

MEN IN RANKS TO HAVE OPPORTUNITY FOR BARS

Army Candidates' School Will Continue to Train Promising A.E.F. Soldiers for Second Lieutenants' Commissions

Here's good news for the "man in the ranks." The Army Candidates' School, established last winter as a training camp for promising enlisted men, is to be continued indefinitely, thus assuring soldiers of the A.E.F. of a chance for commissions as second lieutenants.

The first session of the Army Candidates' School has just ended. The second class will convene March 31 and will be followed by others. These will include men from all combatant branches of the service who, in the opinion of their commanding officers, are capable of being commissioned officers.

Whether you are in the artillery or the engineers, a leatherneck or a doughboy, a private or sergeant, major, you've got a chance to get a commission. But you'll have to be up on your toes and be numbered among the ultra-efficient of your organization.

Candidates will be chosen, it is announced in a general order from G.I.O., from various organizations in the following number, per organization: Infantry regiments (including Marine Corps), 32; machine gun battalions (including Marine Corps), 6; divisional artillery regiments, 12 (to be sent in groups of four each at one month intervals); cavalry regiments, 10; divisional corps, and army engineer regiments, 9; and army artillery regiments, 12.

Soldiers in the Medical Department and engineering organizations not enumerated above who are qualified to be second lieutenants also will be accepted upon recommendation by their commanding officers. The number sent from these branches is not to exceed two-tenths of one per cent of the strength of a command.

Except in rare and unusual cases, hereafter no man will be recommended for a commission who is not a successful graduate of the Army Candidates' School.

EX-SCHOOL TEACHER CAPTURES HUN ACE

German Who Has Felled Over Thirty Allied Planes Comes to Grief While Returning from Night Raid on Paris

"It must be tough," remarked Abe Martin once, in his so-many-a-week paragraphs, "to be an aviator's wife and never know whether to get snapper ready or not." But Abe Martin never fathomed the depths of the possible poignancy of fate—when I hold it to be an aviator, to win honor and renown by bringing to earth 30 enemy planes—and then to be captured by a school teacher and a veterinary surgeon.

That is what happened to Wolff, the famous German "ace," a week ago Monday night. He was brought in prisoner by the captain commanding the Supply Company of the 1st Infantry, and a lieutenant of the Veterinary Corps, who has been inspecting Yankee horses.

It was the night of the bombing raid on Paris. Wolff, in his four-seater bi-plane, whose propeller blades were painted with his name, had gone in the raid with Lieutenant Kaeuemerer and Sergeant-Major Fischer. If there was a fourth man in the plane, he escaped. There is a story, which could not be verified, that there was such a man, and that he was caught by the French.

Well on Way Home Anyway, Wolff loaded his aeroplane with bombs, and joined his squadron. In the long flight of night hawks he held his place, reached the French capital, and by eleven o'clock was over Paris, almost at the line, on his way home.

The Supply Company captain was just going to bed in his barracks. In fact, he had already tucked his heady automatic under his pillow, where it could be heard the roar of a propeller so loud that he knew a plane must be very near the ground, and rushed out.

He saw Wolff's plane coming down rapidly. From the forward end little flames were spouting, and it was evident that the machine had been hit and was coming down out of control.

Even as he watched, the machine pitched to earth, bounced lightly two or three times, stuck its wheels into a shell hole, and flipped over, bursting into flame at the same moment.

Hunt in Burning Plane's Light One man was flung in the air in a long arc. In less than a minute, long before the captain could gather his wits, he was running over the 500 yards that lay between him and the burning machine, a second man crawled out of it, all afire, and ran for the direction of an old communicating trench.

The captain ran back into his barracks, grabbed his gun, and shouted for the lieutenant of the Veterinary Corps and another lieutenant to come along. They raced over to the plane, and followed first the man whose clothes were

In submitting recommendations, company commanders will report on the age, physical condition and moral character of the candidate, and in addition will make a statement concerning his education, leadership, ability to learn quickly, ability to teach others, general suitability and military appearance.

From those recommended the regimental commander will select the best officer material in his regiment for attendance at the Army Candidates' School. In making their recommendations, company commanders will take into consideration those soldiers of their companies who are absent from their organization.

As far as possible, it is desired to select artillery officers, particularly those without previous artillery training, from graduates of technical schools, in courses which include mechanical and mathematical subjects. No enlisted man will be designated for an Artillery Candidates' school who has not a thorough working knowledge of all arithmetical and simple algebraic operations and an elementary knowledge of algebra and geometry. Special attention will be paid to the eyesight.

What to Take With You Candidates write at the schools will be transferred to and carried on the rolls of a replacement division and will receive the pay and allowances of their grades. Each soldier will take with him to the school his full field equipment, including rifle and bayonet, pistol (for those so armed), steel helmet, gas mask and mess kit, and such other articles.

At any time during the course school commanders have authority to return to the replacement division any candidates who, through misconduct, have demonstrated their unfitness to become officers. After the completion of one month's course of instruction, school commanders may return to the replacement division any candidates who, in the work up to that time, have clearly demonstrated that they are not suitable officer material.

Upon the completion of the course of instruction, the school commanders will submit a report to the Commander-in-Chief recommending for commission such candidates as may have demonstrated their fitness therefor. These successful candidates will be ordered by the school commanders to report to a replacement division commander for duty until their commissions are issued, and for further orders. Candidates who are not recommended will be returned by the commanders to the replacement divisions.

Geometry and Eyesight Except in rare and unusual cases, hereafter no man will be recommended for a commission who is not a successful graduate of the Army Candidates' School.

Kitchin Defends Corporation Measure in Reply to Attack Made by Longworth

HELP IN FIGHT FOR RAILROAD Government May Take Up Half of New Haven's \$43,000,000 Note Issue

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

NEW YORK, March 21.—The Sunday newspapers carried long dispatches from France describing Secretary Baker's inspection tour, with details of the great work of building the ports, the terminals, and the railroad web—a graphic picture of what American energy and constructive ability are accomplishing. They evoke general satisfaction.

The Secretary's foreign tour is generally commended as a wise step in perfecting the co-ordination of the American Expeditionary Forces with the work at home.

Working conditions continue good, with steadily favorable weather and no dispute of moment anywhere directly affecting production.

There is no decided indication of public opinion regarding the Japanese-Soviet issue. The newspapers' comment is divided broadly for and against Japanese entrance into Siberia, but is guarded and can hardly be considered as reflecting the opinions of any large part of the American people as yet.

Longworth and Kitchin Debate It appears pretty clearly that the great body of the public in Washington is divided broadly for and against the solid American mass is that the nation shall stand without shaking and without fear, on a basis of moral and international justice before everything else.

The War Finance Corporation Bill, for controlling corporation financing during the war, has been the subject for long debate in the House of Representatives.

Representative Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, son-in-law of Colonel Roosevelt, in a long speech, objected to it strongly, demanding that America's revolutionary hero, Barry, and the Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, president of Notre Dame University, made an impassioned plea for Ireland. Justice Dowling, of the New York Supreme Court, fervently expressed his hopes for a united, self-governing Ireland.

Representative Claude Kitchin, Democratic leader, and in charge of the Bill, has answered him fully, declaring that the radical Bill, as originally drafted, was entirely repudiated by the committee, for the careful and complete safeguarding of the nation and at the same time for affording the necessary assistance to business enterprises engaged in work for the nation and Government.

Kitchin Asks Aid for War Work Mr. Kitchin stood a lively cross-examination from all parties in the House and apparently satisfied the majority by his full reply. He said the problem before the country was that the Government must either necessarily take over all industries contributory to the war or else aid them by advancing Government money.

He described the three ways that proposed. Continued on Page 2

BRITAIN'S PREMIER GREET'S A.E.F.

I HAVE read with the greatest interest the first numbers of THE STARS AND STRIPES which you have so very kindly sent me.

It is an excellent thought to meet the needs of the troops in this way. I welcome the opportunity of sending greetings to the brave soldiers of America, who are now in line with their Allies in France, doing battle for the great cause of human justice and freedom.

Their presence, side by side with the soldiers of France and Britain, is no fortuitous alliance, formed merely for the purposes of war.

It is, in truth, the expression of an abiding instinct for the assertion of right against might, and for the deliverance of civilization from the servitude of autocratic militarism.

This instinct may have been obscured or over-laid in the past, but the revelation of the sinister purpose of despotism has awakened it in all the progressive democracies of the world.

I believe that the sacrifices which the soldiers of America are now making for the common cause are producing an unity of understanding and purpose with the allied peoples which will knit them permanently together to the immeasurable good of the world even after the victory for freedom has been obtained.

It is this acceptance of common duties and common sacrifices in the face of a common danger which gave us the victory over those selfish and parochial aims which encouraged a military autocracy to attempt to seize universal power.

7th March, 1918.



DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, BRITISH PRIME MINISTER

(Signed) D. LLOYD GEORGE.

WAR SECRETARY'S TOUR OF FRANCE INTERESTS U. S.

Press Calls Visit to A.E.F. Wise Step in Perfecting Co-ordination

WAR FINANCE BILL DEBATE

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FIRST TO GAIN D.S.C.

The Distinguished Service Cross, the new American decoration granted for "extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy," has been awarded for the first time, and is soon to be presented to one officer and two enlisted men who were actively concerned in the repulse of the German raid on our positions north of Toul on March 1. The enlisted men in question have already received the *Croix de Guerre*, in the presence of Premier Clemenceau at France.

The three men are Second Lieutenant J. N. Greene, Field Artillery, and Sergeants Willie Norton and Patrick Walsh, both of the Infantry. The commanding general of their division, in recommending that they be given the D.S.C., had this to say about them:

"Second Lieutenant J. N. Greene, Artillery, while in a dugout, was wounded in the hand and summoned to surrender; he refused to do so, and, after the fire of the enemy, wounding one of them, and pursuing the hostile party by running along the ground above the trenches.

Sergeant Willie Norton, Infantry, finding himself in a dugout surrounded by the enemy in which a grenade had just been thrown, refused to surrender, made a bold dash outside, killing one of his assailants, and by so doing saved his own party's log bunk.

"Sergeant Patrick Walsh, Infantry, followed his company commander to the first lines in spite of a severe barrage; the captain being killed, he assumed command of a group, and attacked a superior force of the enemy, inflicting severe loss upon them. Though advanced in age, he refused to leave the front."

The Commander-in-Chief approved at once the division commander's recommendation. The Crosses are not on hand now, but will be forwarded as soon as received, and presented by the division commander, in the name of the Commander-in-Chief, with suitable ceremonies.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IS HUGE SUCCESS

New York Spectators Showered with Stone from Cathedral Spire

NEW YORK, March 21.—The St. Patrick's Day parade in New York was a great success—the weather, huge crowds, 5,000 in line. Half of the marchers were women, many in hand-made participants were civilians, but the Irish volunteers and cadets gave the procession a martial touch.

There were no incidents of any kind, save that a great stone fell from the spire of St. Patrick's cathedral, smashing through the organ loft, and showering the big crowd on the street with fragments. Nobody was hurt except Congressman Thomas Smith, secretary of Tammany Hall, who broke his wrist while endeavoring to keep order in the frightened crowd.

The annual dinner of the St. Patrick's society in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor was a notable affair. Many Army and Navy officers were present. Secretary Daniels eulogized America's revolutionary hero, Barry, and the Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, president of Notre Dame University, made an impassioned plea for Ireland. Justice Dowling, of the New York Supreme Court, fervently expressed his hopes for a united, self-governing Ireland.

IDLE RICH FLEE JERSEY

NEW YORK, March 21.—New Jersey has begun to make great hands under its new idlers' law.

Already many fat and wheezing old parties—both of the white shirt front variety and the no-collar clan—have been rounded up and steered toward occupations for which they seem to be partially fitted.

EIGHT CENT INCOME TAX

NEW YORK, March 21.—The smallest income tax on record was paid last week to the Collector in the Wall Street district. It consisted of eight pennies, brought in by a patriotic laborer.

48 MEDALS AWARDED IN LUNEVILLE SECTOR

Every Rank from Colonel to Private and Most of United States Represented in New Group of Honor Men

MAJOR "BEST OFFICER UNDER FIRE EVER SEEN"

Two Sergeants Commended by Every French Officer in Sector—Trio of Corporals "Showed Coolness of War Hardened Veterans"

Forty-eight more Americans have been awarded the cherished *Croix de Guerre* for gallantry in action. All 48 have been engaged in the sector east of Luneville—a new combat area for American troops. They represent all ranks, from colonels down to humble buck privates; and they represent nearly all sections of the United States from way down south in Alabama to way up north in Minnesota.

Other American troops have had the *Croix de Guerre* distributed among their numbers in addition to those already listed in THE STARS AND STRIPES, but those lists are not yet available. In fact, the habit of annexing the coveted war cross of France has become so general among the Americans at the front that it is hard, at times, to keep up with the awards and citations as they are made. The names of those who won the medal in the operations further to the west than the Luneville and Toul sectors will, however, be speedily forthcoming.

The Newly Honored Men

The men whose awards of the Cross came as a result of the operations on the sector east of Luneville are: Colonel Douglas McArthur, Lieut.-Colonel Matthew A. Tully, Major William J. Donovan, Captain Charles W. Atkins, Captain Thomas H. Handy, Captain Edward Stelliar, Lieutenants Oscar L. Buck, W. Arthur Cunningham, A. A. Palette, Henry A. Peterson, Howard G. Smith, Edgar McLaughlin, Charles Bernard Vanhof, Sergeants Abraham Blaustein, Earl Edwards, Varner Hall, William J. Moore, Daniel O'Connell, Theodore Peterson, Raymond Quinlan, Spencer Rossell, Charles W. Stout and James H. West; Corporals Marvin Dunn, Lewis A. Simmons, Thomas W. Sporrer, Joseph W. Walker, Homer Whitte, and Russell A. Yarnell; Privates Percy Breeze, John A. Redner, Charles Danielson, Herbert Freeman, Charles Gordon, John Golix, Emil E. Kraft, Floyd R. Leseman, Nicholas McLaughlin, Elmer McLaughlin, Charles McLaughlin, Harvey A. McLaughlin, Clifford Frank Osgood, James E. Potts, Walter Smith, Amos Teske, and Lawrence Wenell.

Major William J. Donovan's citation says that he is "a higher officer who showed brilliant military qualities, notably in the repulse of the German raid during a violent bombardment, a remarkable example of bravery and activity and presence of mind."

Major Donovan, whose law practice has been removed from Buffalo, N. Y., to Luneville sector, France, by the exigencies of war, stayed up front, during his own unit had just been relieved, to steady a new unit which had never been in the trenches before, during a period of heavy and accurate shelling by the Boche. A French officer, who was in the trenches at the time, reported to his superior officer, Major Donovan, that the best officer under fire that he had ever seen."

Kept His Line Intact

Another higher officer of the A.E.F. to obtain the coveted French war cross is Lieutenant-Colonel Matthew A. Tully, who has been in the piping times of peace in Council Bluffs, Ia. The citation accompanying the award to him says that "during a violent enemy attack he directed, with the coolness and calmness of experience, the defensive operations; and, thanks to the brilliant way in which his orders were given before and during the fight, he succeeded in keeping his line intact despite the efforts of the enemy, who was aided by powerful artillery."

The incident noted in the citation occurred during the raid of March 5, 1918, when the Boche, after a preliminary bombardment, knocked our positions almost to pieces by shells, and then attacked in waves. Although our forces were shaken by the artillery, Colonel Tully gathered them together and organized them. When the German infantry appeared he directed a successful counter-attack. The circumstances attendant upon Colonel McArthur's celebrated bagging of the Boche were related in the last number of THE STARS AND STRIPES. The French citation says that he realized the situation and, by his valor in participating in a French attack with French troops, in order to observe personally the methods used by the infantry and artillery for such an enterprise—risking his life that the lives of soldiers in the future might be preserved and for capturing single-handedly a Bavarian officer.

