urging her to go forth and save France, stands the Basilique de Jeanne d'Arc. There, in the beautiful crypt, they may see the frescoes by Monchablon, to the honor of the French Army and Navy; the statues of St. Martin and St. George, the banners presented by the proud cities of Toulouse and Cambrai and other things recalling the progress of the great work which the maid set on foot.

And from the basilica there is to be had such a view of the valley of the Meuse as is hardly to be obtained anywhere else throughout the entire length of that famous stream. Local legend has it that the fairies used to play about the knoll on which the basilica is situated, and the great beech tree thereon was called in consequence L'Arbre des Fées. There it was, too, that the young folk of Domremy, and the neighboring village of Groux, used to foregather every May to play their rustic games, and to dance in a ring—Jeanne, in her childhood, danced there, too.

The Descent—and Souvenirs

Reluctantly, the Americans made the descent from the hill down the road to the town again. They buy picture postcards, little gold Lorraine crosses, little medals—any and all fit to make glad the heart of an American mother. But it is violating no secret to say that many of those little medals of the Maid themselves attached, sooner or later, to the sweaty cords on which the identification tags of the Americans are strung; for if they had not considered themselves, in part at least, the knights of Jeanne d'Arc, the followers of her white and gold banner, the co-deliverers with her of the fair land which she loved so well and for which she laid down her fair young life—why, they would not have made their pilgrimage to Domremy.

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

PROVING YOU CAN'T DODGE OLD ACQUAINTANCES EVEN IN A STRANGE CORNER OF A STRANGE LAND



He says to the janes Meet loot Brown who captured Chato Thierry

Aixlesbains, France, Sept. 29, 1918. Dear old pal Henry: Well Henry if you could see I and Buck now you would maybe think we both had papas who had bookoo jack or something and that we didn't have nothing else to do but spend some of it for our health or something.

When we got here a M.P. steered us over to a place where John D. Morgan and J. Pierpont Rockefeller staid for a couple of months onse and which is all fixed up for a couple of highbrows and which is being occupied by only a couple of buck privs. at present, which is I and Buck.

Last nite when we went to bed Buck laid his pants on a chair that Morgan maybe used onse to put his pants on and then Buck and I pretended like he had as much money in his pants as Morgan had in his and prettily soon he kept talking so much I had to get up and put a chair against the door so a burglar couldn't get in and lift our wad.

Well Henry I guess if a burglar took a notion to come in he could do it all rite but he could cuss like hell after he found how hard he'd worked for nothing. Anyway Henry it is a whole lot of fun to hang round where some rich bird has been and just pretend you are him. I'll bet by just staying here we can cop off any jane in town when we want to. It is a great advertisement for a couple of buck privs. who has never had any real hance in the world Henry.

Well so long Henry, S. T. B.

Aix, France, Sept. 30, 1918. Friend Henry: Well Henry things are sure developing round here which is all in our favor. Yesterday Buck got up early and went swimming and about a hour later I got up and went down to the lake to where he was. I saw a guy setting up on the beach with a couple of pretty dolls and of course I figured it was Buck and so I started up there.

When I got in about 50 yds. of them Buck came running to meet me and shook hands with me like he hadn't seen me since the war started and then he whispered to me and says for me to saloot him and call him a captain as he has gone and told the janes that he is a captain etc. and that he is making a big hit. Sure I says to him, "Why wouldn't I Henry when you can get away with something like that back here."

Well Henry you can't guess what he pulled next. He says to the janes Meet lootenant Brown who is my list loot and who captured Chato Thierry. Well Henry these janes was both English or American and it nearly knocked them down. (One which was the prettiest one Henry got up and says I am so glad to meet you lootenant etc. She says The captain has told me all about your wonderful work at Chato Thierry etc.)

Well Henry about that time Buck nudged me with his elbow which of course was a sign for me to carry on my loot loot says. And I guess I carried on too. Oh I says That's nothing. There's many a plain old buck priv. who has done that much I says to her.

Well Henry they were both all togged up in a 1 piece bathing suit and which was kind of cut low at the top etc. and I guess that was enough to make anybody want to be a captain or a loot.

