

BOCHE GUNNERS LEND ZEST TO HOLIDAY NIGHT

Star Shells Light Way for Washington's Birthday Party Guests

GUNNERS RACE INTO LINES

Journey Through Modern Pompell Leads Squarely Across Bull's Eye of Hun Target

FOUR NATIONS DRINK TOAST

Frenchman, Italian and Briton Join In Honoring Memory of Republic's Father

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING 1st Lieut., U.S.M.C.R. Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

Thanks to motor transportation, a correspondent for THE STARS AND STRIPES had the chance to attend two Washington's Birthday parties the same evening.

The party in the hotel was conventional, but none the less picturesque. Half a dozen Americans, three French fellows in uniforms of horizon blue, two Italians and a stocky, good-natured Briton got to their feet and clinked glasses to the toast:

"Washington, Father of His Country!"

The toast had to be translated to the Italians via one of the Americans. The Italians drank it first before they knew what it was all about; then, again—and heartier—after they understood. This, of course, added to the merriment. The Briton then rose to confess that this was the first time he had ever toasted George Washington. And that, naturally, called for another round.

Madame Smiles and Knits On

There was only one woman in the room, an elderly French Madame sitting at a little table alone and knitting. She looked up and smiled; then back to her stitches.

Outside it was chilly and raining. A single ray of yellow light filtered on to the wet pavement through the hotel shutters.

The press automobile, with dimmed lights, crept through the crooked streets to the outskirts of town and brought up beside a sentry box. There instructions were given that no lights should be shown and no motor horns sounded.

Along a long lonesome road lined with a double row of tall silhouetted trees, we went for the front.

For an hour we had the road all to ourselves. The hum of the engine and the spatter of rain drops on the wind shield made the only sound.

Presently, a camion loomed up in the road and chugged past; then a rumbling train of ammunition wagons.

"Our boys," commented the driver, "can tell 'em by the helmets."

All of a sudden, out of the murk, something rushed by on our right, and something else, zooming in the same direction, on our left. Zssst! Zssst! and both were gone.

"Our boys again," the driver chuckled. "Complete machine guns on motors. Just racing, I guess."

The Fireflies of War

By this time we had reached a crest from which we could see a long distance beyond. Dead ahead, some tiny lights, like fireflies, were flashing.

"Those are the big guns," the driver explained. He paused; then whistled, "Lots of 'em tonight. Something on, I guess. Like as not they're celebrating the holiday."

Not until we pulled up at brigade headquarters could we hear the reverberations. In the closed car, with the motor churning, the front had seemed noiseless. But the moment the engine stopped and the door was flung open, the air suddenly became uproar. You have heard the same sort of sound when a telephone line goes around.

We broke out our gas masks, donned our helmets and reported at headquarters. Two minutes later we were humming along on the road again.

We brought up at the end of the ride in the center of what once had been a village square. What used to be a town was now a few jagged walls and some heaps of debris. Four men came out of the blackness of a ruined house to meet us. Two were Army officers; two, newspaper correspondents.

"Hurry!" cautioned the conductor of the party. "This square is likely any time to be shelled again. Things have been rather lively around here this evening."

"A Job To Our Liking"

Along a muddy road, pocked with shell fire and occasionally as light as day from German star shells, we tramped in extended order until we came to another clump of ruins.

What seemed to be one of the most badly wrecked places of all—roofless and apparently about to crumble into a heap—sheltered our reception hall. In a little low-ceilinged place hidden in a corner of the ruin, we met the commander of the part of the line which we were about to visit. Less than an hour before our arrival a Boche shell had knocked a ton or more of debris down upon the bridge timbers of the ceiling and had dug up a big hole close by in the back yard.

Except for the fact that the concussion had put the office door out of commission and had jarred most of the furnishings down on the deck, nothing had been affected. And, quite literally, nobody was losing any sleep over it. The runner who was to announce our "tourists" was fast asleep in his bunk in an adjoining room and had to make his evening dressing arrangements before he was presuable for company.

Meanwhile, the officers of the unit told us how pleased they were with the morale of their men. After the hard work of preparation back of the lines—so arduous that some of the boys had

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AUSTRALIA TO UNCLE SAM

"Say, how do, old cobber, give us yer mit! Pleased to meet you I certainly am; We can now pull together in doing our bit." Said the Aussie to proud Uncle Sam.

"We've both got some stars on our banners, you know, And I guess that our blood's the same hue, And the old Southern Cross shining under below Sends a warm greeting ray out to you."

"We are absolute glad that you've joined in the fray, And have jerried to Fritz's true light. You can rest quite assured—on the odds I will lay— Now he's up against something to fight."

"We've seen lots of scrapping these three years of war, And we've stouped him—yes, time after time— And when you mighty help I guess he'll feel sore When he's knocked back to hell o'er the Rhine."

"So when you hop over the trenches with us, Pay no heed to his 'Kamerad' mania, But get into him with your bayonet, the cuss, And remember the sunk Lust-tania!"

"You can never forgive such a treacherous bound— Giving that name insults any dog— And a ripe lasting friendship square dinkum we'll found When we've passed through the war's grimy fog."

—"Aussie," the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

SPORTS APLENTY WILL AWAIT MEN IN REST BILLETTS

All Kinds of Equipment To Be Available Within Sound of Guns

INSTRUCTORS TOUR FRONT

Boxing and Wrestling to be Taught Those Who Wish To Be Proficient in Arts

"Baseballs, bats, masks, catchers' and first basemen's mitts, felders' gloves protectors, bases, indicators, rule books, indoor baseballs, indoor baseball bats, volley balls, nets for volley ball, soccer balls, boxing gloves, quilts, punching bag outfits, basketballs—"

Sounds like the inventory of a sporting goods store, doesn't it? But it's just a partial list of what's going up front—in fact, it's on its way up there now—for the use of the men of the A.E.F. the minute they come down from the line to the rest billets in back. With such an outfit available for all, no one should complain of having nothing to do between tours of duty in the trenches.

Athletics for everybody—athletics right within the Zone of Advance—the games everyone is used to, the games everyone wants to play, with all the facilities for playing them, are being provided.

Instead of "the bleachers" opening road," there will be the dull boom-boom of the big guns for a background. Instead of the skin diamonds of former days, there may be muddier fields, but fields there'll be. And for the men in the villages that are all up hill and down dale and don't permit of regulation size diamonds, there'll be indoor baseball that won't go so far when they're lamed but what a felder can retrieve them without having to leap the barbed wire way up in front.

Nine For Each Company

Baseball nines, one for each company, are to be organized. Volley ball, basketball and soccer teams are to follow suit. Particular emphasis is going to be laid on boxing and wrestling, and instructors in those two manly arts are going to travel round to every unit in each division, putting the men hep who are not hep to the best way in which to get the other fellow. As if that were not enough, provision also will be made for track athletics. In short, everyone with a hobby in sport will have ample opportunity to follow up his particular line and become even more proficient in it than he was before.

What to do in those so-called "rest periods," when units are in reserve, will no longer be a bothersome question. The spring itch to be out in the open will not go unscratched. Every man will be encouraged to "go to it" in whatever sport most suits his fancy, and will be given time in which to go to it. And the tools of sport will be on hand for him to use.

Recreation facilities have already been provided for one of the divisions in the forward area, and similar facilities will soon be available for all the others. The plan is, in baseball, to have the company teams play for the regimental championship, and then have the regimental championship nines play off for the divisional championship.

Inter-Divisional Series

When that series is concluded, there will be the inter-divisional series in each corps, and it may go on to the armies and possibly for the entire A.E.F. The company line that wins the A.E.F. championship will certainly have something to brag about when it gets back to the States, and the way things are arranged now, with the baseball talent in the Army pretty well divided up among the different units, one company's chance is just as good as another's.

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RUSSIAN PEACE PUTS NO DAMPER ON HOME SPIRIT

Attitude Is One of Earnest Sympathy for a Blindly Struggling People

NATIONAL POLITICS BEGINS

Widespread Interest in Apparent Reconciliation of Progressives and Old Line Republicans

ENORMOUS CUT IN MEAT BILL

Saving of 14,000,000 Pounds in Four Months Largely Result of Voluntary Action

By J. W. MULLER American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The past week's big feature affecting the national mind was, of course, the sensational Russian news presented by the newspapers with its full weight and leaving no American ignorant of its import.

There is a pretty clear understanding everywhere of what it means, but apparently no disturbance at all of the public spirit. I believe that while people were more or less perplexed by the welter of contradictory Russian reports during the past few months, they came to the conclusion long ago, with characteristic American quiet, practical sense, that Russia was out of the running, and last week's news was only what they had been expecting in one form or another.

The most prominent quality of the public attitude is the almost complete lack of hot anger against the Russians. The general sentiment appears to be one of earnest sympathy for the big, blindly struggling multitude, and an unselfish hope that they will yet win their own true system of free and good government.

This attitude is not due to policy, but to the native democratic spirit of the American people. This is very gratifying because it indicates that when the time comes, the American nation may be expected to take its part in the settlement of world questions in a big, broad spirit of justice.

Much of the present spirit of confidence is due to the people's glad knowledge that America has stepped before the world with an utter repudiation of secrecy in international relations. I believe that this one fact has enhanced the national strength to a degree that most American publicists have not begun to conceive.

Shipyard Inquiry Starts

This week the Senate investigation of the Hog Island shipyard begins. This shipyard is one of the largest engaged on work for the emergency fleet. When the charges of vast extravagance were made, they were received with remarkable quietness by the public, and prompt and open executive and Congressional action toward a full investigation plainly satisfied the country that it could depend on getting the full truth.

National common sense long ago told us that in a time of huge undertakings we must expect some failures, perhaps many, to measure up to the general public ideals. But such cases will not affect American morale so long as the country feels sure that the President and Congress boldly and openly hunt the offenders out.

The newspaper attitude toward the Hog Island affair is very good. The press is waiting for the full facts before attacking or defending.

Last week saw the beginning of national politics with the election of

Big Six in Luck

Christy Mathewson played such good checkers at Camp Sheridan, Ala., recently while visiting there, that the soldier boys have persuaded the Y.M.C.A. to bring the Cincinnati Reds to the camp for their spring training.

The Y.M. pays half of the expenses and the Montgomery board of trade pays the other half, giving the Reds their spring training work free of charge.

There is only one fly in the ointment. An Army officer will probably umpire the games played in the camp, which

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FARTHEST NORTH IN AMERICANISM



They call it the Lorraine line. It is only a single series of kinks in the great unbroken chain that stretches from the Swiss border to the North Sea, but it is already a familiar name in some 48 States. Scarcely the Lorraine line, or at least as much of it as is shown here, is rather small potatoes. Whatever its scenery might have been, it has been pretty well mussed up during the past three and a half years. The three young men, in company with several others not shown, are there to see that the musing-up process doesn't go any further. Perhaps they haven't had very much to do yet—it's not for us to say—but the main thing is that they're there and ready. Peary didn't have much to do when he got to the North Pole. But he got there. These fellows haven't reached it yet, but they represent farthest North for the legions who are to follow.

The road lies straight ahead. This little band of explorers is awaiting the moment and, in the meanwhile, seeing to it that the way never points backward.

MANY STARS REFUSE TO SIGN CONTRACTS

Big League Baseball Enjoys War of Its Own Over 1918 Salaries

SOLDIERS KEEN FOR BIG SIX

So Reds Will Train Near Camp Sheridan, Ala., and Take On All Army Teams

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—Baseball managers and their players are enjoying a little war of their own, with the salaries of the men as the objective. Managers are declaring solemnly that they will not pay high salaries to the players during these hard times. But the players are merely sawing wood cheerfully and point significantly to the close approach of the spring training season.

Meantime, the fans view the managers' talk of putting baseball on a business basis with dubious thoughts in their minds, but cheered by the fact that the managers, while crying economy, are gunning merrily for one another's stars. But there have been few good bags thus far. Each club appears to be holding fast to its stars.

The sensation caused by the rumor that the New York Yankees might grab the famous Ty Cobb from the Detroit Tigers was short-lived, and there is no sign now that Tyrus intends to stray or to be enticed from his present berth.

"Children's Year" to Celebrate America's Entry Into War

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The anniversary of America's entry into the war will be commemorated by a splendid national movement to conserve child life.

The campaign will be opened April 6 by the children's bureau of the Department of Labor. Each State will be asked to save its quota. The assistance of 5,000 local committees and of the women's committee of the Council of National Defense will be employed to carry the campaign into every community.

It is hoped to save at least 100,000 of the 300,000 preventable deaths under five years, and to safeguard 30,000 children under 15 years against the relaxation of the child conservation laws.

This year will be known as "Children's Year."

The first American battalion to be trained was received by a guard of honor consisting of a crack French battalion, and the ceremony of saluting the colors was gone through to music of combined French and American bands. The commander of the French Army corps under whose jurisdiction the men come, kissed the Stars and Stripes and made a little speech of welcome to the newcomers.

He is one of half a dozen French generals known the world over, having commanded one of the great armies of France in the first months of the war. He received me and two other correspondents who were the first privileged to visit the American front, and reiterated the greeting he had addressed to the troops a couple of days before.

I am glad to have your troops beside us fighting for the common cause. We receive them not as guests, but as brothers, and we ask them to share with us on common terms the perils and privations our own men have so long endured. Our sympathy, with a full comprehension of one another, will be deep rooted. I trust that even the difference of language is no bar—perhaps it is even helpful, for one cannot dispute with a man whose language one cannot speak.

"A Hunt of Savage Beasts" "Your young soldiers are like thoroughbreds, eager to spring into a gallop. Our own pupils, clearly realizing the strain and tremendous effort to be required of them, are content to go ahead at a steady trot, conserving their energies to reach the end of the course. Too much galloping at the start is dangerous in a long race."

"Let us put it another way. War on this front is a hunt of savage beasts fenced in by our barbed wire. To hunt them successfully, requires a thorough knowledge of their habits and the best methods of destroying them. One must go hunting in company with trained huntsmen until one is familiar with the treacherous wiles of these beasts. Once one has mastered the game, one can hunt alone."

