

FRESH FROM TRENCHES TO DELIGHTS OF AIX

First American Permissionnaires Given Rousing Welcome on Arrival in Famous Savoy Watering Place

MAYOR EXTENDS GREETINGS FOR TOWNSFOLK

Colored Band Leads Troops Through Streets—Seventy Hotels Ready to House Thousands Who Will Soon Flock to Resort

They didn't have time to change their clothes. Thursday night they were in the trenches, Friday they were on their 24-hour journey, with a hot meal served en route by the Red Cross, and Saturday they landed in Aix-les-Bains, somewhere around half a thousand of them, still roofered over with Uncle Sam's latest patent eavestrough and still muddy with the mud of the front.

place be found which would give the soldier sufficient distraction, house him successfully, have natural advantages sufficient to interest him at all seasons of the year? It is a problem that has presented a thousand details, many of them annoying, many of them by reason of military exigencies not yet determined, but so far as human presence can go, with the absolute success of the opening days, there seems no reason to believe that a happier choice could possibly have been made, particularly if soldiers' health and recreation are to be the determining factors.

Plenty of Room Outside Aix While the first few contingents are to be stowed away in the hotels of Aix, those following will be divided into such numbers as can be well taken care of in other places, Chambery and Challes-Eaux being the first selections. Like Aix these places have a "season," but are delightful at all times, winter recreations following on the summer and fall ones.

When the Y.M.C.A. accepted the responsibility of assisting in the welfare of the leave men, the secretaries certainly never dreamed that a task of this magnitude would be a part of that duty. They have risen to the occasion in spite of almost insuperable handicaps, not the least of which has been a shortage of experienced help.

The direction of Y.M.C.A. work at Aix and the neighboring towns of the leave center has been under the management of Secretary Franklin Edmunds, assisted by Messrs. Gerald Reynolds, James Springer, W. Carroll, Charles Snedeker, Rev. Shepherd Knapp, and others. The women workers, who have labored with equal zeal under the direction of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., included on the opening day Mrs. Margaret Deland, Mrs. Winthrop Ames, Miss Annable, Miss Gertrude Lynch, Mrs. Helen Anderson, Misses Anderson, King, Steadman, Habisham, Weeks, Baldwin, and others.

CHIEF'S EAGLE GOES TO BRONX

General Pershing's Pet Moves From Governor's Island

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—General Pershing's golden eagle has moved from Governor's Island to the Bronx Zoo. The burning question is, what is the bird's real name? The newspapers differ, some claiming his title is "Uncle Sam," others holding out for "General Pershing," and still others dubbing him "Golden Jack." All agree, however, that he is a fine bird, and New York is willing that he shall eat all the other eagles in Bronx Park if he so desires.

SEVENTY HOTELS READY

The first permissionnaires arrived just a month after G.O. No. 6 was sent out by the Army, designating Savoy as a territory for leave purposes, with Aix as the main base, and surrounded on all sides by the train at Aix and held out grimy hands for the bars of chocolate that were to fill in until preliminaries were over explained hurriedly that they had had only an hour's notice and had to come just as they were.

WOMEN PREPARING TO VOTE

New York City Congressional Election Gives First Chance

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—New York City women are greatly delighted over their first chance to vote in New York state on March 5. Four city congressional elections are to be held, and the women are preparing to make a big campaign. In the meantime, the predicament of Miss Hay, head of the women's suffrage committee in New York City, is being recounted. Miss Hay, one of the most active workers for suffrage, will not have an opportunity to vote with many of her co-workers. Owing to the fact that she does not reside in any of the congressional districts in which elections will be held, she will not be able to cast a ballot.

ORCHESTRA JOINS APPLAUSE

Soprano's "Home, Sweet Home" Wins the Whole House

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—Galli Curci, the Italian soprano whose success in New York this winter has been so sensational, scored another triumph the other night when she sang "Home Sweet Home" at the Hippodrome, which was crowded to the doors. The audience went wild, and the staid and calloused orchestra, which long ago consented to laugh at Marceline, dropped its instruments to join in the applause.

TO OPEN PARIS CLUBHOUSE

Amex Officers to Celebrate Feb. 22 With a Housewarming

A new clubhouse in Paris for officers of the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps is to be opened Friday evening, Feb. 22, at 7 o'clock with a dinner, a housewarming and certain other unannounced lively features more or less appropriate to a Washington's Birthday celebration. Lt. W. J. Morrow, 10 Rue St. Anne, who has charge of the arrangements, requests that all officers who wish to attend send him ten francs—necessary to cover the expense of the dinner—and in the same envelope give the name of the State from which they hail.

WORLD'S SERIES OPENED—BATTER UP!



The outfield is a-creepin' in to catch the Kaiser's pop, and here's a southpaw twirler with a lot of vim and hop!

He's tossed the horsehide far away to plug the hand grenade! What matter if on muddy grounds this game of war is played? He'll last through extra innings and he'll hit as well as pitch! His smoking Texas Leaguers'll make the Fritziess seek the ditch!

The Boches claim the Empire is a-sidin' with their aim, But we're not the boobs to fall for such a phony line; We know the game is fair and square, decisions on the level; The only boost the Kaiser gets is from his pal, the Devil!

The series now is opened, and the band begins to play. The batteries are warming up; the crowd shouts, "Hip-Hurray!" The catcher is a-wingin' 'em to second, third and first. And if a Heinle tries to steal, he's sure to get the worst.

He's just about to groove it toward a ducking Fritz's bean. His cross-fire is the puzzlingest that ever yet was seen, His splitter is a deadly thing; his little in-shoot curve Will graze some Heinle's heaving ribs and make him lose his nerve.

Up in the air he never goes; he always cuts the plate, No matter if the bleachers rise and start "The Hymn of Hate"; And pacifistic coaching never once has got his goat— Just watch him heave across the top the latest Yankee note!

So watch the southpaw twirler in his uniform O.D. Retire to the players' bench the Boches—one, two, three! He'll never walk a bloomin' one, nor let 'em hit it out— Just watch him make 'em fan the air and put the Hun to rout!

MORE TIME GIVEN ON WAR RISK PLAN

Congress Makes April 12 Final Date for Taking Out Protection

CHANCE TO RAISE POLICIES

Total of \$888,000,000 Already Underwritten in A.E.F.—Automatic Insurance Ceases

One more chance—that is Uncle Sam's latest message to the men in the A.E.F., who have not yet availed themselves of the opportunity to take out what the president of a great insurance company, now an American Army officer, has declared to be the best and cheapest insurance in the world.

President Wilson has just approved a joint resolution of Congress extending the time for which applications for policies can be made until April 12. Sixty days of grace are thus provided for men who have not yet taken advantage of the offer, which was to have expired February 12. The automatic insurance actually did expire on that date, so that men previously covered by it are unprotected until they sign applications for policies.

AN INSURANCE AGENT'S PARADISE

The new ruling extending the time will undoubtedly have a greater effect in camps in America than among the A. E. F., because the campaign has been pushed so vigorously on this side that no American soldier in France is ignorant of the benefits to be derived from the plan. Over \$800,000,000 worth of insurance has been underwritten here in five weeks, which is a record to make an agent back home want to run the risk of every U-boat in the Kaiser's alphabet in order to get a chance to work such a productive field.

PUSH CAMPAIGN WITH NEW VIGOR

Now that the 60 additional days have been provided, the War Risk Insurance Bureau will push the campaign with renewed vigor in order to impress upon every American soldier the importance of boosting his policy to the limit, \$10,000. The average policy taken out in France to date is about \$9,000, showing that by far the greater number of men have insured themselves for the five-figure amount.

MAIL THIS AS A LETTER

"Like a Letter from Home." That is one of the mottoes of THE STARS AND STRIPES. Another is: "Like a Letter to Home."

Send THE STARS AND STRIPES HOME. It's next best to a personal letter and an ideal inclosure for one.

U.S. troops are entitled to send mail free by virtue of a law passed by Congress Oct. 3, 1917, which provides that letters only shall be handled without postage. It is necessary, therefore, to put THE STARS AND STRIPES in an envelope—to make it a letter.

THE STARS AND STRIPES can be folded to make a neat fit in a Y.M.C.A. envelope. Fold it in quarters, as a newspaper usually is folded, then crease again down and fold it in thirds. Make it a "Letter to Home."

CONVERTIBILITY PLAN RETAINED

The extension of time does not alter the convertibility plan previously announced. It will be possible for policy holders to exchange war insurance for any desired form of policy after the war. While this aspect of the program has not yet been fully developed, it can be said on the authority of the bureau that any alterations made will be wholly in favor of the policy holder.

FARMING BOOM ON EVERYWHERE IN U.S.

Plan Under Way to Have Returned Soldiers Till Land in South

PUBLIC MORALE INCREASES

Apart from this splendid actual result, this proof of national efficiency is a big factor in increasing the public morale. Pessimists of the last fortnight now are optimistic and admit that the American talent for straightening out things is not such a non-existent thing as they had claimed. During the last week I have met scarcely a kicker. Several men engaged in large affairs have told me in the last few days that they have felt a decided improvement everywhere.

LABOR LOOKS TO GOVERNMENT

Freight Trains Again in Motion and Congestion at Seaports is Greatly Reduced

WEATHER TURNS PRO-ALLY

Mediation Commission Wins Favor by Impartial Handling of Vexing Problems

TUSCANIA LOSS IS STERLING TEST OF NATION'S MIND

News of Transport's Sinking Taken Quietly and Resolutely

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NEW VALOR CROSS AND MEDAL FOR A.E.F.

President Approves Awards to Be Made for Bravery and Meritorious Conduct of Men and Women in War Service

OAK LEAF AND STAR FOR LATER CITATIONS

Gold Chevron for Every Six Months in Zone of Advance—Similar Decoration on Right Sleeve for Each Wound

A Distinguished Service Cross, a Distinguished Service Medal, a bronze oak leaf and a silver star for additional citations in War Department orders, war service chevrons, and wound chevrons have been authorized for the A.E.F. by the President as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. New regulations regarding the award of the Medal of Honor during the present emergency, have also been approved by the President.

How to Get the Biggest One During the present emergency, when over a recommendation for the award of the Medal of Honor reaches the Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces, he is authorized to cable his recommendation for immediate action and to hold the papers until a reply is received. In the event that his recommendation is approved, he will note the action taken in his indorsement when forwarding the papers in the case, and will present the medal to the recipient as the representative of the President, or will delegate a suitable officer to act in that capacity.

The Distinguished Service Cross is to be a bronze cross of appropriate design, and a ribbon to be worn in lieu thereof, to be awarded by the President, or in the name of the President, by the Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces, to any person who, while serving in any capacity with the Army, shall hereafter distinguish himself or herself, or who, since April 6, 1917, has distinguished himself or herself, by extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy of the United States.

Whenever a recommendation for the award of the Medal of Honor is approved by cable, and whenever a report is received announcing the award of the Distinguished Service Cross by the Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe, and whenever the Distinguished Service Medal is awarded, such award, with a statement of the circumstances in each case, will be announced in general orders of the War Department by the adjutant general of the Army without unnecessary delay.

The war service chevron, of gold and standard material and design, is to be worn on the lower half of the left sleeve of all uniform coats except fatigue coats by each officer and enlisted man who has served six months in the Zone of the Advance in the war, and an additional chevron will be worn for each six months of similar service thereafter.

The Medal of Honor may be awarded posthumously under the rules governing posthumous award of the Distinguished Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal.

Chevron For Every Wound A gold chevron, of pattern identical with that of the war service chevron, is to be worn on the lower half of the right sleeve of all uniform coats except fatigue coats by each officer and enlisted man who has received, or who may hereafter receive, a wound in action with the enemy which necessitates treatment by a medical officer, and an additional chevron will be worn for each additional wound.

OLD GOTHAM CHURCHES UNITE Presbyterian Consolidation Will Represent \$1,200,000 Endowment

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NONE DARE EVADE SALUTE IN LONDON

Wearry Arms No Excuse for Those Failing to Render Courtesy

INSPECTORS DOG TRAIL

Even Lieutenant-Colonels Given Sharp Call For Ignoring Men's Salutes

GREAT INTEREST IN OUR ARMY

Everyone Trying to Guess How Many Americans Are Now In France

By GEORGE T. BYE
London Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, Feb. 20.—Heaven preserve us! What can all that riot of arms mean? Wrists, elbows, fingers, and palms are whizzing in the air everywhere. Ah, *salute*. 'Tis only the boys on Piccadilly saluting. That reminds me of something to write about.

This is the greatest town for saluting I ever struck. I was up to our Embassy today—an edifice of lofty ceilings and a thick atmosphere of thought—and who did I find there but an old newspaper friend of mine from Chicago, a busy man who used to sit up half the night figuring out mathematical and astronomical problems just for the fun of it. And here he was thinking hard and jiggling his pencil out in the high-domed waiting room of our Embassy. And what was his latest cogitation?

"You here," he chortled, after bashfully coming from out of the spell. "I've got something interesting on tap. I've nearly reached a conclusion about the variable weather of England this winter. It's due to all this saluting. Say that the average man expends four pounds of energy on each salute and that the average fighting man's arm has a wind resistance area of 190 square inches. Now there are for the purposes of this problem twenty thousand army men of all nationalities, of saluting capacity, here in London every day. And let's say that each man meets 25 officers a day, making a hypothetical total of 1,700,000 going salutes and 1,700,000 return salutes, a grand total of—"

Not having my gas mask with me, and as the lofty hall was becoming unbearably stuffy, I rushed out to fresh air just in time.

But my friend, though he is getting all crack-brained, had made a rational observation. This is the saluting dynamo of the Allied universe. A party of Tommies and Yanks was setting queerly on the streets the other day and I followed them. Can you beat it? They were out dodging officers because "the poor boys are getting Charles-horse in their arms, getting salute all as wackers." They claimed to have heard that the osteopaths of London were working day and night restoring officers' arms. And they had heard, too, as I know, that there are inspection officers walking about London to see that every officer returns every salute. A British general tells me that in the early days of progress toward the present magnificent discipline of the British armies (due, in large measure to rigid observance of the salute), officers as high in rank as lieutenant-colonels were severely reprimanded by the War Office for evading or ignoring men's salutes.

