

GERMAN ATTACKS FUTILE ATTEMPT TO SPLIT ARMIES

Review of Situation Shows Allied Line Everywhere Unbroken

BLOW AIMED AT JUNCTURE

Single Leadership Remedies Defect of Which Hun Sought to Take Advantage

ENEMY'S FEARS ARE JUSTIFIED

Caught in Right Triangle, He is Exposed on Flank to Strength of French Armies

By COMMANDANT DE CIVRIEUX, Celebrated French Military Critic

In order to understand the German offensive, its direction and its unrealized hopes, it is necessary first to consider the situation of the armies as they faced each other about the middle of March.

Leaving out the Belgian Army, which occupies the Yser front, two great groups of Allied forces were lined up on the stage of the western theater from the neighborhood of Ypres as far as the Swiss border.

Behind his alignment, in regions which may not be designated, were stationed, naturally, the reserves which had been drawn on the total sum of the Allied contingents.

Thus you can see that the Franco-British armies had their weak point—and the existence of one could not, after all, be avoided—in the sector of the Oise valley, where they were joined together.

To remedy this defect, inherent in all coalitions, the American Government, at the moment when its first units are going to the front, has decided to act in a disinterested manner which it would be impossible to applaud too much.

However, revolutionary Russia having withdrawn from the war after a collapse that was as much economic and political as military, Germany had won the freedom to hurl almost all her forces against the West.

At the same time, important works prepared the way for the coming movement. The front line, which had been emptied and multiple bridges were thrown across the Oise, the level of which was lowered.

The German Attack

The German plan was clearly aimed at the British Armies. While, between the Scarpe and the Somme, Prince Rupprecht was to hurl the two armies of the First Army, the Third Army of General Byng, the Crown Prince was to thrust the army of von Hutier vigorously toward the south, between the Somme and the Oise, in such a way as to overpower the Fifth Army of General Gough, and out of the Oise valley isolate it from the First Army.

As soon as the defensive lines of their adversaries should be forced, von Below and von Marwitz were to march upon Péronne and Bapaume in the direction of Amiens, while von Hutier was to advance as fast as he could upon the axis Ham-Breuil in order to cover the principal movement from the certain intervention of the French.

The general attack, conducted with remarkable energy and without any heed for the losses, covered by a terrible bombardment of explosive and poison shells and masked behind clouds of smoke, was launched at dawn, on March 21. The Third English Army from the neighborhood of Cambrai to that of Verdun, held fast to its positions, which were almost everywhere maintained.

But the Fifth Army, round about Saint-Quentin, finding before a shock of which the force had not been fully estimated at its true strength.

In consequence, the enemy's hopes seemed for a moment to have been realized in their first phase. The right wing of the English fell back toward the west, drawing with it in this movement the Third Army. The Oise valley was opened up and von Hutier seemed in an easy position for maneuvering his enveloping turn, all the while gravely menacing Paris, which the long range guns had already commenced to bombard.

But then, with remarkable rapidity, the French troops closed the fissure opened by the first fighting. Before Ham and Tergnier, behind Gaiscard and Chauny, then around Lassigny and Nogent, they held the enemy and finally stopped him. At the same time, carrying out a rapid shift toward the west.

Continued on Page 2.

THESE ARE ALL TAKEN, BUT WE HAVE PLENTY MORE



Marie Gronyer - Twice a refugee

André Cousser, Father killed, home destroyed

Gene and Marguerite Donbinger - Father died a prisoner

Weillé and Lucien Grodizier, Father killed in 1914

George and Clara Mangolia, held by Germans eighteen months

U.S. ENGINEERS ARE ONCE AGAIN IN THICK OF IT

Tools Give Way to Rifles When German Offensive Begins

YANKS READY IN CRISIS

Onrushing Waves of Foe Riddled as They Get Within Sure Fire Range

STUBBORN FIGHT WHOLE WAY

"They Held On by Their Teeth Until Last Moment," Is British Officer's Praise

American railway engineers, who were working under Canadian command behind the British lines when the present great German drive began, caught up their rifles and for several days fought shoulder to shoulder with their Canadian comrades to resist and slacken the Hun onslaught.