Practically all the units in Soissons are quartered in places wrested from the Germans less than a year ago in the

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TIN SOLDIERS' PROVE METTLE IN FIRST RAIDS

Night Forays on Chemin des Dames Give Men Long-Sought Chance

CROIX DE GUERRE FOR TWO

Wild Irish Exceed Objective and Romp Through German Trenches 750 Meters

LIVE SOUVENIRS FOR COLONEL

Surprise Visit Across Line Without Preparatory Barrage Nets 15 Boche Prisoners

By FRANK P. SIBLEY Correspondent of the "Boston Globe" With the A.E.F.; the Only Correspondent Living With the American Troops on the Chemin des Dames

The Yankees tumbled out in the dusk, marched to the front side of the shell-splattered hills before the Chemin des Dames, and took position. Their reserves were in the tortuous tunnels of the four or five quarries that have supplied half the limestone of which Paris is built; their company headquarters were in woodchuck burrows along the paths down to the flat, and the battalions at the front were not in trenches, but in "strong points," here and there, facing the woods and the canal and the bastion and the river and the hills beyond where the Boche has his being and his batteries.

These Yankees are green troops, just completing their training. They had had fine recommendations from the French officers who trained them. They had shown good, and had earned the belief of their commander that he could tell his own men by their smartness—and they hated themselves terribly. And now, in the dull period of training, they were checked into the front line against the stiffest fighters in the world. The French, however, did not leave the untrained men to their own devices, but went along as counselors and friends.

First "Tin Soldier" Shot Fied

For a day or two, all was quiet along the front. Fritz sent over his communications in the shape of shells from 10 to 4 each day, trying especially for the entrances to the caves of the reserve, and, of course, for the battery positions.

The American artillery won the first commendation of the French. These "tin soldiers," as they used to be called, sent their howling guns up ahead of the infantry, and on Tuesday, February 5, at 3:45 p. m., fired the first "tin soldier" shot of the war from the first battery of the first regiment of the division. The delighted and peppery colonel from Brookline grabbed the empty cartridge and took it to his dug-out, where it now adorns the mantel.

The main point was that that gun was fired "in position." It has been in position ever since, and with all the rest of the guns in all the batteries has put up barrage after barrage with an accuracy that has won high praise from the French observers.

Before the end of the first week, and while the men were still getting used to watching for gas shells, there began to be a demand for action. The plans were making for raids, raids to get prisoners rather than positions, and information and experience rather than military advantages. But the men, not knowing this, begin to ask when we were going to start something.

A confidence that was over-confidence in some cases made its appearance. The first casualty was of a young man who, hearing a noise out beyond the wire, started off all alone to get the first Boche prisoner. It was utterly against orders, of course—but he went. Coming back, he missed his own gun, and approached a machine gun post. The machine gunners challenged, got no answer, and fired, killing the boy.

Another man lost his life by displacing the Boche. He tried to pass an open space, and a machine gun across the way got him.

Across to the German Wire On February 14, the orders came out for a raid the next night towards a certain position. An American lieutenant and 20 men, with a sergeant, went in company with a French group. The party got across all right to the German wire, and explored it for a length of 300 meters. Their task completed so near the Boche that they could hear their coughing, they started home again. Halfway across, they saw between them and their own lines the silhouettes of a group of Germans. Firing commenced, and a brisk fight was kept up for half an hour. It was later learned that 11 Germans were killed.

When the Boches stopped firing, the French and American party resumed their progress homeward. It was nearly dawn. A count-up showed a sergeant and eight men missing. The lieutenant started out again at once, though the German machine guns were peppering the open land already, to hunt the missing men. He didn't have to go far, for, almost in the same moment the party came in. He ran fast and the sergeant, dropping his gun, simply plugged him in the jaw with his fist. This was the first prisoner taken in this sector.

Sergeant Wins Croix de Guerre It was announced next day that the lieutenant and the sergeant had both been given the Croix de Guerre, the first decorations given to Americans excepting the one for the general of a division.

Two German attacks during the same week were stood off successfully, mostly by machine gun fire and barrage. A fine testimonial to what the French think of the Yankees was given when

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"FIGHTING CHOW—COME AND GET IT!"



This is a war dinner. It isn't a formal affair, but it is a lot more important to the people partaking of it than any boiled shirt and swallowtail dinner they may have attended in the past.

It is their ultimate meal before going into the trenches on the Lorraine front and the old Army motto, "Eat all you can while you've got a chance," was followed out to the letter.

It didn't require a flashlight to take this banquet photograph. It was taken out in the broad daylight, with the not so very distant enemy guns providing the orchestral accompaniment.

The menu was a simple one. The pièce de résistance (and some resistance, at that) consisted of sliced corned beef. The vegetables consisted of canned stewed tomatoes. And there was "with dinner" instead of dinner coffee.

This is one kind of a war time dinner—the informal kind. At midnight on February 21 or 22, whichever way you want to put it, the men in the sector northwest of Toul had a real "honest-to-goodness-and-eight-hands-around" formal dinner, to celebrate the birthday of an American general who, while he wasn't a specialist on trench warfare and didn't wear khaki, managed with the aid of his French allies to set thirteen young colonies free.

A real turkey dinner it was, served steaming hot in marmite cans, with the vegetable accompaniments that should go with the National Bird. In fact, it was a regular Washington's birthday dinner, all but the Washington pie. In order to cook it, the K.P.'s went out and chopped down a cherry tree with the mess sergeant's little hatchet, and burned it with due ceremony under the turkey. And K.P.'s dassent't tell a lie.

one raiding party—or, to be accurate, a reconnaissance—was permitted to go "all American," with nothing but a non-com from the French regiment.

Then came the big raid: so-called. In this one, the morning of February 23, 26 Americans and 74 French took part. The barrage commenced at ten minutes before six, and began to roll forward at six o'clock. The raiders followed it up, the Americans feeling so secure behind it that they got almost too close. When they reached the German position, they were only 30 yards behind their own shells.

Souvenirs For the Colonel
As the barrage lifted, almost the last shell that fell hit on top of a trench shelter where two officers, who had just been inspecting the morning relief, had taken cover with 21 soldiers. The shell knocked the shelter down round them, and they had barely scrambled clear when the raiders jumped down among them, and took them all prisoners, without a struggle.

From two other trench shelters Boches ran out, and with a burrosch the wild Irish of South Boston went after them. They chased the Germans up the communicating trench, in their excitement even forgetting the limits of their objective. Before they could be stopped they had penetrated 750 meters into the German lines.

The party formed up to come back, but by this time the German barrage was on. The Allied raiders came along just the same, through it. One shell tumbled into the midst of them, wounding five German prisoners and six French soldiers, but not touching an American.

The colonel of the regiment, who is a judge at home, had gone down into a front-line observation post with his adjutant to watch the party. As the boys came home, they caught sight of him, and yelled out, "Hey, colonel! Look what we've got!"

The party made the score against the Germans 12 down, Fritz having taken 11 prisoners in another American sector. One regiment had had most of the gas, and the men have been contributing a weekly share of the burns. Of the 40 men in the evacuation hospital, five were burned men of this regiment. This regiment is sore, and begged so hard for a party that on Sunday morning, February 24, one was given them—a surprise raid, with no barrage before it. It came back with some 15 prisoners.

Begging to Get into the Line
The regiment in the end position has also had its share of shells, and has repulsed two or three German attacks. It happened that I was at the headquarters of this regiment on the day after Fritz had put a shell through the colonel's automobile, injuring one of his orderlies, who was sleeping in a shed near by, and killing a horse. The regimental intelligence officer was trying to cite some intelligence, when two of his men came up. They had walked seven kilometers from their post to see him—and all they wanted was to beg to be relieved from the detail and get into the line in time for the next party.

In every cavern I have visited, men are plotting and begging for a chance to get into the line of the trenches. Everywhere I have gone, the men are full of food, and in spite of discomfort that was strong enough to snit me, anyway, they are cheerful and utterly unafraid.

RUSSIAN PEACE PUTS NO DAMPER ON HOME SPIRIT
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William Hays of Indiana as chairman of the Republican National Committee. Nobody appears to be quite sure what it signifies.

Progressives and old line Republicans appear equally pleased, or at least say so for publication. An atmosphere of gentle peace exists, as if the lion and the lamb were lying down together, but there is no prophet daring enough to assert positively that such a zoological miracle actually has occurred. Such opposing leaders as George W. Perkins and Senator Boies Penrose are wonderfully soft spoken about each other, and there is no talk of factional issues at all.

All say that the Republicans are united to win the next House and many declare they will win the Senate. A large number of senators will retire next year bringing senatorial elections in many States next November. Changes of Republican senators are scheduled for New York and Washington this week. Colonel Roosevelt, now almost entirely recovered, although still in the hospital, so far has said nothing bearing on the political situation.

Everybody Loves the Farmer
Political activity in New York is beginning to center around Governor Whitman's fight for a third gubernatorial term. There is great maneuvering to gain the farmers' support by all parties and factions. Democrats are making tentative proposals for a State fusion Democratic ticket. But the main interest now is in the internal Republican situation. Ex-State Senator William Bennett, Republican candidate for mayor of New York last year, is out against Governor Whitman.

The first woman suffrage registration for the special Congressional elections in New York City was unexpectedly small. Opponents of woman suffrage gleefully say that only 25 per cent of the women registered, but suffragists are not discouraged and say that this is satisfactory under the circumstances. There were only two days for registration, one a general holiday and one a Jewish holiday, and the lack of general interest in special elections, combined with this, is held to account for it.

A Great Saving in Beef
The nation is much encouraged by the announcement that 14,000,000 pounds of beef have been saved in the past four months by food economy. The fine point is that this was mostly by voluntary action, showing that the Republic is capable of self rule in a very fine, large sense.

The big parade of the National Army from Camp Upton was the great success of Washington's Birthday. The men fully bore out the remarks of my last dispatch about their good appearance in line and, after the parade, through their exemplary conduct.

EQUITABLE MUTUALIZED
New Plan of Life Insurance Company Is a Success
[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The Equitable Life Insurance Company announced this week that the success of its mutualization plan was assured. It was stated that the step needs merely formal action to complete it.

PITY THESE LADS ON FRIDAY NIGHTS

'Tis Then All the Beauty of Selfridge's Gives Them Good Times

PICK OF TOWN FOR DANCES

Ziegfeld's Follies in Real Life, with Two and Three Charmers for Every Warrior

NOTHING LIKE LORRAINE LINE

And That's Why They're Asking Transfer to Service that Means Getting Up Front

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

LONDON, Feb. 28.—The "silvery moon" that used to look down upon London lovers who in each other's arms with bliss did swoon, now illuminates empty benches in the parks, at the same time delineating the cold round mouths of anti-aircraft guns; and instead of ecstatic sighing, one hears the less amorous strappings of the tunc.

And Parliament is in session. And women have the vote in Great Britain. And the Irish Convention is smoothing out the rocky road to Dublin. And there has been a change in the head of the British War Office that seems to be satisfactory to all. And people are becoming more convinced daily that civilization depends upon backing up the world's slogan, "Fewer and better Germans."

But for London correspondence with a whang to it, with all these minor topics and choose to write about the Friday night hops given in honor of all soldiers, sailors and marines of the United States stationed or visiting in London—and there are quite a few of them.

The Big Time Night

As I have hinted in my last dispatches, the problem of showing Americans in uniform a good time has been quite a perplexity to our English cousins. The men in uniform are not tourist congressmen ready at a moment's notice for a banquet or a sight-seeing excursion. They seem to work from eight until eight each day, steadily, inflexibly, and that it smashes in the head all plans for teas, afternoon dances, and dinner parties. That is, on a wholesale plan. There have been plenty of retail receptions and dinner parties, where a few would come at a time.

Now the wholesale Friday night dance has become an institution and the anxiety of the good ladies of London is in some measure appeased. They feel that there is at least one big thing going on each week to keep "those splendid American boys who are so far from home" from withering in their shoes from loneliness. (If they only knew how much it takes to make a Yank wither!) Mrs. E. E. Clark, 8 Eaton Place, whose mother is an American, is one of the London women whose planning and worrying have ended in the glorious fruition of the Friday night dances. Mrs. Clark happened to consult Mr. Gordon Selfridge.

Pick of the Town to Dance With

The dances are held at No. 400 Oxford Street. That means nothing to you unless you know London. This No. 400 Oxford Street that appears so fashionably on the invitation notices all over town, is nothing else than the great Selfridge department store, the largest in Europe. Mr. Selfridge is an American, by the way, and his store is laid out after the plan of the big American stores. It includes a ballroom for his employees.

Now there is another point I shall have to explain, since you probably don't know London. It is that the Selfridge girls, like those in Ziegfeld's Follies back home, are the pick of the town. Beautiful of all sizes and all complexions. My goodness, if you could only see them! Every time I go to Selfridge's to buy a collar button I can only stumble about moonishly. I always leave with a sigh, and without the collar button. Then I kick myself and go in again, and likely as not come out with four and three-fourths yards of grenadine ruffling, something I have no human use for, but which some melting pair of eyes has mesmerized me into buying.

Here are girls, American types of girls. For any young fellow in our army who questions the close kinship between Americans and English, I say: Stroll down the aisles of Selfridge's and see on all sides of you the girl ideals of your American dreams. And these are the young women that are one-stepping with our bayoneteers, bombardiers, cannoners, our strutting marines, and wide-panted deck swabbers.

Pretty soft? Do I hear the echo from out in muddy Lorraine? You've said it. Some class! And how do these guys get away with it, Fortunes of war. And yet, do you want to know why these fellows say? They would all change places with you in the front line on a moment's notice, if they had a chance. Some of them are applying for changes to other branches of service in the hope that the change will take them into action more quickly. Oh, they are mad Yanks, same as you—but you ain't them. If you like on account of these London Friday night dances. There's always soul satisfaction in a good cut word skillfully used.

That Map of the U.S.A.

While you are still gritting your teeth about these dances, let me tell you some more pretty things. When the sojers and holystoners and those others that are both fish and fowl arrive, all neatly brushed and soaped, the London committee ladies see that they are quickly made at ease in the garden of plenty. Pretty soon they are gassing with one or two (hold tight!) or three lovely Mamies and Gwendolines, and then what do they do?

They have spotted in the flag-draped ballroom an immense map of the good old U.S.A. with a little hole beside it. They parade over to said map with Mamie and Gwendoline and Beatrice, extract from the box a long fat-headed pin, and then stick in said map said long fat-headed pin at the precise spot from which they hail, thereby acquainting the ladies with American geography and making their own centers of interest. I shall rush past the probability that at all those home spots where fat-headed pins decorate the map during these dances there are trustful Genevieves and Elizabeths and Myrtles who would bite the knob off the old cellar door if they knew what was going on in old London town on Friday nights.