The Great American Puzzle

In another direction all London is given over to mathematical meditation. The problem briefly stated is: If a nation of 100,000,000 population determines to make war on a brutal autocracy 3,000 miles distant, and rises with furious energy to get its fighters across the sea in action, how many men can it have in the battle zone between April 4, 1917, and February 22, 1918?

Well, I have heard estimates ranging from 55,577,983,720, and the reports are still coming in. Some take a sporting chance and make a flat guess. Others quote friends with whom Y.M.C.A. workers roomed when stopping in London en route for the front. Quite a few get down to what is known in U.S.A. real estate lingo as "cold, hard rock figures." Among all these plain and guesstimate and resident in London, by no means the least ardent. Indeed, the chief pastime of the Americans just now is comparing their guesses with their friends' and arguing at length over which guess or calculation comes nearest to being right.

Where Americans Fit Strong

There are some very fine English and American ladies who are giving part every Wednesday afternoon in the home of Mrs. Leverton Harris to Americans of all callings, naval and military preferred. It is not often possible for a warrior on active duty to get away for afternoon teas and consequently Mrs. Leverton Harris's hospitality has been enjoyed chiefly by embassy officials and newspaper folk. There was a fair sprinkling of army and navy people one Wednesday when William J. Locke, celebrated English author, was there to meet and be met. It was Locke, you will remember, who wrote, "Septimus," "The Beloved Vagabond," and a host of bully stories that are among the most popular of contemporaneous novels in America.

Well, this wasn't one of those affairs where you fidget on one toe at a time and wait for somebody to start something. There was a working of that "boarding house sociability" to which I alluded in my last epistle. Somebody wanted me to meet somebody else who had a big garden out in the woods where I just must come and give it the once over in the near future. And I shall, even if she is a lady. In my half year in London I have found that a person can be a human being, title or no title, and that the title amounts to nothing more than a bit of distinction given to that person or his or her ancestors for doing a good job at battling or nursing or painting or writing.

Finally I got around to seeing Mr. Page, our ambassador, and he and I had just decided that the West of America was doing fully as much or more than the East in this war in spite of all the pessimism of New York newspapers last year. Then he was hustled off, and I found myself with a most amiable lady who inquired if I were an American. After thanking her for this compliment to the parity of my nationality, I asked and so you happen to be an American? She beamed at me and

nodded. "Yes." We were just starting out for a good chat when there was an interruption by a lady who wanted Captain Mrs. Page! I had asked the wife of the American ambassador if she were American! Ho-hum.

A Yankee Husky

There's nobody complaining around these parts. I had a kick for a while. Whenever I went to Navy headquarters I found a British commissioner as doorkeeper. A British commissioner is an old soldier, wearing medals of old campaigns and as polite and useful as you could want. But it did seem to me that we could spare at least one American husky for the entrance to Admiral Slim's H.Q. I went up today and lo, there glared at me one of our most formidable marines. I would have embraced him in good Paris style if it hadn't been for the way his jaw stuck out.

So I am square with the world. I do hear walls now and then from the correspondents here. When there is little news bubbling up in this source-spring of Allied effort, the men get cables from their editors sitting in comfortable chairs back home.

"Would you mind postponing your European sista until the seashore season opens up? We understand there is a war on, and it would oblige us if you can spare the time to trace down this rumor."

But who gives a hang about newspaper fellows? It's the man with the bayonet who counts!

Continued from Page 1

a more serious aspect of the situation was the fear that the strike indicated possibly greater labor disputes. The President's personal handling of the matter relieved the public mind. His telegram on Sunday to William Hutcheson, president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, in New York, strongly declaring that the men should return to work pending an adjustment of the difficulties by the Shipbuilding Wage Adjustment Board, greatly cleared the situation. The public liked his firm question: "Will you cooperate or will you obstruct?"

Labor Looks to Government

Hutcheson immediately urged the men to return to work, and the trouble now seems decisively ended. I believe labor is fast coming to look toward the government as a big, strong, fair arbiter. I think a great improvement in the mental attitude of labor and the working classes generally has been created by the recent work of the government mediation commission which investigated conditions in the California oil regions, the Arizona copper districts, the Pacific Coast Telephone System, and the Pacific Northwest lumber regions. Rarely has there been a more illuminating and scrupulously just government investigation or a more courageous finding.

The commission was impartial and did not hesitate to lay blame in neither direction. Favoring neither labor nor employers, the findings show a fine, big sense of national justice. The report absolved labor almost wholly from wild charges of disloyalty and showed conditions that must be changed. The result is that much bitterness of feeling abated and held up to the scorn of their country has been eliminated because they see that the nation wants to do the right thing.

The outstanding point in the American labor situation now is that the questions between labor and employers are in process of being taken out of private hands—in spirit if not in fact. The public is beginning to feel clearly that the nation is bigger than any class and that national interest and honor demand a just dealing between classes. The sentiment of the workers, on the whole, seems to be that, if assured of a hearing and of justice, they are satisfied to lay their case before the country.

Partisan Activities Lacking

Politically, I see an extremely satisfactory course of public discussion and trend of public opinion. The old narrow partisan interest is wonderfully lacking, at least temporarily. Republicans, Democrats and Socialists everywhere are looking at the larger issues. Even extreme radicals show a decided trend to broad views. The slogan, "Make the world safe for democracy," is noticeably making men of many minds unite in gradually forming a coherent resolve to make democracy fine in America.

This does not indicate a political love feast by any means, but does mean less strife over ephemeral politics. And thus it gives promise of the direction of America's undoubted political talent in a united effort for big results, with plenty of room remaining for sturdy differences of opinion and individual thought and action. One sign of this is a general return to the old American tolerance of opinion everywhere and a simultaneous elimination to a large degree of those who abused free speech. Public discussion now, in a large sense, is very much in the same temper as before the war, and men are earnestly willing to hear each other and seek for an understanding of all issues.

Uniformed Men Still Citizens

Another fine thing for the American morale is a realization, after months of observation, that our men in uniform remain plain American citizens. Big cities, of course, are full of soldiers from the cantonments. There has been ample opportunity for all people to find out what effect a uniform had on them. The experience throughout the country is that neither officers nor men show the least inclination to swagger or demand privileges beyond those of other citizens.

It is impossible to exaggerate the splendid behavior of the American troops at home. They must inevitably make all men be proud of the country that produces such a simple, self-respecting multitude as our drafted men. They are well behaved throughout. Physically, they are better than students of national health and stamina expected. Big stature is noticeable, and they are not so much "smart" as bumpy and active. There is a pleasant absence of public gush, due, not to indifference, but to the realization that they are citizens doing a citizen's duty.

EASY TO SPOT IT

"What town did you come from, Jim?" "Er, I can't pronounce the name of it, but it had a lot of houses with red tiled roofs, and a couple of fountains. You could spot it easy."

One of the horrors of war. When your platoon is taken out for a nice little breather at double time by a lieutenant who used to run on a cross country team,

HUN'S BRUTAL POLICY MATTER OF RECORD

Legal Proof of Outrages to Be Brought Forward at Settlement

CAMERA PROVES FACTS

Slaughter of Innocents Shown in Mass of Incontrovertible Evidence

BOY OF 14 A FLAMING TORCH

Youth Set on Fire While Helpless Mother Looks On When Attempt to Hang Him Falls

It is doubtful whether any peoples of antiquity have so besmeared the record of the human race as have the modern Germans. Their catalogue of crimes is so complete that it would seem impossible to add one that might have been forgotten. Yet each day brings in new charges based on incontrovertible evidence.

When the representatives of the nations assemble for the final settlement, there will be laid before the representatives of Germany affidavits, photographs, and other legal proofs that make German atrocities far better established than the scalping of the Sioux Indians on the Western frontiers, the murders of the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the crimes of the Spanish Inquisition. On a battle line three hundred miles long, in every village the retreating Germans passed, the following morning accreted men hurried to the scene to make the record against the day of judgment.

The photographs of dead and mutilated women, girls, children, and old men tell no lies. Two forms of testimony are esteemed by jurists—the testimony of mature men, who have seen and heard, and the testimony of children too innocent to invent their statements, but old enough to tell what they saw. From such sources, more than 10,000 separate atrocities committed by the German armies have been documented and are on file in the chancelleries of the Allied nations for the use when the terms of peace are to be discussed.

When the German army in Lorraine was defeated by one-half its number, it fell northward, passing through French towns and villages where there were no Frenchmen, no guns, and where no shots were fired. During July and August men went slowly from one ruined town to another, talking with the women and the children, comparing the photographs and the full official records made at the time with the statements of the poor, wretched survivors who lived in cellars, where once there had been beautiful houses, orchards, and vineyards.

No Yards to Kill, So Old Men Die

In Berthelmer, they took the photograph of the bodies of fifteen old men whom the Germans had lined up and shot because there were no young soldiers to kill. In the detailed story of a woman whose boy of 14, being nearest the age of a soldier, was first hanged to a pear tree in the garden, and when the officer and soldier had left him and were busy setting fire to the next house, she cut the rope, revived the strangled boy, only to find the soldiers had returned, and while the officer held her hand behind her back, his assistants poured petrol on the boy's head and clothes, set fire to him, and while he staggered about, a flaming torch, they shrieked with laughter.

When the Germans burned all the houses and retreated the next morning, the Perfect of Lorraine photographed the bodies of thirty aged men lying as they fell, the bodies of women stripped and at last slain while in the next village stood the ruined square belfry into which the Germans had lifted machine-guns, then forced every woman and child—275 in number—into the little church, and notified the French soldiers that if they fired upon the machine-guns they would kill their own women and children.

After several days' hunger and thirst, at midnight these brave women slipped a little boy through the church window and bade their husbands fire upon the Germans in the belfry, saying the preferred death to the indignities they were suffering. And so these Frenchmen turned their guns, and in blowing these machine-guns out of the belfry killed twenty of their own women and children.

Further indisputable proof of the heartlessness of the Germans is to be found in the letters and diaries taken from the bodies of dead German soldiers.

Their Own Written Testimony

Here is the diary, on August 22, of Private Max Thomas: "Our soldiers are so excited we are like wild beasts. Destroyed eight houses, with their inmates. Bayoneted two men with their wives and a girl of 18."

In the diary of Eitel Anders occurred this: "In Yverde all the inhabitants without exception were brought out and shot. This shooting was heartbreaking, as they all knelt down and prayed. It was real sport, yet it was terrible to watch. At Hecht, I saw the dead body of a young girl nailed to the outside door of a cottage by her hands. She was about 14 or 16 years old."

Finally, I quote from one of the thousands of affidavits in the possession of the French authorities which tell of Germany's insensate brutality. Affidavit D-59 reads: "After passing Weerde, we met a woman covered with blood, with her breasts cut off. She was delirious. "Standing in the village of Herimont, I saw the bodies of 16 and his mother showed me twelve bullet marks against the stone wall where a mother, aged 23, with a babe on her breast, with her young sister and sister-in-law of 16 and 17, were shot by twelve German soldiers. On a little board in one ruined village we can read these words: 'Marie, Aged 16, Dead August 24, 1915. Vendredy is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

PORTRAITS PEINTS à L'HUILE

à Paris, Rue de Valenciennes, 12. PARIS-PEINTURE

ALBERT'S Grand Café

KNICKERBOCKER
14, Bd des Capucines, 1, Riv. Seine, PARIS
LUNCH 7 francs DINNER 8 francs (wine included)

REBUILT IN 1913 EVERY COMFORT

Restaurant at fixed price and à la carte

THE BELLY-BAND

Free advice I hate to hand
Out to any man alive;
"How to live and how to thrive,
Caused by poor or meager fare;
And have comfort over here!"
Makes me this one bit advance,
Even though men think you queer:
Wear a belly-band in France!

'Tis protection from the chills
Brought by snow and misty air;
'Tis insurance against the ills
Caused by poor or meager fare;
'Tis a guarantee of sleep,
Sound, secure—so, 'neath your pants
Have it always, to be sure:
Wear a belly-band in France!

Weak of stomach? Play the game,
Else you agony will taste!
Strong of stomach? All the same,
Wind the worsted 'round your waist:
From an old campaigner swipe
Just this thought: To 'scape the dance
Caused by wracking, fearsome gripe,
Wear a belly-band in France!

L'ENVOI
Red Cross knitters—may you get
All the favors Heaven grants!
For you taught me one sure bet:
Wear a belly-band in France!

FITNESS MAIN POINT IN RAISING RANK

Seniority Not Sole Factor to Recommend Officers for Promotion

Seniority is not the only factor to be taken into consideration when the recommendation of officers for promotion is undertaken. New orders on the subject put fitness for command, as shown by demonstrated efficiency, at the head of the list, and place special emphasis also on physical fitness.

"Character, loyalty, general ability and trustworthiness, and unselfish self-sacrifice to duty are mentioned as the other cardinal points to be considered. It is laid down that a man shall not be recommended for promotion, no matter how talented he may be, if he is known to be weak and vacillating. "The report in each case is required to state clearly in detail the reasons why the officer is regarded as inefficient, whether due to incompetency, to neglect of duty or other continued course of misconduct or want of effort, or any other cause. In cases of serious misconduct, it is stipulated that court-martial trials, with a view to dishonorable dismissal be instituted.

NO INTEREST IN AIR RAIDS

But a Londoner Finds Bugle Calls Worth a Brief Comment

Air raids mean nothing to him; he was an Englishman. Calmly he stood on the unprotected sidewalk of a boulevard in a certain French city and gazed at the phenomena in the sky, which for splendor and interest had "the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air" beaten to a frazzle. Boom of big guns, splitters of machine-guns, red and blue lights twinkling in and out among the clouds, aviators with their planes scudding across the face of the moon like the traditional witches riding their broomsticks—all failed to move him to exclamation of surprise.