These were among the Americans referred to in one of Sir Douglas Haig's dispatches as having shared in the first days of the greatest battle in history—an opportunity that came to them by the fortunes of war before it was announced to the world that General Pershing had placed all the American forces, present and coming, at the disposal of General Foch.

The American railway engineer is a combatant only in emergency, but for that emergency he is armed, and for this detachment up behind the British lines it required only the lightning change of dropping their tools and grabbing their rifles to form themselves into a fighting unit.

Compared with the incoming Hun multitude, their number was exceedingly small, and they were unsupported by artillery. But they had their rifles and they had a few machine guns, and they used these with deadly effect until they became so hot they could not use them any more.

Enemy Advances in Waves

The enemy advanced in the familiar German close formation, wave after wave. At one place there were seven such waves, each of them ten men deep and none of them more than a hundred yards apart.

The Americans, with no idea of retreating, waited grimly until the first wave of the advance was within sure-fire range and then let the Huns have it, firing as fast as they could and watching the ever-widening gaps in the oncoming ranks as the streams of bullets did their work.

The Germans did not fire a single shot. They simply came on. In the face of a murderous fire which killed or put them out of business by thousands, they advanced undaunted.

Kill or Be Smothered

These tactics were new to the Americans, but it was quite clear that it was a simple question of killing Germans or being engulfed and smothered in the oncoming waves. So they killed Germans steadily until the weapons became too hot, when they retired to another position, halted, turned and went to work again.

Thus it went for several days, a lot of young Americans, new to such warfare, fighting stubbornly all the way from a point near Saint-Quentin to a place near Nogent. When they reached that place, they were nearly exhausted and their equipment hardly any was left.

Then came their chance to rest and be re-equipped. They needed that, for they had done their part in stemming the Hun offensive during the first critical days of the battle now in progress.

"They inflicted terrific casualties on the enemy and then moved back, waiting for the Germans to repeat the performance," a British officer said. "They held on by their teeth until the last moment."

FIRM WAR ADVOCATE ELECTED TO SENATE

Representative Lenroot Scores Clean Triumph in Wisconsin

[BY CARLETON THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 11.—Representative Irvine L. Lenroot, Republican, has been elected United States Senator from Wisconsin, to succeed the late Senator Hastings. His plurality over Joseph E. Davies, the Democratic candidate, was 10,000.

Victor L. Berger, the Socialist candidate, got a large vote. It is undoubtedly true that the Wisconsin result presents many important angles and divisions of the vote too complex to be quickly analyzed. It will, no doubt, force extremely earnest study on to politicians of all parties for gaining an understanding of public tendencies.

The outstanding fact, however, is that Senator-elect Lenroot's attitude on the war has been consistently logical, and that he has been one of the most able and aggressive members of the Lower House of Congress in the furthering of patriotic legislation. And from that much comfort may justly be derived.

In other political activity the country does not seem to be so rich. True, the undismayed and ever hopeful opponents of woman suffrage in New York have met and have passionately resolved to fight for a rebusmission of woman suffrage to the voters of the Empire State.

The speakers' limited the meeting by their fiery protestations against the dreadful mistake of letting woman vote. But, aside from that, things political—outside Wisconsin, of course—are pretty well dormant.

SURE IT WAS ELSIE! WHO ELSE WOULD?

Doughboy's Delight Finds Brand New Way to Go on the Stage

Down at a certain French town where there are so many American railway engineers that it looks as though the entire personnel of the Pennsylvania Railroad had hastily adjourned to France, they can use the trainshed as an auditorium on great occasions by simply rigging up a stage at one end and letting most of the audience stand. That roomy shed was placarded the other day with the simple poster, "ELSIE JAMES TONIGHT," and that was enough to pack it to the doors.

Long before the appointed hour more than two thousand soldiers were straining their eyes for the first glimpse of Elsie, when there came the signal to clear one of the tracks that run the length of the shed, and with a great foot-tapping and a still greater uproar along the line a locomotive trundled into the shed. In the cab were some grinning engineers, and on the cow-catcher was Elsie James, waving her hand and laughing as if she were having the time of her life, which she probably was. Up the track the locomotive made its way till it was near enough the stage for the agile actresses to make it in one jump. She did. With her black velvet tam perched on one side of her head and her arms held high, she cried: "Are we downhearted?"