The agony would be over for you, Yank in the trenches, if it were not dutiful of me to report as to the eats during the dances—and again thanks to Mr. Selfridge, U.S.A. citizen. SOME refreshments, boys, and if the printer doesn't put "Some" all in capitals, take it from me it's so.

Officers' Parties Too

Passing rapidly to our next text, I shall devote a few frugal words to the officer element in this metropolis of the world. The stately American officers' Club, which the British Pilgrims Club is maintaining in Lord Leonfield's home on Curzon Street, had Arthur J. Balfour as speaker last Friday night. Oh, yes, his weekly parties on the Friday night, too. They had to harp in on the fashionable evening.

Mr. Balfour presides over the British Foreign Office, his position being equivalent to Secretary Lansing's. He asked that his speech be not reported. I can tell you this much: If you had heard what he said, your eyes would be shining as if a dozen show wagons were rolling up to you. He was all complimentary, I did not even gather from his remarks that the Allies were a bit perturbed "living on promises."

SIoux CHIEF-TO-BE NOW A. E. F. CAPTAIN

Two Hundred of Tribe Fight Shoulder to Shoulder With Palefaces

HUN SURPASSES REDSKIN

"You Will Meet Enemy More Savage Than We Were," Father Tells Son on Way to War

The cycle of the races has been completed. Every color, shade and complexion on the face of the earth now is represented on the Western front in the fight for Democracy. Long ago came the yellow man from the Orient, the black man from below the equator, the brown man from Algeria, the intermediate tints from elsewhere, and last but not the least in fighting enthusiasm or tradition, has come the red man from North America.

Two hundred Sioux Indians have arrived in France. They are the pick of the last of the once powerful Sioux nation, and they are eager to join their comrades of other tints on the firing line. Several months ago the adopted son of eighty-year-old John Grass, big chief of the Sioux, came to France, a captain in the American Army. He is at the front and already has actually been joined by some of his tribesmen.

The 200 Sioux came to France in a militia unit of a replacement division and, although most of them were shifted to transport work, some were immediately sent in to fill gaps in units now in the line.

When Chief John Grass dies, his adopted son, the American Army captain, will become by succession the big chief of all the Sioux tribe. Although, even in Chief John Grass's day, the Sioux bitterly fought American troops, old John is a hot supporter of the Allies and firm in the belief that the overthrow of the Kaiser is necessary to the safety of the world. Before his adopted son and his other tribesmen departed, he called them together around the Council fire and told them that the honor of the Sioux nation was at stake and that the Sioux at home would depend on them to uphold the glorious traditions of the tribe when, in the past, they fought palefaces.

"You are fighting shoulder to shoulder with the white man now," he told them, "and against an enemy more savage than the red man."

FIRST CASUALTY IN WRITERS' RANKS

George Pattulo Collects Something Besides Information in Trenches

The first casualty among the war correspondents of the A.E.F. has occurred. George Pattulo of the Saturday Evening Post is the victim. He is now resting comfortably in a hospital not far from the lines. His ailment is mumps. He got 'em up in front, while on a trip through the trenches. Some of the boys had 'em, and repeatedly passed 'em on to him, along with a lot of information. He didn't know it at the time, but the next morning they had blossomed out like observation balloons.

His fellow correspondents are most sympathetic. They call every other day to see him, and to let him see himself in the little trench mirrors they transport thither for the purpose.

"Cheer up," they keep telling him, "you're only interned here for 21 days! By the time you get out, you won't have a blooming thing to write about except those blooming mumps."

George is getting on, though, in spite of that kind treatment.

YANKEES LEARN BIG GAME HUNT IN LIVE SECTOR

Continued from Page 1

French offensive of April, 1917. Most of them actually live in trenches, dugouts, butments and other shelters built and once inhabited by the Boches. Staffs are installed in neat little houses tucked under ledges of rock or camouflaged with painstaking Teutonic ingenuity. At least one of them is exactly as it was under enemy occupation. One brigadier general and his aides, in quarters none too well protected, are humorously apprehensive of what may befall them. This general, as it happened, had never been to the front before.

"Just for that reason," he told me, "I didn't want to appear nervous, and so I hesitated to ask whether there were any dugouts anywhere around. I hadn't seen any. Instead, I nonchalantly inquired if Germans ever shelled this place. A shell fell here about six months ago, but none ever come nowadays," they told me.

"An hour later something I had no difficulty in identifying as a Boche shell, wasn't just right."

The correspondent who made the visit to the trenches (described above) carried with him a bundle of copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES which had just come off the presses. The papers were distributed the following morning to the men who had spent the night in the trenches.

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although it was the first time I had heard one, exploded about two hundred yards away. This was followed by about fifty others in rapid succession. While it went on, we just sat tight, there being nothing else to do. But as soon as it stopped, I found out where the dugouts were without further hesitation.

I visited one of the cantonnements immediately behind the front in which one battalion, awaiting its turn in the trenches, is billeted. A thousand men are spaciouly housed in an immense cavern, partly natural in formation, partly blasted out by Boches during their long tenancy of it. There are many caves of this kind in and around the seasonal country, which is full of quarries and peculiar rock formations. They run down 30 or 40 feet under a layer of solid rock and, of course, are impervious to the heaviest deluge of high explosives.

"You ought to have seen the faces of the men as they marched down here after nightfall," one captain remarked. "They thought they were going to be in a quarry and found themselves in a good imitation of the Mammoth Cave."

Life in Mammoth Caves
They got used to the strangeness of their surroundings very quickly, however, for when I saw them they had settled down in a most matter of fact style. Each company was assigned to a certain part of these subterranean barracks, and sentries were stationed to keep the doughboys from straying off and losing themselves, a mighty easy thing to do.

The entrances to these grottoes, as the French call them, and the galleries winding about through the rock were named after American cities—New York, Brooklyn, New Orleans, Washington—and illuminated signs indicated one's whereabouts. Battalion and company offices were located in little chambers separated with wooden partitions. The men slept on low wooden bunks covered with straw.

A small generator supplied enough electricity to keep a few incandescent globes burning here and there. The electrical system is being extended and soon these grottoes will look like the Great White Way before the fuel administrator at home got busy. It was an uncanny walk along passages, hearing American voices singing, "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean" or "Dinah, Dinah, My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean" or "The Moon and Shinin'". The troops I saw were doing one of four things—writing letters, reading, shaving by candlelight, or singing by no light at all.

The men are forbidden to leave the cave except on duty in order to reduce the risk of detection by hostile airplanes. For the present, their work is limited to policing the premises, carrying fuel for rolling kitchens and similar odd jobs. But, before many days, they'll be getting plenty of exercise—in the trenches.

YES!

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OBSERVATION BALLOONS SHERLOCKS OF FRONT

Watchful Eyes Quickly Detect Any Unusual Event Behind Enemy's Lines—Parachutes Handy if Big Bag is Punctured

BY AN AIR SERVICE CAPTAIN

Hardly a train moves within five miles back of the German trenches, or a squadron of men comes up for relief, or digging is begun on a new series of emplacements, but a pair of keen eyes, steadily watching from great observation balloons just behind the Allied front, takes notice of it. Every movement, every activity, is registered until a schedule of the usual enemy routine is built up and the average amount of motion known. Any departure from this schedule is suspicious. A train running late or with more cars than usual, men in the trenches being relieved too frequently, new roads or emplacements being built too earnestly give the first hint that "something" is up to something.

A keen balloonist notes any of these changes, and at once telephones down to the ground. "An extra train of six cars passed — at 10.40." Half a mile farther down the line another pair of eyes reports, "Large convoy moving up to front, range so-and-so." Still a little farther down another suspicious circumstance is noted, until the General Staff down below, assembling all these straws, foresees the beginning of a big offensive across the line. Counter measures are taken, batteries directed, convoys and trenches smashed up, and the enemy's plans thrown askew.

Offensive on "Our Side"

Possibly, however, the offensive is to come from the balloonist's own side. The observer ascends with full knowledge of all the details of action, emboldened, probably, to move up much nearer the German lines than usual, in the belief that the enemy's artillery will be driven off. The opening bombardment is a time of ceaseless and vital work, spotting shot by shot, watching for new enemy batteries to open up, moving the barrage fire back and forth with the advance of the troops. Any error here may send the steel wall into the observer's own troops or cost scores of lives later by failure to make a complete demolition of the enemy's defense.

"Hostile airplane overhead" is apt to break in through the telephone wire at any moment. A German aviator, more adventurous than his fellows, is swooping down, perhaps under a protecting cloud, in an attempt to put the observer's eyes to rest. The observer makes ready his parachute, the machine guns on the ground below click off a rain of lead at the invader, and the windless men start bringing the big envelope to ground with all possible speed. Perhaps the invader is driven off; perhaps the balloon is stricken into flames and the balloonist forced to parachute to the ground. In either case it is all a part of the day's work which adds adventure and romance to the responsible work done by the balloonist.

Time Brings Its Reward

Such is, briefly—very briefly—the duty and work of the balloon observer. Calm, patient, ever watchful, he rides far above the ground as the great envelope sways on its long cable. Hours pass, perhaps, but finally, as inevitably as fate, the reward comes. A single flash, a slight movement across the line, and another tiny claw of the German eagle reveals itself for the Allied artillerymen beneath.

The vital importance and development of this work has hardly as yet been suspected in America. "Over there" balloon observation has become a science which, while perhaps less spectacular than alpine observation, is actually less essential. The balloonist, riding steadily for hours at a time with the German lines spread out before him, and in direct telephone communication

with the ground, with his batteries, and with other balloons, amasses a maze of details and accurate knowledge which his more vicarious and longer-winged air brother cannot hope to secure.

The United States is building up such a force literally from nothing. Last November the old field out West was overgrown with weeds, the gas reservoirs, void of repair, the whole place stagnant. In the last few months, however, the field has been cleared and brought back to activity, the air once again is filled with big, friendly balloons, and keen-faced men are being trained for immediate service abroad. Already the first American detachments are in



"Peeps at Germany! All 'board!"

France, the vanguard of a large American balloon force which ultimately will be as complete as any other branch of the Army.

High in Air for Hours

Few of us here realize that the big envelopes commonly ascend as high as 4,500 feet and that they stay for hours poised in mid-air, to perform the responsible duties assigned them. Usually the ascent is made anywhere from two-and-a-half to four-and-a-half miles from the enemy's front-line trenches, depending on the power of his artillery, the direction of the wind, and the activity of the salient. In any case the observer has a circle of vision of about eight miles, and is able to pierce far back into the enemy's lines. The most detailed and up-to-the-minute maps, the finest kind of field glasses, and instant communication with the ground make the balloonist a master of everything spread out before his gaze.

When the American troops are preparing to go "over the top" an unusually large number of balloons will be concentrated as secretly as possible in masked camp in order not to betray what is about to take place. At the appointed moment they will take the air and divide up every detail of the battle amongst them. Some will record the heavy artillery fire, shot by shot; others will see to it that the work of demolition behind the enemy's lines is effective; others will guard against any reinforcements or traps.

As the troops go over they will check closely the German batteries, the shift-

ing of their infantry, and the assembling of supplies. As the American forces advance the balloons will move forward also in unison with them along routes previously prepared. Observations for the barrage will be sent down repeatedly, so that it may move back and forth with the men and details sent so that the enemy's guns setting up the destructive counter barrage may be silenced.

Every Detail of Land Noted

To do this the American balloonist must know every detail of the enemy's land opposite him, for a mistake on his part may cost the lives of scores of men below. No new battery should open up across the lines without its location being spotted on the detail map, the number and size of the pieces and their objective noted, and counterfire preparations made against it. No new troops should move into the enemy's trenches without being fully known, numbers as well as routes—difficult work all of it—for the German has many wily devices for simulating gunfire and camouflaging movements.

And the work also will not be without danger and difficulties, though the chances of a fatal outcome are not large. If it is not a swooping aviator bent on setting the big gas bag on fire, it may be a rain of shrapnel seeking the same

BASE PORTS BID SHIPS TO HUSTLE

New Docks and Tracks Put An End to Terminal Congestion

BIG CHANGE IN SIX MONTHS

Bulk of Stevedore Work Is Now Handled By Negro Troops and War Prisoners

"Keep sending those ships along—we can handle them!"

That is the message which Uncle Sam's hired men, up to their waists in work at our ports of debarkation in France, can now send back to their fellow workers on the other side of the duck-pond.

Six months ago they couldn't have sent such a message, and been truthful about it. They did send, "Keep sending those ships," but the people on the other side, working from more ports than there were ports available on this side, choked these particular ports to the point of congestion. For a while there, not even twenty-four hour shifts seemed at all availing against the tie-up of war materials that seemed fairly aching to get at Germany.

There was nothing left to do but to enlarge the ports, to make the docks bigger, to build more docks with storage warehouses to care for the overflow—yes, and to dredge the harbors themselves, so they would accommodate more ships and bigger ones. It was done—done so thoroughly and so well that now these base ports are able, actually, to handle more tonnage than is now coming to them, be the tonnage in terms of men or in terms of supplies.

Railroad facilities, too, for handling the men and supplies have been doubled in certain base ports during the time the Americans have been there on the job, in order that there may be no pile-up on and around the waterfront. But even that has not been enough.

Build Auxiliary Port

With an eye to future needs, American engineers have built up in one instance what is practically an auxiliary port of their own, utilizing a big tract of land some miles back of the port itself. On that tract is a huge basin, into which ships may be towed and unloaded, and by the side of which dozens of parallel spur tracks are being laid.

This laying out of yards to the rear of the port proper avoids congestion of freight, and makes it easier to make up supply trains bound for the interior. Cars can be filled from barges brought into the basin, and sped on their way on the tracks adjacent to it; or, in case cars are being loaded rapidly at the port

itself, they can easily be shunted out to the spur tracks in the rear of the port and there assembled into trains. It has been a big job to effect all this, but the resultant saving of time and elimination of confusion has made it well worth while. To keep the works going, now that they are set up, takes a big force. Where a small contingent of the Q.M.C. was able to take care of the traffic last July, to superintend the unloading and distributing of the ships' contents, a whole department, that of railway transportation, now has the work in charge, and is kept eternally at it.