Of Captain Handy, the report reads: "To get a better idea of the effects of artillery fire, he followed the assaulting waves of the infantry into the German front line positions, exhibiting a fine example of coolness and bravery."

What the Others Did

The other recipients of the *Croix de Guerre*, for the reasons for the bestowal in each case, are listed below: CAPT. CHARLES W. ATKINS, Winchester, Ia.—"For bravery and coolness with his troops during an engagement with the enemy."

LIEUT. OSCAR L. BUCK, New York, and LIEUT. W. ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM, Detroit.—"They distinguished themselves by their bravery during a terrific night bombardment when the Germans hammered the trenches held by the troops to which they were attached, using trench mortar bombs weighing 250 pounds."

LIEUT. A. A. PALETTE.—"He organized his men, after an enemy attack, into a counterattack, repelling the enemy from the trenches his men occupied."

LIEUT. HENRY A. PETERSON.—"With one trench mortar in his battery knocked out, and all the crew killed, he continued working the piece in the face of an enemy attack until the ammunition was exhausted, shattering the enemy storming columns which were trying to advance."

LIEUT. W. ALEXANDER TERRILL, Fort Worth, Tex.—"Seriously wounded and courageous under bombardment."

LIEUT. HOWARD G. SMITL.—"Counterattacked, he repulsed the enemy from the first line trench which the enemy succeeded in occupying temporarily."

LIEUT. BERNARD VANHOF, Grand Rapids, Mich.—"He was badly wounded in the leg, but exhibited coolness and bravery before his troops during an enemy attack."

SERGEANTS SPENCER, ROSSSELL, ABRAHAM BLAUSTEIN, WILLIAM J. MOORE, and DANIEL O'CONNELL, all from New York, received their decorations for valorous conduct under fire of the Boche trench mortars. Two of these sergeants took command of machine guns which the Germans were trying to smash, directing a constant barrage upon the German front line. They, with Lieutenants Buck and Cunningham and Major Donovan, were commended by every French superior officer in the sector.

SERGEANT EARL EDWARDS, Centerville, Ia.—"For organizing the men left in his command, after the loss of superior officers, and counterattacking the enemy, who was entering the positions."

SERGEANT VARNER HALL, Birmingham, Ala.—"He met an enemy party while on patrol, but gave combat and brought back prisoners."

Medical Sergeant Hero

MEDICAL SERGEANT THEODORE PETERSON, of Minneapolis, was awarded a posthumous Cross. He was killed in action. He installed an emergency dressing station in an advanced position, and continued working under fire until mortally wounded.

SERGEANT RAYMOND QUINLAN, St. Paul.—"An energetic soldier, who proved courageous under fire, although wounded in action."

SERGEANT JAMES H. WEST, Hoke's Bluff, Ala.—"He helped organize a detachment, routing an enemy patrol and taking prisoners."

CORPORALES MARVIN DUNN, of Des Moines, Ia.; LEWIS A. SIMMONS, of El Reno, Okla.; and RUSSELL A. SELIX, of Ironton, Ia., had this said of their action: "During a violent bombardment and attack, although it was their first engagement, they showed the coolness and courage of war-hardened veterans. They were seriously wounded while repelling an enemy attack."

CORPORALES HOMER WHITTE, Bessemer, Ala.—"He was in a bozon opposite a German, who, after making out to snuff him, tried to kill him. The corporal freed himself, striking down the enemy."

PVT. PERCY BREEZE, Red Oaks, Ia.—"Seriously wounded while repelling an enemy counterattack."

PVT. JOHN BEBNER, of New Prague, Minn.; CHARLES DANIELSON, of Stormlake, Ia.; EMIL KLARF, of St. Paul, Minn.; FLOYD LESEMAN, of Prescott, Wis.; NICHOLAS McLAUGHLIN, of Hutchinson, Minn.; HARVEY A. McPAK, of Henwick, Ia.; and WALTER SMITH, of Hutchinson, Minn., were members of a field artillery unit—mentioned, with Sergt. Quinlan, as being "energetic soldiers, who proved courageous under fire, although wounded in action."

PVT. CHARLES GERDON, Centerville, Ia.—"Wounded while in performance of duty, while counterattacking against great odds."

PVT. HERBERT FREEMAN, of Mobile, Ala., and AMOS TESKE, of Coal Valley, Ala.—"While paroling, they met the enemy, and aided materially in the capture of two of his number."

PVT. CLAUDE KITCHIN, of St. Paul, Minn., and THOMAS W. SPORRER, both of Baltimore, Md., continued to work his trench mortar despite heavy bombardment. CORPORALES RUSSELL A. YARNELL, of Swarthmore, Pa., though seriously wounded, remained at his post of command, until the trench mortar section, SERGEANT CHARLES W. STOUT, of Baltimore, Md., continued to work his trench mortar despite heavy bombardment. SERGEANT VIOLET, PVT. JAMES E. POTTS, of Baltimore, was killed while serving one of the guns under fire. All six received the Cross.

The Crosses awarded to the men who, in gaining it, lost their lives were buried with them. A duplicate of the *Croix de Guerre* will be sent to the family of each of the deceased.

SECRETARY OF WAR VISITS FRONT LINE

Inspection Tour of A.E.F. Takes Him Into Listening Post

GREETED BY GERMAN GUNS

Shells Tear Crater Within 50 Yards of Automobile in Which Mr. Baker Is Riding

COMPLETE SURVEY OF FIELD

First, New England and Rainbow Divisions Complimented for Their Work

When Secretary Baker returns to his desk in Washington, he will carry with him the memory of life as it is lived under fire of the German guns.

True to the plans he had made when he set forth from Paris last week on his inspection tour of the A.E.F., he saw to it that that tour, which is still in progress, should carry him not only to the base ports, but lines of communication, and the training fields, but all the way to the front line trenches.

Clad in trench coat, steel helmet, khaki breeches and boots borrowed from an accommodating colonel, and dressed in the use of the ever-present gas mask, he made his way over the shell torn fields to the trenches themselves, entered and explored the dugouts and reached at last the ultimate frontier of America in France when he visited and talked with the soldier on duty in the listening post of an advance post.

There was no dissuading the Secretary of War from pushing on with his exploration of the sector despite the active fire from big guns and machine guns which the Germans were maintaining at the time and which seemed to have grown brisker for the occasion. His closest encounter with the realities of German warfare, however, came not in the front line trenches themselves, but on his way back to headquarters when big German 105 mm. shells, falling down and within 50 yards from the automobile which was bearing the Secretary and his escorting officers on the homeward trip. The shells hit a roadside dugout, opening up a big crater, and despite Mr. Baker's desire to get out and explore the consequences of the more profuse shelling, the tour proceeded along the straight road to safety. This, which befell toward the close of a day which began in the chill of 4 a.m., was the liveliest incident in a memorable and crowded journey among the A.E.F. in the course of which Mr. Baker has talked with high and low and seen and noted much for his better understanding of America's task.

Americans Not "Soft"

"After a long period of peace in which our mettle had not been tried by war, and we had known commercial success and comfort," he said in his address to the men of the First Division, "some skeptics feared that we had grown soft. I shall bring home the message from our men in France, who have given up their comfortable home life for the trenches, that we have not."

Thus he voiced one of the impressions made on him by a tour of inspection that could be best chronicled by a motion picture camera. The film would show the Secretary of War now walking the ties of some new-laid American railroad, now closing the breach of an out-of-order new gun, the Americans will use, now craning his neck on an aviation field to watch the hundred pilots who had taken to the air at the signal of his approach.

It would show him with General Pershing examining the holdiers in our huge cold-storage plant, where enough for 11,000,000 pounds of meat, it would show him examining our guns all pointed up like a Winter Garden backdrop. It would show him interviewing the chief nurse just outside the postoffice at one of our most imposing base hospitals, or, perhaps, chatting with a grinning stevedore, caught mess tin in hand, on his way to provender. Now you would see him peering into the engine of a monoplane or comfortably ensconced on a flat-car; which, by dint of some hastily carpentered seats, had been turned into a quiet and comfortable vacation car for the purposes of this tour.

You would see the Secretary of War watching with interest the rescue work that goes on with the equipment turned in at one of the salvage plants. You would see him standing in a barefooted soldier while the body of an American soldier was laid away in a little roadside cemetery over which the tricolor flies and on whose new-made graves the French have laid their flowers of remembrance.

Visits Artillery and Staff Schools

Mr. Baker visited not only the training field of the aviators, but a school of artillery and a staff school, encountering there a former Secretary of War of whom he openly expressed his envy. He visited the nerve center of the A.E.F., G.H.Q., addressing the staff officers there.

"I appreciate," he told them, "how you would prefer to leave your desks for the front lines where you could see the direct results of your efforts against the enemy. But you are at least in France, in which you are in the midst of those who are doing their best in the same kind of work at home."

In the course of his tour Mr. Baker had opportunities to say a few words to more than one group of American soldiers. He addressed the Rainbow Division; he had seen a good deal of it when it was in training at home. "I thought that you marched well and drilled well when I last saw you," he said, "but what I have seen of you today gives me a new standard of comparison. The mark of the thorough soldier of our Army in France is not only in the details of adjusting yourselves to new and strange conditions. In this, as in developing a system of training, you were pioneers, blazing the way, while succeeding contingents could profit by your mistakes."

"Day after day and week after week you had to continue the hard day's work of instruction which is necessary to pro-

iciency in modern war. You had to restrain your impatience to go into the trenches under General Pershing's wise demand for thoroughness, the value of which you now appreciate as a result of actual service in the trenches. Thus the discipline seemed wearing, you now know that you would have paid for its absence with your lives and failure.

"If I have any advice to give, it is to strike hard and shoot straight; and I would advise you at the same time against any carelessness, any surrender to curiosity which makes you a mark needlessly. The better you are trained, the more valuable is your life to your country, as a fighter who speaks to make a soldier of the enemy rather than your own pay the supreme price of war. On every hand, I am told you are prepared to 'fight to the end.' I see this spirit in your faces. Depend upon us at home to stand by you in a spirit worthy of yours."

Praise for New England Troops

"Another early arrival among the divisions was that from New England, which, in common with all other divisions whether Regular, National Guard or National Army, are a part of a homogeneous national force. From the day of my arrival in France, I have been seeing the New England Division, which has made good in its initial experience in the trenches in a manner to guarantee that it will be equal to future emergencies. It trained rapidly, as later divisions are training rapidly, because of the longer period of preparatory training at home."

"Some of the men in this division are probably descended from the Minute Men of the Revolution and Ethan Allen's Mountaineers, and others from soldiers who went to the Civil War from New England. Those whose fathers have had an opportunity to prove that their Americanism is of the same quality as that of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, even better Americanism, we hope, as an augury for the future. Whether the soldier is from the factory, the account I hear is equally good."

WAR SECRETARY'S TOUR OF FRANCE INTERESTS U. S.

Continued from Page 1

sent themselves for solving the problems: First, by furnishing money or credits directly from the Treasury, which would demand \$4,000,000,000 or \$5,000,000,000 in bonds additional to the Liberty Loans and other Governmental financing; second, by empowering the Federal Reserve Bank system to do it, which would entail a highly increased burden and divert that system from its proper and important function of providing and safeguarding the whole country's commercial undertaking; third, by setting up a Government corporation as contemplated in this Bill, making the Government the only stockholder and throwing all the safeguards around it that appear to the business interests of the country.

Representative Joseph Fordney of Michigan, ranking Republican member of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, supported the Bill, saying the committee had reported a measure calculated to achieve the desired result. At particular points in the debate carefully observed any desire to make partisan capital out of the argument over the measure.

Comment by public organs is colorful, and on the whole favors the passage of the measure.

Penny May Help New Haven

The first big question before Director of Railroads McAdoo under the scheme of railroad financing by the Government is the problem of meeting \$23,000,000 New Haven notes, issued last year and falling due on April 15. The railroad company is of course responsible for this debt, which was incurred before the management of the railroads was taken over; but the managers desire that the Government take up at least half of the notes out of the "revolving fund" established by the Government to finance the roads, while the other half is to be met by the New Haven through the sale of part of the 7 per cent preferred stock issue authorized by the stockholders last October.

The Pennsylvania railroad may help as the largest stockholder in the New Haven, by carrying on its own new \$75,000,000 bond issue, authorized at a recent stockholders' meeting. A few years ago this single proposition would doubtless have occupied columns in the newspapers, but now America is so accustomed to huge figures and to government participation in all public concerns that the matter creates hardly a ripple, and the news is printed as a mere item.

DRY'S VICTORY IN NEW YORK IS POSTPONED

Continued from Page 1

the amendment legally, but suddenly they raised the issue that the present legislature was elected before Congress took action, and that Congress demanded a referendum to the people.

The plank attack succeeded, and it now appears that the present legislature will send the question of the adoption of the amendment to the public, to vote on next autumn, unless the dry advocates succeed in some unexpected counter-attack. They have appealed to Whitman to exert pressure, and he has been asked if he will veto the referendum measure; but he declines to state in advance what he will do with Bills before they reach him. He does state, however, that he is for the ratification of the amendment.

Meanwhile, the local drying up of liquid joy goes on everywhere. The Navy Department has closed up 50 saloons in Newport, R.I., and dark rumors whisper that owners of summer homes there are stocking up frantically. The Texas senate has passed a statewide prohibition Bill, by a vote of 17 to 9, and if the governor signs it, Texas will be as dry as the Mexican deserts on and after June 15, and the favorite American literature of Texas had men on bad "Texas drunks" will become mournfully historical.

The Wisconsin senatorial campaign has taken clear form. Senator La Follette has announced his support of James Thomson of Lacrosse, to succeed the late Senator Hastings, against former Congressman Leinout, who opposes La Follette. There is great national interest in the result.

SONG OF THE OVERSEAS CAP

(FROM THE SOLDIER'S VIEWPOINT)

They've found that "conditions are different Than expected" since coming across: The old campaign hat is abolished, Though the Regular mourneth its loss, The old Army lid was a beauty. It gave us a feeling of pride. But the kind they've been issuing lately Makes us think all the tailors have died. They might have been made by a rag-man From the remnants he gathered in trade; A dope-friend must sure have designed them, And a cubist concocted their shade. They ruin the soldier's appearance. We resent an array of straps, Or a one-factory outfit for an airing, And cussing is heard in his camp, Not a wearer but luteeth his bandgear, And would cheerfully strangle the bloke Who inflicted said mockery upon him By his high-machine missing a stroke. "Though I think 't is well, 't is the burden Of care that the Regulars dome: He hears the remarks of the Allies, And secretly longs to be home. Enduring the jibes and the scolding At the weird rag that's framing his face. He goes on his way like a soldier And tries to forget the disgrace. The kind they've been issuing lately With this grin-getter topping his map: Please, General, show us some mercy— Devise a new Overseas Cap!"

—RALPH J. HUTCHINSON, Q.M.C.

EXTRA GRAND DANCE FOR MEN IN LONDON

A.E.F. One Steppers to Try Out Army Shoes at Special Event

AND THEN COMES BASEBALL

Even Yankee Civilians May Organize Team to Go Up Against Army and Navy

By GEORGE T. BYE

London Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, March 21. — Dear Boss Editor: We hope you don't think we have dancing and other festivities on the brain just because I write so much about them. Remember what you told me in Paris, boss—'to follow the main line in Great Britain, like a sticky shadow.' Well, I've been riding their shadow day by day, honestly, but they've got two shadows, a big one and a little one. The big one seems to reflect the outlines of an awful large Yankee army, but the little one is a lot more interesting. It's a lot more interesting than the big one, and it's a lot more interesting than the big one. I'm more convinced that if I wrote one line about it—even though it would give little comfort to our savage enemy—you would change my nice words into this:

But the little shadow—sprightly little devil—is usually a lot of one-stepping Army shoes and I hang on and make lots of undelivered notes. . . There's another grand, special dance in the offing, boss. A very special dance. An A.E.F. dance by, of and for A.E.F. men in London and vicinity.