They were not, and said as much at the top of their lungs.

SAY "AMERICAN E. F."

Better tell the people at home to address you in care of "American E. F."—not "A. E. F." Particularly, too, when writing to friends of yours in the Army over here, put it on—"American E. F." The reason is that the abbreviation "A. E. F." is quite similar to some in use by our Allies. If Mother, despite her other excellent qualities, has a habit of making her E's look like I's, the chances are that her carefully concocted plum pudding may find its way into the lap of some hungry Aussie, for "A. I. F." is the designation for those boys.

The "thou shalt" part of the G. O. reads: "Hereafter, all members of the American Expeditionary Forces, in addressing mail to units and individuals of the service, should, therefore, have got to be specific—also reasonable."

The people back home will be able, as heretofore, to send us smokes and candy and writing paper and fountain pens and knitted sweaters and knitted gloves and knitted socks and knitted tummy bands and knitted earflaps and knitted mufflers and knitted helmets and knitted scarfs and knitted brows and knitted picture frames and knitted lampshades and knitted vanity cases and knitted wristlets and knitted anklets and knitted fingerlets and knitted toeleets; but we will have to specify on separate sheets in our letters to them, just what portions of our well-known anatomies are in need of such sumptuary covering, just what size we desire, just what color we want the wool in order to have it blend into the camouflage scheme. Oh, no; not quite as bad as that; but you get what we mean.

"PLUCKING" BOARDS FOR POOR OFFICERS

Inefficient Heads Will Be Chopped Off by Superiors in Rank

In case a National Guard, National Army or Reserve Corps officer is believed inefficient, and his elimination from the service seems warranted, he will be judged by a retiring or "plucking" board of from three to five officers, all of whom shall be his superiors in rank. The manner of procedure for such a board is laid down in new orders just issued by G. H. Q.

The testimony given before the board members will all be sworn to by the witnesses offering it, and will be recorded in full wherever practicable. In case it is not practicable to do so, a summary of the material testimony of each witness will be recorded in the board's report. The officer concerned will be allowed to submit a written statement to be considered by the board and incorporated in its report. The findings and recommendations of the board will be in each case set forth with the board's reasons for arriving at them.

Power to appoint such retiring or "plucking" boards will be recommended from the service systems warranted, by the board and incorporated in its report. The findings and recommendations of the board will be in each case set forth with the board's reasons for arriving at them.

The case of provisional officers and those holding permanent commissions in the Regular Army are covered by G. O. No. 70, W. D., 1917, and by G. O. No. 62, H. A. E. F., 1917, as heretofore.

NO MORE PARCELS UNLESS SOLDIERS WRITE FOR THEM

Officers Must O.K. Men's Requests for Packages From America

ORDER WILL SAVE TONNAGE

Sweets and Sweaters Will Have To Make Room for Flour and Fighters

No more packages from home unless we write for them. It's tough, but it's true, like so many tough things. No more parcels post packages will be accepted in the States for shipment to use overseas unless those packages are accompanied by our own written requests, signed with our own John Hancock, and O.K.'d by our superior officers. Our requests, therefore, have got to be specific—also reasonable.

The people back home will be able, as heretofore, to send us smokes and candy and writing paper and fountain pens and knitted sweaters and knitted gloves and knitted socks and knitted tummy bands and knitted earflaps and knitted mufflers and knitted helmets and knitted scarfs and knitted brows and knitted picture frames and knitted lampshades and knitted vanity cases and knitted wristlets and knitted anklets and knitted fingerlets and knitted toeleets; but we will have to specify on separate sheets in our letters to them, just what portions of our well-known anatomies are in need of such sumptuary covering, just what size we desire, just what color we want the wool in order to have it blend into the camouflage scheme. Oh, no; not quite as bad as that; but you get what we mean.