Negroes From Our Levees

To man the ports, to do the heavy heaving, a numerous force is required. Huskies from the waterfronts of the Middle Atlantic and Southern States have been brought over in large numbers, the bulk of the work being done by regiments of colored soldiers, accustomed to similar work on the levees. All the able-bodied citizens of the port towns who want such employment have gotten it at wages that made them rub their eyes and say "Great impossible!" Women, too, who care to do like work are welcomed; and as if that were not enough, a sizeable body of German prisoners turns out in the early morning, to load and unload until late at night.

A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

Commissioned Officer.—One who has to be snuffed.

Non-Com.—One who does not have to be snuffed, but who has to be obeyed on the job.

Private.—The only man in the army who enjoys any real liberty.

Cook.—The one man (with the exception of the mess sergeant) who can spill the beans.

Mess Sergeant.—See Cook.

Second Cook.—See Mess Sergeant.

Third Cook.—See Cook.

K.P.—See Top Sergeant, to find out what you've done to deserve getting it.

Sailor.—A person wearing a non-camouflaged blue uniform, commonly supposed to be having a helluva good time sailing round and marrying pretty Irish and French girls in every port, and to be getting better grub than is obtainable in an army mess.

Aviator.—A college graduate turned trapeze performer from choice; in other words, a nut.

Red Cross Man.—A bird who'd like like the devil to be in the army, but can't get in.

Red Cross Woman.—An angel in disguise.

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MEN FROM RANKS SOON TO GET BARS

Don't Mention Plattsburg to Any Candidate at A.E.F. Training School

Somewhere in France, at a place which, it is permissible to say, is noted for the rigors of its winters and the mud of its springs, the first training camp for officers in the A.E.F. is rounding into its third and concluding month. In a few weeks—about the time the now vanishing foot of snow is followed by the now materializing foot of mud—the several hundred men who have been studying there the latest intricacies of modern warfare will receive commissions as second lieutenants. They will be the first sizeable group of officers from the ranks of the American Army in France.

Since last December these men have been plodding through snow on wintry days, practicing the niceties of the latest evolutions in attack formations. Tutored by experienced British, French, and American officers they have learned most of the theory and much of the practice of modern warfare.

A Hard School

A queer sort of a school is this first training camp—and a hard one. In an old French military post the men are quartered, in the shadow of defensive works built by the Germans so long ago that history is uncertain of the date. But the student soldiers have been too busy to give these and other historic objects more than passing attention. Eight hours drill a day, two hours study every evening, reveille at 6 a. m. in a snow-bank seven days a week—these are some of the things that have occupied their minds.

"Plattsburg?" say the men at this camp. "Why, Plattsburg was a summer vacation in comparison with this place. We didn't have any Saturday night hops or Sundays in the city or society matrons opening their homes to us and relatives coming around in automobiles to bring us cakes and candy. No, sir. What with the weather, and the work, and everything, this place has taken—well, you know what war is, so there's no use talking."

Whatever have been the trials of becoming an officer in France is made up for, however, in the results obtained. Inured to cold and certain practicable degrees of privation, thoroughly drilled and instructed, the men at the camp, which has been named the Army Candidates' School, have been, unofficially at least, described as the finest body of men in France. They will become second lieutenants—platoon leaders—in divisions already here.

The commissions of this class is par-

LAWS OF FRANCE BALK U. S. CUPID

Intending American Bridesgrooms Must Send For Birth Certificates

Cupid and the law, never amicable friends, have clashed again and the conflict is regarding scores of weddings. If reports be true, of French maids and American soldiers, law demands birth certificates and Cupid votes not of such technicalities, is perturbed and, temporarily at least, nonplussed.

Cabled stories to the United States have told that many Americans had already married in France, news which, it is said, did not work for the peace of mind of the "girl back home." But the number of such marriages is actually small for the reason that before a marriage is performed in France, the birth certificates of both parties must be produced, and as the War Department thoughtlessly did not include birth certificates in its list of "necessities that every soldier should carry," the *soldats américains* to a man arrived in France unprepared for nuptials.

Some of the Americans wrote or cabled and have received sworn copies of their birth certificates, and more have them on the way. But there are many instances where it has been impossible for doughboys to obtain records of their birth, and they, the majority with the four kings said, are out of luck with Cupid.

JUST A PICTURE

It's a snapshot, just a snapshot of the girl I left behind.
With a background of a neatly trellised vine:
Yet of all the so-called comforts that are given us, I find
That the best is that wee photograph of mine.
For her sweet face calms the terror of the vigil in the mist,
And I seem to hear her voice so softly ask,
"You'll come back when all is over?"
Then I grimly clench my fist,
Turning once again, strong-hearted,
To my task.

It's a tattered, faded picture, is that photograph of her.
For it's traveled some three thousand miles and more;
It's all crumpled up and wrinkled, and at best it's quite a blur.
But it surely keeps me solid for this war.
For I've seen the fearful havoc that the Roches' hosts have made,
And I know that if our line should wilt, they'd be
Down upon us without mercy, hacking through with cruel blade
To wreak vengeance on our loved ones 'cross the sea.

Can I think of her in thralldom? Can I think of her as prey
Of some spurred and snared demon of a Hun?
Can I falter in my duty to defend her night and day
Till the menace is removed, the vict'ry won?
One last look—I put her picture back—the section's falling in
For to go and storm the placement on the hill!
I am summoned to fare with them through the night of toil and din
"You'll come back when all is over?"
Yes—I will!

PLENTY OF ROOM AT AIX

Leave Center in No Danger of Being Overcrowded

"I dovanna go to this Aix place. Me for a town where there's lots of room and where the whole Army won't follow me."

Room, however, is the strong point of Aix-les-Bains and its 70 hotels. It's a small town, just as Newport, Bar Harbor, and Lake Placid are when they're not entertaining half the United States. But if everyone in Aix lived in hotels, which everyone doesn't, the whole population would only fill a dozen registers. With the American population of the town remaining constant at a certain number, the place of those departing being daily filled by newly arriving *permissivaires*, there will be room enough for every visitor to engage a whole suite if he cares to. Aix, accustomed in before-the-war days to providing accommodations for as many as 70,000 guests, isn't going to get dustered at the prospect of entertaining a few thousand Americans.

PLENTY OF ROOM AT AIX

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

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FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1918.

SHOOT THE MAIL SACKS

We of the A.E.F. don't want to read history. We're too busy trying in our humble way to make it. But what we would like to read, regularly and often, is home gossip, conveyed to us in letters from the States.

The folks back home assure us that they're writing to us regularly and often, but we aren't hearing from them regularly and often. We want to know if the baby has had the colic of late, if the Scandinavian servant girl has violated neutrality by leaving in the middle of washday, if Jones next door has returned the lawn mower he borrowed a year and a half ago.

"A guy is bound to fail of being a proper soldier if he don't get no family mail." We quote from a pertinent poem in the first issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES. It's true. You may feed and clothe and arm and equip an army till it may be said to be soldiering de luxe, but you don't make men happy and contented—and, therefore, good hikers and fighters—unless you fix it so their mail catches up with them.

Mail is as necessary to the morale of armies as socks and shoes and other mundane things—and should, we opine, be forwarded inland just as fast as, if not faster than, those other necessary articles are forwarded.

"The gang" is well fed. It is well clothed. It is getting acclimated and settled down to the long grind. Its only kick is that it doesn't get its mail from home as regularly and often as it would like to get it—as regularly and often as it is entitled to get it.

MAKE IT \$10,000

Now that the time for taking policies has been extended, we have until April 12 to sign up for more war risk life insurance than previously contracted for, or to take it out in case we haven't availed ourselves of the privilege already.

The life of every man of us over here is worth \$10,000 to the folks left behind. We owe it to them to see to it that, if anything happens to us, they are as well provided for as we can arrange.

The premiums are small, ranging from \$6.50 a month for a man of 21 to \$8.10 a month for a man of 40. The sacrifice of spending money which we will have to make to pay those premiums is insignificant in the face of the protection and security it will afford those for whom we ought to provide.

GOOD OLD NAVY

Were it not for the United States Navy's being consistently and persistently on the job in co-operation with the navies of our Allies, we wouldn't get a thing to eat; we wouldn't get a thing to wear; we wouldn't get any guns or anything to put in them.

The Navy's work is done in silence, shrouded in fog and screened by spray. It is done in cold and sleet such as even we have never known. It is done, day in and day out, with infinitely more peril and risk than attends our work, day in and day out. But it is done uncomplainingly, it is done manfully, it is done in a workmanlike, thorough, American way.

Good old Navy! It is keeping the sea lanes open that our support and our sustenance may be brought safely across to the base ports. It is helping in no small way to quash the "tin fish" that lurk in the deep. It is living up to its splendid traditions.

"THE LADIES—BLESS 'EM!"

The old toast of every wardroom and Army mess gains in strength and significance in war time, particularly in a war like this, in which the work of women has played such an important part.

Woman's place is no longer in the home. It is wherever she chooses to put her feet down—behind the canteen counter, in the hospital ward, in the army office, in the munitions factory, in short, anywhere she chooses to go.

It's like seeing home folks, "real Christian folks," to meet American women over here, in the Y.M. huts, in the hospitals, in the homes they have established for the care of the children of France.

OUR ALLIES IN TRADE

We are supporting our Allies in war, and our Allies in war are supporting us. Similarly, our advertisers are helping to support THE STARS AND STRIPES; we want you to help us in helping to support them.

Firms over here, firms in the States, have given us their advertising because they know that we are getting out a paper for you, and that we reach you. They have come to us in order to get better acquainted with you, to see if they cannot be of service to you.

Give them the first call on your trade, then, wherever you can. A firm that advertises in THE STARS AND STRIPES proves by so doing that it has your interest at heart.

CLOTHES AND THE MAN

While the campaign hat and the venerable canvas leggin have been separated from us, and bars and service stripes are in the process of being added unto us, there has been an agitation to change the uniform even more radically.

Such a coat would be comfortable no doubt, but, really, haven't we got a lot more important things to do over here than to crane our necks at ease? What if our blouse is a bit loose? Shall we wear it when we do our fighting? Not if we know it; we'll fight as the men at Lexington and Concord fought—in shirtsleeves!

Furthermore—spare the high collar and spoil the soldier. Whatever may be said against the present regulation blouse, its top surely does keep a man's head up and his chin in. And when a man has his head up, his chin in and his eyes front, on the alert for anything that may come along—look out for him!

BRAG

Let us be confident, but not over-confident. Let us be encouraging to the people at home when we write to them—encouraging, but not misleading. Let us not claim to do more than we can, but to let our performance surpass our claims.

Confidence in ourselves, in our commanders, in our backers at home, in our Allies will help us win this war. Brag won't win it. Brag doesn't win wars. The things that win wars are ships and steel and leather and lungs and—guts!

So let the bull-artists of Berlin have a monopoly of the boasting—until such time as we can be sure that, due to our efforts and those of our Allies, they have nothing left to boast about. Then, and then only, we may crow, and crow indeed!

THE FLAPJACK FLOPS

The flapjack has tottered to its fall. Deprived of its necessary accompaniments of sugar, butter, syrup and so forth by a heartless food administration, it is now wheat-rationed, and thus robbed of its pristine strength and vigor. The breakfast food of our fathers, the blanket-like, batter-made beatitude of our boyhood, is threatened with extinction. It will soon wither and die.

No more will its mottled surface be seen simmering in the frying pan, surrounded by a halo of steaming unctuousness. No more will it rise in air and do an aviator's flipflop under the deft manipulation of Lizah, who has cooked griddlecakes for generation after generation ever since people stopped voting for Douglas or Fremont.

The last of the griddlecakes will not be grossly eaten—perish the thought! Let it be transported across the country on a flat car, enthroned upon a frying pan of gold and banked with a border of buckwheat blossoms. Let reverent pilgrims from far and near wend their way to the stations which it graces with its presence, and with bared heads kneel and kiss the foot of the pedestal on which it reposes.

Let not the minions of the National Museum or the Smithsonian Institution lay their profane hands upon it. Let it have its place apart, its hallowed spot set aside from all other repositories of things American. For it will always be first in the hearts—as it was in the mouths—of the great people it nourished and made mighty; and who, in conquering its indigestibility, made themselves fit to conquer the enemies of all mankind!

THE OLD ARMY MAN

He's seen service in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Canal Zone, in China, in and about Mexico. He is on his way now to collect more honors for work well done over here. The veteran non-com or private of the old army may "crab the game" now and again, but he's seen enough soldiering to know how to crab it intelligently and constructively.

When the young ones complain that they don't get grapefruit and cinnamon toast for breakfast, porterhouse steak and mushrooms for dinner, and lobster à la Newburgh for supper, do you hear him kick? Not much. He's been in places where wormy hardtack was a luxury, and where canned Willy of the vintage of Andrew Jackson was a feast.

"Galloping fifty miles a day Upon a diet of beans and hay."

Just drop around to the old army sergeant's billet or dug-out when things seem a bit rough—just drop around and ask him what he thinks of them. You will go away convinced that this business of soldiering in the year of grace 1918 is a picnic, an office outing, a club field day, a preparedness parade, compared to what it might be. Just drop around and see him when you feel as though you were off the army for life; it will do you a world of good.

"GAS—ALERT!"

"Germans Get Tanks Ready For Great Offensive."—Headline. Including the Crown Prince?

Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson pays the American woman the high compliment of calling her "highly intelligent"; due, no doubt, to the number of Sir Johnstone's "farewell matinees" she has attended.

Ex-President Taft recently officiated as referee at a ring bout between Jackies at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. About six years ago, Professor Taft was in a three-cornered fight himself, so the ordinary kind of soap should hold no terrors for him.

Some patriotic women want to change the name of Bismarck, North Dakota. Governor Frazier, however, replies by saying that "as Bismarck has been out of German politics for some time and had nothing to do with the present trouble," he thinks the change inadvisable.

After the welcome they get at Aix-les-Bains, any of the boys in the first contingent should know just how to act if, after they get home, they ever should be minded to run for public office.

It's a mean thought, but somehow we cannot help suspecting that the chimpanzee arrested in a New York hotel while promenading around in masculine garb was not the only fake in civilian clothes at large at the time.

There are some consolations for those who help to edit a new newspaper. Up to date we haven't received a single communication of irate tenor signed "Old Subscriber."

Cheer up, Russia! In years to come you will be saying just as nice things about Mr. Trotsky as the D.A.R. and S.A.R. say about Mr. Benedict Arnold.