The time is Saturday evening, March 23, beginning at 8:15, or 15 minutes after 20 in the way you Parisians figure time, boss. The place, the Institute Ballroom, 34 Crawford Street, the premiere lady, Miss Ellis, a professional dancer. The O.K. is that of the major general commanding the base section. The final flourish will be given by an Alabama jazz band.

Take Your Pick, Boys

So what is to be, is to be. There are invitations available for those Yanks whose lady friends are inclined to be a bit stately. These modest lady friends will please send in their request to the Q.M.—C.R.F.—Miss Ellis, I mean. As briefly as possible state requirements as to height, eyes, favorite geranium, etc., and write legibly on one side of the paper. Or go to any of A.E.F.

MEDAL IS BESTOWED IN UNUSUAL SETTING

Captain Archie Roosevelt, Twice Wounded, Receives Award for Bravery

It was under rather unusual circumstances—that is, in view of former presentations to American soldiers—that Captain Archibald Roosevelt, son of Colonel Roosevelt, received his *Croix de Guerre* for the two wounds he sustained while in action. Captain Roosevelt is now resting in an evacuation hospital back of the lines, and the injuries to his left arm and leg are reported as well on the mend.

The ceremony of presentation took place in the hospital itself, immediately after the captain had been operated on. The white-robed nurses and the doctors were standing about, the air was heavy with the usual "hospital smell" of anesthetics, and the patient was partially covered by a sheet when the French general and his party arrived. It was altogether a different scene from that of previous *Croix de Guerre* presentations, in the presence of at least a battalion of troops, out in the open and with the standards flying.

The general stopped beside the table on which Captain Roosevelt lay, and began his speech of presentation. He expressed the pride of the people of France in having a member of one of America's illustrious families fighting with them, and commended the captain on his bravery. He lauded the valor of all the Americans on the battle line. Then he kissed Captain Roosevelt on both cheeks, and pinned the Cross upon his chest.

The captain in reply thanked him simply, saying that he did not believe he deserved such an honor.

Captain Roosevelt was wounded on March 11 while with his men in a trench. American artillery preparation for a raid was in progress. The Germans apparently thought it was coming

Friday night hops at Selfridge's—see week before last's issue for details—and stir up something for yourself.

The same sergeants and corporals and doughboys who discuss the dances in soft voices, with downcast eyes, glossing their shapely nails, the while, stiffen up briskly enough when you ask them what's doing as to baseball. So far as I can judge at this early date, the English language as spoken in England is going to be enriched with a lot of lumpy things before the summer fades away. A few of the lumps:

"Four-er balls, hey? Take yer base, hey? Get the dust out of yer lungs, nut, if you wanta empire 'round here!" "Back to the trenches! Who told you you could pitch, you bum hopper?" "Faint! again, big nut! Hell of an eye you got! Thass 'bout the way you'll sweat the Boches! Good night, nurse!"

Canadians No Slouches

An Anglo-American baseball league is being organized on the framework of one that was in existence last season but had no A.E.F. participants. There will be eight teams, four American and four British. And it's not going to be as soft for the Yanks as you imagine. There are two crack teams among Canadian hospital bands in these parts, and in the gradual Americanization of bonny England quite a number of sparty cricketers have forsaken the wickets for our national pastime.

There will be two teams from the U.S. Army, one at headquarters and A.E.F. base station, another made up of lively base runners from the American embassy and the general consulate, and a fourth of American civilians. The embassy and consulate played last year, also civilians. It is barely possible that the British will be organized out and the fourth team made up jointly of Army and Navy men. The British lineup is not definite either at this writing. The Yank arrangements are being made up by an A.E.F. captain.

One team has already been made up of A.E.F. men. Its organizer modestly hopes that the boys will make a good showing. His modesty is cruel. My heart goes out to those innocent boys in blue who wear the inverted peg-top pants. They don't know what they're up against—a utility infielder, late of the Brooklyn National League, a star batter from the University of California, and a shifty-footed shortstop from Leland Stanford U. And the modest organizer says he does hope to pull a little surprise in the shape of an Iowa corn-shucker who seems to know something about first base. Cruel, cruel to the Navy.

IT ISN'T DONE IN FRANCE

Newcomers Should Save Whistling Until They're Alone

Don't whistle in France. This admonition isn't necessary to Americans who have been over here a few weeks, but it's a good tip to new arrivals. Whistling is something no French gentleman ever does and, on the street, it's the next thing to an insult. "Tipperary" is a grand old tune, but sing it if you have to get it out of your system. The hiss is the recognized means of attracting attention over here. Thus is custom reversed.

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SERVICE CHEVRONS BEGIN TO BLOSSOM

Regulations for Wearing Zone of Advance Decoration Announced

Several hundred men of the A.E.F. who landed in France more than six months ago and who have been serving since then uninterruptedly in what constitutes the French Zone of the Advance have blossomed out in the last few days with their service chevrons.

The service chevron, according to regulations, is to be worn on the left sleeve. It is a V-shaped bar of gold lace of an inch wide. The angle formed by the V is the same as in the case of a lance corporal's chevron. But, to differentiate it from the chevrons worn by non-commissioned officers, it is to be worn point down, and on the lower half of the sleeve, and point to be one inch above the cuff braid in the case of officers, and four inches from the sleeve edge in the case of enlisted men.

Additional chevrons, as they are earned, will be placed a quarter of an inch above the preceding chevron. On officers' coats bearing the looped knot insignia of rank, the chevron will be superimposed upon the insignia, with the point of the lowest chevron one inch below the lower angle of the knot.

Duty Not Considered To wear the chevron, a man must have served six months in the geographical area which the French Army designates as the Zone of the Advance; that is, the right to wear it is based on situation rather than on amount of duty performed. Whatever, therefore, may be the decision about awarding a campaign badge—such as the Army has already given for service in the Islands and along the Mexican border—the war service chevron is limited to those officers and men who have spent their half year in the French Army Zone of the Advance.

The wound chevron it to be the same in shape, size and material as the war service chevron. It will, however, be worn on the right instead of on the left sleeve.

A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

A pleasant Hun-sticking party was enjoyed up on the Chenev des Dames by some of the Boston lads quite recently. Black eyes and split beans were served to the visitors. Quite a number of them decided to remain as guests of their American hosts for an indefinite stay.

Private Hl Gink, of the Umpteenth Infantry, was a recent visitor in Paris, putting up at the exclusive Hotel Ste. Anne. Private Gink comes from an old Podunk family, closely related to the de Ginkus of Ginkumville, who are blamed for being among the first settlers of Arizona.

The base ports are busy places these days, with new arrivals coming in every hour. Hotel accommodations are said to be at a premium. The flock of visitors has been so great that little or no attempt has been made to entertain them on a large scale, other than to offer them settings up exercises and purely formal functions, such as reveille.

A charmingly informal foot inspection party was held up in the trenches not long ago, under the auspices of the Medical Corps. Quite a number of prize hoes were exhibited. No. 12's being particularly fetching.

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BARBERING OVER HERE NOT LIKE HOME VARIETY

We Had Mud in America, We Have Grown Used to War Bread, But Monsieur le Coiffeur Is Still Very Much a Stranger

If you are nursing an idea that at some time in the near future you are coming to France, start right now and collect together all the razors you can get your hands on. If you haven't the money with which to buy them, beg, borrow or steal—well, you know how Rastus got the melon.

Don't stop with razors, but bring along all the loose shaving sticks, brushes and talcum powder you can cram in your bar rack bag. You may not need all of them yourself, but you'll sure find someone over here who either forgot to bring an outfit or didn't think he would need one. To convince you, I'll testify to the following:

After riding all night in a misplaced refrigerator, my outfit landed at a little village in France. I'd gone ten days without a shave, and when we'd finally located for the night, Buck Sears came up to me rubbing his face with his right hand and holding a hunk of brown bread in his left that looked like a submarine after a depth charge had exploded under it.

"How's your whiskers?" he says. "Mine's so tall they're all fallin' over." And he makes another dive at the toy sub.

"Ain't you got no razor?" I says. "Plum forgot to bring one," says Buck, like he was down in a well somewhere.

"Crawl out of that loaf of punk!" I says, "and we'll see if we can find a barber."

Soothing Top's Feelings
We promised the top-cutter we'd bring back some essence of grapes so's not to hurt his feelings any by disappearing in a strange land, and started out looking for adventure.

We attracted some attention—we two woolies from the West. When we'd pass anyone, they'd wait till we got by and then they'd stop and look back, like we were a couple of suspects that everyone was hep to.

"Gosh! Did somebody pin a sign on your back or something?" Buck asks, looking me over. But there wasn't any thing there.

We went on a ways and came on some children playing in the middle of the street.

"Penny! Penny—penny!" they all started shouting at the same time and dove for us like we were long lost grand uncles or something.

"I thought we left these kids back at that town we came through this morning—ah, what you call it?" Buck asks.

Must Have One Somewhere
"Maybe we did!" I says; "but they've caught up with us again."

After we'd made our escape we started looking for a barber shop.

Now, if you don't know what to look for over here, you've got a job on your hands trying to find it. We went into alleys, back doors, front doors and even landed up in a cellar, but we failed to find a barber shop.

"Maybe they got such things in this country," says Buck.

"Yes they have!" I assured him. "I remember reading about one once."

"So we climbed the stairs and starts out again."

Presently, I saw a man through an open door whetting a razor. He was using his shoe for a strap. Over the door was a sign reading "Coiffeur."

"Here's a koffer!" I says, reading the sign. "We'll try him," I says.

"So Buck and I steps in like we owned the joint."

"Bonsoir!" says the guy whetting his razor.

"Bon-what?" Buck asks him but he didn't say anything back.

We shook off our blouses while the stage was being set for our execution. There was another guy there who had a second chair and I made for that, while Buck takes the seat up front.

You can use any kind of chair over here for a barber chair. The only way the plain dining-room chair differs from the chairs used by the French barbers is that it's more comfortable and you can lean back farther. The architect who designed the French barber chair sure was short on geometry and physiology.

He permeated the seat and the back after his square and forgot that the human spine has a slight bend in it.

I sat down in the thing and waited to be tipped back. In front of me was a large mirror, where I could see myself straight in the eyes while the execution took place. Had I harbored a grouch over something, I'm afraid that sitting there that way summing yourself up

while another guy made life miserable for me would have brought about trouble. But there was so much on that face in front of me that I didn't belong there that I couldn't tell whether I was mad at myself or not.

Presently, the scene was set for both Buck and me. I looked over at him and he was kind of looking the proposition over before saying anything.

"How do you feel?" I asks him. "Like beatin' it for home," he says.

Finally, the artist stops whetting his razor and begins to work. I make out that he's singing, but couldn't catch any of the words.

"Rozer," he says, turning round and

front chair barber by the shirt collar and he's getting ready to choke him.

"Here!" I says, "that won't do! That's no way to act in a man's place of business! What's the trouble, anyway?"

"Never mind what's the trouble," Buck says; "let's pay 'em and get the hell out!"

So I gave the Artist No. 1 a five-franc note that I'd got on the boat and got it all back in change but half a franc, which he had the nerve to retain for prosecution fees.

"What happened in there?" I asks Buck when we were out in the street again.

"Why," he says in low tones, "do you know what that bird tried to do to me? He was goin' to paint my lips with some of that red stuff actors use to make 'em pretty!"

"Anyway, it was worth half a franc to get rid of them whiskers," I says to Buck after we'd walked along for a ways.

"The experience was worth ten times that much," he says, kind of laughing. "It was, too. But once is plenty."

"That night I woke up suddenly and found Buck sitting up in bed. He was about half awake and mumbling something to himself.

"What's up now?" I asks him. "What—what—?" Then he woke up. "What's the matter?" I says. "I was dreamin' I was an actor," he says. "Oh, damn that barber!"

—SETH T. BAILEY, Corp. Inf.

ing motions like he was washing his face.

"Sure," I says, "I want my face washed. Do you think I want to go home lookin' like this?"

But he goes on putting his bone and hoe away like he didn't hear me.

"Go on an' wash your own face," says Buck, "you'll feel more like walkin' back to camp." So I did.

After I'd got my face washed and dried, he grabs something from a table and points it at me.

"Look out—he may have that thing loaded," Buck warns me.

But he was too late. It was loaded all right with some kind of hair tonic or something. When he turned it on it was like a hose. The stuff hit me in the face and ran down my neck, reminding me of an Oregon rain storm.

Then this guy comes at me with a powder puff like Sister Susie lugs to church with her. It's soft and fuzzy and tickles my face.

Too Much for Buck
Buck let out a howl and I looks over to see what's happened. He's got this

front chair barber by the shirt collar and he's getting ready to choke him.

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A.E.F. WAR WRITERS IN THICK OF THINGS

Three Correspondents Get Close Call When Boche Shelling Starts

SHRAPNEL NICKS HEADGEAR

French Doctor Blinds Own Wounds and Sticks to Post in Dugout Hospital

Three A.E.F. war correspondents had a narrow call the other day on the occasion of the first shelling of an American rest-billet village by German artillery—the three being Herbert Corey of the Associated Newspapers, Lincoln Eyre of the New York World, and C. C. Lyon of the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Together they were standing in the village street, looking for all the world as peaceful as the group in "The Angels," when all of a sudden—

WHANG!

When Lincoln Eyre looked around, he saw Lyon picking himself up from the ground. A shrapnel fragment, striking his Carnegie "bowler," had knocked him off his feet, and battered a good sized dent in the helmet itself. Lyon wasn't hurt; but a man can't have a stray gob of shrapnel bean him on top of his artificial crust, thereby making a noise like the going announcing the last lap of the relay race, without saying something.

As to what Friend Lyon said, Friends Corey and Eyre differ. Friend Corey says that he said "Ouch!" Friend Eyre insists that he said "Hell!" Lyon, the victim, modestly refuses to commit himself. Perhaps, after all, he doesn't remember what he said, and who can blame him?

Eyre's Turn Next

The next thing Eyre knew he himself was stunned, his ears filled up by a hollow roar, and his eyes registering giddily on a lot of things that were going about his head like a merry-go-round. When he recovered—quite unhurt—he made his way to the improvised dugout hospital in the village not so much for treatment as to watch an American medic-major and a French *medecin* do their work, side by side. In other words, he got right on the job, the minute he came to.

Corey's version of the incident is this: "The shrapnel shell [the one that registered on Lyon's head] had given the German gunner's precise range. Things began to happen so fast that I was dazed by the speed of it. Four big shells fell almost amongst us. . . .

"Eyre was in the middle of the street—I do not know how he got there, for a moment before he had been at my side—when I saw him stagger. He had been stunned by the shell that had wounded a French soldier."

Then he adds what Eyre, modestly, did not add:

"Eyre and the Frenchman had been trying to reach a wounded man, just as the shell came."

After that Corey went along with Eyre and Lyon to the doctors' dugout hospital. He was standing by the door, chatting nonchalantly with the major and the French surgeon when—but let him tell it:

"I do not know precisely what happened. But there was a flash and an enormous sound and instantly the already smoke filled air became dense. I picked myself up inside the hospital door."

He discovered that the two doctors

OLD COLLEGE STARS ON LEAGUE'S ROSTER

Engineers Went Through Last European Season Undefeated

Engineers Went Through Last European Season Undefeated

The — Engineers are organizing a baseball league, it includes teams representing four companies of the regiment at Camp — and several other organizations there. The regiment includes a number of well known athletes, former college players and several old pros and semi-pros.

Last summer they formed a team and won every game they played in France and England. One company now is trying out 30 candidates for places on its nine, and a like eagerness to get into the game is being displayed by other organizations to be represented.

One company, for instance, includes the following college stars: Greenway, baseball and football, of Washington and Jefferson; Dart, baseball, football and basketball, of Westminster; Hodges, of West Virginia; Traxler, of Purdue; George of Villa Nova; Watson, football and baseball, of Penn State; Kester, football and baseball, of Carnegie Tech.

In addition to these players the company has Munnus of Pittsburgh High, Woods of Greensburg High, and Damon, Demond, Tench, Yount, Sloan and others of amateur fame.