At last the recall motor came humming through the streets. The bugler stood up in the car and sounded the "all right." Then, and only then, did the Englishman speak.

"Ah," he remarked, half apologetically to himself, "really, I think our London Boy Scouts blow it a bit better."

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

The average American high school girl, who must have her ukulele, would not feel at home in France, for the ukulele is unknown here. A ukulele hunt through the biggest stores of Paris failed to bring to light one of these instruments, even with the use of English, had French, eloquent arms, a dictionary, and an illustrated catalogue from a music dealer.

For the French people who are learning American English, here is a definition: UKULELE.—A petite guitar imported from Honolulu, Hawaii, and firmly established in the land of its adoption, America; played like a mandolin, principally on front porches and in automobiles; regarded by some as an instrument of torture instead of an instrument of music.

BASEBALL DEAL HANGS FIRE

Because Eddie Plank has refused to accept terms with the New York Yanks, the proposed deal whereby Fritz Malsel, Infielder Gedeon, Pitcher Shocker and Cullop and Catcher Nunamaker were to go to the Yanks in exchange for Second Baseman Pratt and Pitcher Plank of the Browns, is still hanging fire. Pratt is delighted at the proposed change. If this deal goes through, the \$100,000 damage suit started by Pratt and Lavan against Owner Ball of the Browns, may be dropped. Lavan is to be traded to the Washington club.

SET DATE FOR BIG SHOOT

The Grand American handicap, the United States' big shooting meet, will be held at Chicago, August 5-9.

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TOMMIES' LEADER GREET'S AMEX MAN

Sir Douglas Haig Keeps Staff Waiting to Talk With Lone Captain

How the Field Marshal of England went out of his way to welcome an American line officer on observation duty with the British Army is told by an A.E.F. captain, just returned from the Flanders front.

"I was in a little village not far from the lines," says the captain, "when I heard from the British officers with whom I had been quartered that Sir Douglas Haig was coming through that section very shortly on an inspection tour.

"My British friends, excusing themselves on the ground that they had to look over their commands before inspection further down the line, went away. Seating myself on a pile of brick and mortar, the remnants of a shell-ruined house, I waited, all alone, to see the General and his escort pass through.

"Pretty soon, sure enough, they came along, having left their cars to look over that part of the sector more closely on foot. Sir Douglas was in the lead, surrounded by a number of 'red caps'—as the Tommies call their general officers.

"I saw the Field Marshal look over my way, then turn and say something to one of his aides. Then, before I knew it, he was coming right over toward me, the debris of brick and mortar.

"Of course, I arose at once and saluted; but, instead of formally returning the salute General Haig came up, extended his hand, and with the kindest of smiles, inquired, 'You're an American officer, I see? Come to look us over, no doubt? I am delighted; we are very glad to have you here.'

"Sir Douglas inquired with interest about our preparations and about the situation in our part of the western front. He asked, among other things, what I thought of the things I had seen with the British; and before I could expostulate against his wasting his valuable time in going over things with me, he had told me much that I was keenly interested to know about, and had gone quite deeply indeed into the subjects that had been my particular hobbies.

"At length, he extended his hand, and remarked: 'Well, good-bye, sir, I'm sorry I must be "making my rounds." I am delighted to have met you here, and hope that you and your brother officers will come up frequently.'

"He returned my salute, rejoined his staff, and walked on."

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EARFUL OF SUGGESTIONS FOR BOYS BACK HOME

Fifty-two Baths Will Prepare You For a Year of Life Over Here—Stock Up Now On Smokes and Sweets

DEAR FELLOW SCRAPPERS:

Some of us have been over here a good eight months and more. Most of us have been over for at least half that time. The rest of us have been over here for varying amounts of time, and all of us long enough to be in a position to hand you a little friendly advice about how to prepare for the trip, what to expect over here, and what not to expect. Here, then, are a few hunches from some old and seasoned campaigners:

Throw away your "parley-voo" books and forget all the French the Y.M. has been teaching you in your cautionment huts this winter. You won't need it. We have got the natives so well acquainted with United States now that they understand everything we say—even when we go unduly accurate on one another's ancestry. Even if you do get stuck, there's only one way to learn French; that is to talk it, and make it up as you go along. In the course of time you'll get at least half of what you want.

Begin to take baths right now. If you've got about six weeks before sailing time, start in to take one bath every day and two on Sunday, and manage to ring in four extra ones between times. That will equip you with a good 52 baths, giving you an average of one a week for a year, which is the minimum prescribed by regulations. Baths in France are as hard to find as celebrators of Yom Kippur in an A.O.H. convention; so bathe while the bathing is good and handy.

Write Those Letters Now

Another time-saving device. Start in writing letters now—now, while you've got time. Date them all well ahead and pack them neatly in your haversack. Then, when you get over here, your correspondence won't interfere with your touring. Just reach into your haversack and pick out one when the date on it comes around; shoot it in and have it censored, and it's done. The descriptions of France, and so forth, you can get out of any of our old letters, or out of the stuff the war correspondents send over. Don't try to be original; people don't like it. Besides, in the army individuality is a sin.

Along the same line as letters: Have your post card photos of yourself taken before you sail. You can borrow the makeup—tin hat, gas masks and all the rest—from the guy in your regiment who's had them issued to him, or from

cocktail-time ready to start the night's labors.

Have your feet, teeth and eyes thoroughly looked after before you come over. If any one of the three sets is not satisfactory, don't bring it. Turn it in to the quartermaster and get a new one. This applies particularly to teeth.

See your last-musical comedy, dance your last dance and eat your last pie and doughnuts. You won't run across any of those commodities while you're over here, and it may be pleasant to look back on them. Enjoy them, then, while you can; but enjoy them lingeringly, and bring the last bit of pleasure out of them all. But don't, when you come over here, start to tell us about them, or we'll have you!

Don't Forget Playing Cards

Put one deck of cards in every pocket you possess and one up each sleeve. In that way you will be sure to have at least one full deck to use on the ride over. There is nothing else to do, except to stand ship's guard every other day and bob for whales.

Get the wrist watch habit, if you haven't already.

Start in now to play three or four games, picking them out for looks or dancing, but for knitting capacity and ability to direct parcels in a neat, clear round hand that can't be misunderstood. In that way, and that way only, can you be sure of sweaters, socks, wrist-laps, mufflers and tummy bands sufficient to last out the war.

Come on over: the going is fine!

Yours till the Boche bust,
THOSE WHO KNOW.

A BOX FROM HOME

"John Jones" called the top sergeant standing over a mail bag filled with belated Christmas packages, with the boys of the company packed around like a scrimmage in the old football days.

"HERE!" yelled Jones, loud enough to be heard in the barracks across the way. The package was passed over the heads of the men to Jones, who grabbed the much traveled package with a beaming face and carried it triumphantly to his bunk. His comrades passed remarks like these:

"Lucky dog."

"Kind world."

"Good for you."

Event in Soldier's Life
The arrival of a box from home is always an event in Jones' life as a

ANOTHER NEW ALLY

A new ally has joined the ranks—He's United States from head to He's shanks.
Has a bushy tail, an' big strong jaw,
Two darned long ears an' a loud he-haw;
Most likely he's Missouri born.
Raised on blue grass and bottom corn.
Way down in Pike, or in old Clay—
On Monroe farm, or "State of Ray."

His flank is branded "U.S.A." And when he pulls things go his way:
He'll haul big trucks thro' mud in France—
His day's work done, he'll bray and prance;
Bite you darn quick if you don't mind,
But does most his fightin' from behind—
If he gets one kick at Bill, the Hun,
This great big war will sure be won.

Take off your hats to the long eared cuss, 'cause he'll stink all through the blamed big fuss—
He doesn't kick to any rule,
From ears to hocks he's just plain mule!
It's comfort, too, that he's in France,
To pull the trucks when our boys advance;
Our victory won, he'll spread his jaws,
An' give Kaiser Bill some loud he-haws.

WILLIAM ELLSWORTH FOWLER,
in the "Kansas City Star."

turns back to the box. Look at those things to eat! There's everything! Old-fashioned Christmas candy—brightly colored, the kind the children like. It goes fine in camp, and keeps so much better than bonbons. Then there are California figs and raisins, nuts, American chocolate bars, made with real milk and sugar, ginger-snaps, cookies, and some of those fancy cookies or biscuits in tin boxes which they are making now to send to the soldiers.

It's a regular feast. The folks certainly thought of everything.
"Have one—they are from God's country," says Jones, and the cookies and fried fruit go the rounds just like the cigarettes.
Munching a cookie, Jones dives into the box again. A set of toilet articles—soap, toothbrush, toothpaste (just ran short of that), a trench mirror (had one already but they won't break and will come in handy), a wash rag, towels (had thought of buying some, but is broke; somehow or other towels always seem to vanish).

Jones puts aside the toilet articles. He knows he will have use for every one of them; if not now, eventually.

He empties the remaining mysteries out on the bunk—a tablet and a couple of pencils, a pipe, some pipe cleaners, some more cigarettes, a couple of cigars wrapped up in fancy paper and tied with fancy ribbons. One is broken, but the other is O. K. and immediately goes into Jones' mouth. To cap the climax, out roll some handkerchiefs. Khaki, of course! Wish they had sent a whole dozen.

There goes the call for drill—

Call For Drill Interrupts

Jones grabs his blouse and hat, sticks a package of favorite cigarettes into one pocket and a couple of bars of chocolates in another pocket, throws a blanket over the goodies on the bunk; which now appears like a "young" department store, and rushes madly out to be on time for the drill.

Jones is a different man and a better soldier. The box from home cheered him up and he goes about his work cheerfully and gallantly. The box was a bond of union with the home folks. It restored his personality and he feels that he is doing something "Over Here" and is not a mere colorless nonentity—one among a million men. He goes to his work with his chest out, re-awakened to the realization that the home folks expect him to do his bit and are not forgetting him.

A MEDLEY OF NATIONALITIES

He was an Irishman, like many another in the infantry and he was leading against the rail of the transport, now safe in a French harbor, gazing at honest-to-goodness green hillsides for the first time in many weary days. The transport was not originally intended for that purpose, at least not for American troops; it had been built for a German line whose business has been pretty much on the rocks for some time and a few years. The Irishman was fresh from a mess that had consisted of frankfurters and sauerkraut, probably concocted on the principle that you can learn something even from your enemy, and as he leaned against the rail digesting it he remarked to the man who happened to be at his side:

"It's a funny world—an Irishman in the American Army eatin' a German supper on a German boat in a French port."

MADE IN FRANCE BY THE U. S. ARMY

Articles Difficult to Ship Are Milled in Overseas Shops

PLAN SAVES CARGO SPACE

Worked Well With Kettles and Splints—New Industries May Be Established

"Why not make them over here?" The question popped up, all of a sudden, in the midst of a discussion about how in time the A.E.F. was going to get kettles—not the kind you wear on your head, but the kind in which they cook things for your stomach.

"Somebody in the Q.M.C. had just wailed, loud and long for kettles. Somebody else in some other department had replied by saying, 'All right, let's send over for some.' But then somebody else, who knew something about shipping, had butted in with, 'Can't be done; they take up too much room on shipboard needed for other things'—both literally and figuratively spouting the army's beans.

"Why not make them over here?" persisted the putter of the question. "Of course, it would take up too much room to bring them over. They're as hard to stack as a bunch of old maids—all elbows. But send the raw material over here—I'll pack flat enough—and if we can find a factory that isn't turning out shells and things, we'll tell them to hop to the contract of kettle building. If we can't find a factory, why we can put up one of our own."

Scouting For Factories

It listened well to the other sitters-in on the conversation. Having the necessary authority, they scouted out around to find a factory that could turn out kettles, and wasn't tied up with other work. They found one, but it wasn't big enough to handle the quantity wanted. Nothing daunted, they scouted out around some more, and found another. And another. And another. Pretty soon they were all fixed for kettles.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? Also, it sounds practical. Well, that is the way your Uncle Sam has gone here on behalf of his army.

Take another example. The medics set up a holler for splints. Splints there had to be, splints there have to be wherever there is action. But splints don't tell any more than do kettles or sawhorses.

Get Splints Quickly

The same trick was worked. The metal, packed in nice, thin, flat sheets was brought overseas, and transported by rail to the factories that could turn it into splints. They not only could, but they did, in right good time. Result: The medical department got its splints, or, rather, the wounded who needed them got theirs—and a lot of good cargo space was saved.

The idea began to look better and better. If it worked for metals, thought some one, why wouldn't it work for cuts? Chocolate is as useful as hard-tack, as an emergency ration. Why not ship the cocoa beans direct to France, where there are more chocolate factories than there are Democrats in Texas, and have the cute little cakes of it turned out here? "Now you're talking!" said some one who was both in authority and hungry—and the scheme went through.

The "make it over here" idea for things that would clutter up a ship overmuch, grew and grew. It saved, every way you looked at it—saved cargo space for things that could be made over here, saved time in getting the finished product to the front, saved the money that went into that concern being the A.E.F. When wasn't it in the line of any French factory to make it over here, or any factory in a fairly nearby allied country, recourse was had to the neutrals. And the neutrals were usually willing to try it, for an accommodation.

Furnishes Extra Hands

By this time the manufacture-on-the-spot principle is pretty well settled on wherever it can be made to work. If the factories are not already available for the particular job, Uncle Sam sets up one of his own, just as he sets up an auto repair shop almost over night. In the case, besides furnishing the raw material, he furnishes the labor too, unless he can hire it here.

The importation of labor into France is not, however, as easy as the importation of raw material. For one thing—to take the case of the coal mines—the French miners are against the importation of foreign operators, and say so through their unions. There are other objections to the bringing in of, for example, Spanish labor for the farmlands, largely undermined on account of the drain of war, although the women of France have been bravely caring for the crops in many instances. The bringing over of American laborers to work the farms has also been debated, but it will, of course, have to take second place

to the more pressing problem of bringing over American troops.