We have our own suspicions that the people at the bottom of this low collared blouse agitation are none other than our old friends, the leather necks.

"New York Yanks Are After Cobb"—Headline in our favorite paper. Which one? Ty or Irv?

You might say, if you were inclined to be funny about it, that the southpaw pitcher depicted on our front page of last week was about to pay the Kaiser a left-handed compliment.

"Kuhlmann Gloats over Prospect of Food from Ukraine"—Headline in the esteemed Herald.

Germany is threatened with a beer shortage. The barley crops have failed, and, therefore, brewing is at a standstill. However, we and our Allies are brewing a lot of trouble for the thirsty Boche.

"By the Act of May 11, 1908, and the Act of June 3, 1918, enlisted men, Army bands and members thereof are forbidden from engaging in any competitive civilian employment."—Opinions of the Judge Advocate General.

THOUGHTS ON GLORY —By Charles Dana Gibson



Reproduced by courtesy of "Life."

CONCERNING COMMUNIQUES

Your paper will doubtless record life and war as your own troops live it—and it's a man sized job all the way through. If you want a novel feature, one useful to your readers, start to translate official communiques into common language of everyday life.

"Enemy guns very active" means to the fellow who is within the sphere of their activity that the big drums of war are being constantly beaten with deafening sound.

Really, "enemy guns very active" means to the fellow who is within the sphere of their activity that the big drums of war are being constantly beaten with deafening sound.

NEWSPAPERMAN'S BOUQUET

My congratulations to the A.E.F. on having the most complete and typical newspaper of any military force in the world.

I have just read the first issue; in appearance, typography, and news it is typically American.

As a newspaperman I say frankly that THE STARS AND STRIPES is the best thing I have seen since I left the States, and how such a small staff could have done it is beyond my comprehension.

"THE BEST PAPER"

The first copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES arrived yesterday and, of course, there was a scramble for same. We think it is the best paper on this side of the pond. Here is wishing it good luck and success.

GLORY BOYS

Re "A Picture Without a Title" in today's STARS AND STRIPES. Call 'em "Glories," or, in singular, "Glory," collectively, "Glory Boys," keeping in mind the chorus of John Brown's Body, "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah."

A LOST BROTHER

My brother is with the A.E.F., France, and I have been unable to obtain his address, our correspondence having gone astray. I have the honor to ask you to be kind enough to publish the following in your paper:

Any man knowing the address of Frank A. Bagot, of Brooklyn, New York, please send same to his brother, R. N. Bagot, No. 522.801, 5th C.D.A.C., B.E.F., France.

FROM A BRITISH EDITOR

My hearty congratulations on the excellent papers you are getting out. It is sure to be a big and permanent success if you continue to maintain the standards you have already established.

CAN YOU TELL A SLICKER?

Great currency is being given back home to three new war-time catchwords—"slickers," "bomb-proofs," and "safety-firsts." All are meant to characterize the soldier who wears a U.S. uniform, but prudently treads in paths where no duck boards are required.

Maybe so! It is not the writer's purpose to enter into any over-seas debates. But one discussion that does interest him is a point raised by Senator Stone of Missouri, who suggests that none but fighters should be allowed to wear uniforms at all.

What I have in mind," he says, "is that there are thousands and thousands in France today—and elsewhere—wearing uniforms who never do and never expect to get within the sound of hostile guns.

As a matter of fact, something like this has already been ordered in France for men stationed in the Zone of Advance.

Immediately some one will indignantly insist that the first line is quieter and safer than the second—and he will be fairly right about it, for most of the shells go past the first line into the more densely populated supporting trenches.

Then what are you going to do about Headquarters Company? Some of its men volunteer for orderly duty. Should they be given only half a stripe? And should trench mortar men, machine gunners and aviators be rated a stripe and a half?

France, February 25, 1918.

and the men on the colonel's staff a few golden stitches.

How about a man who gets detached from a fighting unit by order of someone higher up? Doesn't such a fellow rate something for good intentions? He may go to his "ambushed job," as the French phrase it, with a heart like lead, and sneak around Paris or the town nearest his camp only after the lights are dimmed, so his friends "on leave" won't run across him and twist him. He may hope in his heart that a Boche bomb hits him; he may even secretly exult when the anti-aircraft guns begin popping.

Some of this discussion of "slickerism" hits marks that richly deserve the blow. Other fellows smart under sneers that had better be reserved till all the facts are known.

I am sure that most of the men of my acquaintance who hold office jobs back home are eating their hearts out to be "over here," and that most of the "ambushed" fellows I know in France would give an arm—or more to be able to say in answer to the question "What did you do in the Big War?"

The point is, we can't all be in the trenches. "Thousands and thousands" of us must do other things because we are best qualified for those other things—paper work, hauling supplies, laying out railroads, ministering to the sick, keeping double entry ledgers, doing orderly duty, making munitions, handling boxes at the docks.

The case of the first sergeant is typical. Under the new A.E.F. organization, he is relegated more or less to paper work, while a platoon sergeant or a gunnery sergeant takes his place in the field. But if you want to fight, throw this up to some veteran Top and call him a "slicker." You'll get what's coming to you if you do, and nobody will weep long over your sod.

—Yes, this is written from an office. What are you going to do about it? EMBUSQUE.

OPINIONS OF THE JUDGE ADVOCATE

VACANCY FOR LIEUTENANTS

A man who has completed one year's service in the National Army may become a candidate to fill a vacancy in the grade of second lieutenant in the Regular Army created or caused by the increase due to the operation of the Act of June 3, 1916, but not for a vacancy not so caused. The phrase "except as to promotions" in Section 2 of the Act of May 18, 1917, applies exclusively to officers.

RANK IN NATIONAL GUARD

The National Guard as an organization never becomes federalized. Its members become a Federal force only when drafted into the Army of the United States, and its officers become officers of the United States only when, upon the draft, they become appointed officers of the Army of the United States. Therefore, service as a commissioned officer of the National Guard as such, either out of the service of the United States or in the service of the United States, for constitutional purposes, can not be counted in determining rank within Section 1219, Revised Statutes.

RIGHTS OF ENLISTED GERMAN

A citizen of Germany who is an enlisted man in the Army of the United States is not forbidden by the President's proclamation of April 6, 1917, to go within one-half mile of any fort, etc., when ordered to do so by his superiors.

OPERATIONS ON SOLDIERS

Under paragraph 53, Compilation of Orders an enlisted man commits no offense by refusing to submit to a surgical operation advised

(1) executes a formal written certificate stating the general nature of the operation and that, in his opinion, it is without appreciable risk to the life of the soldier and is necessary for the removal of a disability then existing which prevents the full performance of any or all military duties that can properly be required of the soldier; (2) causes such certificate to be made a part of the records of his office; (3) reads the certificate to the soldier; and (4) unless the soldier thereafter refuses to submit to said operation. (But it was recommended that the paragraph be amended so as to apply only in time of peace.)

FRAUDULENT ENLISTMENT

An enlisted man in the National Guard deserted before the National Guard was drafted, and enlisted in the Medical Department, United States Army. After the drafting of the National Guard, he was discharged from the latter enlistment for fraudulent enlistment. It was held that he was included in the draft of the National Guard; that his present status is that of a deserter from the military service of the United States; and that he is not eligible for reenlistment.

WHAT "DIVISION" MEANS

The forty-eighth article of war provides for the execution of the sentence of a court martial dismissing an officer below the grade of brigadier general in time of war "upon confirmation by the commanding general of the army in the field, or by the commanding general of the territorial department or division. The word "division" means territorial division and not tactical division.

DATE OF ENLISTMENT

A drafted man is enlisted from the specified in the notice of the local board of the adjutant general of the State for the to report to the local board or at a designated place for military duty. His pay begins that date.

FRENCH INSIGNIA EASY TO INTERPRET

But Americans Must Study Sleeve of Uniform, Not Shoulder

MANY KINDS OF INFANTRY

Decorations Divided into Two Classes, Individual and Collective Rewards For Valor

Perhaps a year ago you could not tell the difference between a first lieutenant and a colonel when you met them on the street. You would not make a mistake now. After you have been in the Army a few months all the complicated insignia of the American uniform becomes...

You take in the means of hat cords and chevrons and braids on the sleeve and insignia on the shoulder and the collar at a glance. Anything you are accustomed to seems easy, and it is hard to realize that all of the markings on our uniform are meaningless to a Frenchman or an Englishman until he has taken the trouble to study them up.

In a London restaurant last month a waiter kept calling one of our brigadier generals "Lieutenant." One star on the shoulder means a second lieutenant in the British Army, so that the mistake is not to be wondered at.

A French soldier who had just been assigned to American Headquarters thought for a few days that all American officers were second lieutenants. The braid on the sleeve was what misled him. He did not think of looking at the shoulder, as in his own army he was accustomed to distinguish the grade of an officer by the markings on the forearm.

Such mistakes are less common now than they were when American troops first began to arrive in France because various French newspapers and magazines have printed explanations of our insignia and the French are now becoming familiar with them.

French Marking Difficult at First

Many Americans have found it just as difficult to understand the French uniforms as Frenchmen have found it to understand ours. And probably many of us have been embarrassed at making mistakes which we never would have made if we had been able to find some convenient explanation at hand. Every man in the Army should familiarize himself with the insignia of our French Allies with whom we are so constantly in contact. In order that we may never be lacking in military courtesy we should at least learn to distinguish at a glance the officers whom we ought to salute.

Universal military service exists in France, even in time of peace. Every French citizen is required to serve three years in the army. After that he becomes a civilian again, but for ten years he is kept in the Reserve and then for six years in the Territorials and then for six years more in the Territorial Reserve. During these 22 years he may be called again into the service of his country at any time.

Under this system, France has mobilized over 6,000,000 men since the beginning of the present war. This great army is divided into great many more different corps than is the American Army. Where we have Infantry they have Infantry of the line, and Zouaves and Algerian sharpshooters and Light Infantry and the Foreign Legion and so forth, and their Cavalry is divided into Cuirassiers, Dragons, Light Horse and three or four other branches. Each of these various branches of the service has its own distinctive uniform and distinctive markings in time of peace. Since the adoption of the horizon blue field uniform for the most part of the corps and khaki for the colonial troops, the differences are not so marked, but they still exist, and only long experience can enable a man to distinguish the various uniforms.

Sleeve is Place to Look

The following markings, however, are common to all branches of the French service and are easily recognized.

The various grades of non-commissioned officers are distinguished by slanting bars on the cuff of the sleeve. The insignia of the commissioned officers is also worn on the cuff, but the bars, instead of being on a slant, are worn parallel to the edge of the cuff, or, in certain branches of the service, in the form of Vs turned upside down.

A second lieutenant has one bar, a first lieutenant two, a captain three, a major four, a lieutenant colonel five, and a colonel five bars. These bars are either gold or silver, but all of the same color, except for the lieutenant colonel, who is distinguished from the colonel by wearing bars of different colors, either two gold and three silver or two silver and three gold.

The rank of an officer may also be distinguished by the braid on the kepi, or cap. The system here is exactly the same as that for the bars on the cuff— one for a second lieutenant up to five for a colonel.

Only Two Kinds of Generals

There are only two kinds of generals in the French Army: Brigadier Generals and Generals of Division. The former wear two stars on the cuff of the sleeve and two silver stars on the kepi, and the latter three. A General of Division may be assigned to the command of a division, or an army corps, or an army or group of armies, but his rank and insignia remain the same.

The title of Marshal of France is the highest dignity to what a French general can attain. For many years there had been no marshals in France, but two years ago this highest honor was bestowed upon General Joffre in recognition of the services which he had rendered to his country and humanity in winning the battle of the Marne. A marshal of France wears seven stars.

Another feature of the French uniforms which are of special interest. Service chevrons are worn on the upper part of the left sleeve and resemble the insignia of non-commissioned officers in our Army.

Chevron designates one year at the front; two chevrons designate 18 months at the front; three chevrons designate two years at the front; four chevrons designate 30 months at the front; five chevrons designate three years at the front. These can only be gained by service in the actual fighting forces.

The wound chevrons are worn on the right sleeve, one chevron for each wound.

In Recognition of Valor

The military decorations which are worn on the French tunic are the mark of official recognition of conspicuous

deeds of valor, of devotion to duty or of notable service.

First among these is the Legion of Honor, which was created by Napoleon I, and which is divided into the following classes: Knight, Officer, Commander, Grand Officer, and Grand Cross.

The insignia is a red ribbon resembling the service ribbons of our own Army, and with full dress the five pointed star in white enamel is hung from this ribbon. In the center of the star is the head of the Republic with the words "French Republic 1870" and on the reverse crossed flags with the motto, "Honor and Country."

The Legion of Honor is the regular award to officers for distinguished service. It is only granted to non-commissioned officers or men for deeds of most conspicuous gallantry.

The Military Medal is only awarded to non-commissioned officers and men or to generals commanding in the field. Its ribbon is yellow, with two green stripes, and the medal itself is silver, with the head of the Republic surrounded by a gold laurel wreath. As it is never granted to line or field officers, it is considered one of the finest decorations which an officer can wear, since it always means that he won it by some deed of conspicuous bravery when he was an enlisted man and that he has since been commissioned. Since the present war began it has been awarded to seven French generals, including Marshal Joffre.

The "Fourragere"

The War Cross, a brown Maltese cross attached to a ribbon with narrow red and green stripes, is given only at the front. It is the reward for bravery for both officers and men in the field. The meaning of the insignia pinned on the ribbon is as follows:

A brown star, mentioned in regimental or brigade orders; a silver star, mentioned in divisional orders; a gilt star, mentioned in army corps orders; a palm, mentioned in general orders.

Sometimes a man may be entitled to several stars and palms, though it is unusual for any individual to be entitled to more than three or four. Captain Guynemer, the famous French aviator, wore twenty-six palms on the ribbon of his war cross.

The "Fourragere" is a collective distinction awarded to regiments or batteries for conspicuous service. It is a cord wound round the left shoulder and hanging down in loops. It may be green and red, or yellow and green, or red.

To obtain the first, a regiment must be mentioned in general orders for gallant conduct; for the second, at least four times, and for the third, six times.

THOSE BILLETS

(With Apologies to Mr. Kipling)

I've taken my bunks where I've fondled 'em; I've touched it and ranged in my time; And three of the lot was prime. One was a lot of sheep barn, Cold as the snow-fields at Nome; One was a dungeon with windows all barred, And one was an Adrian home.