BOYS!
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"Ching gum?"

Maybe you've heard this query spoken in the expectant tone of a French nine-year-old. He is asking you for chewing gum *americaine*.

Sometimes he gets a little closer the mark by making his request "ching gum," but chewing is a word which so far has defied the juvenile tongues of this land.

Chewing gum wasn't entirely new to France when the American soldiers

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NANTES—Delpland, 15 Rue Crebillon.

RENNES—Garrat, 1 Rue Le Bastard.

SAUMUR—Dipat Burberry, 1 Rue Beaurepaire.

TOURS—Edwin, 10 Avenue de Gram-mont.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR DOUGHBOYS

Ba-ba, Canteen-man, have you any Bull? Yes sir; yes, sir—three bags full.

One for the captain and two for the cook, But none for the doughboy a-bathin' in the brook!

Sergeant O'Keefe has come to grief— His men? It is hard to find 'em, Though they have no maps, they'll be back by taps.

Each with his tale behind him!

A diller, a dollar, a diligent scholar, Or what do you wrack your brain? It used to be the infantry drill, But now it's a Ford machine!

There was a mess sergeant who lived in a hut, His boarders contracted a pain in the gut.

For he forced them on slum for a whole month to feed, Which lessened their love for the Army indeed.

Corpr'l McBloem, he went to the Q.M. To get his poor squad some shoes; But when he got there the Q.M. was bare, And so the poor squad's bound to lose!

Hickory, dickory, dock, The bugler followed the clock. The clock was fast and the bugler was gassed; Hickory, dickory, dock.

Jack and Bill went up the hill To get a pall of water; Along came a shell—Bill ran like hell, And Jack came humping after!

Hey-diddle-diddle! The Loot, in the middle Of night, waked the whole platoon; The bunch got sore at the false alarm And got even by cussing the moon.

NOBODY HURT, BUT—

There's a certain cross-roads back of a certain sector on the American front that the Germans take a particular delight in shelling. Near the cross-roads there is a dugout. Men working nearby live there. Just at supper time on a recent evening the Boche began shelling the road. The men were in the dugout. They heard a shell coming. Then it arrived. It came straight through the door, and went smack through the soup kettle.

"Nobody hurt, but hell, look at the soup!" was the report of the sergeant a few minutes later.

"That's one boy that certainly came in without knocking," he added as he surveyed the soup-sodden floor.

THEY'RE ON THE WAY

"Send four roundhouses."

These aren't the words, probably, but they contain the import of a cablegram from G.H.Q., A.E.F. sent not many weeks ago. It was an American order, and it is being filed in the American way.

One of the roundhouses is in France now and nearly erected, and another is being transported to the site it will occupy. The others will be here shortly. They will house the steaming steeds of the *chemin de fer* of the American troops.

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The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1918.

GUNS AND THE MEN

The American artillery doesn't advertise itself. Modestly, you, even shrinkingly, it hides its battery positions behind a mess of camouflage, sloping down the earth by the side of its guns so they won't cast conspicuous shadows. It does most of its work by night, rather than in the glare of day. But it is due to it to say that its work so far in this war has been, literally, "all-fired good."

Americans are long on accuracy. They don't like to be short-changed or short-ranged. Americans are long on mathematics, whether of the book-keeping or angle-of-trajectory for whatever they call it) variety. Americans so we like to think—are long on sticking to a thing, in spite of heavy odds. Our artillery has convinced us, and our Allies, too, that it is manned by typical Americans.

Primarily the infantryman's friend, the artilleryman who is up on his job is everybody's friend—that is, a friend to everybody except Fritz. But we who have heard the reassuring rattle of his accurately laid batteries out in front of us can forgive him his little hate, because we share it, too. We can't advance without him, and Fritz can't advance with him. In this war as never before it can be said that the artillery delivers the goods, express charges prepaid.

THEY ARE HELPING US

Like the looks of those old home ads in the paper—gum, and razors, and smokes and all—don't you? The man who got 'em for us, and got 'em on short notice by cable, and didn't charge us anything for getting them either going or coming, is A. W. Erickson of the city and county of New York. He's helped us and still continues to help us; we're for him.

Like that news from the U. S. A.—sports, and live politics, and dope on what the people at home are thinking about the war—don't you? The man who got it for us, and got it on mighty short notice by cable, and isn't taking a cent for getting it, and still continues to get it, week after week, is J. W. Mulder, also of the city and county of New York. He's helped us; we're for him.

Like that news from London—about what the gobs and the doughboys and all the rest, married in merry (even in wartime) England, are up to; don't you? The man who, though up to his neck in work (Government work at that), volunteered to send that to us, and at no cost to us, is George T. Bye, late of Kansas City, State of Missouri, region of the Middle West. He's helping us; we're for him.

We're for 'em all, in fact. They're for you, or they wouldn't have done as they have done in an effort to be of service to you. And because we're for 'em, we want you all to know about 'em. They deserve it.

EACH MAN IN HIS PLACE

This man's Army. The work of a great nation in a still greater hurry—is not yet completely shaken down and, of course, many a man is not yet in his right place. That has been true of all the hastily assembled armies of the nations Germany assailed. The adjustment takes time.

They say that conscription was finally inaugurated in Britain not so much to get men, of which the volunteer system had already produced enough at the time, but rather to make easier the getting of the right man in the right place—the need of which dawned on the government when it sought the one man in all the Empire who could best execute a certain expert task in chemistry and found him busy carrying a stretcher on the Belgian front.

A man is in his right place when he is doing the work he knows best at a task the Army needs fulfilled. The mere fact that you are not working at your own trade does not mean that you are out of place. The Army cannot use all the arts that flourish in civil life. The grand Rapids man whose life work it was to cut worm holes into shiny new furniture so that it could sell for antique, might, for example, find some difficulty in reaching just his proper niche in the A.E.F.

Somewhere, in the A.E.F., on the other hand, one of the most gifted of America's younger actors is serving as a mess sergeant. The fact is worth mentioning because he is such a wonderful mess sergeant that the hungry hordes he feeds think it would be a crime if he went back to the stage after the war. They will probably advise him to let the drama go to the dogs and start in to put Child's restaurants out of business. One of the fine chapters in the history of this war will tell the story of the men who had to go to war to find out they could do more jobs than one.

But if you are not in the right place yet—if, close at hand or far away, is a task you could do better and, at the same time, a task that needs to be done, you will get your chance. Don't get discouraged while you wait for it. The adjustment takes time, but it is sure to be made. It has to be. Not for your sake, of course, but all for the sake of a better Army, for the sake of the great cause—making the world hot for the Kaiser.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Everybody in Italy has been talking about the wonderful tour of the Allied bands, comprising the musicians of the Garde Républicaine of France, the Grenadier Guards of England, and one American band (unfortunately not named). By their stirring rendition of the battle hymns of the Allies they have done more than tons of pamphlet propaganda and diplomatic oratory could possibly do to keep Italy solid for the war in the face of last autumn's reverses. They have heartened and rejuvenated an entire nation, as the splendid reception accorded them bears testimony.

Those of us who can still remember having been civilians (and there are not a few of us who can do so without effort) can also remember being thrilled by the music of a military band. But somehow, after the tumult and the shouting back in the States was over, we didn't hear bands. Over here, unless we are in the battalion which is billeted in the same town with the regiment's musicians, we seldom hear any martial music, to put pep into our step and inspiring thoughts into our minds. If we belong to units that do not boast of bands—to hospital detachments, the Q.M. corps, and other so-called "segregated units"—we are lucky if we hear any music at all; at least, by American practitioners.

True, we usually hear first call in the morning—after a good deal of a struggle; but first call is not music, it's a curse. Day in and day out we hear mighty little music. And we'd like to hear more.

We have a hunch that we'd like longer, and keep cheerful longer, if we might hear more of it. Not that anybody has been kicking on our hiking, or kicking at our kicking; oh, no! But it's an undisputed fact that music and fighting men march hand in hand down the pathway of civilization. And so we'd appreciate an introduction to our hand-maiden.

"ALL PRESENT!"

Infantry, Marines, Medical Corps, Machine Gunners, Air Service, Engineers, Quartermaster Corps, Cavalry—they're all represented on the staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES. Pretty near all of the old Army "staples" are included, with the exception of the Artillery, and we hope to have the cannoniers represented soon. As it is, we have them writing in to us now and again. We prefer their paper contributions to their steel ones—infinitely. So do the Germans.

Look over the list of branches of the service again: doughboys, leathernecks, ozzards, typewriters, highflyers, roadled jokers, Q.M.s, billy-bowlegs—they're all present or accounted for. Any man from any branch of the service—yes, even from the quartermaster's outfit—can send in stuff about his particular "line" with the supreme conviction that it will receive sympathetic treatment at the hands of some one on the staff who knows something, a little something, about it. We aim to be as representative as the Reichstag is not. In short, we aim to serve YOU!

"VOT ISS?"

Will the "stage German," the rotund, heavy-faced person with the funny accent and the funnier spectacles, be on the boards when we return to the States? Will he still be playing "Tannenhann" and "Ach, du lieber" on his "leedle" pfife, accompanied by the dolorous whining of his faithful dachshund? Or will he be driven from the spotlight even as Germany will be driven from her "place in the sun," driven from the vaudeville house even as Germany will be driven off the ocean?

Our guess is that he will. In a way, it's too bad, for in the years before the war he was "a source of innocent merriment" and not at all connected with the propaganda scheme, at least, not obviously. But, like other institutions which were harmless although German, he will probably have to pay the penalty for his Teutonic origin. And he will not be alone.

Of soldiers who fought in other wars it has been said that they forgot and forgave far more readily than did the civilians of the nations engaged. Not so, we fear, with this war; there is too much which can never be quite forgotten, too much which can never be quite forgiven. Other wars were, for the most part, good stand-up-and-go-to-it affairs, with a certain amount of chivalry on both sides. In this one, there has been no chivalry on the German side to be remembered, and to play its part in the healing process.

Thus does ruthless, ruck-sichlose warfare take its toll of innocent amusements. Thus do simple and kindly and well-meaning people have to pay for the misdeeds and misplottings of people in high place who are neither simple nor kindly nor well-meaning. Thus has Germany made detested and abhorred throughout the world everything that bears the imprint of Germany. She has her rulers to thank; soon we will have them to spank.

SQUADS—READ!

Recently in the columns of The Daily Mail—you see it cost three sons just to get this official started—the Mr. Wells who wrote "Mr. Britling" has been engaged in a lively argument to prove that less attention should be paid in the English schools to the dead facts of ancient history than to the living facts of our own time.

"While the pedigree of the Electress Sophia, the wives of Henry VIII, and the claims of Henry V to the crown of France are rubbed into the mind of every boy who is to go on to a university course or a professional career with the utmost industry, the chances are about even that he will never even hear the name of Alexander Hamilton until he reaches man's estate."

Is that," asks Mr. Wells, "a state of affairs that ought to continue?"

Well, it can't be stopped this week very well, and if the English schoolboy doesn't know all about Alexander Hamilton, the American doughboy is even vaguer about William Pitt. Probably, what with the preparatory course in hand grenade throwing he took in the open lot across the street back home he will worry along somehow without this useful information, and yet it might not be a bad idea if the American Library Association, which is now planning to drop small libraries of five hundred books each at many points along the A.E.F., were to include, along with Anna Katherine Greene and the rest, a few simple histories of the pot that boiled over in August, 1914. It is probably true that an American flier can hit the bull's eye of a Prussian ammunition dump without ever having heard of the Franco-Prussian war, but it is almost equally true that a fairly convincing article could be written to prove that the chief reason why the Germans are trampling over Russia just now is because so many of the Russians did not know how to read.

Certainly the more the American Army knows about the ugly story of the German Empire, the madder it will get and the bigger the punch there will be in its drive. Most of us have to depend for our knowledge of Joan of Arc, in whose land we are fighting, on the movie of her story made by that bouncing American girl, Geraldine Farrar, and most of us, at the mention of the name of Bismarck, try to remember whether it is in North or South Dakota.

NATIONAL FRIENDSHIPS

An American soldier was talking with a gamin in London.

"Have you ever been in Liverpool?" he asked.

"Naw," replied the youth. "I live in London."

To the boy the explanation was sufficient. He lived in London. Of course he had never been to Liverpool. Why should he go to Liverpool?

This is an example of provincialism which is less pronounced in the United States than any other country. But it exists in the United States to a degree. The man who lives in New Orleans is not acquainted with Seattle. The man who lives in Seattle is not acquainted with New Orleans. Not one American in a hundred has trod Broad Street in Philadelphia, Peachtree Street in Atlanta, Market Street in San Francisco, and Main Street in Kansas City. Not one in a thousand has been in Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon. There are 100,000,000 Americans who live outside of New York—and most of them have never been there.

The United States is so vast that few persons have even a fairly intimate knowledge of its various sections. Few have a direct personal interest in other places than the one in which they live. Distance restricts association.

Over here in France it is different, our view broadens. We come to look at the United States as a whole. A news dispatch from New York or Salt Lake City is "news from home." An American is a friend whether he comes from Charleston, South Carolina, or Butte, Montana. The limitations of association are gone. Our bumpie is from a city 2,000 miles from where we live. But we learn of his home town and he learns of ours.

In a certain squad seven different States are represented. This is not uncommon. New friendships are springing up and we are learning things about our own country—over here in France—that we never knew before. And many of the friendships will be lasting. They will be continued by correspondence and visits when we get back. The making of international friendships is regarded by sociologists as the great virtue of the war. Is not the making of national friendships as important?

CHEER UP, MR. MARTIN!

Mr. E. S. Martin, the erstwhile genial editor of Life, must be low in his mind. Listen to what he says about the news that the folks back home are getting about us: "Let us be sorry for the good newspapermen who supply the papers with printable stories about our troops in France. What they send us is largely twaddle, yarns of trifling importance, long drawn out, sentimental tales and jokes. No doubt they could do better if they had freer hands, but, after all, the war is not being conducted for the edification of readers, and camouflage for the folks at home may be as necessary and as useful as camouflage for the enemy."

We don't believe for a minute that Mr. Martin considers news about the Army of the United States as "twaddle." As for the rest of his sweeping assertion, let us remind him that there are lots of things of trifling importance about war that are none the less interesting. "Sentimental tales?" Wars can't be fought without sentiment. Jokes? They're as necessary for the men who fight wars as beef and bacon and shoe leather.

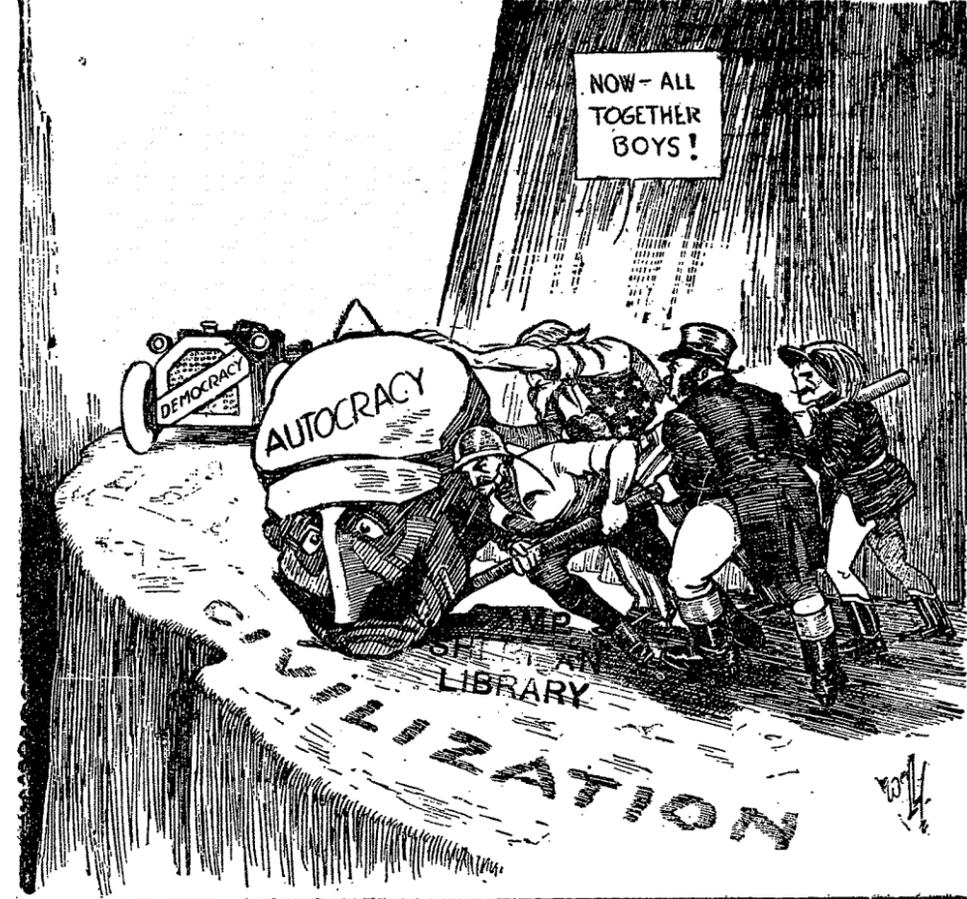
We are glad, though, that Mr. Martin realizes that the war is not being conducted so much for the edification of readers as for their preservation and protection. That is why he does not get more of the "yarns" of real importance which he seems to crave. Camouflage, capable of deceiving the alert enemy, there must be—plenty of it. That is why the casual reader has to suffer along with the enemy.