We sure had everything all our own way Henry until one day we got inquisitive and ask Buck why it was we didn't wear Sam Brown belts etc. Bucks face got redder than a verilyte or something that bursts high up when there ain't no moon and he was about to say something that would spoil the deal when I says Oh we officers don't make a practise of wearing them on the line because the enemy would take a crack at us first thing of the bat.

Well Henry everything was going all rite for us when some sekund loot from the Q.M. Corps came along and passed us. Of course if I had of salooted him it would look like we was only privs. so I didn't saloot and neither did Buck.

Henry this loot hadn't took 6 steps when he turned round and come back to where we was. "Don't you ever saloot an officer he says to us and of course we both stood up and saluted and then he walked on.

The idea of him talking to a captain like that this girl of Bucks says. Why didn't you tell him you was a captain she says to Buck. Well of course I says we both look like privs, dressed up like this and I can't blame him none. If we would of told him we were officers from the front I says He would of only been jealous anyway and I don't feel none like talking to him much anyway while you are here because he would of wanted to ask us a lot of questions about the front and would of talked a lung out of us if we would of told him. Then she says Oh how impudent.

So I saved our lives onse more Henry and I guess I did it pretty well to didn't I. I'll bet Buck would of got all balled up and wouldn't of gone over with two waves like I did Henry.

Well after that I went in swimming and dove across the lake a couple of times which made a big hit with them. Then we made a date with them for tonight, and when we left them Henry this one of mine says It is sure a privilege to go out with you fighting men. Just think of the things you have done and of how you have led your men so bravely through the fight.

And then she says And to think of it how you dress as mere privs. and have to saloot sekund lootnantes because they don't know you are above them.

Well Henry I will write more to this letter this evening and tell you how we come out. S. T. B. 4 p.m. Buck was just looking out of the window and he says he thought he saw our top sergt. cross the street down a couple of blocks. I bet maybe it is him all rite because he was talking about coming to Aix too for his vacation. I

WAR WORK SPEEDS AS LOAN POURS IN

Shipyards Set Records, City Gardens Aid in Food Conservation

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Oct. 10.—In spite of the preoccupation of the whole country with the Liberty Loan campaign, the other business of America is not in the least suspended.

Thirteen ships of all types, totalling 55,000 deadweight tons, were completed and delivered to the Emergency Fleet Corporation during the week ending September 20. Launchings reached a total of 17, with a deadweight tonnage of 72,000.

During the year ending September 27, the United States has placed in service 1,956,000 gross tons of shipping, breaking the world's best record for any year anywhere. The total production for the Allied nations in about this same period was 3,469,000 gross tons, which is another world's record.

Everywhere, everybody is doing something worth while. A miner in Pennsylvania got out 901 tons of coal in a month, for example. He earned \$450 for it, by the way, but you may bet that money alone would not have produced that month's record.

New York City doubled its Asiatic imports in the month of August, with a total of \$2,000,000. That is just another sample.

Even New York City's back yards and vacant lots have made a decided contribution toward the war efforts. Six hundred back yards and 1,550 city lots, turned into gardens, have raised produce valued at \$22,000.

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THOSE SILVER BARRED DOCS

He was reading the latest issue of his home paper—meaning a copy that was two months old. Suddenly he sighed dolefully. "Well," said his bunkie, "what's eatin' your heart out now? Prohibition mayor elected? Girl marry some one else? Casey's poolroom gone into bankruptcy?"

"Worse'n that," he explained. "They've given a doc I know a commision." "Not so bad," said his bunkie. "Soft for you if you meet him. Week in quarters for a cold in the head." "Soft nothing," he contradicted. "I owe him two dollars."

MADE THE ROUND TRIP "What's that yaller ribbon on your chest mean?" "Means I went into Mexico." "Then what's that green one?" "Means I came out."

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We don't know much about flying, but if there was a chance of winging our way 'cross just to tell you men how proud we home folks are of the A.E.F., we'd gladly risk both neck and limb to do it.

As it is, we content ourselves keeping the "home wheels turning," knowing that "every man to his job" until the war's over, when—great Scott!—what a hand-shaking and celebrating there'll be when you boys come marching past the "four corners!"

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