No, I ain't had no luck with the billets, For takin' them all along. You never can tell till you've tried 'em, And that you are sure to be wrong; There's times that you'll think there are worse ones, There's times when you're sure that there ain't— But the language you use in describin' 'em all, Is not quite becomin' a saint!

I was a greenhorn at Blankville, New to my derby of tin. Off to the sheep-barn they sent me, And—Wah!—was draughty as sin! Colder than Greenland, that first one, It froze every time that you spit; But we nested in straw when the weather was raw, And I learned about billets from it!

Then we was shifted to Mudtown, Actin' as local M.P.s. And they give us what one was a cooler, Where the rats never said, "If you please!" They walked on our faces at midnight, Our socks into ribbons they bit— But a lot did we care in that stony cold air; And I learned about billets from it.

Then we was ordered to Redroof Put into quarters de luce— Adrian barracks the name was— And there we was happy as ducks. For the rain would come down through the ceiling! The chimney and stove didn't fit. So between smoke and showers we passed our spare hours; And I learned about billets from it.

I've taken my bunks as I've fondled 'em, The Government's paid for my keep; The more that I see of French housing, The less I am tempted to weep. I'm used to it now, and I'm seasoned, And so, in due time, will you be; So don't trumble or curse—'cause they all might be worse— And learn about billets from me!

FINANCIAL REVIEW

Rumors of the Kaiser's visit to the western front had an early effect, creating a firm demand for gunpowder, gun oil, and oil stoves for sharpening bayonets. The week opened with a Bull tendency, quickly dispersed by the receipt of stocks of delayed tinformances which still are ruling the market. Demands for "a pipe full" small, but growing. Chewing gum strong, with a weakening of the candy trade due to a depletion of Christmas supply. Sweet chocolate weak.

Heavy receipts of underwear and tummy bands have flooded the market and business is at a standstill. One sale of three undershirts at a price of one pair of drawers reported. Hats, shoes and leggings still unobtainable, with the supply sergeant out of sizes and still talking vaguely of surveys. Tremendous surplus of beans and stew, with the mess sergeant still unreasonable. Usual end of month franc shortage, with panic unavoidable.

THE PANOPLY OF WAR

The newest private in No. 1 squad stood at a rigid attention while the captain started down the line on his first weekly inspection. The captain stopped.

"What he asked, pointing to an expansive medal on the bulging bosom of the newest private, 'is that?'" "That," said the newest private proudly, "is the medal our cow won at the county fair last year."

AT A BASE SCHOOL?

Fond Mother (whose son is trying hard to be an aviator) "To think that they waste so much time teaching the soldiers to sing! Here's Rupert, so anxious to fly, and he writes that he has just finished 30 hours of solo work!"

AS WE KNOW THEM THE REGIMENTAL COLONEL

He maps us out a round of drills to take all night and day. And when he's through with workin' us, we dassen't hit the hay. Because he's always testin' us with fake alarms and such— But what he hasn't learnt us 'bout this war game isn't much!

He's fussy 'bout his paper work, he's fussy 'bout the guard, He's fussy 'bout our shaves and shins—'s surely goes hard With any guy who doesn't hand the right salute to him, A-liftin' of his elbow with the proper snap and vim.

He's fussy with the officers, he's fussy with us, too; If anything's a half inch off he makes us awe a stew. He's fussy 'bout his etiquette, he's fussy 'bout our clothes, And he works us all so hard we haven't time to blow our noses.

He works us, but he loves us; you can see it in his eye. When, furs dressed up all fit to kill, the column marches by. And snaps an "Eyes right!" to him with the head of a hinged as one— Oh, he's a darn good colonel—that is, as colonels go.

ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS Calling Manners

By BRAN MASH

The proper proceeding for calling on a General is this—

First, you ask the Top's permission to speak to the Captain. Then you ask the Captain's permission to speak to the Major. Then you ask the Major's permission to speak to the Colonel. If you have all of these, the Colonel will probably give you permission to speak to the General, adding in a gruff undertone, "And a hell of a lot of good it will do you!" To which kindly bit of advice the proper retort is, "Or you, either, sir!" This makes you and the Colonel bosom friends. Or, if the Colonel isn't that sort, it makes you a bosom friend of the Jug.

The correct number of cards to leave at each one of the intermediate stations in this process is as follows: Ten cards for the Top, five for the Captain, three for the Major, and two for the Colonel. If, by the time you get to the General, you have any cards left, give him one. He deserves it.

The cards in question should be engraved in any type that does not too closely emulate German script. Old English type is pretty fair, although the General would probably prefer Old Scotch. They should bear your name, company number, number, organization number, rifle number, date of enlistment, date of last successful vaccination, dates of inoculation against typhoid, paratyphoid, hyperparatyphoid, superhyperparatyphoid, zout, and housemaid's knee; date of entrance into foreign service, date when last paid—going back into current history—and any dates you have kept while in France. Before showing these cards to the Top's butler, the Captain's funkier, the Major's lucker, the Colonel's doorknob, and the General's janitor, you should take pains to see that everyone bears your thumb print. Therefore, it is well to anoint your thumb with gun grease or saddle oil before starting out to call.

Having arrived at the General's, you ring the bell if there is one; if there is no bell there, you just kick in the door. The General likes that; he's campaigned with Indians before, and it makes him feel at home. Once inside, stand at salute until received. That action will show that you somehow belong to the Army, and—since he belongs to the Army too—will put the General entirely at his ease.

In conversation with the General, one should never talk shop. Shop in France

includes talking about the weather, so steer clear of remarks about rain, mud, etc. References to such things will overtax the General's great deal; he is just as aware of them as you are, and when they are brought up, he finds it very hard to hold himself in. And he doesn't like to cuss in the presence of enlisted men. The things the General is most interested in are formal gardening, Cubist painting, national prohibition, the use of the Greek testament in schools, settlement work in Chicago and New York, and who'll win the pennant, now that all the good infielders have been drafted. From that list pick out one topic and study up on it for two or three weeks before going to see him. He will probably be able to floor you on it; but give him a stiff tussle as long as you can. He will respect you for it.

If he offers you ten, thank him politely, but decline. That establishes you at once as a Regular Guy, and will probably result in his putting you down for service on the next raid—which, of course, is what you want. If he offers you anything else, take it. It's an almighty rare in France.

One should never prolong a call on a General over 30 seconds. He can exhaust any topic you may be able to spring on him in that time, and you can tell him all you want to tell him in half that time. To be sure of yourself, you had better stand at attention while he talks to him, as that pose comes most naturally to you. If he asks you to sit down, however, do so at once; his ask is as good as a must from any other man.

If the General requests a loan of five francs, or a pipeful of American tobacco, don't refuse him, but cough up. To be on the safe side, always go to call on him equipped with the things you think he may need, and which he is apt to want to borrow. In return, he will probably cut a button off his coat for you to send back to your girl as a souvenir of the great European war. If he doesn't offer to do so, send her one of your own and tell her it's one of his. She won't know the difference.

Calling on a General should be not a habit, but an incident of Army life. He is so busy planning to keep troublesome callers away from you and the likes of you that it isn't fair to clutter up his talking lists with inconsequential visits. The best rule to follow about Generals is that they should be heard and not seen.

WHO ELSE COULD THEY BE

Officer (examining German prisoner): "So you knew there were Americans in the trenches opposite you, did you? How did you come to find out?" G.P.: "Dol' voss eessy, Herr Oberst! It voss all quiet dere for a long time, and dann, von morgen, ve heard sompitty shant aut. 'You ———!' Denn ve knew dere voss Americans dere!"

WHEN MARS CAME TO SANTA'S AID

A Christmas story (delayed in transmission) has just arrived at G.H.Q. A.E.F., telling of how Santa Claus came two months ago to the children of —, where there is located one of the American aviation units.

As told by an army chaplain, it appears that the children of the neighborhood were told early in December about the American counterpart of their "little Jesus," who, in some similar unaccountable way always manages to clamber down the French chimneys no matter how hot the fire is burning in the grate, and fills the shoes and stockings of the children with exactly the things they need—or their parents think they need.

As a result, when Christmas Eve arrived the mess hall was choked with French children, most of whom brought their fathers and mothers with them. There was high excitement and many inquiries about the illuminated Christmas tree which had been set up in the corner and decked out with tinsel, but without any of the packages which this bewhiskered American "little Jesus" was to bring. It took all the lung-power of the military band to stop the conversation, and as soon as that had been effected, the commanding officer of the detachment, with the aid of the local cure, explained to the children just how it had all happened.

"You see," he said, "the American Santa Claus always travels in a big sleigh which is drawn by reindeer, and so, of course, he can only travel where there is snow. We just had a telephone message from him saying that he was very much agitated, as he had started out in ample time to reach us, but his sleigh could not go west of the Vosges Mountains, through which he had traveled without any trouble. When he got down toward the valley he found that there was not any snow, and even his six reindeer were unable to pull the sleigh with all its presents. I am very sorry, but I really don't know what to do about it."

A gasp of horror came from the children, but at this moment a young aviator rushed up to the speaker, pulling on his aviator's jacket and helmet as he did so, and held a whispered conversation. The commanding officer smiled and resumed his talk.

"We have just found a way," he said. "A lieutenant has volunteered to go away off to the East in his biplane and see if he cannot bring Santa Claus back with him."

There was a yell of delight from the children, and the whole crowd ran out to the hangar and watched the aviator climb into his seat, start his engine, and guide it as it moved out into the open and soared up into the night.

It is really quite remarkable how fast airplanes can travel. In within three minutes the sound of the propellers grew louder, and back through the open field to the hangar came the same airplane.

and back of the pilot, sure enough, in the observer's seat, was an old man with white whiskers and red coat. The children were kept away from him with difficulty. In leaving the airplane he had to pass behind the great doors of the hangar, so that when he emerged into the light it was discovered that he was carrying two enormous sacks on his back. The band escorted him into the mess hall and there was a distribution of Christmas presents such as the children and the cure of — had never before seen.

Of course there are skeptics who do not believe in Santa Claus, and who declare that the old man with whiskers was really a young aviator, and that he had been lying down in the observer's section of the airplane even before the airplane left the hangar. These skeptics also say that they do not believe Santa Claus ever telephoned that message down the Vosges.

But don't try to make the children of — believe any such silly, doubting explanations.

STICKING TO HIS ORDERS

Voice in the Dark: "Halt! Who's there?" Voice out of the Dark: "St. Peter on wheels!" Voice in the Dark: "Dismount, St. Peter! Advance and be recognized!"

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Extra "Ever-Ready" Radio Blades, the Blades that make the "Ever-Ready" Marvelous, 6 for 30c.

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With March come thoughts of yesteryear, When we, with grins of expectation, Packed up our rod and pipe and beer To start the Spring vacation.

A pass came o'er the top today, And now our soulless socks we're sewing; Who said vacation's far away? To Aix-les-Bains we're going.

MARCH NOW BATTING, SPRING ON DECK

RALLY IN EIGHTH SAVES ENGINEERS

Remount Depot on Short End of Game That Opens Base Port's Season

THREE BAGGERS COME EASY

Two Swatters Each Get Pair—Contest Well Played Despite Weather Not Meant for Baseball

The Engineers stationed at a base port recently defeated the Remount Depot there in the opening game of their baseball season by the score of 8 to 4.

It was an exciting match with lots of rooting on both sides, and taking into consideration the cold weather, was very well played.

One of the features was the heavy batting of the eighth Engineers. Five three baggers were made by Aderholt, Pearson and Parkinson.

Table with columns: ENGINEERS, R.H.O.A.E., and scores for various players like Baumbach, Richards, Aderholt, etc.

Table with columns: REMOUNT, R.H.O.A.E., and scores for various players like Long, Blake, Day, etc.

Stolen bases, Allen, Caravati. Three base hits, Aderholt 2, Pearson 2, Parkinson 1. Sacrifice hit, Richards. Base on balls, Harris 2, Delaney 1. Struck out, Harris 11, Delaney 11, Wild pitch, Harris 5, Delaney 1. Double play, Harris 1, Delaney 1. Time, 1 hour 30 minutes.

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—Benny Valgar, claimant to the French heavyweight title, defeated Joe Lynch in six rounds at Philadelphia. Lynch was unable to land the famous knockout with which he stopped Kid Williams recently.

Ted Lewis, welterweight champion, knocked out Jimmy Duffy, of Lockport, in the first round of a 15 round go at Toledo. Duffy was sent to the mat early in the first round, and Lewis battered him down the instant he arose.

Harry Greb, the Pittsburgh bear cat, outfought Bob Moha, the Milwaukee covenant, in ten rounds at Cincinnati. The bout was a fast one throughout, with Greb forcing the fighting in each round.

Pal Moore, of Memphis, got the decision over Jack Sharkey, of New York, in ten rounds at Baltimore. George Chancey, Baltimore, outpointed Eddie Wallace in ten rounds at the same show.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. OF ALL STATIONERS IN FRANCE. Includes logo and promotional text.

CAN'T EXPECT BOXERS TO KNOW ALL THINGS

Maxey Blumenthal met Harry Greb recently and was introduced as the best known horseman in America. Greb was impressed. They talked of betting, too.

STAR SHELLS

When March comes in as lambskins Ye baseball fan is merry; He hides his fur-lined winter hood And celebrates with sherry.

THE "BOYS" SOLILOQUY I used to be a common son. A piece of copper kate. With not a thing on earth to do But change at every sale.

REGIMENT OF IMMORTALS, A.E.F. France has its Academy of Immortals; the A.E.F. should have at least a regiment of them.

THE KAISER'S VERSION

Lives of great men all remind me That I, too, should be sublime. So, when hanged, I'll leave behind me Blood-prints on the sands of time.

"CAN YOU EAT A CHERRY PIE, HILLY BOY?" I wasn't a klicker at college. Though profs tried as hard as they could To draw extra rations in knowledge For issue in under my hood.

FULTON KNOCKS OUT MORAN Fred Fulton climbed one rung nearer a battle with Jess Willard for the title when he stopped Frank Moran in three rounds at New Orleans Tuesday night.

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ALBERT'S Grand Café. KNICKERBOCKER. LUNCH 7 francs DINNER 8 francs (wine included).

ARMY NEWSPAPERS WANTED.—Copies of Newspapers published in the Trenches on the American Front. Would subscribe to all.—FRANK WORTLEY, 5 Rue Hélène, Paris.