But Mr. Martin is not done there: "The war just now is not as good a topic as it has been. There is very little left to it except duty and mud. There is little promise left in it of glory comfortably endowed for anyone."

Duty and mud? Plenty of both, to be sure, but a lot more besides. Mr. Martin. Get it out of your head that this war is a dreary, written-out, stale undertaking. It's full of life, full of color, full of interest, full of promise, full of hope! Don't pan the war, Mr. Martin. It has helped many of us to find ourselves, has taught us lessons of sacrifice and service. In short, Mr. Martin, we—over here—are finding it a damned good war, the best we ever attended.

So please cheer up. We like you much better that way.

'RAUS MIT IHM!



—By Wallgren

"GAS-ALERT"

The difference between English and American journalism is this: When halibutones fall in England, they are described as being "big as pigeons' eggs." When they fall in the United States, nothing less than "big as hens' eggs" will suffice.

"Altenly Strikes Again—Three Mile Gain."—Headline. "This man Altenly must be in line for the title of all-Allied line plunging halfback."

Itlers in New Jersey? Wow! Every Jerseyite has a permanent and engrossing occupation: Swatting sheeters!

The sergeant up in the new Lorraine sector who cussed the artillery for knocking "this" pillbox to bits is very much in the same fix as the little Scotchman in the story.

Jock went over the top, and the minute he struck the enemy trenches he got a good far Boche with his bayonet. Before he could pull his weapon out, Big Sam, one of his platoon mates, came tumbling along and skewered the same Boche. "Ye don't fou! Ye don't fou!" hollered the little Jock, jumping up and down with rage. "Thot's my Boche! 'Glu ye want to speechar yin, garm gi' a Boche o' yer ain!" Which seems as good advice for Americans as for Highlanders.

They're starting "swat-the-ly" campaigns in the States about now. We're starting "swat-the-Hin" campaigns over here.

Secretary Baker arrived at the Gare Montparnasse all right. But the nine Muses of Parussus who greeted him were not clad in flowing robes, but in tight-fitting khaki.

"Raid on Freiburg"—Headline. If it were Freiburg that was raided, it's dollars to doughnuts we'd hear something from the grand old State of Maine, by 'chowder!

At one of the big flying fields in France demand for water has been so great that the Committee on the District of Columbia is seeking to build a new aqueduct. That's the trouble with the stuff that's brought in in suitcases: it requires so many chasers to get it down.

The new increment of men for the National Army will begin to move into the cantonments on March 29. If the date had been three days later, some German paragrapher would have been furnished with an easy wheeze.

Washington, D.C., went dry last November by Act of Congress, and since then the demand for water has been so great that the Committee on the District of Columbia is seeking to build a new aqueduct. That's the trouble with the stuff that's brought in in suitcases: it requires so many chasers to get it down.

"German Troops in Suburbs of Odessa."—Headline. If they're anything like American suburbs, the Boche, will have an awful job getting to work on time in the morning.

The Zeppelin recently made an "abortive visit" over Yorkshire, England. The report is still being investigated as to their having been bombarded with Yorkshire puddings, shot from the anti-aircraft guns; if it proves true, Germany will probably call it "British frightfulness." But wait until the Zepps collide with the Scotch baggies!

America, it seems, has sent enough food abroad this year to feed 16,000,000 people. And we got all the beans.

They robbed us of an hour's sleep every night coming over on the transport. Those were the earliest reveilles we ever knew. And now, on top of that, comes this French scheme to save daylight. As Tommy says, "If calls him a bit thick."

Living in caves up on the Chemin des Dames seems to have turned our mild and gentle New Englanders into veritable cave-men, from the way they treat the visiting Boche.

The woman who wrote "Keep the Home Fires Burning" was killed by the Germans in a recent air raid on London. The man who wrote "I Did Not Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" was still living at last accounts.

Butter and patisserie may not be had for the asking, but no one will go hungry as long as there are eggs. For as the old proverb has it: "Fu oent is as good as a feast." Help!

Masks off! All clear!

FATE AROUND THE CORNER

In the starlight, smoking after-dinner cigars while we samtered down the desolated main street of a bombarded village, we fell to talking about fate.

Our meeting had been strange enough—literally bumping into one another after ten years, in this clump of ruins close to No Man's Land, and making mutual recognition in the flash of two pocket bull's eyes. But such encounters are more or less an everyday thing in France. They hold our attention for a brief while; then stir us to more general reflections. "I look at myself sometimes," my old friend was saying, "and it seems to me that I'm somebody else. Some fellow in a dream or in a book. You know what I used to be like. A rather commonplace sort of chap leading the regulation city man's groove of life. Breakfast, subway to the office, three hours at a desk, luncheon, four more hours at a desk, subway again, reading the evening paper and hanging on to a strap, then dinner."

"I ate about the same kind of meals at the same table night after night, went through the same round of mild amusements with the same old set of friends. I was getting to be middle aged and nothing much had ever happened to me."

"Look at me now! Just when grey hairs were beginning to sprinkle around my temples, I shake off my years and go back to the age of adolescence. I wear a uniform and join in the Great Crusade."

"I put out to sea on a warship, land in a strange country and struggle with a new language. I march away to the trenches with a steel casque on my head. I live in a dug-out, wallow in mud, creep on my belly into No Man's Land, shooting my fellow man and being shot at in the light of the star shells. I never know from one hour to the next what I'll be doing or what adventure wait around the next corner."

We puffed at our cigars and laughed. No adventure awaited us at the next corner—and, of course, we didn't really expect one. But as we were nearing the town square, a distant booming set up in the north.

Neither of us had time to remark upon it before an anti-aircraft gun barked from a position close by. A searchlight flashed into the sky, wavered, held steady, and another shell burst. Suddenly, half a dozen brilliant pen-

cils of light were sweeping aloft and the ground was trembling with the roar of guns and the thud of Gotha bombs.

My companion streaked it across the square. For a moment I decided to be nonchalant. Ten seconds, and I changed my mind and streaked out after him. By that time he was out of sight. Shrapnel bounced in the square. Head cover! The nearest house, half ruined, had an inviting open front door. I dived in.

For half a minute curiosity held me there, looking through the iron grill. That prudence suggested a look around. A little slit of yellow light came from the rear of the house. I called out to know if this was an *abri*.

An old man with a candle pushed open a cellar door. No, this was no public shelter, but for an American officer he and his good wife always kept open house.

I descended after him into a little wine cellar about six feet high, six in width and ten feet long. Its furniture consisted of a table, a stove, a bed, and two chairs.

"They insisted that I must take one of the cellar, they rubbed the dust of the cellar walls from my overcoat sleeve as solicitously as they would have dressed a wound. I felt quite overwhelmed by their kindness."

It was nothing, they said. For six months they had spent every evening in this little cellar and they were happy to have an American officer. They would give a house warming. With three glasses of claret we went through the ceremony.

After that Monsieur and I smoked American tobacco. Once in a while a bomb fell—brrr—shrapnel would hold up another finger and say: "That makes—near the square."

We talked about Paris. Monsieur and Madame hoped Paris would not be flighty about the raids.

"Now we," observed Madame, "have had a lot of this sort of thing and we've learned not to mind it. All Paris has to do is to act sensible and go down into the cellar till the racket's over."

I reassured them as best I could, and, as the racket now was over, took my departure. It wasn't quite a bit out of Arabian Nights, but to a city man who has been leading a grooved life for 32 years, it could pass as one of the adventures which await us these days just around the corner. C. P. C.

THE ADVENTURES OF AUSSIE

The appearance of the current issue of Aussie, the Australian soldier's magazine, in a smart cover of stiff, glazed paper, has created a mild sensation in the world of army journalism. In France such paper is as rare these days as platinum and just about as expensive. Everyone wondered where they got it and how.

The acquisition of this precious stock was one of the adventures of a breezy little publication produced under the exciting difficulties that naturally beset any magazine issued in the field.

Cover-paper there was none until the editor, Lieut. Philip Harris, found this and he found it by burrowing under a shell-punctured section of Ammunition. Guided by a native who knew where an *imprimerie* had flourished before the Huns came, he worked his way through the ruins until he reached the cellar and found this stock, unspoiled, for by a freak of destruction, the collapsing plaster had asked and formed a water-tight roof for that cellar. Its purchase was easily negotiated with the surprised and gratified owner, who had never expected to see his paper again, much less sell it.

Another shell-shocked town supplied Aussie with its new printing machine, and in just this way its medley type was assembled. The Aussie is produced—except for the making of its cuts—at the Australian headquarters in France, so it is written by the men in the forward area. Only contributions from the field are acceptable. Copy, therefore, is seldom clean, for drawings must be made on stray scraps of paper in the trenches and poems scrawled out along the margin of a newspaper in the shelter of some shell-hole.

In the same way, the circulation of each issue reaches out to the first line trenches. They are used to that. It was one of the exploits of the British postal service in the field that the Australians, during one celebrated advance and under the tedium and tension of a creeping barrage, were able to receive and read The Daily Mail account of their magnificent progress of the day before.

When the days of its less pretentious predecessor in plant, staff, editorial sanctum and all could be piled into a single motor lorry and moved along with the Army—could be and was, often.

These predecessors were The Honk, of which the first issue appeared aboard the transport that brought the first Australian troops to France back in 1914, and The Rising Sun, the paper that entertained the boys last winter. The name Aussie, of course, is simply the new name the Australian soldier has given himself.

All three magazines have been edited by the same man, an officer risen from the ranks since this war began. Before August, 1914, he was a newspaper man in Sydney, New South Wales, and like all real newspapermen, worked at one time or another on all the papers in his town. He writes part of each issue of Aussie, which is made up of sketches, stories, poems and jokes—and his. Some of these last are reliable but cruel. Witness this one from the latest issue:

"AUSTRALIAN BEER FOR SALE. The AUSSIE BREWERY COMPANY is pleased to be able to announce to all members of the A.E.F. in France that the BEST BRANDS OF AUSTRALIAN BEER may be obtained at all hotels in N.S.W., Victoria, Queensland, S.A., W.A. and Tasmania."

WHEN I'LL BE BACK

When the Huns have finished rumping From our bayonets and gumming, I'll be back. When we reach that bunch a lesson, And they make a peace confession, I'll be back. When we fill them full of shell, And the sensible rebel, And the others run like hell, I'll be back.

When we push that pack of swine, Back against the river Rhine, I'll be back. When the Kaiser does the trick And he joins old ex-Cza' Nick, I'll be back. When he learns the situation, And he gets his abdication, And there's peace throughout the nation, I'll be back.

—CORPORAL HARRY PHILLIPS.

SALUTES AND BLUSHES FOR SERGEANT CHLOE

American Chauffeurette Has Captured a French Town and Can Hold It Against All Comers

Beauville-at-the-Railhead, one of the most phlegmatic cities along the entire western front, at last has had a real thrill.

Beauville shrugged its shoulders at Von Kluck, both when he gossiped through southbound, and when he returned on the double northbound. Beauville still shrugs its shoulders at shells and aerial torpedoes. *Tiens!* These are nothing. One simply goes into one's cave and waits there till the racket is over.

But when that American chauffeurette is abroad, driving her A.F.F.W. ambulance through the streets, Beauville rushes to the front door and the second story windows—oo-la-la—all excitement.

This attitude on Beauville's part is not, as a correspondent for the STARS AND STRIPES can vouch, essentially French. Americans are affected in the same way.

At a superficial glance, a chauffeurette is merely a chauffeur of the more demure species, and when you are invited to ride in her driver from Beauville to a nearby cantonment, you simply wonder at first whether or not she knows how to drive.

You observe with mild curiosity that she wears an Alpine chasseur's tan-och shanter, a muffler of French horizon blue, and an American tailor-made O.P. with "A.R.C." on the shoulder straps. Another glance, and you begin to feel puzzled. A third glance, and your pulse begins to beat any number of extra counts to the minute. When you return from the drive you have no heart at all—Sergeant Chloe has it.

saying (accent pleasingly southern), "Is just one grand sporting chance." You never know what may bang into you from around the next corner. The motorcycles are the worst. But the M.P. crossing cops help out a lot.

Right of Way for Chloe

As she spoke of M.P.s she was approaching one. He gave her the right of way in a flash by cutting a train of cautious in two. Then he stiffened to attention, smartly saluted and blushed to the base of his tin derby.

"Splendid fellows, these M.P.s," said Chloe. "They always let me pass."

Chloe has a delightful laugh and she knows when to use it: "Maybe they think I can't stop, anyway."

"And maybe it's because you give them chocolates?" suggested the Red Cross captain.

The sergeant found no occasion to reply. One doesn't have to be forever saying, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and "Aye, aye, sir," in this organization as one has to do in some of the other outfits over here.

Chloe honked the horn some more.

"My brother," she remarked, "says I seem to think the horn is part of the machinery. Says I always honk it most when the engine misses."

"We had forgotten—the driver was coughing again. A railroad crossing ahead, with the bars drawn across the road and an M.P. raising a warning hand to slow down. We couldn't go on now until we showed him our pass. While we were waiting the engine sizzled once more and died.

"Darn!"

The M.P. took the hint and gave the crank a turn that almost upset the car. Then he, too, stiffened to attention, smartly saluted and blushed to the base of his tin derby.

"We were out in the country now. Such a smiling country! The chauffeurs smiled, the generals smiled, the Yank doughboys smiled, the poilus were enraptured.

A Bundle for the General

One weary poltu, laden down with 15 different varieties of musettes and a choice collection of tinsware, touched Chloe so much that she slowed down and asked him if he didn't want a lift. He climbed in the back and refused to sit on a nice soft bundle that was offered him as a cushion. The bundle was a package of underwear that some courier had forgotten to deliver to the general at headquarters. Chloe said that inasmuch as we were going out that way we might as well take it along—and no one dared overrule her.

At every crossroads Chloe inquired of the poltu if this was near his stopping-off place.

"They're the son of politeness, these poilus," she explained, "and they'll let you take them miles and miles beyond their place rather than ask you to stop for them."

The Chauffeurs' Club of Beauville has pressed the sergeant to join. She doesn't know what to do about it. As she is

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE MAJOR

He's crushed between the Colonel and the Captains down below. He's half of each, yet neither one, and so don't stand a show—He leads the whole battalion out and doesn't crab or shirk At drill—but then, the Adjutant does all his paper work!

He has a post, a half-way post, up on the fightin' line. Where shot and shell come thick as bell, and shrapnel's whirl and white Make music round his ears at night, and round his eyes all day So much so that he never has a chance to hit the hay.