Not only is Uncle Sam utilizing the factories devoted to well-established industries in France; he is even contemplating introducing new industries. Fruit canning, for one thing, has never been taken up over here to any large extent; and yet it is only by canning fruit in season that an army gets fruit of any kind during the off season. There's an opening for a new job for lots of women workers right in that. It would give them a chance to earn good wages, and at the same time would leave a lot of cargo space that had hitherto been devoted to the housing of canned goods. And economizing on cargo space is one of the means by which this war is going to be won.

A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

Mess Kit—A collapsible contrivance designed to convey beans from the mess line to the table.

Mess Tools—A collection of implements designed to convey beans from the mess kit to the human face.

Buttons—The molten counterparts of the sword of Damocles—"You hold them but by a single hair."

Muffler—something wished on you by the dear ones at home which you would like past anything to wish on to the bugler's mouth.

Mule—A hardy and thick-skinned quadruped which must be approached with the same caution and trepidation with which one approaches a dud bomb.

Socks—Foot coverings composed of a substance represented to the Government or the Red Cross as being wool, and possessed of the same capacity for "contracting holes as is a machine gun target at fifty yards.

Canvas Leggin—A venerable mud collector possessed of one solitary virtue: namely, speed in adjusting to the human form. Now classed as belonging to the early flintlock and pitchfork period of American warfare.

HE BROKE UP THE PARTY

Airman's Mates Are Much Peeved By Unbidden Visit

They're a callous bunch, those airmen. This is the story one of them tells: "We had been out on practice flights on an evening cold day, and had just landed. As we were chilled through, we hustled some firewood from some nearby underbrush, cut it up, and after wasting about eight boxes of matches we finally had a good roaring fire going. But, just as we were getting ready to gather round it and thaw out our feet and hands, wacko!

"Right out of the sky tumbles down a guy in a machine, right on top of our perfectly good fire, scattering snow all over it and putting it out of business for keeps! Damn inconsiderate of him, I call it, with ten miles all around in every direction for him to take his spill on. Hurt? Sure he was hurt; who wouldn't have been? All the same, I call it damn inconsiderate, so I do!"

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ENTRANCE TO LOBBY, HOTEL DU FRONT



The palatial plate-glass swinging doors of this de luxe establishment have been removed to afford a better view of the sumptuous interior. The name of the hotel is written on the glass, but it is enough to say that no accommodations are left at present, and intending patrons (of whom there are quite a number) must await their turn. In fact, even the most expensive suites are tenanted, in addition to their registered occupants, by more or less transient residents. No extra charge is made for the sport of pursuing these latter along the corridors.

The specially-posed portrait of the doorman is added to give life to the picture. The pouch suspended over his chest, it is hardly necessary to state, is a receptacle for such honorariums as delectable and arriving guests may care to bestow upon him. The weapon in his right hand is obviously the property of the house detective, shown as proof of the complete protection afforded patrons. The hotel here shown is only one of a chain now being operated in this and neighboring localities by the same management.

one of the British or French instructors at your camp. Don't be photographed with an Ambler-Busch sign for a background, or the people you send the cards to will think you've been taken prisoner. If you wait till you get over before getting mugged in your war togs, they won't let soldiers take pictures in the first place, and in the second place you'd have trouble in getting them censored.

Pack all the chocolate, American cigarettes, smoking and eating tobacco into your barrack bag that you can muster. Those commodities are rarer over here than minor league kings with steady jobs. If there are any good matches left in the States, throw them in, too. The matches you buy over here hit on two cylinders only, at best.

Make Friends With Mud

Get used to mud. Go out and roll over in it; wallow in it, stir it into your coffee and drink it, smear your face with it, line your ears with it, use it on your meat in place of mustard, slip some of it down inside your shirt by way of the back of your neck, and plaster your hair with it. Do this once a day until you can't skip a day without feeling uncomfortable without it. Then you will be thoroughly acclimatized.

Once up front you will live for the most part in dugouts. Dugouts are designed to keep the air of the trenches pure; all the bad air up front is collected by fatigue squads and dumped into them. To get used to dugout air, spend as much of your leave time as possible in packed movie houses, subways, Bohemian restaurants and Hoboken saloons. A combination of all of them will inoculate you pretty securely against the essence of the dugout.

In connection with dugouts, another good thing to get used to is small space and poor light. To practice, hire a Harlem flat for at least a week before departure. In that way you will learn to use your shoulders instead of a mantel-piece when you want to put anything down, and to sleep standing up.

Get used to night shifts. Holding a sector isn't a day job, because daylight is too public for the work you have to do. Get the habit of sleeping in the afternoon, and of getting up about

solider. These boxes, even more than letters, cheer him up in spite of hardships and bind him to the home folks.

"Christmas in the trenches" as the yuletide season is humorously called by the boys even if they are two or three hundred miles from the front, is not like Christmas at home, but it has two advantages—it lasts longer, for the parcels keep coming through the winter, and the presents are appreciated more than they ever could have been in the midst of the comforts of home.

Do the boys appreciate the parcels? Just watch their faces and hear them say, "God bless 'em." The kiddies at home are not half as tickled over a train of tin cans as the soldier boys are over a box from home.

Ceremony of Opening Parcel

With his comrades clustered about him Jones proceeds to open the box, which is a ceremony to be done slowly and thoroughly enjoyed. First the box is thoroughly examined. Aha, thinks Jones, the box has been two months on the way; in pretty good shape in spite of that; corners breaking.

He cuts the strings and throws the wrapping recklessly on the floor. Plenty of time to police up afterwards. Then he delves into the mysteries of the box.

Cigarettes! Good! his favorite brand! Funny how the folks back home remember his favorite brand. They did not like to see him smoke cigarettes anyway, but somehow they have forgotten all about that now. The cigarettes are passed around to everybody in the room and the event becomes a small sized holiday.

Ah! there is that sweater he has been looking for for two months. His sweetheart who that she had knitted one and that it was on the way. Jones had been half afraid that the sweater had been lost.

And mittens to match—they must be tried on immediately. Jones jerks off his blouse (technical army word for coat) and dons the sweater and mittens. Fine! Just what he had wanted, especially while standing guard the last few cold nights. Sleeveless, neckless and light, the sweater fits nicely under his blouse.

After admiring the sweater, Jones

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The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

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Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 4 francs for three months. To civilians, 5 francs for three months. All advertising contracts payable monthly.

Address all communications relating to advertising and all other business matters, except subscriptions, to THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division, 10, Rue Sainte-Anne, Paris, France.

Address all communications relating to text, art, and subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division, G.H.Q., A.E.F., France.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1918.

ENJOYING OUR LEAVES

"Oo-la-la! This is France!" That is the impression which altogether too many men have had in mind upon their first arrival here. They have come over expecting to find a sort of international Coney Island, a universal pleasure resort. Because of the fame attached to Paris, because of the celebrity of certain watering places in the south, they have had the belief forced upon them that all France is a holiday ground, and that if a man does not make merry in France, and make merry loud, he is "missing something."

To be sure, France, with good weather permitting, is one of the finest holiday countries in the world. Also, France, undisturbed by war, is one of the most hospitable spots to be found anywhere for vacation purposes. But this "Oo-la-la" idea of France, if we may call it that, is distinctly erroneous. The American soldier about to go on leave in France cannot get it too quickly erased from his mind.

France is not now in the merry-making mood. France has been in mourning—mourning the loss of her bravest and wisest and best for the last three years and a half. She greets, with her brave smile of fortitude, each and every stranger that comes to her shores these days, but with undie hilarity, undie familiarity, undie roisterousness, wears the soul of France, which has these many months been fed on tragedy. She hopes that all who are here will enjoy themselves to the full in their leisure time. But they must not expect too much of her, must not think of her (as her enemies would have us think of her) as a "daughter of joy."

It has been said of foreign travel that a man gets out of it only as much as he puts into it. If he puts into it an earnest desire to learn the ways of other people, a sincere effort to get at the best of their civilization, he is repaid in kind. If he puts into it only his grosser animal self, he remains just the same gross animal that he was before. For the man anxious to build up treasure for the future—treasures of the mind and spirit which no one can take away—France holds out innumerable advantages. One may not be this way again in the course of a lifetime, so it is well to take advantage of such opportunities while they are near at hand.

Nobody, of course, expects the American soldier on leave to go about with a prayer-book neatly folded between his hands and a milestone hung about his neck. Far from it. He will be a better fighting man after his leave if he gives his body and mind a holiday and seeks the things such as outdoor exercise, reading and sightseeing that interest him without impairing his efficiency. The things that are expected of the A.E.F. man on leave are: That he conduct himself as a gentleman. That, like the knights of King Arthur's Round Table—whose spiritual successor, from the nature of his task, he most certainly is—he consider himself bound "to hold all women as sacred." That he allow himself to indulge in no excesses that will impair his efficiency as a member of one of Uncle Sam's combat units. One can have a bully good time in France—or anywhere else, for that matter—and still live up to those three cardinal principles.

France is not only one of the finest pleasure grounds on this planet—it is also holy ground. France has more than once—at Chalons, at Tours, at the Marne—"saved the soul of the world." The man who lets his vacation time go by without visiting some of the famous spots in France where world history has been made (and the history of his own country thereby materially altered) is certainly missing one of the most splendid opportunities of his life. And, from now on forever, the man who does not know France, "the best beloved of nations," is sure to be set down as a "lowbrow" indeed!

"DO YOUR DAMNEST"

Our British Allies, when they talk of "doing their bit," mean "doing the best that is in them"—giving their all. The traditional reticence and modesty of the Anglo-Saxon (so hard for many Americans to understand) makes them refer to it as "their bit." Unfortunately, too many people on the other side of the Atlantic we fear, taking that word "bit" at its literal value, have boasted of "doing their bit," giving their mite, when they ought to have been ashamed of its tininess.

This war cannot be won by peoples "doing their bit" if they mean only

"bit" when they say "bit." It cannot be won by half measures of any sort. This war is not a nickel-in-the-plate-on-Sunday affair, nor a \$5-for-residents-\$3-for-non-residents affair, nor a sewing-class-twice-a-week affair. It is a war that demands every ounce of everyone's energy, every cent of everyone's surplus, every second of everyone's available time. Thinking of it in any other way is little less than stabbing in the back those men of ours who are lining the trenches in Lorraine, who are keeping the perilous vigil far out at sea.

"Do your bit"—with "bit" meaning "all"—is Britain's war slogan. America's should be:

"DO YOUR DAMNEST!"

NOT ALL ARE SLACKERS

The men of the A.E.F. have no use for slackers. The creatures (we cannot call them men) that deliberately shirk their obvious duty at this time are beneath our collective contempt. But, because we feel so strongly on the subject, we do not think it fair to brand as slackers those men who have honestly made the effort to be accepted for active service, and who, for physical or other reasons, have been denied the privilege of such service.

There are many such men back in the States, men who even went under the surgeon's knife that they might pass the Army or Navy tests, men who volunteered to give up all they had—business, leisure, home—only to be refused. The sight of khaki or navy blue on more fortunate men makes them wince to think that they, too, cannot wear it. Uncomplainingly they have set about the drudgery of raising money, of speeding supplies, of providing recreation for us, giving lavishly of their time and funds. It is unjust to call such men slackers.

Over here, too, there are many men in the allied non-combatant services who have been rejected for the Army itself, but who are putting all they have into their activity for the cause, the same cause as ours. Such men did not don their present uniform from first choice, but from second choice. They wanted to be where we are; but, being told they could not, they cheerfully took on what is oftentimes just as hazardous employment for the sheer desire of being somehow "in the game," of helping us somehow to win out in that game. They certainly cannot be classed as slackers.

PROUD AND GRATEFUL

Someday we will try to tell—not boastfully, but with pride and gratitude—the story of how team work and cheerful sacrifices in the way of time and elbow grease have set our little newspaper going along the road to success. We have called upon many in the A.E.F. to lend us a hand; not once have we been turned down. Everyone is overworked in these days, but from the Commander-in-Chief himself (the busiest of all—who found time to write us our first communication) down to Private No. 3, Rear Rank, everybody we have called upon has put his shoulder to the wheel. Our new Sporting Editor gives us his Sundays and such spare time after hours as is allotted to a Red Cross camion driver. M.P.s have turned to and trucked big rolls of paper after standing a night of guard duty. Couriers—but what's the use? All we have to say is, you're real sports, all of you, and THE STARS AND STRIPES is proud and grateful.

WAR'S UNKINDEST CUT

That great summer sport of rural American youth, known as "getting up early to see the circus come in," seems destined to go the way of all flesh. Railroad transportation in the States is being largely devoted to rushing supplies for the Army from the interior to the Atlantic seaboard, and, to conserve coal, many passenger trains have been severed from the schedules. The big shows, therefore, the big three ring affairs with the "gorgeous, glittering, gurgitating galaxy of exquisitely efficacious equestriennes" (as Tody Hamilton used to paint it), seem doomed to discontinuance, perhaps to demise. Under present traffic conditions, none but the little one ring affairs, capable of being compressed into a caravan of Henry Fords, dare venture abroad in the land.

Poor youngsters! Already the war has made heavy demands on them. They have "hooved" religiously on sweets, forgone the purchase of beaifne marbles in order to buy thrift savings stamps and Liberty Bonds, and will be compelled to go to school this summer because there has been no coal for the schoolhouse stove this winter. In desperation, many of the boys have taken to knitting, and greater love for his country could no short-trousered kid exhibit than to devote himself to the pastime of the despised feminine gender.

And, now, no chance to get in free by lugging water for the elephants! An arid summer—pink lemonadeless, peanutless and pink tightless—stares young America in the face. Buffalo Bill has gone to his long rest; his compunehrs have enlisted in the cavalry; his Indians have forsaken the tomahawk for the trench knife; his Cossacks have turned Bolshhevik. War with Austria-Hungary makes it treason to cross a gypsy's palm with silver. How is young America—and old America, which always used to go to the circus "just for the children's sake"—going to bear up under this, "the most unkindest cut of all"?