COLLEGES TO DROP COACHING SYSTEM

Sports For Sports' Sake Likely to Be Adopted For War Motto

MORE STARS JOIN COLORS

Yale Fencers Yield to Columbia M.I.T. Swimmers Win Wesleyans Meet 31 to 22

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—Harvard authorities have decided not to award the varsity letter to members of the college teams this year and it is believed that Yale and Princeton will follow this first move towards elimination of the professional coaching system.

College athletics are getting down to the simple foundation, sports for sports' sake. There is some opposition to this plan on the ground that it will result in diminished enthusiasm, but the faculties and a majority of the students apparently approve the new method and expect satisfactory results in the various events.

Many Stars Enlist All colleges continue to lose star athletes to the Army and Navy. Halstead, Dunn, and Fargen, three Williams stars, enlisted last week.

Several Transatlantic Stars Prepare to Shine This Spring on Mound With the coming of spring, ball players, fans and "bugs" at G.H.Q.A.E.F. are beginning activities that point to the development of a highly interesting baseball season.

TUILERIES SEES ITS FIRST BALL GAME Gendarmes Form Lines to Keep Spectators Off Improvised Diamond

There may have been some trace of skepticism, but there isn't any now. Paris, or a goodly part of it at least, is convinced that Americans "have the stuff."

A Game of Catch The Tuileries have seen many demonstrations of various kinds through their historic centuries, but never this ultra-modern of sports. The soldiers began a four-cornered game of catch in a secluded corner.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—President John Tener of the National League says the spit ball and other freak deliveries must go soon. President Tener, Barney Dreyfuss and Secretary John Heydler have been named as a committee to decide whether or not the spit ball will be eliminated.

ALBERT'S Grand Café. KNICKERBOCKER. LUNCH 7 francs DINNER 8 francs (wine included).

ALBERT'S Grand Café. KNICKERBOCKER. LUNCH 7 francs DINNER 8 francs (wine included).

No Hot Water to Shave With? MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM Works Just as Well with Cold Water as with Hot. MENNEN'S Requires No Rubbing In; Neither Does It Dry on the Face. FOR USE IN THE FIELD IT CAN'T BE BEAT.

MOLLWITZ AND SAIER AGAIN ARE RIVALS

Again Vic Saier and Fred Mollwitz are rivals. In 1914 they were on the Cub payroll together and Vic was going so good that Mollwitz was crowded off the team.

lines and into the crowd. Before it was recovered a dozen curious hands had felt of it. It was hard! Zounds! The word went through the crowd and the interest intensified.

That was one of the errors of the day. There was only one other. The ball flew out of the field, landed on the pavement and bounced into the air. An American major, an onlooker in the outskirts of the crowd, jumped and made a fast one-handed catch.

HEADQUARTERS BOYS IN SIX TEAM LEAGUE

Several Transatlantic Stars Prepare to Shine This Spring on Mound With the coming of spring, ball players, fans and "bugs" at G.H.Q.A.E.F. are beginning activities that point to the development of a highly interesting baseball season.

Practice is beginning in earnest, and each organization is sending out the word "pulling." "Come one, come all, make your scalp." Meanwhile, the "bugs" have brought out their anvils and are beginning to rave and hand out the spade.

GOODYBYE TO THE SPITBALL [By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—President John Tener of the National League says the spit ball and other freak deliveries must go soon.

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BILLY MADDEN DEAD; ONCE RULED JOHN L.

Famous Manager's Name Added to Year's List of Departed Celebrities

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—Another prominent sporting figure was removed from the limelight this week, when Billy Madden, John L. Sullivan's famous manager, died at White Plains, N. Y., from stomach trouble at the age of 65 years.

Madden managed Sullivan for his fight with Paddy Ryan for the American title in the famous battle at Mississippi City in 1882.

"Terrible Terry," died in a Brooklyn hospital at the age of 37 years. McGovern was one of the most sensational little champions that ever won a title in an American prize ring.

Nothing seemed to be able to stop him; but his career was short owing to dissipation. On Thanksgiving Day of 1901 he met Young Corbett at Hartford, Conn. Although the betting was 5 to 1 against him, Corbett knocked Terry out in the second round.

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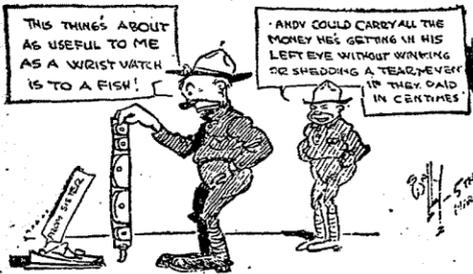
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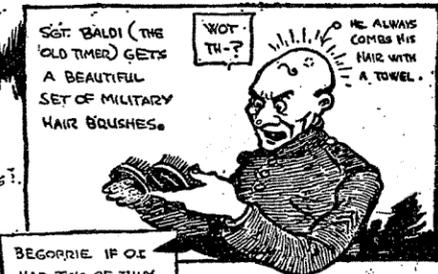
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GIFTS—APPROPRIATE AND OTHERWISE

—By WALLGREN



CORPORAL OWENMORE—OWNER OF FIVE LIBERTY BONDS, VICTIM OF COMPULSORY & VOLUNTARY ALLOTMENTS, INSURANCE AND COURT MARTIAL EXPENSES GREAT JOY ON RECEIPT OF A MONEY BELT.



HELPFUL HINTS No. 3—BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU EAT. DID YOU ORDER THIS? NO—TAKE THAT JUNK AWAY! RESTRICT YOUR DIET, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, TO SLUM AND BEANS, OR, IF PREFERABLE, BEANS AND SLUM. HAMB AND CORNED BEEF MAY ALSO BE INCLUDED, BUT NOT OFTEN MORE THAN FIVE OR SIX TIMES A WEEK. BY ALL MEANS AVOID EATING RICH PALATABLE FOODS: SUCH AS ROAST TURKEY, LOBSTER, PLANKED STEAKS, PLUM PUDDING, PIES, ICE CREAM, ETC. (ESPECIALLY AT CHOW TIME) AS THEY HAVE A TENDENCY TO CORRUPT THE MORALS AND APPETITES OF THE ENTIRE COMPANY. WEAK COFFEE AND PUNK OR HARDSTACK MAY BE PARTAKEN OF FREELY.

SIDE DOOR PULLMANS CARRY LIVE FREIGHT

S.R.O. Signs No Use When it Comes to "Hommes 40," so 30 Is Usually Considered Full House for Americans

DINING CAR SERVES ALL MEALS "A LA CAN"

Sleeping Not Forbidden if Passengers Are Hardy Enough To Get Away With It—Vain Hopes of Coffee Add to Delights of Ride

The way they move troops by rail over here is this:

Along in the middle of the afternoon they make you put on your packs, take your business tools, and stand in line. They keep you standing there, part of the time at attention, part of the time at ease or rest, varying it just so that you can't get enough rest time to roll a decent cigarette or sing more than two verses of a song. Then, along about dark, they decide it's time to move.

They move you, all right. In full pack, you march anywhere between five and ten miles to a place where there are camions. They pack you into the camions, thirty-three into every one marked "for thirty men," and, in the deepening dusk and gathering cold, they rattle you off to the train. And there the fun begins.

The Wise Ones Scramble

After a fashion—for by the time you get to the cars it is well along in the night and you can't see, and there aren't any obliging porters around to put up those dinky little steps—you get into the boxcars. The non-com in charge of the car picks out one of the rear corners for himself, puts his pack up against the rear wall as a sort of pillow, lights his pipe and watches the gang scramble for the other rear corner. If they've ever ridden in one of the things before you can bet they'll scramble! The other guys who are just plain out of luck, shove their stuff under the board benches with straight backs that run the length of the car, shut the windows and the door on one side of the contrivance, in a vain attempt to keep out a draught, and try to get settled.

The train lurches around for two or three hours, while the out is marched up alongside it and shown around by squad, the cars it is to occupy. The outfit is never very much impressed by the sight, but, squad by squad, it files into the wooden refrigeration plant on wheels. After all of the squads are en-cased in their movable matchboxes, the train hangs up a bank of cheese all around. In addition, the mess sergeant spreads something about hot coffee being contracted for at several stations along the route. This is usually plain bunk.

Efforts Toward Neighborliness

About the time that the three hours of waiting—the second stretch of three hours, not the first—are nearly up, the

whistle on the dinky locomotive up in front of the first section of the troop train tries out its voice; just as the occupants of the boxcars are beginning to doze off, using each other's backs as mattresses. Then the cars are shuffled backward and forward on the rails, just like cards. This brings the occupants of said cars, trying to sleep on the board benches, into close proximity, and makes for neighborliness.

Right here a word should be said about the locomotives peculiar to this region. They are stuck on to the front end of trains for ornamental purposes only. Troop trains in France are not moved by the pulling of such as they. Troop trains just move by faith.

At the conclusion of the preliminary whistling and shoving and shuffling and shunting process, the real whistling and shoving and shuffling process begins. It differs from the first only in that it is a bit more strenuous, and sounds a bit more business-like. Once it is completed (it usually consumes about twenty minutes), and the soldiers engaged in the cars have been thoroughly awakened by it, the train starts—not rudely, or precipitously, but just gradually. When it gets into what might be called the Harlem district of the town that it is leaving, it stops, with a jerk, again waking up the soldiers and again making for neighborliness.

A Drawback of Candles

Inside each car some singing is indulged in, if the troops are new, and much cussing, whether the troops are old or new. As the cars can be heated only by pipe and cigarette, the art of smoking is extensively employed. A stolen lantern, hidden in French under the packs on the floor when the lieutenant comes around to inspect, furnishes the only light. Candles, on such unstable bases as can be afforded them on top of active rolling stock, have an unpleasant habit of appointing one's ears with hot tallow, and are consequently taboo.

Some time between midnight and what passes for dawn in this part of the world, every man not engaged in playing the National Game by the light of the stolen lantern gets about an hour and a quarter's sleep—in sections. The whistling and shoving and shuffling and shunting process, repeated at every watering tank, tells him when he has had enough sleep for a while, and reminds him that he is not at home. Along about the time the sun should get up but doesn't, every man with any sense concludes that there is no use in simulating sleep any longer, since there is no sleep to be had, and starts in liquid before starting on the tour of France; are able, after a fashion, to wash the bacon down. The others just have to grin and swallow it.

Policing the Jam Stains

Everybody in the car, being American born and bred, thinks about a morning wash, but as there is no water aboard the cars save what may be in the canteens, everybody has to be content with the think. A few orderly souls, still possessed of hair, endeavor to comb it as it is reflected in their trench mirrors, but that is the limit of the morning toilet. Eventually, when the jam stains have all been licked off fingers and faces, and the debris of bacon, jam tin wrappings, cheese parings and so forth has been policed out of the car's side-door on to the uncomplaining countryside lying adjacent to the roadbed, the National Game starts up again, pipes and cigarettes are again lit, what few books there are in haversacks are pulled out and waiting lists established for the

reading of them, and the passengers settle down for the day.

Siestas After Luncheon

Along about noon there is another argument about what was intended for what in the line of eats. The custodians of the beans, amid many jeers, ladle them out as impartially as possible, and more hardtack is dug up out of pockets and haversacks. As is the case up front, the afternoon is found a far more convenient time to sleep than the night, so a general siesta—punctuated, of course, by the whistles and the shoving and shunting of the cars—usually follows the midday meal. Perhaps, though, midday meal is not the expression to use there; it might seem disparaging to regular meals to call that picked up lunch by the same name.

Those who do not try to sleep, find some solace in looking out of the car's side door, if the weather permits it to be opened, in viewing France, and in cheering other troop trains bound in the opposite direction. Occasionally, at stations and cross roads, there are civilians who will wave back when waved to, and little boys with a smattering of broken French will run alongside the mess sergeant's brick rattlers, the mess sergeant's brick rattlers may be supplemented by the brindle bread and the light cheese of the country, or if it is a chocolate day—by hunks of chocolate. But such opportunities come but rarely.

Old Officers Preferred

If one's officers are new, and therefore energetic, one may get a chance to stretch once in a while by being tumbled out of the cars for setting up exercises by the side of the train. If one's officers are not new—and there are very few really new ones left in the service—one does no setting up exercises by the side of the train. In fact, for trips in box-cars throughout the length and breadth of France, the officers who are not new are infinitely more desirable. Safer, too; for if the setting up gets interesting the train may go off without both the commanders and their commands still, troop trains, once an outfit gets into them, are very hard to lose. Sometimes it seems as if they couldn't be lost at all.

Along toward night the rest of the ration—is eaten up, without waiting for men who stole the lantern is roundly cussed out for not having stolen enough oil to keep it going for another night; and the excuse doesn't go that he thought the trip was only a one-night stand. He ought to have known that a troop train always takes two days to travel a one day's journey.

Then—Coffee and Song

Oh, yes! On the second night out, just as everybody is getting reconciled to the prospect of a lightless night and it getting dug in for about an hour's sleep with packs and overcoats and rifles arranged just so, the train pulls up with a bump at a wayside station. Sure enough, there's the mess sergeant's coffee! He had dozed it out that the train would reach that station at breakfast time instead of at the theater hour, and it's been waiting for him all day. So everybody piles out and gets a mess cup full—nobody wants it, but it's free, so why not get it? After that, everybody comes back to the car and, primed by the coffee, proceeds to talk and sing all night!

Somehow, sometime, troop trains do reach their destination; and it is said by those few survivors of the experience that the soldiers become so accustomed to their matchbox cars that they really hate to part with them, and hang wreaths on the doors in loving commemoration of the happy hours they spent within their freezing interiors. As the Governor of North Carolina did not say to the Governor of South Carolina, "you're in the Army now," nothing tells us that the old stock jokes about the B. and M., the New Haven, the B. and O., and even the Nickel Plate will be decidedly out of taste when we get back home.

YOUR WATCH ALWAYS RIGHT

Don't Compare Your Timepiece With Too Many Others

Did you ever set your wrist watch, since you have been in France, with the man of the infallible timepiece, compared it with the clock on the church tower a little while later and found it 15 minutes fast, checked it up with the town clock an hour afterward and discovered it five minutes slow and, finally, given it a once over before a jeweler's accurate chronometer only to find that it has gained a few laps again? If you have, don't worry. Chances are it is running along dutifully. The discrepancies are due to the French method, or la-k of method of keeping time. Every municipality in France has its own time, and it may or may not coincide with that of its neighbor. Every business house, too, has its own more or less individual time. So you're always right, no matter what you've got.