He up and bothers sentries in the outposts 'way up front. He puts them through their orders, and through every other stunt—He's fussy 'bout the challenging; in general, raises hob To try and kid the Colonel that he's holding down his job.

He holds it down at that, I guess; he's stayin' with us yet. And bossin' this here village; what's he say? A matinee? Oh, no, I wouldn't call him that; but still, I'd call him sick. At that, somebody's got to be, if Wilhelm's to be licked!

Beauville's only chauffeurette, she can't join any distinctly feminine driving club. The fellows have been perfectly splendid to her whenever there was a blowout or engine trouble; and she isn't the kind that puts on airs; but one can't ask the club to change from poker to bridge or give up rolling the bones. So she doesn't know what to do.

Chloe's Champions

Once in a while Chloe meets some of Dad's or Brother's friends over here and they behave in a perfectly silly way when they find what she is doing. Most of them send cablegrams to Dad, saying she must be shipped home at once.

Chloe says—and the writer quite agrees with her—that she is perfectly safe here and getting along wonderfully. This much is certain: If anyone should dare attempt to treat Chloe with disrespect and Beauville should hear about it, the townspeople and the Yank doughboys and the poilus and the general and the Chauffeur's Club and the Red Cross and the newspaper correspondents would proceed in a body, headed by a determined band of M.P.s, to deal with the culprit as the case might deserve. What he would have coming to him would be a plenty. The M.P.s wouldn't leave enough of him to furnish the Grave Registration Unit with an identity clue.

Dad and Brother may as well sit tight. Certainly, they hadn't better attempt to come over here themselves to get her. They would receive the same hearty welcome as a raiding party of Huns intent on carrying off the statue of Joan of Arc from in front of the Hotel de Ville.

Why Chloe Deserves to Stick

Even speaking from an economic viewpoint and leaving the question of her stimulus to morale out of consideration, Chloe deserves to stick. As a chauffeurette she combines the rare merits of being always on time, always a careful driver and a non-speaker. She is temperate, doesn't need to be tipped, never uses any swear word stronger than a mild little damn, and when you want to find her she is always at the wheel, not back of a fence somewhere rolling the bones. She can repair a fire or an engine if she has to do it, and in emergencies can even cook or mess sergeant getting wise.

The best rule, however, is to use Y.M.C.A. stationery whenever practicable. The sight of the Red Triangle in the upper left-hand corner of your envelope makes a great hit with the young lady's mother, who always looks over her daughter's mail when she takes it in early in the morning, before her daughter gets up. Then too, it gives the young lady something to brag about.

ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Courtship Manners

By BRAN MASH

Courtship by the mail route is about the only resource of the doughboy stranded in France 3,000 miles away from his *inamorata*. At a distance of 3,000 miles any other kind of courtship is impossible, as the telephonic facilities are, at best, inadequate. Courtship by cable is, of course, equally out of the question because of the prohibitive nature of price; and, even at that, the necessity for condensing in cable dispatches lays the sender open to grave charges of curtness and lack of affection.

If, then, you wish to begin courting a young lady in the States, or—as is more apt to be the case—you wish to continue your courtship of a young lady in the same blessed region, you must write: write regularly and often. Only half of your letters will get through anyway, so your barrage of correspondence will have to be doubly heavy if it is to have any effect at all. Try to space out your shots—a certain number each week—so that the young lady on the receiving end will not be swamped by too many letters at once, and thus become weary of your attentions.

As for the material upon which you write, it really makes very little difference, so long as the sentiment embossed thereon is pleasing to the young lady's sublime self. The rules as to what constitutes correct stationery are greatly relaxed in war time, and what would not be considered *au fait* in these days of peace goes with a vengeance in the trenches. You may even write to a young lady on the brown paper which comes around the sides of beef in the Q.M.'s truck—if you can swipe it without the cook or the mess sergeant getting wise.

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Word has recently reached this side of the exploit of Major C. K. Rhinehardt, of the Air Service, who in his former service with the cavalry made quite a famous record as a polo player.

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The accident occurred when the men had flown 125 miles, and surrendering control to Captain Phipps, Major Rhinehardt swung out over the side, and by physical force held the wing in place. Finding that he could do it, he ordered Captain Phipps to continue the flight rather than make an immediate descent, and with a broken machine the aviators continued the trip and made a successful landing at San Antonio.

"John is awfully good in France," she will tell her friends. "He spends all his spare time at the Y.M.C.A. writing to me." And the funny part of it is her friends generally fall for the line.

The local, or French brand of stationery, should be avoided as far as possible. It is generally of a light pink, mauve, bluish green or plain Albee blue, and does not look war-like in the least.

Besides, it generally fosters the impression that it has been borrowed from some French *madoiselle*; and rival suitors at home are only too quick to play up such impressions, once they are planted. So, if you can't get Y.M.C.A. paper to write on, try to connect with some plain and undorned white paper. Specially connected letter paper, with the regimental seal embossed in gold upon it, and so forth, is no longer considered good form.

As to the contents of your letters—do not dwell too much upon the war, or the officer who consents them may have to extract some portions with his little nail scissors. Do not dwell too much upon yourself, but be sure to impress the young lady with the fact that you are awfully, awfully lonely and are literally counting the days when you can get back to her. Try to get a little woo-begoneness into your style, whether you feel that way or not. Girls always fall for the sympathy stuff; but don't lay it on too thick, or you'll spoil it.

In conclusion don't make too many promises about the number of German bullets you will bring back, or the badges that you expect to win. Although you may save a few of the young lady's letters to you, she will surely save all of yours to her, since she is not limited to one barrack bag and one haversack for letter-storage space. Bear in mind always that nothing you write her will be lost or forgotten; so try to check up on your letters as you go along, so as not to make contradictory statements. If it is possible to use carbon paper, in order to keep a complete file of your correspondence to her, do so by all means; but in any case, "use your bean."

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PLANE'S BROKEN WING DIDN'T STOP FLIGHT

Air Service Major Finds New Way to Ride When Strut Smashes

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MODERN WAR ENGINES MIX WITH OLD TIMERS

Thronged Courtyard of Invalides and Barricaded Tomb of Napoleon Present Odd Associations of Old and New

The American soldier passing through Paris was walking in the direction of the tomb of the great Napoleon, on the approach to the Hotel des Invalides. Suddenly, on entering the courtyard, he stopped.

Had he stumbled on a supply base? Had he come upon an artillery depot? Had he come upon a deserted hangar? He wondered, for all about in the big courtyard of the Invalides were guns and planes, and all more guns.

Guns captured in 1914—field artillery, heavy artillery, trench mortars, minenwerfers; guns taken in 1915—in 1916—in 1917; guns freshly captured this present year, with the shell holes in their shields still gaping like newly made wounds. Parts of Zeppelins, of Taubes, of Fokkers, of Gothas—in short, parts of all the hostile aircraft brought down since the beginning of the conflict—lay about the big courtyard, looking as though they had just descended, save for the rust that had eaten into their plates and the mechanism of their engines.

Canon With Personal History

"Look there," a mother was telling the wide-eyed little boy who clutched her hand. "There, *mon enfant*," putting her hand on a big German field piece. "Is the canon your father helped to capture from *les Allemands*? See, is not the name of the Zouaves inscribed on the side?"

So it was, with the date of the engagement in which it fell prey to the French.

The little boy gazed in awe down the big barrel of the piece, then finally raised one chubby hand and placed it gingerly on the breech block.

"Mamma," he reflected, "my papa must have been a very brave man to have taken that great gun from the cruel Boches. It is not so?"

"Yes," replied Mamma, with a little tremor in her voice, "your papa was a very brave soldier of France." Then Mamma, who was in black, led the little boy away.

examining minutely every detail of what was left of its mechanism and accessories.

"Not so difficult, eh, Jacques?" remarked one of them. "When you see it here, not at all terrifying, is it? We two, you and I, should be able to rush one of those *mitrailuses* and bring it here, should we not? Not at all terrifying, is it? And at the gleeful prospect both of the youngsters clutched each other and laughed.

Forgotten Veterans

Around the sides of the court, under the balconies, lay discarded, antiquated pieces of artillery taken in former wars, neglected in favor of the more recent captures, the more up-to-date devices—looking for all the world as though they were sulking in their corners, jealous of the attention paid the newcomers.

"Never mind," one of those grim old wallflowers of war seemed to be grumbling to a fellow sufferer, "we shall have due honor in time. When these foolish people have had time to compare us with these they call new, they will find that these *houppes* dealers in death were not such a great improvement over us after all. Look at that minenwerfer—the pig!—over yonder, daring to call itself up to date, modern and efficient. Did I not myself heave as many shots and as well, for the great Napoleon at the siege of Acre?"

Still grumbling, the old gun settled itself down upon its stony bed for another century of quiet.

The Greatest Soldier

The American passed on through the outer courtyard and into the great main men had taken the railroads from the "greatest soldier of them all," gazing at the tattered flag which the Grenadiers and the Guard had carried at Ansterlitz, at Jena, at Wagram, at the standard which had been victoriously advanced all over Europe. In a minute he stood looking down at the tomb itself.

But the war of today, the war from the air, has modernized even the protection afforded to the Emperor as he lies in state, surrounded by the relics of his former glory. For fear of damage by bombs let loose by enemy aviators the surface of the sarcophagus has been covered over with wood, and its sides buttressed with sandbags.

It spoils the beauty of the sarcophagus and its surroundings for the visitor, but after all, it provides Napoleon with a resting place of more martial aspect. There he lies, hunched in state, under protection similar to what would have been afforded him had he been in the field during those years just past. Napoleon would have had it so.

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"Not so difficult, eh, Jacques?" remarked one of them. "When you see it here, not at all terrifying, is it? We two, you and I, should be able to rush one of those *mitrailuses* and bring it here, should we not? Not at all terrifying, is it? And at the gleeful prospect both of the youngsters clutched each other and laughed.

Forgotten Veterans

Around the sides of the court, under the balconies, lay discarded, antiquated pieces of artillery taken in former wars, neglected in favor of the more recent captures, the more up-to-date devices—looking for all the world as though they were sulking in their corners, jealous of the attention paid the newcomers.

"Never mind," one of those grim old wallflowers of war seemed to be grumbling to a fellow sufferer, "we shall have due honor in time. When these foolish people have had time to compare us with these they call new, they will find that these *houppes* dealers in death were not such a great improvement over us after all. Look at that minenwerfer—the pig!—over yonder, daring to call itself up to date, modern and efficient. Did I not myself heave as many shots and as well, for the great Napoleon at the siege of Acre?"

Still grumbling, the old gun settled itself down upon its stony bed for another century of quiet.

The Greatest Soldier

The American passed on through the outer courtyard and into the great main men had taken the railroads from the "greatest soldier of them all," gazing at the tattered flag which the Grenadiers and the Guard had carried at Ansterlitz, at Jena, at Wagram, at the standard which had been victoriously advanced all over Europe. In a minute he stood looking down at the tomb itself.

But the war of today, the war from the air, has modernized even the protection afforded to the Emperor as he lies in state, surrounded by the relics of his former glory. For fear of damage by bombs let loose by enemy aviators the surface of the sarcophagus has been covered over with wood, and its sides buttressed with sandbags.

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CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY

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Relieves the Thirst—Prevents Fatigue—Beneficial on the March

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THE HOUSE OF ADAMS FOUNDED THE CHEWING GUM INDUSTRY

Adams Pure Chewing Gum Is on Sale at Army Canteens and Y.M.C.A. Huts.

Write the Folks Back Home to Send You a Box or Two.

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

SCHUTZENGRABENVERNICHTURGAUTOMOBIL

The word between the boxes here won't puzzle Fritz or Herman. For, crazy though it may appear, the thing means "Tank" in German.

So if you were a Q.M. clerk in some high I.I.M. commission, 't would take about thirteen days' work for one Tank requisition.

79,680 BASEBALLS FOR A.E.F. PLAYERS

Goods Bought by Y.M.C.A. in Record Order Soon to Reach France

REPRESENTS \$300,000 OUTLAY

Athletic Supervisors in Divisional Centers Will Have Charge of Distribution

Six thousand six hundred and forty dozen baseballs—otherwise 79,680 baseballs—3,600 dozen bats, 1,200 catcher's masks, 1,400 first baseman's mitts, 8,000 fielder's gloves...

It was placed last November by the Y.M.C.A. for the use of the A.E.F. The contract, let among the six biggest makers of sporting goods in the United States...

But they're nearly here. Dr. James H. McCurdy, head of the recreation department of the Y.M.C.A. in France...

Soccer Beats Rugby

Baseball is only one of the many athletic activities covered in this record-breaking order. It further calls for 6,400 soccer balls and 4,800 rugby balls...

And Boston, you heavy indoor athletes, there will also be 4,800 ping-pong sets and 12,000 ping-pong balls, 1,600 badminton sets...

Some Purchases on This Side

Most of this material had to be ordered from America, but as far as possible purchases were made in England and France...

Once all these things arrive in France, they will be speedily distributed among the divisional athletic centers into which the A.E.F. has been divided...

The main purpose of all the athletic activity will be "to help the Kaiser get a grip on his nerves." This result will be achieved through the two types of recreation to be provided...

The goods now awaited represent a \$300,000 order. The Y.M.C.A. has already distributed \$89,000 worth of athletic supplies and has practically exhausted the European supply in some lines.

CHAPLAIN IS 'UMP' FOR THIS REGIMENT

Drill Ground Becomes Diamond for Unit With Star Athletes

Baseball practice is getting in full swing throughout the A.E.F., but athletic activity isn't any greater anywhere than in our infantry regiment which includes in its membership more notable athletes probably than any other unit in France.

In this organization one end of a hut was fitted up several months ago and during the latter part of the winter served as a club room and auditorium for the staging of wrestling matches and boxing bouts.

The National League, which begins its forty-second season next month, has had tough shelling since its origin. Despite its trials and tribulations, it thus itself firmly established today.

Gambling threatened the life of the league back in the early years, in 1877, and it was not until four Louisville players were expelled that players found out it was unprofitable to throw games.

The New York and Philadelphia clubs were expelled after the first year's seasons had been completed and Hartford and St. Louis dropped out at the end of the second season.

Everybody in the organization has got the sports fever, even the officers who are dispensing a shoulderbar baseball team.

ARLIE MUCKS ENLISTS

Arlie Mucks, giant Wisconsin hammer and weight thrower, has enlisted in the army. He is 6 feet 5 inches tall, and a special outfit was required for him.

JESS TO GIVE FULTON CHANCE AT HIS TITLE

NEW YORK, March 21.—Jess Willard, heavyweight champion of the world, has ignored the demands of Jack Dempsey for a chance at the title and has practically agreed to arrange a bout with Fred Fulton, of Rochester (Ala.), for the fourth of July.

It is announced that Fulton will be guaranteed \$20,000 for his bout, with a side bet of \$5,000. It is expected that the receipts will total \$200,000 or over.

SPORTING COMMENT

Pennsylvania's twenty-fourth annual relay race carnival, which will take place on April 26 and 27, should be one of the most interesting sets of games ever held in the States.

Three veterans who have been prominent in baseball circles for many years have announced their retirement from the game. They are Hans Wagner, Eddie Plank, and Tommy Leach.

When the nice warm spring weather arrives back home, it will not be surprising to see at least Wagner and Plank back on the coaching lines.

Urban Faber, who helped the White Sox materially in winning the world's series last fall, was practically forced upon Comiskey.

Johnny Evers, who has helped to win several pennants for teams he was with, notably the Cubs and the Braves, is being sought in manager for the Indianapolis club.

Although ring fans always think of Johnny Coulton, former bantamweight champion, as an old man, it may surprise many to know that Johnny passed only his twenty-ninth year last month.

After Kid Williams knocked him out in the third round at Vernon, Cal., in June, 1914, the little fellow announced his retirement from the ring.

You often hear about the small amounts won by fighters in their early battles, but Johnny has a yarn to relate which beats them all.