A FRIEND OF AMERICA

In the recent death of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice at Ottawa, Canada, while on his way back to England after arduous duties well performed in the United States, America loses a real friend and an understanding admirer. First as Secretary of the British Embassy at Washington, and later as Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, he learned to know us and like us, and we learned to know and like him. Simple in his tastes, democratic in his views and bearing, possessed to an infinite degree of tact and of quiet humor, he was an ideal diplomat and gentleman. His work in aiding to bring about a sympathetic understanding between America and England will bear fruit for many years to come.

"TAISEZ-VOUS"

It means, "Keep your mouth shut." Always good advice, it is particularly good in time of war, especially when one considers that kind of enemy we are up against. "The night," write the poet, "has a thousand eyes." He might well have added, "and the Boche has a million ears."

Keep your knowledge of musketry, of signaling, of the contents of orders, of the location of units where it belongs—under your hat. Don't lose it. Not all the people who say "je ne comprends pas" so earnestly are telling the truth. Nor, to be on the safe side, are all the people who say, "I won't let it go any further."

If you were in a football team, and possessed of its code of signals, would you want that code to get into the hands of a rival eleven? Not much. If they had your signals, they could smear every play you started, provided they were anywhere near your equals in beef and speed. It's the same way in this war game. So, for the good of the only "All-American" team worthy of the name—"taisez-vous!"

"GAS—ALERT!"

America's war objects are perfectly clear. She is solidly united to Britain in opposition to the Continental policy in Europe and in Asia.—"Die Vossische Zeitung." If by Continental policy we mean the policy of slaughtering babies by wholesale in Europe and in Asia, then, Herr Editor, you are absolutely right.

If the standardized suit becomes a burden to civilians, we can assure them that, if they are seeking variety, they will find plenty of it in the Army's socks.

Warm weather in the States speeds up the moving of supplies for the Army. Warm weather in France slows up the moving of the Army on account of the mud. (Given enough warm weather, therefore, the supplies and the Army ought to meet on some one of these fine days.)

In 1916 we were down on the Mexican border sabering the rattler; in 1918 we are up on the Lorraine border after the sabre rattler.

Camp Grant and Camp Dodge Hold Big Boxing Bout.—Headline.

We bet Camp Dodge was mighty spry on its feet.

We might forgive Sweden for her alleged handing over of steel to the Boche if she would only furnish us with some sure-light Swedish matches. If we had them, we could just light our pipes and sit back in comfort while that Swedish steel went whizzing by.

The way the Marines kick about having to wear the Army uniform, you'd think that the uniform consisted of boiled shirt, white vest, and clawhammer coat.

To judge from reports emanating from the States, it costs a man more to keep up his coal cellar than his wine cellar.

Mr. Baker also stated that the Navy plans to send over two tons of food and munitions for each man sent to France.—"News Dispatch."

With those frozen spuds counting as munitions, no doubt.

"It's our cowboys and your East Enders who are the real pals. You'll see a Cockney with his arm around a man from Michigan or Tennessee." Irvin Cobb, as reported by a British journalist. Irv was probably referring to our cowboys from Battle Creek. Up there they ride vibratory horses. Or did he mean our Memphis steamboat busters?

... and she comes to see him in the camp and finds him a proud American with a big chest, a sergeant saluting and saluted.—Mr. Cobb again.

We love our sergeants, Mr. Cobb; oh, yes, we do! But we save up our salutes for commissioned officers.

Lloyd George, the British premier, has become a grandfather. Our congratulations! By the way, what has become of good Dr. Osler and his pet theory?

There is a shortage of British and French tobacco, and the British and French are scrambling in consequence. Really, some people don't know when they're well off. Do you hear us complaining about that shortage?

Nothing like that in army reporting... there are no graft assignments, no dinners, no art exhibits, dog shows, pink tees, or wonder of wonders—no Allied Bazaars.—From THE STARS AND STRIPES.

No, but there's a big show up front being staged for the benefit of the whole world.

THE LORD OF VILLAINY

Captain Kidd played the pirate game, but he played it on the square; He never sunk ships with babes on board and let them founder there;

He did some hefty robbing, and his acting sure was crass, But he never once resorted to the use of poison gas.

Robin Hood played the robber game, but he played it handsome, too; He bled the fat and wealthy, but he let the poor right through.

He never took indemnities from those who were in need, But rustic Robin had no chance to learn the Teuton creed.

Henry Morgan roamed the Main as a downright buccaneer, He guzzled on Jamaica rum, and never stooped to beer;

He was a downright lowbrow, a roughneck, Heaven knows, But history doesn't say that Hank e'er crucified his foes.

Alexander (called the Great) set out to rule the world; Against each peaceful nation his phalanxes were hurled.

"He saw and took"; but when he'd got the thing he most desired, He didn't lie about it, and make honest people tired.

Villains they were of ancient days, each in his separate line, But it remains for Wilhelm all their vices to combine.

And add some new ones of his own—his crimes on land and sea Have branded him forever as the Lord of Villainy.

WILL HE SEE IT? —By Rollin Kirby



IN THE LAND OF ADOPTION

By the time the legions of the National Army arrive in France and make their way from the base ports to the training areas, and from thence to the front, the portion of France over which they travel will have become pretty thoroughly Americanized. If they stick to the beaten highway and patronize the shops that flaunt signs in near and very painstaking English setting forth what they have to sell; if they rely on the Y.M. canteens and Q.M. stores for their tobacco and other necessities; if they frequent any restaurants in towns where American troops have been quartered before, they will find but little use for the high school French they brushed up on, the eat-and-drink French they picked up from fashionable menus, the French-in-twenty-lessons they found time to sandwich in at their training camps. In fact, their first "vouliez-vous me donner des oeufs?" uttered with a broad Missouri accent after careful rehearsal with a phrase book, will elicit times out of ten the brisk reply: "Very well, mister! And how many eggs do you want?"

Ice cream parlors will face the new arrival on every hand. The ice cream, to be sure, will be more of the sherbert variety than the more oleaginous American kind, for milk is scarce in France and is supposed to be reserved for nursing children and for sick people. Still, it will be ice cream, selling at "twenty cents, please!" instead of "un franc"; and that, in the newly arrived and homesick, is something indeed.

Clothing stores will be found to be carrying everything American, from socks up to toothbrushes. Military outfitters will be discovered to have laid in a stock of everything, from Sam Browne belts down to extra collar ornaments. Not a few tobacco stores, supplementing the canteens and the Q.M., will have cigarette dispensers that may be smoked without danger of rupturing the great American palate. So it will be along the line.

The little boys one almost topples over as they run on their way to school (children always wait until the last minute, before visiting the dreadful structure, just as they do at home) will call out "How doo you doo?" as they trot past, instead of the "Bon jour" of former days. Little girls will slide up bashfully, curtsy, and ask, with wonderful precision, "Have you got any gum, if you please?" The politeness one passes along the road will holler out a friendly "Hello!" thinking that it means "How are you, old top?"—as, uttered in the right mood and with a smiling countenance, it most assuredly does.

Madame, in whose loft one is billeted, will tell one where to get "straw," not "paille." Monsieur will offer fragments in mighty good English, out of his own experience while fighting the Boche in 1870. Mademoiselle, sitting down at the piano, will regale one's musical ear with "Au Clair de la Lune," "Sur le Pont d'Avignon," and "Les Cloches de Corneville" but with "Over Three," "Oh, Johnny," and "Where Do We Go From Here?"

The French officers assigned to give one the latest in twentieth century warfare will not have to call loudly for the "interprète" away at the other end of the line. They will tell the newcomer what's what, in good United States, and enable him to get on the job right from the start. The railroad people, when the newcomer finally achieves the dignity of a pass, will tell him, in a way that he can understand, just how to master the intricacies of the French time table.

What has brought about this astounding change in the customs and speech of the natives of the American occupied regions? Save in a few isolated instances along the coast, it is not due to the previous advent of the British and Canadians, for the American Army area is pretty well removed from that of his Majesty's forces. The slang one encounters in real middle West or real New York, or a highly entertaining mixture of the two, it is not Cockney, or Scotch, or any other Britanic patois: It is Americanese, put on solely for the Americans.

This change, this Americanization is due first of all, to the marvelous adaptability of the French, their eagerness to be of service, their innate, national sense of hospitality, their unfeigned delight at having us here. Old text books, relics of college and other days, have been hauled out of attics, and the owners, with bent brows, have set to work to master the English of Queen Victoria's day and to make it fit in with the lingo of the perplexing Americans. Children have been switched overnight from the study of Latin

and Greek to take up the jougue of the more recent warriors, to be able to discourse of General Pershing instead of Cesar, of Mr. Wilson rather than of Demosthenes.

Secondly, it is due, O you newcomers, to hard work on our part—work after hours of drill, in teaching little Pierre to count up to "twenty-five" in English, in coaxing little Babette to say "Thank you" instead of "merci," in answering Friend Polin's "How you say 'fruit' een Engleesh?" Not all of us have done it, for not all of us have had time, nor have all of us had enough French to start on; but those of us who have worked at it have worked well and hard, if we do say it ourselves; and even those of us (meaning a good many of us), who have simply blundered around, voicing our wants in plain United States and nothing else, have played no humble part in the missionary campaign; for, after we'd said a thing over often enough, the good and patient people we tried it on began to get our drift.

Take it all in all, the French met us more than half way, and we did our level best to come the rest of the way. In short, we find we have been Frenchified almost as much as our friends have become Americanized. We catch ourselves telling one another to "aliez tout suite" instead of "get a gait on." We compute (though this is not for the captain's eyes) all our poker debts in francs and centimes.

At mess time, without thinking of it, we ask someone to shove along the sel, instead of the salt, the beurre instead of the butter—and we don't do it to show off, either. Did you ever hear of party manners in a mess shack? No; neither did we. It's just beginning to come natural to us, this language. We may be ragged at yet on the irregular verbs, which constitute the only known French atrocity, and we may be a bit uncertain on genders and declensions, but almost every one of us has a vocabulary that is a bear. You might say it's a baby bear, for it's growing every day.

Not only that, but when we seek restaurants as an alleviation against too much of the Army's grub—there can be too much of a good thing, you know—we don't hesitate a minute, but promptly proceed to carve up the hunk of bread handed to us as if we'd been doing it all our lives. We have learned to eat snails and like them—yes, and frog's legs! We are quite accustomed to having our vegetables served as a separate course, and we get no thrill of the unusual from sipping coffee out of a glass. Really, we fear that when we get home and start in to order a regular meal in a place where the waiter never heard of Lorraine (he thinks it's some kind of a drink, no doubt), we won't know how to act.

OPINIONS OF THE JUDGE ADVOCATE

COMPETING AGAINST CIVILIANS

By the act of May 11, 1908, and the act of June 8, 1916, enlisted men, Army bands, and members thereof are forbidden from engaging in any competitive civilian employment. The implication is that they may engage in such employment if it does not interfere with the customary and regular engagement of local civilians in the respective arts, trades, or professions. Whether such interference will or does result is a question of fact, which is not to be settled by reference either to union labor alone or to non-union labor alone.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST CHAPLAINS

First Readers of the Christian Science Church are eligible to appointments as chaplains at large under the act of October 6, 1917, authorizing appointment from religious sects not recognized in the apportionment of chaplains now recognized by law.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY

There is but one Army of the United States, and every organization, bureau, officer, and man in the military service is part of it. The Inspector General's Department, as well as all other staff corps and departments, are to be reorganized out of the Army

at large so that such departments may properly perform their ever increasing functions. The primary authority for providing the necessary staff officers in the increased establishment is not to be found in the use of reserve officers as such, but in the power to appoint necessary officers under the National Army act.

DEPOSITIONS IN COURTS MARTIAL

In trials for desertion in time of war the use of depositions on the part of the Government is not allowed. Hence trial judge advocates and convening authorities should, in determining the place of trial, bear in mind the expense of procuring witnesses; and the trial judge advocates should make careful investigation to determine whether a plea of guilty is to be entered and whether testimony of witnesses is reasonably necessary.

SOLDIERS AND CIVIL COURTS

In time of war the military authorities are not required to surrender to the civil authorities one subject to military jurisdiction and charged with a civil offense. It is recommended as a matter of policy that such surrender be not made, unless the offense charged is a most serious one and the charge is shown not to be without proper foundation and it appears that the accused will be accorded a fair trial without prejudice on account of his military status.

APPREHENDING DESERTERS

No greater sum than \$50 can be paid for the apprehension and return of a deserter, although the expense of his return may exceed that amount. But there is no objection to the designation of a convenient place for receipt of deserters apprehended and delivered by civil authorities, and a detail may be stationed at the designated place to receive such deserters or a guard sent there to receive and return them.

UNIFORM FOR HOME GUARDS

Home Guards may not, without authority therefore from the Secretary of War, wear any uniform which bears a prohibited similarity to the uniform of the United States, but the Secretary of War has power to grant such authority on condition that the uniform bear some mark of insignia distinguishing it from the uniform prescribed for the United States Army.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

Members of well-recognized religious sects whose creed of principles forbid the participation in war are exempted only from combatant service, not from non-combatant military service. Service with the American Red Cross or manual labor performed upon farms or gardens operated for the benefit of the Army on land leased or occupied for military purposes is not military service, and can not be designated by the President as noncombatant military service, assignment to which will relieve conscientious objectors from military service.

REPATRIATION

American citizens who have heretofore enlisted in armies of powers at war with any country with which the United States is at war may have their American citizenship restored under the act of October 5, 1917. Citizenship is not necessary for enlistment in the United States Army in time of war.