KNOCK-DOWN UNITS FOR OUR AIRPLANES

Assembling Plants From Overseas Complete Even to Smallest Nut

Following the first American locomotives and steamshovels into France has come the first big assembling unit for American airplanes.

The assembling plant is the latest accomplishment of American engineering genius. It is the first of several which are being made in the United States and will be shipped to France "knock down." Designed to perform every operation in assembling the new standardized American airplanes, it is itself a product of standardization. It came with blue prints and "one, two, three" direction for putting it together. It includes everything from "S" wrenches for the smallest nut of the guy wires to big lathes for turning out a new shaft. "There were many hundred tons of material for this one plant—almost a whole shipload, and, like the biggest refrigerator plant in the world, recently erected by the A.E.F., it has sprung up

rapidly under the direction of American engineers.

Near the site of the new plant is an aviation field from which American aviation students soon will be making their final practice flights before going up to the front. Railroad spurs run to the plant and field. Arriving parts of airplanes will be delivered economically to the assembling plant by train, and the finished product will be moved away by the same means. The various parts of the plant also are connected by tracks, and every process in the assembling of the new crafts will be done with a minimum of lost motion. It is an ultra-modern, ultra-efficient assembling station comparable to the great automobile factories of Detroit, where machines are turned out on a schedule of minutes.

NO CASES GET CHRONIC

Two Irishmen had finished mess in an army camp. Both had stowed away more slum and bread than they could carry comfortably, but only Pat registered a complaint about stomach disorders. "You've got to have a concrete stomach reinforced with Harzeyzed steel to travel on that slum," said Pat. "You could launch a dreadnaught on what I put away." "Never heard of a soldier dyin' o' stomach trouble, did you?" asked Mike, laughing. "No," retorted Pat, "he never gets a chance."

V'S AND W'S NOTE: IS YOUR MAIL HERE?

Private Bum and Several Others Also Invited to Step This Way

Suppose you were a top sergeant. All right. Suppose, also, that you hadn't been with your company long enough to know the little inflections and idiosyncrasies of the names of all the members, and that you got out of bed on a morning in March with a lot of mud and a little snow, possibly, and, after blowing your whistle and waiting for the last shivering straggler to "fall in," you started the matutinal roll call, and, after stumbling along through the A's and B's and M's and N's and finally getting down as far as the V's, you then ran into these names:

Van Duzer, Van Holsbeke, Van Tyl, Veit, Vous, Vroom, and Wojelchostown. Suppose all this happened. What would you say? You don't have to answer, because we couldn't print it anyhow, but your remark would be about the same as that made by the postal clerks at the new lead letter office of the A.E.F. For the above names are all real.

They are on packages which the American Army postal authorities have been trying to deliver to the owners, but for which owners can't be found.

About two hundred of these packages are on hand and will be held while lists of the addresses are circulated, all other means having failed.

"They're a queer lot of names, though," said a postal clerk. "Sounds like the Foreign Legion," and he pointed to a package for Private Bert Bum and one for John Dziedzienu, and one each for the following: Private J. H. S. Engine (suspected of being in the Engineers), Herman C. Elnike, Lieutenant R. L. Gnsliak, Johan Janco, Sergeant Joseph Schnypant, William H. Prokosh, Adolph Ochs, and Edward E. Ueff. "Ueff," repeated the postal clerk. "Ueff. Sounds like a soldier ordering eggs."

MIGHT DO FOR GAS ALERTS

United States Marines at Port Royal, S.C., have a new invention. It's called a "bazooka." No, it isn't a cannon, nor a flying machine, nor a machine-gun, but when in operation it will make you "shake your feet." The "bazooka" is a simple contrivance, consisting of but two pieces of gas pipe and a funnel, but its secret is in the playing. It is said that the Marine Corps Jazz band is the only one in the world that boasts of a "bazooka."

CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY

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WAR-WORN YOUNGSTERS GIVEN NEW LIFE START

Children "From Where the War Is" Find Heaven Awaiting Them in French Barracks Conducted by American Red Cross

The children of France — nothing is too good for them!

So many an American soldier has thought when they have lightened up his weary march with their shrilly piped-up *Vivent les Américains*, or their more newly-acquired "How do you doo?" The spectacle of soldiers walking their posts with little toddlers grasping their coats and keeping step with them is nothing new. In fact, one of the most heartening and cheering things about this whole business of war making is the infinite capacity for mutual friendship that exists between the children of France and the soldiers of America. Many a man has gone without his chocolate and gum for home in order that the tots in his billet might not be disappointed; and many another man has gone well into what was left of his half of a month's pay in order that little Jean Ba'tiste or petite Marie might learn to play Uncle Sam's bugle calls on a real live harmonica.

The individual soldier, however, can do but little for the kids of France who warm his heart by reminding him of the kids—perhaps his own—back home. It remains, therefore, for some organization that is perhaps a little more impersonal but none the less earnestly warm-hearted to do good turns for the children of France in a body. And that organization, naturally enough, happens to be the American Red Cross.

Already, in the midst of war, at a spot shaken at times by the vibrations of the big guns and not unaccustomed to the whir of both Roche and friendly planes in the sky overhead, the American Red Cross has set about doing its great work for the little tots of France.

Peace Bureau in Barracks

Symbolically enough, its children's hospital, situated in a city of eastern France, is housed in what were once soldiers' barracks—the work of peace, or perhaps better, of preparation for peace, being carried on and what were the housings of preparations for war. Without beating any necessary swords into ploughshares or equally essential spears into pruning-hooks, the Red Cross set about its work quietly, efficiently. As soon as it moved in it began gathering to itself, into the motherly arms of its workers, the children from all about the devastated countryside to the north and, having gathered them, began at once to care for them.

And what a plight those youngsters were in when first they came to the hospital! For three years they had rather existed than lived, under shell fire by day and bomb fire by night; sleeping in dug-outs, in cellars, under the rent roofs of abandoned farms. Their little bodies were wracked by shell shock in many cases. Their clothes—what clothes they had—were swarming with vermin that they had picked up in the hovels they were forced to resort to. At that tender age they had been forced to live like little animals, by forage and scavenging, and their cheeks were wan, their wrists thin,

their tiny legs puny as clay pipe stems. It is needless to say that many of them—perhaps most—were orphans, with fathers killed at the front or mothers felled by random shells as they worked about their farms at home.

Blessed Rest At Last

Dirty, disease-scabbled, drawn in face, emaciated, they come trooping in to the hospital. In some cases their mothers, also in need of hospital care, came with them. In more cases the children were rounded up by strangers and brought into the renovated barracks, all shiny and new from much scrubbing and whitewashing. A few baths, a few hot meals, intelligent treatment of their skin ailments, clean, dry, fresh clothes and long, refreshing sleeps and the children began to appear at home in their Spotless Town surroundings.

Right here a word should be said about the new home in which the children find themselves upon awaking from what is for many of them their first really refreshing sleep since the war started.

When the Red Cross people first took over the barracks they found them minus of all the modern conveniences indispensable to efficient hospital management and nursing. Built of stone, they hoarded chill for the sensitive, and there was no way to heat them save by keeping a soft coal stove going in every room.

There was—and is yet—no running water, and bath water had to be heated upon the tops of the stoves. It has to be warmed in that primitive fashion even yet—boiled, and heated constantly, for regular, persistent bathing in warm water is the foundation treatment for all the illnesses which the uncleaned-for children are particularly likely to have.

"Friends in Need"

In addition, the barracks, when they were first taken over, were filthy. That meant much work for the French territorial troops who were assigned the job of cleaning up the barracks. It meant more work for the group of American Quakers who followed them. In time, and by dint of much whitewash, soap-suds, disinfectants and elbow grease, the place was made habitable. The floors were covered with linoleum, little trundle beds were set up, and the laboratory and operating equipment installed. But it was a long, hard job to make the quarters such that reborn children ought to have; and, because of the arrangement for heat and water, it is a long hard job to keep the quarters up to inspection appearance.

The children have responded with brightened faces to the cheery atmosphere of the new surroundings. They are picking up in weight and brightening in color. Those that are well enough to be up and about spend part of the day in the primary school, which is run in conjunction with the hospital. The rest, carefully and warmly bundled up, are given all the fresh air and sunshine that the weather will allow. The sunshine idea of caring, invented by

God but neglected by man these many centuries, is beginning to come into its own again, and nowhere are its beneficent results more apparent than in this refuge for war-ousted, war-orphaned children.

Songs While Cannon Roar

During the play hour all the well ones at school are kept out of doors, walking through their quiet games, all carried on in a circle, more like an old-fashioned country dance than the rollicking pastimes our own youngsters know. They do not shout and scream and leap about, these war-rescued mites, but they do sing—sing to the accompaniment of the muffled boom, boom, boom of the bombardment borne from over the hills—yonder, "where the war is."

When ragged, dirty, uncleaned-for little ones have, by dint of hot water and good food and warm beds and clothes and intelligent medical treatment, been brought to the point where they will sing and sing of their own accord, surely much has been done to make them happy.

300 RED TRIANGLES HUNG OUT IN FRANCE

Fifteen Hundred Y.M.C.A. Workers in A.E.F. Include 200 Women

Counting tents, cafés, hotels, cellars, rooms in what is left of houses out near the front, double bunks, single bunks, lockers, a corner in a convent, a Hotel de Ville—in short list every place where the American Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. has hung out its red triangle in France, and the number will be something more than 300.

Work is done in at least 95 per cent of the places where American soldiers or sailors are stationed, and it will not be long before the few isolated units will be offered Red Triangle facilities. At least, that is the plan and the hope of the organization.

Counting women, old men, young men, middle-aged men, preachers, teachers, regular Y.M.C.A. secretaries, business men, writers, farmers, lawyers, advertising men, druggists, an undertaker and persons from a miscellaneous scattering of professions, vocations and avocations, there are some 1,500 Y.M.C.A. workers in France. Of this number about 200 are women.

The Y.M. is also operating in England, Scotland and Ireland for the comfort and convenience of American soldiers on route and of sailors in port. There are some 50 centers in the British Isles. "Le Triangle Rouge"—as the Frenchmen call it when they don't say "Egretic 'em Say Ah"—is also at work for Americans on the rock of Gibraltar.

GOOD OLD EVERYBODY

There were three of them, rolling down the street, arm in arm.

"Good old Aussie!" exclaimed the American. "When the war's over I'm going to Aussie to live, so I am!"

"Good old States!" shouted the Canadian. "When the war's over I'm going across the line to live!"

"Good old Canada!" chimed in the Australian. "When the war's over I'm going to stop off there and live, and save half of my fare home."

RAILROADS READY IF TIE-UPS OCCUR

American System in France Has Mastered Problem of Distribution

EQUIPPED FOR EMERGENCY

Deranged Schedules and Clogged Tracks Only Slight Handicap in Moving Supplies

Railroading, after all, may be called the typical American game—that is, the typical game of peace times. It calls for hardihood, cool-headedness, far-sightedness; for all the good qualities which we like to think are our own more than any others. Without railroading we should never have conquered the North American continent; so, it is nothing to wonder at that we should turn first of all to railroading when it comes about that we have the job of conquering Germany.

We have our own railroad system here in France. From the Expedition distributing station, which is a big railroad clearing house for men and supplies, lines run back to the ports of entry, forward to the fighting zone. The distributing station, which has been in operation for some time now, controls the movement of traffic over all the American lines, and from it are taken the supplies needed for the army in the field, to be redistributed at the various divisional ammunition, food, and forage bases. In like manner the troop trains arrive and are distributed.

It is not overstating to say that "as goes the distributing station, so goes the army." That is, if it falls down on its job, the army, for lack of reinforcements, of munitions or food, will very likely fall down on its job. But, from the system which has been worked out by the authorities in charge of the central station, and the care with which every movement of troops "up front" is followed up, such a catastrophe is, for all purposes of this world, beyond the range of possibility.

Map Shows What's What

On the walls of the office of the lieutenant-colonel, Q.M.C. now in command of the station, is a map dotted with glass-headed pins, of various colors, indicating the general plan of distribution. The pins with the light blue heads are to represent towns where American troops are billeted, or portions of the line held by American troops, while the dark blue ones stand for divisional disbursing stations, at which trucks and trains can dump their supplies. The officer in charge can therefore tell by a glance at the map the exact disposition of the A.E.F. in France on that day, and give his orders accordingly.

In case, however, that breakdowns occur, that schedules are deranged, that the American road from a certain port to the distribution station is clogged with troop trains when it is desired to send supplies through to other troops, the Q.M.C. is none the less prepared. At the distribution station are huge warehouses filled with emergency supplies, which can be quickly loaded on to trains and shot out from the station

toward the front. In case the lines leading from the distribution station to the front are clogged, the quartermaster corps is ready to meet the emergency again, for at all the advanced railheads are other warehouses, stored with national supplies to keep the troops in their vicinity supplied for two days.

Real Railroad Center

This distribution station has clustered about it a number of railroad and other shops, including a salvage plant for the repair of rolling stock. Here are to be found the Q.M.C. shoemakers, the wheelwrights, the harness makers, and, above all, the Q.M.C. laundry plant. Pending the building of sheds to house these shops, the authorities have had to use all the vacant buildings they could rent in a neighboring city, while supplies at one time had to be stacked on the ground, protected from the rain and snow by tarpaulins. When all the buildings are up, however, Uncle Sam, in addition to his big railroad repair shop and clearing house, will have established at a certain spot in France quite some of the best stores for the use of the likes of us.

GET YOUR TAG—TIME'S UP

What's your number? If you can't answer this question, you had better get busy.

Yesterday was the last day upon which you should have been given an official numerical designation which will be yours, and yours only, until the war is over. If you haven't received it, you had better see the top sergeant. If he can't fix you up, see the C.O., and if he doesn't know, go right on up until you do get it.

Every soldier now in the service of Uncle Sam is supposed today to have a number which is as much a part of him in the Army as his Christian name. It is to be used on payrolls and muster rolls opposite his name and on other documents where his name is written.

The new numbers begin at one and will run up as high as is necessary to include all the American soldiers necessary to lick the Kaiser.

If you haven't got your number, GET BUSY.

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