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BROTHERS IN SPORT WHEN PEACE COMES

Internationalization Going on Already Behind Allied Lines

LURE OF BOXING SPREADS

Baseball Now Being Played in Corner Lots of France and Italy

Not the least important result of the war, which in all branches of enterprise, is cementing the Allies more closely together, will be a furthering of athletic relations.

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STONES for Cigarette Pocket Lighters

Table with columns for Size (12, 50, 100, 500, 1000) and Price (L.C., 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00)

Buy now until you have asked for sample which costs 30 centimes in postage stamp.

Standard-Bearers of America!

You have come to the Home of



Delicious with lemon, siphon, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France.

DRINK IT TO-DAY

PARIS, 36bis Boulevard Haussmann.

DIAMOND FLASHES

The official standing of the twirlers in the American League for last year shows Eddie Plank, at the age of 43, holding third place. Pretty good record for an old man.

The Pacific Northwest League has changed its name to Pacific Coast International League.

Eddie Cicotte, the White Sox twirler, has signed a one-year contract and is to work on the bonus plan.

Bobby Roth, star outfielder for the Cleveland Club, has been caught in the draft and the owners are searching for a good man to take his place.

After many years of agitation, minor leagues have received recognition on the National Commission, John H. Farwell, of Auburn, N.Y., being named to that body.

Secretary John Farrell, of the minor leagues, announces that the following leagues have decided to play this year: American Association, Pacific Coast Eastern, Southern Association, Western, Texas, New York State, South Atlantic, Central Association Blue Ridge, Western Association and Northwestern.

Pop Anson is still arguing about the superiority of the old-time players over the present-day stock. He also claims that the game has gone back. He also adds that he thinks pinch hitting is being overdone nowadays.

Fred Mitchell, of the Cubs, is strong for Pete Kilfitt, and says, he is a sure fixture in the infield.

Wellman, pitcher for the St. Louis Browns, may quit for the year. He was recently operated on for kidney troubles.

Paddy Slavin, the new manager of the Portland Club, has been placed in the draft and may not handle the team.

Louisville has purchased Catcher Devine from the Boston Americans. Devine was with New Haven last year.

Leslie Mann, of the Cubs, says he will stick to the Army and not play this year. Lefty George, with Columbus last year, has been signed by the Detroit Tigers.

The White Sox are now at Mineral Springs, Texas, for their spring training.

PORTRAITS IN OIL COLORS

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Unsurpassable for Burning, Swollen, Tired or Aching Feet

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E. FOUGERA & CO. Inc. 60 Broadway St., New York.

McGraw Loses Kauff and Has Small Chance of Getting Robertson

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PARIS 39 Avenue de l'Opéra PARIS English & American Civil & Military Tailors Olive Drab Uniforms and American Insignia a Speciality. SAM BROWNE BELTS TRENCH COATS WRAP PUTTEES AMERICAN OVERSEAS FATIGUE CAP (To Measure)

AFTER YOU & YOUR BUNKIES HAVE FINISHED READING THE STARS AND STRIPES PUT it into an envelope and mail to your Family, Sweetheart or Pal in training in the U.S.A. Make it a weekly letter of your activities and life in France. WHEN mailed in an envelope, no postage is required. ANOTHER plan is to send in to us their names and addresses, together with 4 francs for each subscription, and the Official A.E.F. Newspaper will be mailed promptly each week to any address in the United States or our Allied Countries for a period of three months. Address all communications to THE STARS AND STRIPES 1 rue des Italiens, PARIS

WELL, IT'S MORE THAN THE TURKS GET!

—By WALLGREN



HELPFUL HINTS



WHY BATH LIKE THIS WHEN THERE ARE MORE SIMPLE AND EFFICIENT METHODS?
ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL SHOWER SUBSTITUTE - HAVE SOME KIND FRIEND SQUIRT THE WATER AT YOU WITH AN ORDINARY EYE DROPPER OR FOUNTAIN PEN SYRINGE.



AN INGENUOUS SHOWER BATH CONSISTING OF TWO BOARDS AND A BATH SPONGE - TO OPERATE; SATURATE THE SPONGE THOROUGHLY AND PLACE BETWEEN THE BOARDS, PULLING STEADILY ON THE STRING ATTACHED TO THE UPPER BOARD, THIS COMPRESSING THE SPONGE AND FORCING THE WATER THRU THE SEVERAL HOLES... THE LOWER BOARD. CARE SHOULD BE TAKEN TO STAND DIRECTLY BENEATH THE BOARD THUS ACCUMULATING ALL THE WATER WHICH AT MOST IS VERY LEAST.

A VERY SATISFACTORY METHOD - BY UTILIZING THE NATURAL LEAKINESS OF THE ROOF AND YOUR SLICKER, MANEUVERING PROMPTLY SO THAT THE LEAKS WILL TRICKLE GENTLY DOWN THE BACK OF THE NECK - THE CONTAINING FOLDS OF THE COAT PREVENTING A WASTE BY SPLASHING. IT IS ONLY NECESSARY THAT IT RAIN.

THE TEAR BATH IS COMFORTABLY EFFICIENT - THE ONLY REQUIREMENTS BEING A SENTIMENTAL SOB STORY AND A WEEPY DISPOSITION - COPIOUS CRIES WILL FIND THE VERY PLEASANT AS TEARS ARE USUALLY WARM WHEN NEW. HEY FET TH' LOVA MIKE! AMATEUR - NO CONTROL. DON'T BE SO GENERAL. SLIM BATH - VERY UNPOPULAR.

THIS IS CONSIDERED STRICTLY FAUX PAS BY THE BEST AUTHORITIES - CLOTHES DO NOT MAKE THE MAN, BUT IN A CASE LIKE THIS THEY MAKE THE MAN (OR BOOB) DURNED CONSIDERABLE FOR THE MOMENT AND FOR MANY, MANY MOMENTS THEREAFTER VERY HARD TO SEE - UNLESS OCCUPYING THE SAME CELL.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES SAILING HOME AGAIN

There'll Be Lots to Do Before We Get Back Into Cits, But How About Those Annual Reunions?

Of course, we all know what we'll do when it's all over, and this coarse and vulgar Hohenzollern person has been taught his proper place, and the world has been made safe for democracy and all the rest.

We'll go home; and the old packs will never seem lighter than they will as we trek down to the wharves at the port of embarkation. And on the way over we'll sing—sing all the way, and never have a thought of seasickness. No, not even if we have to cross the English Channel on our way back will we experience the slightest touch of *mal de mer*.

And when we steam into New York Harbor, with every tug, every ferryboat tooting its dullest to welcome us, and the windows of the skyscrapers just jammed full of people aching to get a glimpse of us, and the wharves clogged with all our families and friends just dying to get hold of us, and Lower Broadway banked from the first to the twentieth story with the massed flags of the Allies, and City Hall smothered in red, white and blue rosettes, with the mayor (whoever he may be then) standing out in front with his plug hat and frock coat on extending the keys of the city, and all the rest, and Fifth Avenue lined with memorial arches and courts of honor and sprinkled with flags till it looks like the Milky Way, it will be a great and a happy day.

There will probably be a parade all the way from Washington Square up to Grant's Tomb, to be sure; but by that time, some kind power will have directed us to remove our packs and we won't mind the hike a bit. We'll just nick up all that perfectly fine pavement with our old hobnailed shoes—they'll be as good as gold by then, unless we get a new issue—and swing along. And when we pass the President of the United States and the Secretary of War and the Governor of New York and Lord Knobs who else, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, we'll snip 'em an "Eyes left" that'll fairly take 'em off their feet.

Still a Lot to Do

Of course, they'll probably shove us off after that to some camps for a while, until we can turn in all our stuff conveniently, and get our papers made out, and attend to all the rest of the formalities, but we won't mind it, because we'll know it can't last forever. They'll probably be easy on us about reveille at those camps, because they'll know we don't have to train for much of anything; and we can afford to get along with small kitchen details in anticipation of the eats in store for us once we're released.

Then, after we've got our service records made out as they should be made out, and our accounts with the mess and the pockets in them and waistcoats and honest to goodness trousers with cuffs on the bottoms of them, have come along from home or somewhere, and we've collected all the back pay that's due us, and have squared up our accounts with the United States, they'll probably let us go; not too many at a time, so as to clog up the railroads, but bit by bit, the guys who have served the longest getting the first crack to get off. But before we get up the march we'll march up the colonel's tent, one by one, in our new and funny-looking civvies, and take him by the hand, man-to-man like, and tell him what a hell of a good old guy he is in spite of all we've said about him, and how, if there is another war, we want to join up with him, and all the rest. Then we'll hop the train, and beat it for home.

And how they will begin to spoil us at home! What feeds they will set before us, what attention they will lavish on us. And how busy we'll be kept telling us about everything that's happened to us, and everything that didn't happen to us, and everything that might have happened to us but didn't! They simply won't let us alone, that's all; and we'll have to hero with a vengeance, whether we want to or not. All the old boys in the shop will envy our brown complexion and our extra inches of chest expansion and all the rest. It may take

us some time to get back into the swing of things, but the bosses will be patient. And we will be so tickled with the fun of punching the old time clock that we'll forget it's just another way of answering "Here!" at roll call.

But, after a time, things will begin to get irksome. The going to work and coming back, the eating supper and going to the movies or the theater or the lodge meeting, will begin to pall on us a bit. Then it will be about time for the most enterprising guy in the outfit to send out a bunch of reply postcards asking us to meet at some restaurant in the near future for a reunion. Will we bite? Our guess is we will!

Just Like Old Times

If the enterprising guy in question is on to his job, he'll select a little French kind of restaurant, not too expensive, where they positively refuse to serve the vegetables along with the meat, and scorn the use of butter at the table. He will see to it—if the States haven't gone dry—that a bottle of *vin rouge* or one of soapy beer is placed beside every plate, and a bag of rolling tobacco is on top of every napkin. He won't arrange any formal program of speechmaking unless one of our old generals happens to be within range; and he'll let us furnish our own music. That we will, too, with a wallop.

All the old songs that we used to use to cut down the hikes, all the old gags that the Top used to pull to get us up in the morning, all the old adventures in front and behind the front—the losses of direction, the bumping up against un-expected acquaintances in the dark, the old bonnailed shoes they'll be as good as gold by then, unless we get a new issue—and swing along. And when we pass the President of the United States and the Secretary of War and the Governor of New York and Lord Knobs who else, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, we'll snip 'em an "Eyes left" that'll fairly take 'em off their feet.

WHY IS IT?

That they always send you oodles of artillery gloves from home the minute you've been transferred from the artillery to the motor transport service? That, right after the distribution of cigarettes from the company fund, you get slathers of 'em from home—whereas, you hadn't had a butt of any kind for a month before? That, after you've been promoted, you can't get any chevrons for a month and a half to show your pals who you are? That, just after you've gone out and bought a pair of puts on your own, the supply sergeant takes it into his head to issue better ones than those you purchased?

That, just after you've done your own laundry, at the expense of parboiled hands and a broken back, a pay-day comes along, bringing plenty of laundry money with it? That, after you've taken one of these billet baths in a mess tin, you find out there are perfectly good shower baths only a quarter of a mile away, and that they were there all the time you were wrestling with the sponge? That, after you've paid 100 francs to a French dentist to go over your teeth, a regimental dentist arrives in the town who would do the whole job for nothing? That, just after your barrage of letters to a girl back home has begun to take effect and her replies are becoming better and better with each succeeding mail, you suddenly discover that you don't care about her at all? That, on the very night that you decide to slip mess and buy a feed of your own, the cook dishes out real steaks, fried, and apple pie?

Poor Fish—The gink who didn't know the war was over in Russia.
Poor Boob—The fish whose pack comes unopened on the hike.
Nut—the poor cheese that goes out and does setting up exercises by his lonesome without being told so.

OVER HERE

When I hung out in the U.S.A. An' the war wuz off across the sea, An' I read the papers in a cus'l way I see who pitched on the follerin' day, Things sure looked different t'me.

I knew sure wuz kill like they wuz a pest, An' sometimes the rivers wuz runnin' red; I'd heard tell on a front what they called the "West," An' the big print said: "Russia's Takin' A Rest"— But that didn't mean nothin' in yours truly's head.

I thinks t' myself: "What a waste o' time: What a gang o' rummies' t' fight like dogs. All them poor mothers—gee, it's a crime! Well, Barry'll get them there Red Sox t' climb." My mind wuz on baseball an' not soldier toys.

I wuz sweet on the moon with its yaller light— Youse know how 'tis with a girl by your side: An' I says: "Wouldn't this o' world be a sight With no moon at all t' shine in the night?"— I wasn't hep then 'twas at night the Boche fled.

An' now that I'm here an' the war's here, too, With the States three thousand miles away, Things looks lots different than they used t' do, An' I've got 'n entirely new point of view.— Back home, I couldn't spot how the land lay.

We gott'er beat Fritzie t' keep 'im back: "I show 'im that 'tats' war makes the world go, So that he an' all others'll remember the fact, Decide war's not worth shootin' 'fore they take the next crack.— We're scrappin' t' give Mr. Mars the K. O.!" SGT. FREDERICK W. KURTH, Q.M.C.

CHANCE IN A MILLION BLESSED HIS SAILING

There is a red-headed sergeant in this Army—let's call him Starfield—who had such a wonderful piece of one-chance-in-a-million luck as a sort of God-speed the day he sailed away from America that he doesn't see how the Germans can hope to do him any damage. He must be immune. The very memory of it is his talisman.

Nine years before America entered the war Starfield entered the Army, and in those years he let it carry him all over the world—Porto Rico, China, the Philippines, Mexico, all of them a long, long way from the little home in Connecticut he never saw again.

He was in the Medical Department, working in a hospital near the Mexican border, when the order came to pack up and start for France. Here, at last, was the prospect of New York, here a chance to see his mother once more and perhaps the kid sister, Joan, who was playing jacksstones on the front steps the day he left home.

From the moment the order came, he began writing to the family. He signalled his approach by miles. He cast off a fresh telegram every time the train stopped. He arrived at the boat at last, sure the folks would come to him, when he made the heart-sinking discovery that if they did he wouldn't be allowed to see them. No one—no one—no one—no one—no one could leave the boat no matter how long she lingered at her pier. Getting off was as complicated as a service record and as uncertain as the letters from America. He sent his last wire then—just to say goodbye and tell the folks not to bother to come.

That afternoon, a freak chance sent him out on the pier in charge of a sick soldier who had to be moved to the dock dispensary. It gave him 15 minutes to look about him, 15 minutes to stand gloomily watching the officials who hurried to and fro and the pressing, restless, disappointed crowd of friends and relatives outside the ropes.

As his eyes wandered over that crowd, they lighted—and lingered—on the slim figure of a girl, an uncommonly lovely girl, he thought, with dark auburn hair, and great, wide, worried grey eyes. He was desperately lonesome and, as she seemed to be looking helplessly and vainly for some one, he felt a wild desire to offer himself as a substitute.

He had just a quarter of an hour in which to scrape an acquaintance. He had worked faster than that in many a port. He gazed his hardest. Their eyes met. He grinned hopefully. She hesitated—then beckoned. The next minute, he was over by the ropes.

"I wonder if you could help me," she began with a dazzling smile. "I am looking for a Sergeant Starfield."

"It took his breath away."

"Why," he stammered, "I—I am Sergeant Starfield."

There was a moment's pause and then—to the great delight of the surrounding crowd—she kissed him. She kissed him three or four times.

"I'm Joan," she said. He had picked up his kid sister.

Twenty pledges would I sign And forego all shades of wine Just to get a chance to draw Chocolate soddy through a straw.

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S.R.O. IN S.O.R. AT CAMP OP'RY HOUSE

"C'est la Guerre" Nets One Company Fund Nearly 2,000 Francs

"C'est la Guerre" was the almost inevitable title of a burlesque in three scenes recently written, staged and acted by and for Company D of one of our regiments of railway engineers. Unless you have tried to put on a show in the A.E.F. yourself, you have no idea how much work there was behind the production, with its stage, props, foots, curtains and all. The net profit for the company fund were nearly 2,000 francs. "C'est la Guerre" was a great success even if it did run only one night. It played to S.R.O. in the S.O.R.