STATUS OF HOME GUARDS

During the present war a State may lawfully raise and maintain troops which resemble in all or almost all respects the well-known militia of the several States as it hitherto existed, for service within its own boundaries exclusively. These forces are capable of being called by the Nation into the service of the United States for the usual constitutional purposes, and the members as individuals can be drafted by the Federal Government, but are not subject to draft under Paragraph 2 of Section 1 of the National Defense Act as members of the National Guard.

RESERVE OFFICERS IN UNIFORMS

A reserve officer not called into active duty is not authorized to wear the uniform of the United States Army.

WOOD CHOPPING CODE LAI'D DOWN FOR A.E.F.

An Axe Swinger Explains the Fuel Problem and Why It Pays in the End to Play Under All the Rules

"Say nothing but saw wood." It's a good motto, all right, and, like most mottoes, it means awfully well. But if you're a member of an A.E.F. woodchopper's contingent, you can't live up to it. You can't saw wood—French wood, wet wood, brain wood, fire-wood, every blooming kind of wood, without saying a great deal.

You have to say your great deal not only in English, but in French, for no wood is chopped in this country unless under the personal supervision of a French forest officer, who is a sort of game warden, tree warden, headman and universal Gifford Pinchot combined. He is a necessary officer, for people have been cutting wood in France for a long, long time. Even before Mr. Columbus, the first Italian immigrant to our shores, set sail because he knew the world was round. O, they were saying nothing but sawing wood in France. So, because France is only about as large as New York plus about half of Pennsylvania, and in spite of the fact that certain hardy trees have fooled the cutters by growing up again, it can be seen that, unless someone looked out for the wood supply, there wouldn't be any wood in France—except, of course, that which certain American outfits brought with them under their hats.

But you can't burn wood in your dome without burning your hair, too; and hair, even the best grade of it, makes a most unsatisfactory fire. You can't go out and cut down trees as if they were Boche, promiscuously, like, because the French law prohibits it. Even if you fouted the law—which you wouldn't—you'd only be cheating yourself, because if everybody did it then everybody, within a short space of time, would be out of luck for wood. There's no two ways about it.

How Wood Beats the Boche

Consequently, arrangements have been made for the taking over of the woods (in France every pine grove is considered a forest), located in divisional areas and in various other points of France, for cutting by the A.E.F. These will be, in a sense, private preserves—subject, of course, to the supervision of the French forest authorities. Once they are backed up in proper style, there will be no cause for any company cook to serve out undone beans, to the undoing of the doughboy. Chopped wood makes for hot victuals, and hot victuals makes it hot for the Boche.

In case, however, that there is a lack of transportation for the wood cut in these areas, or that supply officers are unable to secure fuel wood from them through regular channels, or that the supply of wood already cut from the designated district is short, local cutting, as it is called in orders, may be resorted to. The proper step to take before cutting wood in your own vicinity is to find out from the Chief Quartermaster, what is the nearest tract authorized for cutting. If that cannot be done, the French Zone Major, the Town Major, or the nearest forest officer may be resorted to; and they, being human persons and knowing what it is to spend a cold and gasless winter, will probably help out.

Now comes the problem that hits everybody. Of course, there are forestry regiments and forestry regiments, but they can't be everywhere all of the time. They are employed for the most part on the big tracts, engaged in preparing fuel for the entire army. They are, more often than not, unavailable for your own little piece of backwoods, on the contents of which your shivering son has set covetous eyes. That means that you—some of you—must do it yourselves.

Should You Sit Tight?

There's an order out about this, so pay close attention: "Men with previous experience in woodcutting will be selected for detail for this work so far as is practicable." Wow! If you've ever cut wood before, now's the time to say nothing, you say? Wait—if everybody who has ever cut wood shuts up the same way, they'll pick out a detail anyway, whether they've ever been woodsmen before or not. So after all, it is best to own up.

"It should always be possible," says the order, "to indicate at least two men experienced in the use of the axe with every squad of eight or ten." Heads of large firms are thereby picked at once for woodcutting details—don't they know how to use the axe? These axe-men should be assigned to fell the trees, the order continues, and the less experienced men employed in chopping up the trees when felled." In other words, the fellows who have played the wood-hacking game before get the trees down, and the rest of the gang do the mean trick of hitting the poor things when they're down.

Interpreter Has It Soft

The only graft job in a woodchopping detail is that of official interpreter, for there has to be somebody along with the axe-bearers for the French forest officer's instructions to filter through. French forest officers have by this time a fair knowledge of American army slang but have not progressed to the point where they can read the deaf and dumb alphabet like the Gink and the Gole. Consequently, orders distinctly state that "an officer or soldier who understands French should accompany each woodcutting detail in order to make sure that the instructions are fully understood."

It is further specified that only the trees indicated by the French officer will be cut, and that the greatest of care must be taken to cut no trees marked or otherwise indicated for reservation. In most cases it will be found that the wood available for cutting is small copices or saplings—as every detail that has been there knows—since the larger trees are almost invariably reserved for saw timber or other use.

In case there are men on woodchopping assignment who do not know how to save themselves work, the order directs that every effort should be made to keep the axes, hatchets, brush hooks, and buck saws well sharpened, particularly the axes and hatchets, for they are used in the heavy work of felling trees. The regulations of the French prescribe that trees must be cleanly cut close to the ground and that the surfaces of the stumps be left smooth.

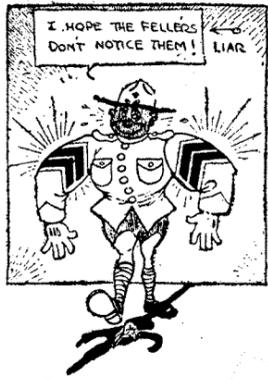
Then a Ray of Hope

Wood, it is directed by both French and American authorities, is to be cut into meter lengths, and stacked and measured in cubic meters. Branches less than one inch in diameter, being too small to pile, are to be bundled tightly into fagots about 1½ feet in diameter and not more than four yards long. These fagots as every present or past kitchen mechanic knows, are for kindling, and the order directs that

they be used for kindling as close to the cutting area as possible, since it is not worth while to transport them long distances." Amen!

At the end of the order about the wood comes a ray of hope for those weary souls with blistered hands and aching backs who have been chopping, chopping, chopping all winter, as well as for those who have just begun to get a taste of it. "Almost economy," runs the paragraph, "will be practiced in the wood-cutting operations since the supply of both material and labor is very limited. Close cutting and complete utilization of all material, small as well as large, is necessary."

CORP'RAL'S CHEVRONS



Oh, the General with his epauletts, lead in a parade.
The Colonel and the Adjutant a-sportin' of their brand,
The Major and the Skipper—none of 'em look so fine
As a newly minted corp'ral, comin' down the line!

Oh, the Pl-shop in his mitre, pacin' up the aisle,
The Governor, frock-coated, with a votes-for-women smile,
The Congressman, the Mayor, aren't in it, I opine,
With a newly minted corp'ral, comin' down the line!

TRENCHFOOT

The timely topic of how to prevent—if not to cure—trench foot is the subject of a new A.E.F. official paper. Trench foot, says the bulletin, belongs to the class of preventable diseases, and its occurrence among the troops of a command is an indication of a lack of good sanitary discipline therein. Experience has shown that the prevalence of this disease can be precluded by providing proper facilities to units for the care and treatment of the feet, and by a strict daily routine within organizations. Organization commanders are directly responsible, and by constant personal observation and supervision will satisfy themselves that these facilities are available, and that the members of the command are making full use of the opportunities afforded thereby.

The chief predisposing and exciting causes of trench foot are the existence of systematic diseases; insufficient nourishment, particularly hot foods, and lack of sleep and comfort; too frequent changes of shoes and socks, allowing accumulations of bacteria-laden secretions, with a consequent maceration of the skin of the feet; wearing of tight shoes, socks, leggings, puttees, or breeches; long continued standing or sitting without exercise, and with the feet and legs in constrained positions; prolonged exposures of the feet to the effects of wet and cold.

The commanding officers of all units will be held personally responsible that the following instructions are carried out under the personal supervision of a commissioned officer:

Pin Up Your Socks

That there is available a sufficient supply of dry, clean, well fitting, woolen socks. All men will be instructed to habitually wear socks without garters. The tendency of the sock to creep down is prevented by fastening to the breeches by means of safety pins.

That there is available for each man present not less than one change of shoes or boots; and that all boots and shoes are in serviceable condition, well fitted, thoroughly greased, and of sufficient size to permit of wearing woolen socks.

That the wearing of rubber boots for periods longer than a few hours be discouraged. Troops should be warned of the disadvantage of this form of footwear. Rubber boots always ventilate badly and remain moist after removal. In drying, they should be wiped out upon the inside after removal of the inner sole, and then hung by the inside straps suspended with the feet down. Neither puttees nor leggings will be worn under rubber boots.

That there are available at all times suitable rooms set aside for use as drying chambers; and that this space be of such arrangement and size as to adequately provide for the drying of all footwear or other clothing.

Oil the Feet Daily

That the feet of all are vigorously rubbed at least once each day, and preferably with some animal fat such as tallow or whale oil.

That active foot exercises be indulged in at frequent intervals, and from time to time that this be supplemented by removal of shoes and socks, with subsequent drying and massaging of the feet. That special efforts be made to discover men who are suffering from corns, ingrown nails, blistered or inflamed feet. Any one of these conditions alters the gait and thereby decreases efficiency and increases the tendency to trench foot. All such cases should be placed under the surgeon's care without delay.

That every effort be made to reduce to the lowest possible minimum the necessity of the men performing duty with their feet in mud or water; this is frequently only a question of trench drainage and the elevation of duck boards.

Since an ample supply of woolen socks is a primary need, arrangements will be made for the delivery of dry socks to the men at the front, and for the

return of wet ones to the drying rooms, thereby insuring to each man at least one change a day.

Before marching into a forward area, company commanders will make the necessary inspections of their command to see that all shoes are well fitted, in good repair, and properly dubbined, and that each man has at least three pairs of serviceable woolen socks upon his person. At this time all members of the command will be warned against too tightly applied puttees. This danger is particularly prominent during wet weather, since dry puttees properly applied, which subsequently become wet, shrink three per cent of their length.

Hot Food Helps Cure

Since the lack of nourishment in general, and hot foods in particular, strongly predisposes to trench foot, the responsible commanders will make suitable arrangements for the supply of hot food to the men. Food containers for bringing up hot food will be provided, and cookers and kitchen fire will be placed in localities suitable for supplying food and drinks. There will be served each day to all men in the forward areas not less than two hot meals, preferably at midday and one between midnight and 5 a. m.

Plans for improving and constructing field cookers, kitchens, clothes driers, or other special arrangements necessary to properly carry this order into effect will be furnished upon application to Headquarters.

Foot powders and the various oils, greases, or ointment to be used in the prevention and treatment of trench foot and other diseases of the foot will be furnished by the Medical Department. The necessary supplies for application to boots, shoes, etc., will be supplied by the Quartermaster Corps.

The proper requisitions to meet the needs of this situation will be prepared and forwarded without delay to the various supply department depots for filling.

CARE FOR DOVES OF WAR

Pigeon Specialists of A.E.F. Send Out No Olive Branch

The lad who kept pigeons as a boy back home on the farm is in high demand in the infantry.

Headquarters of a certain division recently sent out a call for soldiers who knew about pigeons. There had been previous calls for men who knew foreign languages, and a certain Department. The pigeon specialists' call would have sounded like a joke if the soldiers had not known that division headquarters never jokes.

Those who had kept pigeons answered the call and were taken out of their units to go to a French school. No trill, no fatigue—for a week.

After seven days schooling with the French, they returned to their regiments and were assigned to battalion headquarters. Each now wears on his arm a new insignia—a silver pigeon with spread wings embroidered on a black sleeve.

Their work some day may pull victory out of a bad situation or save the lives of many of their comrades. They go into the trenches by twos, with each a battalion. A number of birds are kept near battalion headquarters in the trenches to carry emergency messages in case the enemy shelling should ever destroy the communication wires and other usual means of communication.

The pigeon specialists keep their birds in a special deep dugout, safe from most shelling. The pigeons are on light diet, while in the trenches. When released, they are so hungry that they fly straight to their base.

Every few days one of the pigeon corps comes up with a crate of fresh birds, whereupon those which have done their "ton" in the trenches are released and a relay of another soldier starts back to bring up more birds.

A soldier from Sparta, Wis., is one of the best pigeon specialists so far discovered. He kept hundreds of birds back home, and except for a few casualties knew more about their care than his French teachers.

APRES LA GUERRE

When I get back to Gotham, as in God's name I may,
I'll feel just like a foreigner new come to Ellis Isle;
I'll try to figure out that it's the same old U. S. A.,
But I'll know it's something different all the while.
The bars will all be dry in that sad old hay-and-hye,
And petticoated barbers will be latherin' our chins;
I'll soon get used to that, but I won't know where I'm at
When I feel civilian trouser legs a-flapping 'round my shins.

When once again I lie in bed—please note that I say bed,
Not meaning six or seven slats and half a bale of straw—
I'll sleep until the cows come home, a pillow 'neath my head,
And perhaps my vertebrae won't be so raw.
The bugle's early blast will be something of the pass,
I can take a pleasant hour just to manœuvre my face,
But I may pass half my day in an absent-minded way
A-lookin' for the leggings that should hold my pants in place.

'Twill all be just like heaven—a necktie on my chest,
No buttons on my pockets and a shirt that's not O.D.,
Some underwear that fits me, a collar and a vest,
And not a stitch of old Equipment C.
I'll take a day or so to get used to it, I know,
But I'm doubtful if I'll ever be entirely at ease,
When a zephyr in its pranks circumnavigates my shanks
And starts a little game of tag 'round my unlimbered knees.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Why is it we're always on the move? Can't we pay the rent?
Is there any bottom to the soil of France?
If there is a Y.M.C.A. man left who can't swear now?
How do they stop a French cart coming down hill?
The name of the signaller who, on being awakened when the gas alarm sounded, and told to put on his respirator, reached over for his sock?
Who was the sergeant-major who said it was just as safe at the guns as it is at the wagon lines?
Why Fritz saves Friday nights for his big strafes?—From "The O-Pip," magazine of the 58th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery.

WHAT WE'D DO

We'd dig a week, or walk ten miles.
We'd even go one better,
We'd walk an hour in "No Man's Land"
If we'd only get a letter.
—From "The O-Pip."

ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

MESS MANNERS

BY BRAN MASIE

Rules for table deportment in the army are far different from those in civilian life, as anyone who has ever heard a company at mess' will readily recognize. To begin with, it is impossible for a man to drink out of the saucer, for the simple reason that there ain't no such piece of crockery. Thus one of the cardinal principles of correct behavior of table has got to be abandoned from the start.

Leaving the spoon in the canteen cup, and thereby deflecting some of the undue heat from the cup's interior to the surface of the spoon, is perfectly permissible and should be practiced on all occasions when the coffee is actually hot; that is, when the drinker happens to be pretty well up forward in the mess line. Warning one's chilled hands on the exterior of the cup, meanwhile exclaiming, "Oh, boy!" is also condoned in army usage. The grand old indoor sport of blowing into the coffee to cool it is likewise de rigueur, and also excellent for developing the lungs. In the most select army circles it is customary to save a little of the coffee to loosen up the goo in the mess tin when cleaning it.

The bread slab may with perfect propriety be used as an auxiliary plate. The necessary supplies for application to boots, shoes, etc., will be supplied by the Quartermaster Corps. The proper requisitions to meet the needs of this situation will be prepared and forwarded without delay to the various supply department depots for filling.

The large and only spoon may be used for any viand that lends itself to the shoveling process, regardless of the etiquette dictates already learned by the doughboy. That means that the large spoon does not need to be washed from the table at the conclusion of the soup course. It remains in action all the way through the engagement, from oysters to recall. In case the fork becomes a casualty, or is missing, or is detached from active service for use as a candlestick supporter, the spoon may with perfect propriety be employed as a meat steader while the knife does the uglier cutting work. In general it may be set down that, for eating purposes, the spoon is far easier on the inside of the face than is the knife.

Eating with the knife, however, is perfectly au fait in exclusive army circles, as, owing to quick shifts of base, both spoon and fork may become missing, or loaned to other units for purposes of food control. French peas, when available, should be thoroughly mashed before an attempt is made to elevate them with the knife blade. When used in this way the knife blade should be kept parallel with the surface of the table for in open field eating, with the surface of the terrain, and the elbow of the knife elevator should not be extended more than forty-five degrees. Extreme care should be

taken when conducting stew and other open order dishes to the face by the knife route, for landscape decoration in France is in sole charge of the camouflage branch of the Signal Corps.

The O.D. napkin, or blouse sleeve, is about the only article left for face cleaning purposes at the conclusion of the meal, though it is understood that the Red Cross has on the way a large supply of hand embroidered napkins bearing the usee's monogram, regimental and company or battery designation. Pending the arrival of the Red Cross serviettes, the O.D. napkin should be used sparingly inasmuch as faces are much easier to clean than blouses.

As to the minor points of table deportment, it may be said that not only is sopping the hardtack in the coffee container; it is actually required, if the hardtack is to be eaten at all. Bacon, stray slices of pork that may (by great courage) find their way in between beans, and stray chunks of meat that may, when the cook is not looking, find their way into the meat stew are to be taken in the fingers whenever the spirit moves. It is also perfectly permissible (as it is not at home) to ask for a second helping of soup, for soup as often the be-all and the end-all of an army meal. Neither should anyone refrain from asking for seconds just because there is company at table. In fact, the man who does not consistently and persistently ask for seconds is to be rated a distinct ignoramus.

When one is a guest at a British mess, one should not comment audibly on the substitution of tea for coffee or of cheese for meat. It is best to accept the tea with good grace, and to try to drink it, remembering all the while that one's British hosts not only can't help it, but consider it a delicacy. The same rule applies to the cheese, save that the cheese may, without giving offense, be transported to the neighboring canteen and there consumed with the pleasing accompaniment of the canteen's staple liquid product.

In open field eating, such as informal luncheon parties back of the lines or informal war dinners in the lines themselves, all rules for table deportment are suspended, all etiquette is relaxed. In fact so far many this dictum be carried that it is not only excusable, but to be expected, if one swears aloud when a burst of shrapnel, seeking its mate, lands kerplunk in the middle of one's pan of beans.

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THE BIRDMAN'S DAY

The bird man gay ascends each day to hand Dame Chance a trouncing; with cared gay he wends his way from cloud to cloud a-bouncing; it must be great to aviate mid storm-clouds gayly whisking, to loop-the-loop with joyous whoop, one's epidermis risking; without a care he skims the air and fliteth like a swallow; he climbs on high toward the sky, mid fleecy clouds to wallow; he madly skips and throws back-flips amid the gusty breezes, in heat or cold the bird man hold each chance for glory seizes. What though he breaks his neck or takes a fall from heights appalling? He risks his bun to strafe the Hun nor fears his motor's stalling. His crank-shaft breaks a dive he takes; it causes him to worry; he volplanes down without a frown nor gets into a hurry; by spiral dives he often tries to fool some vexing German; his article of wit is full, he smiteth oft the German, Maching-gan fire and dangers dire he meets and never shivers; he gayly laughs and photo-

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HOOVER WORKS SQUEEZE PLAY ON YANKS

Where are the lads who lead the line... On order track when Spring first tinkled...

Ah, well we knew they could not lag... When duty's strenuous never...

FRENCH RING BOUTS ARE FULL OF ACTION

Boxers Are Weak in Defensive Work, But Willing Mixers

STYLE DIFFERS FROM OURS

Victor Kisses His Conquered Foe After Administering Severe Bating to Him in the Ring

By B. F. STEINEL Real boxing bouts in France! Well, a majority of the fight bugs back home...

During these strenuous war times public boxing shows are prohibited. It being figured, undoubtedly, that the boys up in the trenches would be envious of the stay-at-homes...

Although the Frenchmen are really new at the sport, they have made wonderful progress. Of course you always imagined that when two Frenchmen entered the ring they went in "a la Savate" style...

Difference in the Sport Here

Now to point out a few differences between the game over here and at home. The shows here are attended about equally by men and women...

Judges Render All Verdicts

The referee over here is merely a figurehead. He breaks the boys and sees that they fight fairly...

With the present friendly relations between the French and Americans I look for some great international matches at the conclusion of the war...

JACK JOHNSON HEARD FROM

Bob Scanlon, former American colored heavyweight boxer, who has been making his home here for some time...

FOUND--A SPORTING EDITOR

Our recent call for a sporting editor to take charge of the sporting page has borne fruit. B. F. Steinel, with twenty years' experience...

Mr. Steinel is connected with the American Red Cross as an ambulance and camion driver. He formerly was with the American Field Service...

STAR SHELLS

By SGT. STUART CARROLL, Q.M.C. THE SPORTSMAN

A sportsman is the one who plays On sunny and on rainy days; Who doesn't care If Jupie nicks the water spout...

A sportsman smiles if something slips When he falls out or when he zips; He grins a bit, If, after lifting one from view, It soars, then gently drops into A fiddler's mitt.

A sportsman fights from first to last, And, when his game of life is past, He knows there waits A ticket of celestial hue, On which he gains admittance through The pearly gates.

It appears that Bolo Pasha took too long a lead and was caught napping. But then the Germans never were good coaches.

The splitter is declared anti by the managers of the American Association. Simultaneously, the evanesce of the tobacco chewing twirlers to the gold wife will become de trop.

And the home paper headlines thus: "Gertrude Hoffman to Buy a Circus."

Fourth Estate, lay off that stuff. And do not from our hob-nails jerk us; We know that sometimes Gertie's rough, But never would she buy a circus.

On the other hand, ain't it a belu-nava when, on the 19th of February, you get a package marked, "Don't open until Christmas?"

Eddie Plank also has joined the United Union of Contract Refusers and still asserts that the Yanks will have to hew in other forests for their pitching staff.

MESS SERGEANTS--MOST OF 'EM (Apologies to J. P. McEvoy, who doesn't cuss, but who knows all the words.)

I've studied these mess sergeants For nuptial months and more; I know their ways, their waggish ways, From A to Zingapore. Their cultured conversation When you sit on the show, Consists of five three-reeble words, And one is "Ubedamd."

You ask 'em for a handout, On bended knee you gaze Before their throne within the zone Of slum from better days; They slip you one expression, But full of pep it's jammed; The words you get are with you yet, And one is "Ubedamd."

You say the old man told you That you should eat right now, Instead of when the other men Begin to cough the show; These mess boss loaves you over, Then with a fork you're rammed; You wait until he rolls a pill, And he says "Ubedamd."

I wonder who'll explain it, Why mess non-coms should cuss On every day from June to May-- Oh, why is thisly thus? I never heard men say them "Ere I was Uncle Sammed-- These Ubedamd and Ubedamd And Ubedamd and Therbedamd and also Ubedamd."

MARTY McCUE WANTS BOXING

Martin McCue, former world known boxer, is striving hard to put boxing back on the map in New York. He has introduced a measure which will permit ten rounds in decision bouts...

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NEW YORK YANKS ARE AFTER COBB

Big Sensation Caused in Baseball by Announcement Back Home

TIGERS MAY AGREE TO DEAL

Hugh Jennings Seeks Star Twirler --Rumors Galore Afloat About Pending Deals

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, Feb. 21.--The big sensation in baseball circles right now is the announcement that the New York Yanks will try to secure the famous Ty Cobb from the Detroit Tigers...

There is a whirl of trades and deals and dickers, despite the recent announcement of economy by some of the owners. Harry Frazee of the Red Sox, Connie Mack of the Athletics, Hughie Jennings of the Tigers and Bobby Quinn of the Browns are all out for players...

Huggins Seeks Many Stars

Miller Huggins wants Bobby Veach or Harry Heilmann of the Tigers in case he cannot land Cobb, and if he is unable to get these men he may try to make a raid upon the White Sox. Red Faber, star twirler for the Sox in the world's series, has been drafted and says he is glad to do his bit...

Catcher Henry Is Sold

All American league clubs have wailed on Catcher Henry of the Washington club. Henry was the leader in the Players' Fraternity and led in the salary strike. Despite his marked skill as a backstop, all clubs at last week's meeting of the American league refused to bid him up and he was purchased for practically nothing by the Boston Braves...

Ed Barrow Leads Red Sox

Edward Barrow, for years president of the International league, has succeeded Jack Barry as manager of the Red Sox. Barrow was one of the big leaders in the fight against the Federal league. Until recently the Red Sox looked to be all shot to pieces owing to the enlistment of Manager Jack Barry and other stars...

SCHEDULE FAVORS GIANTS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, Feb. 21.--The New York Giants are greatly favored by the National league's schedule for the season of 1918. McGraw's team opens the season at home with four games with Brooklyn...

THE CENSOR SAYS YOU CAN MAIL The Stars and Stripes HOME

AFTER YOU HAVE FINISHED READING IT This is just one of a hundred and one good reasons why you should subscribe at once for the official A.E.F. newspaper...

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PUT IT UP TO US

THE STARS AND STRIPES being the official paper of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, it will be the aim of the Sporting Department to make the sporting page the official page for the soldiers over here...

CARPENTIER NOT IN SHAPE FOR RING GO

Famous French Champion Will Be Unable to Get Back Into Trim

According to reports from the States, Jess Willard has offered to meet Georges Carpentier in a big international match for the benefit of the American Red Cross. But a match of this kind appears to be absolutely out of the question...

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

Terry McGovern, who will be 38 years of age in March, is figuring on a comeback. He says with three months' training he will be able to get into shape...

Danny Goodman, well-known former light-weight boxer, is an operator in a machine-gun company back in the States. Jess Willard's brother, E. L. Stalker, died at Topeka, Kas., recently.

Mike O'Dowd and Harry Greb are slated for a bout at St. Paul on Washington's birthday. This will be a no-decision affair.

Harry Greb won from Angle Rathner in ten rounds at New Orleans, Greb having the better of the bout. Eddie McAndrews and Jack Perry fought a ten-round draw at Pittsburgh. Kid Herman stopped Bobby Burns in three rounds at Peoria, Ill.

Joe Stetser won over Eastiff Hussane and Wladek Zbrszko threw John Olin in a big double bill at New York.

Joe Lynch, the New York bantam-weight, stopped Kid Williams, former champion, in four rounds at Philadelphia. This was Williams' first knockout.

Charley Weinert was awarded the decision over Tom Cowler in the second round of their bout at Boston. Cowler persisting in hitting low.

Assemblyman Hatcher has introduced a boxing bill in the New Jersey legislature. He proposes eight-round bouts with eight-ounce gloves, with 10 per cent. going to the State.

Jack Butler was awarded the decision over Tommy Robson at Providence, R.I. Joe Stetser won over Eastiff Hussane and Wladek Zbrszko threw John Olin in a big double bill at New York.

Harry Willis, American negro heavy-weight, knocked out Sam McVey in five rounds at Panama. Although McVey took the count, he claimed he was fouled, but the referee disallowed his claim.

The Wisconsin Boxing Commission is after fake fighters and has suspended one boxer for taking it too easy.

The Naval Academy won all the laurels in wrestling and gymnastic meet with Pennsylvania, wrestling by a score of 27 to 4 and gymnastics, 40 to 14.

ORGANIZED BASEBALL SETTLES WITH FEDS

Millions To Be Paid To the Former Outlaw League Promoters

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, Feb. 25.--Organized baseball has settled with the Federal league in the big suit started by the outlaw organization and it will cost the various leagues a tidy sum to pay for the withdrawal of the Feds.