The humor was very local, with cooks, censors, top sergeants, barbers and the like, as characters, and with such musical numbers, composed for the occasion, as "The Raucous That Run Through the Camp," "The Supply Sergeant" and, of course, "Oo La La."

A burlesque show without any chorus girls is one of the horrors of war and Company D had to do the best it could with a chorus of "Sick and Damaged Soldiers" and another of "Kitchen Police."

The burlesque show was run off as part of a bill that included a number of boxing matches, with contestants drawn from other companies in the regiment, from other organizations in the vicinity and even from the nearby French village, which contributed a welterweight artist who cemented the Entente Cordiale by winning the decision over a youth from the Ordnance Corps.

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SHORT ON DRILLS, BUT LONG ON WORK

Engineers Toil Everywhere in France From Base Ports to Front

CAMBRAI MADE 'EM HEROES

One Regiment Alone Is Scattered Over Third of Country and Doing About Everything

We don't know much about the drill. The Doughboys have to do. But we'll make the Kaiser clear the track. And boys, we'll shoot her through! We'll kighball down the Aisne and Somme. And this is what we'll do— We'll ramble in Germany With the old Red, White and Blue. —Song of the Railroad Engineers.

Somewhere in France—anywhere in France—everywhere in France—you'll see it—the red and white hat cord. It may be mud splattered, it may be faded; it may, as a matter of fact, be "back home" in a hat or a tent or a box car while the nominal wearer thereof is out with his blue denim hat and his overalls, and a pick or a wrench or a slide rule or a shovel, hand or steam.

While the doughboy has been running his whetted bayonet through a stuffed sack or the real thing, while the artillery sharp has been whanging away at a real or an imaginary enemy, while the aviators have been getting the balance of their wings and the men to come their final grooming, the men with the red and white hat cords and the castles on their collars have been—working. Yes, more than that, they have been laboring. They have been driving the stakes and raising the tents for the big show.

You have heard about the biggest refrigerator in the world, the new docks, the American railways, the base hospitals, the supply depots. The engineers built 'em. You have seen, perhaps, the new locomotives and heard their rearing, rattling, rattling whistles. The engineers put them together and the engineers are running them. From the first pipe to the most obscure nooks of French forests, anywhere and everywhere, you will see the engineer doing everything from laying steel while Fritz pours over "hot stuff" to trimming piles for a new dock.

Engineer units were among the first to be organized after the United States entered the war. There were railroad regiments, highway regiments and other organizations for various varieties of work which far sighted Army officials deemed of imperative and primary importance. They were formed quickly, during short periods of training and hustled over here.

Some Training, More Work

And then, without further training or ado, most of them went to work. Some put down track silently behind the Canadian front until an unexpected and now historical incident disclosed their whereabouts and their mettle. Others worked elsewhere within the radius of enemy guns, with only brief bits of news now and then to tell that they were running trains which Hun artillerymen tried to hit, or living in billets which Boche aviators dropped bombs upon. The rest scattered to the 57 corners of France and began laying the practical foundation for effective action and victory.

One regiment, which got here last summer, made the dirt fly literally before the snow and rain flew, and they kept it flying all winter. To this organization was given the work of enlarging a French port, to bring it up to American war time needs, and half a hundred secondary jobs, such as building a camp for themselves and later enlarging it into a huge rest camp capable of sheltering half a dozen incoming regiments; putting down a 1,000-foot artesian well; laying out an aviation field, and modernizing and remodeling a building which now is one of the important American base hospitals.

They Can Operate Anything

It has operated pile drivers, steam-shovels, dredgers, work trains and dozens of lesser machines, requiring highly skilled workmen, and it has done in one winter what to the ordinary construction contractor, would have been a two year job.

The regiment now is divided and redivided. It is scattered over a third of France, with detachments in scores of cities, hamlets and villages, and some are camped out in the open, until captains and top sergeants, at pay roll and muster time, have to be in a dozen places at once.

The men are making cuts and ballast, and rails and laying them, putting in a switch here, a tank or coal bunkers there. To the casual visitor over this part of France the method in the work is not obvious. The men and the officers themselves do not fully understand the entire scheme themselves, but somewhere at the H.Q.D.G.T. or at G.H.Q. A.E.F., are a few men with estimates of yardage and work reports and special order blanks who do know.

The work went on with a steady progress even through the winter, weather being at times a distressing, but never a retarding, element. There were no days of for rain or snow or mud. If the rain fell, the men put on their oil skin suits and marched to the work undaunted, and if the mud was deep—and it usually was—they put on their rubber boots. They worked eight full hours a day seven days a week, and this did not include the march to and from quarters.

Reveille Before Dawn

The engineers usually stood reveille before the first glimmer of dawn, and had their breakfast over and were at work by daylight. Their evening meal and retreat, usually "stood" in overalls or slickers, came after nightfall, and there were emergencies when the men worked in shifts and "kept the ball rolling" 24 hours a day.

We don't know much about the drill the doughboys have to do, the engineers sing. The reason is they haven't had time to learn. The engineers all have rifles, of course, and they get them out and, by the light of a candle, clean them and oil them, and once in a while a company goes out and does squads right and platoons left just to keep up with the rudiments of the game.

Some day, when there isn't any need for suppressing details, and the Army generals have more time to tell the story of the American engineer in this war will be written, and it will be a record of surprising achievement.

"And then I went along the street and ran into a Canadian. He was a great scout!"

"Thasso? What part of Canada did he come from?"

"Oh—from New Zealand!"

EXTRY! DOCS BAG BANEFUL COOTIE!

It used to be the engineer who was always to blame for the wreck. Now it's the louse. Yes, the louse! The humble, inoffending shirt-bound, the cootie, the flannel-buzzard, the only back-biter in the Army that gets away with it—the louse, who is so fond of man that he spends all his time trying to get near to him. The louse is the goat—or worse. Long a social outcast, he is now about to be isolated and interned for the duration of the war.

Exhaustive and painful researches, conducted by the combined committee of investigators from the American and British Expeditionary Forces, have, so to speak, "pinned the bug" on the louse—yes, the louse! (If you don't like to hear us say "louse," Geraldine, then go up somewhere where you can't hear us say "louse," for we've got to say "louse" in order to tell this lousy story.) Said investigators—medicos all—declare that the louse, and none other than the louse, is the communicator of the pet disease of the exclusive western front—namely, trench fever. Therefore, the louse, one of the most treacherous heilooms of the Army, has got to go.

No Chance to Wriggle Out

He's been spotted, has the louse, from the way he spotted his victims. He was given every chance in the world to prove himself innocent, but he writhed and twisted and wriggled so much on the witness stand, under the cross-examination of a high-powered microscope, that he literally hanged himself. The fact that he took the stand in his own defense didn't help him a bit with the jury. The jury was composed exclusively of doctors. No wonder its verdict was cruel.

It's a long story, this story about the louse. It starts out with the British-American Committee, headed by Major Richard P. Strong, U.S.M.R.C., gathered together in solemn conclave to use up part of the \$100,000 fund set aside by the American Red Cross for research work. They decided, right off the bat, that the thing that needed research the most—in the medical line, that is—was the malady known as trench fever.

They started to work in a British hospital in France. What they had to work on consisted of one officer and 72 enlisted men of the A.E.F. who volunteered as experimentation subjects. From them, and the things they did to them, they gleaned the information that not only is trench fever carried by complete inoculation, but it is transmitted in the serum of the blood.

Shrapnel?—Guess Again

So far, so good. Now, what takes blood out of a man, and gives it to another? That was a poser for a while. Somebody guessed shrapnel, somebody guessed bread pudding, somebody else guessed again, and there they were. It looked like what our French friends call an impasse.

Finally, one of the younger doctors, I've done some dirty diggin', and I've toted heavy loads. I've marched for many miles a day on slippy muddy roads; I've loaded trucks, and clipped up wood, and thought it mighty hard. But I'd sooner do them all at once than have to go on guard.

They worked me in the kitchen till it tried my utmost soul. And then I joined the firing squad—the one that shovels coal. I've even picked up stumps and scraps around the barracks yard. But I'd sooner do it all again than have to go on guard.

It's on those bitter, wintry nights—your backbone all a-chill. And cursin' every German boob, and mostly Kaiser Bill. 'Tis then you know within your soul there's nothing quite so hard As being routed out of bed to have to go on guard.

It's being out alone at night, and walkin' up and down. And speakin' not a word until the sergeant comes around. And all the time a-thinkin' of your Susies or your Maude— Yep! I'd sooner do most anything than have to go on guard.

H. J. WATSON, Sgt. Engrs.



"WE FIND THE ACCUSED—GUILTY!"

who had just come down from an aid station up front, scratched his head in search of a thought. He didn't find a thought but—

You guessed it. He found one. He was a beauty (the flad, not the doctor). A nice little red one, his fat little belly (the louse's, not the doctor's) all distended with a lot of red corpuscle juice. He was just about to hop from the doctor's hand to the person of one of his brother practitioners (the doctor's not the louse's) when the doctor caught him, all crunched for the spring.

Experiments Are Begun

But the committee, being composed exclusively of medicos, refused to take his word for it. Doctors never take anybody's word for anything, and they make no exception even with those members of the profession who occasionally dig up something original. As in this case, their brother had dug up only such an unorthodox thing as a louse, they were disposed to take his advice with a grain of disinfectant, to say the least. Besides, he was young, and doctors all believe that the young should be set upon.

Nevertheless, they began experimenting on a large scale with the body louse. To be sure that they would get no body lice which had been already inoculated with *feverum trenchicum* (or whatever the nickname for it may be), they sent to England for some body lice of pure breed that had not yet been called upon for overseas service in the tanks. After a long search—to be fair to old Eng-

land—they succeeded in finding a few lice which had not only not had trench fever, but which had been hitherto unexposed to mumps, whooping cough, measles, trench feet, chills, grippe, or housemaid's knee.

These uninoculated, chemically pure lice they brought back in a tin box to the hospital in France. After they had been rested up from their voyage across, the doctors began feeding the little darlings, one at a time, on men who were inoculated with trench fever. Then they let them jump to men who had not been inoculated. Result: The second bunch of men promptly got the trench fever.

Getting the Goods on Him

This would have been conclusive proof of the louse's guilt, for anybody but doctors. Not so with them; they like to give their patients a run for their money, so they let the louse vamp on until there was no possible doubt in the minds of any of them that the louse was the runner, the agent de liaison, or whatever you want to call him, who spreads the disease from command to command. They therefore got together, and pronounced sentence upon the louse in a body, without a single dissenting vote.

The germ of trench fever has not yet been isolated, and it is not expected that it will be for some time to come; but a start has been made, at least, in locating the transmitter of it. The campaign from now on will consist of a great drive to get rid of lice—using preventive measures instead of inoculation and curative ones, as it were, to prevent the fever's spread.

The louse, like a Turk, hates baths. The louse, like a Bulgarian, hates steam laundries. He hates soap as the devil hates holy water. Therefore, the doctors and the men of the Sanitary Corps and the company commanders and everybody concerned, are going to go after the louse by first going after the men with baths and steam laundries, and soap, with a new zeal. At frequent intervals along the front "delousing stations" are to be set up, and there all men capturing lice will be directed to report with their prisoners for examination and detention until the lice are all thoroughly disem-barked.

Several packs of blooded louse hounds are to be brought over from England to join in the linc and cry. Louse hunting in the open, back of the lines, both on horse and afoot, promises to become one of the great sports of the spring during the rest periods. The cry has gone forth: "No peace with louseocracy!"

BELGIAN ORPHAN FINDS A.E.F. HOME

William Jockey, Waif of 13 Who Looks Nine, Goes to School in O.D.

"OLD MAN" KEEPS TEMPER

Admirable Act, Says Colonel, and Plan Spreads Through Whole Regiment

They called him "Jockey" because he looked like one when he put on his first O.D. shirt and breeches, donated by the smallest man of the company. The name probably will stick, for at the school to which he has been sent he is enrolled under the name of William Jockey.

Jockey is a Belgian waif, who says he is 13 and looks nine. He was adopted several months ago by a company of American railway engineers after he had been fathered by several British units in Belgium for a year. As near as can be learned he is an orphan. He was adopted several months ago by a company of American railway engineers after he had been fathered by several British units in Belgium for a year. As near as can be learned he is an orphan. He was adopted several months ago by a company of American railway engineers after he had been fathered by several British units in Belgium for a year. As near as can be learned he is an orphan.

The "old man" eventually did get wise, but he didn't get sore, too. In fact, he was pleased and went to the colonel, who sent word down that it was an "admirable act" and that Jockey would be semi-officially contented as a permanent mascot and protégé of the company if a special contribution were made to the company mess fund to comply with Army regulations.

Best Bank for Deadhead Guest

The lat was passed for a mess fund and the sum gathered provided a surplus big enough to buy Jockey a tailor-made uniform and the rest of an outfit. After that he slept in the best bunk in the company's quarters and held an informal French class every evening, at which, it may be mentioned, he picked up more English than his students did French.

A month ago it was decided that Jockey ought to be getting an education. His future was debated at a formal company meeting and it was decided to send him to a boys' school in a city near by. Every man pledged himself to contribute two francs a month for his support.

Two other companies in the same regiment have adopted Belgian boys in the last few weeks and are planning to send them to school, and the six remaining companies are looking for others. It's getting to be the style.

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ON GUARD

I've done some dirty diggin', and I've toted heavy loads. I've marched for many miles a day on slippy muddy roads; I've loaded trucks, and clipped up wood, and thought it mighty hard. But I'd sooner do them all at once than have to go on guard.

ARABIAN KNIGHT LOSES WILD RACE

Pursuit of Embusque Had To Be Cautious With Lady Aboard

Down at Y.M.C.A. Headquarters Nurse — and three convalescent patients are recovering (slowly) from the shock of an automobile accident which befell them the other day when she was making her regular Lady Bountiful rounds of the hospitals.

The driver was no less a person than an Arab nobleman, an ex-aviation officer wounded several times in battle and still carrying a bullet embedded in his skull. He is a marvelous chauffeur, Ford or no Ford, and the accident was simply this—that a low-down car tried to pass him on the road and that that low-down car happened to be driven by some one for whom the Arabian had no earthly use.

On the not very great strength of the nurse's previous suggestion that she was in somewhat of a hurry, the Arabian opened up and that bit of French countryside was thereupon treated to a wild race that will never be forgotten, a race that just missed nineteen disastrous collisions and that was accompanied by a hair-raising, rapid-fire interchange of French cursing such as it takes years and years in the Latin Quarter to acquire or even appreciate.

The convalescents wondered what surgical ward they would land in and what nurse would tend them. The nurse thanked her stars she did not know enough French to understand the talk with which the startled air was blue. The driver's own thoughts were probably stirred by ancestral memories of Arab steeds racing over the sun-baked desert.

Thus ran the race until, just when disaster of some sort seemed inevitable, the low-down car yielded up the road and disappeared down a little side-race. When their own car gradually slowed down and its startled passengers had caught their breaths again, the Arabian explained.

"Had I not had a lady aboard," he said, "I would not have driven so cautiously. I would have damaged that fellow. Do you know what he was? An embusque. I split in his direction."

And he did.

HIGHLY HONORED

Private Blinks: I saw the General the other day.

Private Banks: Uh-huh?

Private Blinks: Yes, I saw the General and had quite a talk with him.

Private Banks (quite interested): Zasso? What did he say?

Private Blinks (much elated): Why, he came into the office, and I was waitin' there to see the Cap'n, and I stood up and saluted, and he said, "Rest!"

LOCAL NO.—, A.E.F.

Tired Sentry (who has just been awakened for 2 to 4 a.m. shift): Jimmy whack! My turn again! I only turned in ten minutes ago.

Corporal of the Guard: You fall right in, bo. Ain't you satisfied to be in the only part of the Army that keeps uniform hours?

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