The Wards of Brooklyn, who advanced most of the money when the fight was being waged against the major leagues several years ago, will collect \$10,000 annually for the next twenty years. Harry Sinclair, owner of the Federal league franchise at Newark, New Jersey, will receive \$10,000 annual rental on his grounds for ten years.

Organized baseball also is obliged to buy back the star players captured in the Federal raids. Benny Kauff, now with the Giants, brings nearly \$40,000 and Lee Magee \$22,000, in addition to fancy prices for some of the other players. It is figured that it will cost organized baseball well up in the millions to include this settlement.

BASEBALL WAR TAX RESULTS IN WRANGLE

Fans Want Extra Pennies to be Turned Over to War Purposes

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, Feb. 21.--The new war tax placed upon baseball has already resulted in quite a mixup. The American league has decided that it will be impossible to handle the pennies in change and has set the prices of tickets at round figures.

Twenty-five cent tickets will sell at 20 cents and 75 cent tickets at 85. This gives two cents over the war tax on each ticket and fans are demanding that this extra money be turned over to the Red Cross or some other war purpose.

So far, the league has made no announcement what is to be done with this extra money, leaving the disposition to the individual clubs. Some owners have promised to give the difference to war purposes, while others are silent on the subject.

Experts have figured that just with the New York club there will be a daily gain of \$150 on the 85 cent raise alone. The National league has taken no action in the matter thus far.

DIAMOND FLASHES

At Pardee, former Kansas City, Toledo, Wheeling, Pittsburgh and Newark twirler, was killed in a fall downstairs at his home in Columbus, Ohio.

"Pep" Hornsby, the St. Louis Cardinals star slugger, has been placed in Class B in the selective draft, and the Mound City fans are happy as a result, as it would make a big hole in their team should "Pep" be lost.

James Breton, former University of Illinois star, and later with the White Sox and Kansas City Blues, has been accepted as a pilot in the aviation camp at Chanampain, Ill.

Arthur (Tully) Stafer, former New York Giant third baseman, who claimed he quit the national pastime because he received too many perfumed notes from

YES! Americans, you will find torches and bulbs at "LA LUMIERE pour Tous" 8, Rue St. Florentin, Paris (8e).

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOM 194 Rue de Rivoli. Open daily 2.30 to 5 p.m.

AMERICAN EYE CLASSES E. P. Meyrowitz OPTICIAN PARIS 1, Old Bond St. 3, Rue Scribe.

the fair sex, has joined the aviation division at San Diego, Cal. Johnny Tobin, star on the Salt Lake City team last year, has signed his contract with the St. Louis Browns. He is touted as a comer. Grantland Rice, the well known sport critic, in a long article claims that "Big Six" made good as manager at Cincinnati last season. Ernie Knob, twirler with the St. Louis Browns, has made application to join the air service.

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HEIRESS SCRUBS TUBS TO AID U. S.

Society Girl Wields Brush and Soap As Her War Weapons

COOKS AND DRIVERS, TOO

Year May See 40,000 American Women Working For the Army in France

By C. C. LYON
Correspondent of the Newspaper Enterprise
Association with the A. E. F.

If this war keeps up another year there'll be some 40,000 American women in uniform in France doing their part for the Allied cause.

Of this number, approximately 30,000 will be Red Cross nurses. The balance will be Y.M.C.A. workers, civilian clerks in army offices, and workers in other activities of the Red Cross.

Already the call has gone out for thousands of additional nurses, preparatory for the day when Uncle Sam will have a million and a half of fighting men on the western front.

America's hospital plans alone call for 300,000 beds for an army of that size, or one bed for every five fighting men.

The day may come in the American Army, just as it has now arrived in the British Army, when no able-bodied man of military age will be holding any sort of clerical job, the work of which could be done just as well by a woman.

The British W.A.A.C.s, as one branch of women army workers style themselves, have made themselves well nigh indispensable. They not only hold the clerical positions, but they man the telephones, cook, launder, and drive many types of autos, from light trucks and ambulances to some of the cars in which officers flit from place to place.

Finding Out Realities

"It takes a big war like this one to give some women a proper sense of proportion of things," said an American woman who is already in France directing several hundreds of her fellow countrywomen. "Some of the most conscientious and hardest workers in my unit are girls who had done nothing all their lives but fritter away their time in society. The war woke them up. They were girls of good education, but they had never thought much about the stern realities of life until America got into the war and they suddenly saw a chance to do something useful. They'll be better women for the experience they are receiving in France."

An American society girl who some day will have several millions in her own right was among a unit that came to France early in the war and attached itself to a certain large French hospital. This girl knew nothing about anything when it came to hard work.

This Girl No Quitter

"Go back to America now? Never. I'd be disgraced in the eyes of my family and my friends. My father fought in the Spanish-American war, my grandfather in the Civil war, and all three of my brothers are in the service now. I've got good stuff in me even if I don't show it yet. Let me work in the kitchen or clean bath tubs. I'll show you I'm not a quitter."

"I never before saw such a look of determination in a girl's eyes. I decided then and there I'd keep her, but that I would test her mettle."

Love Laughs at U-Boats

A New England boy opened a Christmas box from his best girl and offered me some of the good things to eat.

AS WE KNOW THEM

"COLONEL ON THE STAFF"

He doesn't warm up easy chairs as much as you might think; He does a lot of planning, and he wastes a lot of ink; But all the same he's right up front 'most every day to call, And the tricky German snipers love to plug him most of all.

He rides around in racing cars on roads all torn by shell, And when a big 'un hits his fliv, he usually gets hell; The bloomin' Boche can spot him, 'cause he seldom goes alone, But usually with visitors who want the trenches shown.

No; he has won no cushy job, the Colonel on the Staff; He's little time to eat and sleep, and never time to laugh; And if there's any job on earth that never can be nice, It's just the job that he has got—the givin' of advice!

He may wear silver eagles, but a lot the Fritz cares; He bowlin' Hun just dotes on Staffs to score his strikes and spares— And if, by any single chance, the Colonel can't produce, He's hauled before the General and gets the very deuce!

BOCHE WOULDN'T DO TOMMY A GOOD TURN

So Sniper Pays Penalty for Missing Shot at British Colonel

This one comes from the British lines. A colonel out in No Man's Land attracted the attention of a German sniper in a tree. He promptly fired at the Englishman, and missed him.

The colonel as promptly threw himself down, rolled into a shell hole, and stayed quiet until four star shells had gone off. Then he crawled back into his own lines. He hunted up the lieutenant in charge of that length of trench and wrathfully demanded:

"What do you mean by letting a Boche sniper take a shot at me, with no reply?"

"We didn't see the thing at all," said the lieutenant. "Do you know where he was?"

"He's in that tree over there," said the colonel.

"I'll put my best shot on the job," said the lieutenant, and called up the man. Everybody watched the performance.

The rifleman got a comfortable position, hitched his elbow into the sling in the orthodox fashion, and waited. Presently another star shell went up.

"I see him," said the sharpshooter, and snuggled the butt down into his shoulder hollow. He waited for another shell, and fired. "Pine!" The German came tumbling down out of his tree, and the English soldier, blowing the smoke out of his rifle barrel, remarked:

"Take that, you — word which we will omit — for missing our colonel!"

"WELL I'LL BE—!"

SWITCHING ORDERLIES

Private —, of a former National Guard outfit, coughes for the accuracy of this one:

"When I was in college, not so very long ago, the fraternities used to parcel off their 'candidates,' or pledged men, as they called them, to the members of the various fraternities."

"I was instructed to ply the paddle liberally, which I did at first. But Jimmy was so nice and obliging about bending over so I could whack him with ease, and always came back so smilingly for more that I gave it up after a while, and quit sending him on errands to wear out his legs."

"Well, when his week was up I took him through the last night's initiation mill good and proper, but we couldn't scare him a bit. He got his share and more of the rough-house that evening, but he never squeaked. By the time we got the pin on him and taught him the grip he was pretty much all in, but he never let on to a soul except me."

"We were pretty good friends for the rest of his course and mine, meeting each other at the house off and on, and going on parties now and then. The man who 'ruins' a man for a fraternity is supposed to be a sort of a father-confessor to him during the rest of his course, and I tried to live up to my obligations, giving Jimmy all the fatherly advice I didn't follow myself. When I got my degree and beat it out into the cruel world I headed for the coast. I never expected to set eyes on Jimmy again, unless he got out my way on business sometime."

"But the other day, as I was walking through one of the main streets of one of the more sizeable towns of this portion of the world, whom do I run into but a second lieutenant, who looked a bit—just a bit—familiar. I gave him the eyes right as I saluted him; then he looked over, and—"

"'Wowie!' he hollered, 'if-it isn't my old 'Dad!' Well, I'll be doggoned!"

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INDUSTRY'S EXPERTS BUY FOR THE ARMY

Noted Business Men Aid in Job of Reducing Costs and Imports

Sombody has to buy a lot of things for this army. Not all of the things the army get are given to it free, like love and Christmas packages. Even at that, somebody had to buy the stuff that went into the Christmas packages. In fact, nothing given to an army is free but the affection.

The sombodies who buy all the stuff that is issued to the army—the things it has to fight with and to live on and to live under—do their buying off a scientific basis. They have to, or the good people back home wouldn't be getting a run for the money they sunk into Liberty bonds. Billions of iron men, when spent on millions of fighting men, won't go as far as you might think. Therefore, somebody has to be on the lookout.

The sombodies in question are the best buyers that the old country (meaning the U.S.A.) produces. They're not the kind that have just gone into buying for their health, the way some men enlist in the army. They have made a business, a study, a scientific analysis of the art and craft of buying. If one were to string out their names here it would rob the American peepage, as listed in Dun's and Bradstreet's, of some of its most shining lights.

Real Captains of Industry

These captains of industry, clad in the uniforms of captains of industry or some other branch, have complete charge of the army buying. The purchasing agents of the eleven army departments work with them, meeting with them at stated times to state the needs of their branches of the service. These needs are thoroughly aired; the whole goodly company decides which are the most pressing, finds out where the supplies to meet them with are to be had and gets reports on the prices of those supplies. Then, after this sifting process, the buying process begins.

The buying for the American Army is done largely in conjunction with the French Mission, so as to avoid any possible interference with the French plans. The French Mission aims to guard the American buyers and their own agents against unscrupulous bidders, by stepping in to regulate when the prices asked are too high. Naturally, the French do not want to have the Americans, by paying too much, boost the prices so that they in turn will have to pay more than before; and the Americans, being Americans, are not unduly anxious to be stung. So, between them, they keep prices, as far as they can control them, as fair as can be.

Franco-American Teamwork

The two nations' representatives work together when dealing with firms in neutral countries. Sometimes, these deals assume diplomatic proportions, in that an exchange of raw materials has to be effected, so to speak. One neutral country may be shy on a certain article of which an Allied country has plenty.

"You've got a helluva job," he told me. "You've got to share the cage with the major and do all his special work for him. 'Bissed'! I don't envy you. None of us can do it to suit him. You're the fourth little wife for old Bluebeard up to date. Good luck!"

"Wow! I straightened myself up and buttoned my coat and prepared to march into the major's office and report. Once I got inside I stood at attention, snugged up a salute and up from his desk looked — my old Boss!"

"'Jimmy!' he snorted. 'Well, for Heaven's sake! Now, at last, this office will begin to get things done! Quick, Master James! Out with your shorthand notebook and let me rattle these off to you. I guess we'll see this job through between us now, won't we, eh?'"

"Can you beat it? Why, I'm the luckiest man in the army! He's going to take me up front with him when he goes. Great stuff; how 'bout it?"

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and one Allied country may be equally shy on an article with which a neutral is glutted. By a give and take process, the thing is arranged.

For example: Remember that new lot of mules that came in not long ago? The muleskinners talked to them in English (both the King's and the other variety), and then in French; and, falling at that, tried the only other language they knew anything about—the one they picked up a couple of years ago on the border. Instanter the mules pricked up their ears, got a gait on, and made progress. That was one by-product of buying in a neutral country. Another by-product of the gentle art of making purchases is the Adrian barracks building, such as has housed a good many of us since coming to France.

But, when supplies are needed badly, for the comfort or the safety of our troops, and things come right down to a show-down, the buyers for this army don't let price stand in their way. They buy to save us—first—and then they buy to save tonnage space in the ships which are bringing over the bulk of our supplies and the rest of our army. They are on the job all the time, those buyers of ours, amply justifying the wishing on their part of the title of "captains of industry."

FOR LITTLE M.P. SHE LOVED

Chestnut Stand Woman Puts La Patrie Ahead of Business

Mme. —'s little roasted-chestnut stand occupied until recently a bit of roadside not far from G.H.Q., A.E.F. Her best customers, almost her only ones, were the American soldiers at Headquarters. Some of them she came to know very well, all of them she loved as only a Frenchwoman who husband has fallen for La Patrie can love the youth of a nation who have come overseas to avenge him.

One of them in particular, a little U.S. Marine, who was doing M.P. duty and passed her stand many times a day, she grew to know as a friend. Then one day he did not pass. She inquired of his mates, and learned that he was in hospital suffering from pneumonia.

One morning they brought her word that he was dead. The next day the Post Commandant received a fifty-franc note, accompanied by the following letter:

The Commandant,
American Headquarters.

Sir—Pardon me, Sir, for the liberty I take in writing to you. Permit me, Sir, to send you 50 francs in order to

place a wreath on the grave of the little American soldier who died so far away from his country, coming to the aid of France. I did not myself dare to carry it there, else I should already have done so. Do not refuse, Sir, the humble offering of a French woman who loves America above all things, who in memory of those dear dead who have died for their country is proud and happy to offer a wreath to the American soldier who died far away from his

mother, in order to come to the assistance of the children of France. I shall always remember, Sir, that you gave me permission to set up a little stand opposite the barracks. Thank you, Sir; I beg you, Sir, not to refuse to place a wreath for this little soldier. I believe it will bring happiness to my husband. I did not dare do it myself. Thanking you, Sir, accept my sincerest good wishes for America and for France. Mme. —

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