Rule Already Effective

The following English version of the cablegram of the Second Assistant Postmaster General to the postal forces of the A. E. F. may explain away some of the whiffs of the situation. Here it is: "Effective April 1, no parcel post will be sent to parties identified with the American Expeditionary Forces unless the articles offered for mailing have been requested in writing, and the request has been approved by a superior officer. This request must be inclosed with the article in the parcel, which will be opened in New York and the contents certified with the written request. Therefore, I would request that the notice be widely circulated among the troops to have the written requests on sheets which can be enclosed in parcels."

So we've got to write out what we want on a separate sheet, a sheet that will stand the wear and tear of packing and be presentable for inspection when it hits Mr. Patten's well-known post-office in Park Row, New York, on its way back to us. If the parcel doesn't weigh more than the authorized amount—at last accounts it was seven pounds—the stuff will get to us in due time. But we should be careful not to write home for any baby grand pianos, any pianolas, elephants, thousands of bricks or other bulky articles, because the chances are that they'd never get to us at all.

The move is made in the interest of economizing tonnage space, to save room for steel and wheat and beef and men.

33 MORE WAR WAIFS ADOPTED AS MASCOTS BY AMERICAN UNITS

FOR THE ORPHANS OF FRANCE

Gone are the games that they should be playing; Gone are the trinkets to childhood dear. Hushed are the voices that should be saying Words of parental cheer.

Give them the joy that is theirs by birthright! Give them the smiles they are robbed of! Give them the love that is childhood's earthright— Give them the right to live!

Sergeant Alone Will See That One Orphan Gets Year's Care

AIR CENTER ASKS FOR 13

Infantry Companies Strong on Picking Pairs, Brother and Sister Preferred

SUPPLY TRAINS SPEED THINGS

One Organization Raises 500 Francs in 15 Minutes—Field Clerks Order Child by 'Phone

Thirty-three children adopted. Thirty-three needy French youngsters assured of food, clothing, schooling, comfort, and a home for a year.

Thus may be summarized the progress of the second week since THE STARS AND STRIPES announced its plan to afford units of the A. E. F. an opportunity to take as their mascots French children whose fathers have been killed or permanently disabled in their brave stand against their enemy and ours. With the first week adopted last week, the total now stands at 38.

From every part of France, it seems, and from nearly every kind of organization have come reassuring responses—requests for boys of six and for girls of ten. For girls of six and boys of ten, for brothers and sisters, for best driven from their homes by the invasion of the Boche.

"We are with you," is the tone of all these communications. "We are glad to help."

First Individual Request

The first request from an individual soldier for a child came this week, and right from our own office. Sergeant Richard S. Claiborne, one of the printers on THE STARS AND STRIPES, enthusiastically contributed to the support of the girl we adopted last week, announcing a couple of days ago and then announced that he personally wanted to adopt a girl of nine or ten. In peace times Sergeant Claiborne is employed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington.

"I'm getting along past middle age," said the sergeant, "and just figuring—for about 20 years I've been spending foolishly three or four times as much as it costs to support one of these children for a year."

The sergeant isn't going to put a year's limitation on his adoption. He is going to see that his charge gets an education. And maybe she'll finish it in the States.

Aviators Come Back Strong

The biggest response came from the Air Service. The aviators seemed to go right up in the air when they read the plan. Early this week came this telegram from *Plane News*, the official paper of the Air Service: "Staff of *Plane News* adopts one orphan, mademoiselle, and has news of local squadrons adopting 12 others."

Then came news from individual squadrons. The Tenth Aero Squadron wrote: "Enclosed find 612 francs forwarded by members of the Tenth Aero Squadron. We desire to congratulate you upon this idea because it is in entire accord with the principles for which we are fighting, the preservation of the home."

"We, who have journeyed many thousands of miles, know that it is our duty not only to fight for the home and the little ones of the generations to come, but also to see that the little tots of today who have been deprived of the loving care and comfort of parents are given a start in life. Some of us have children at home, others have little brothers and sisters. We desire, in their names, to contribute our mite toward making the life of some little orphan at least a bit happier."

"While we realize that nothing we can do can compensate for the loss of parents, we feel that, in helping some boy or girl to get a start in life, we are not only doing our duty, but also doing for some child that your committee thinks will not be chosen by anyone else. If possible, pick us out a little girl, as all of us realize that a girl has more to contend with in life than a boy, and if the little lady has no name, please call her Miss Aero Columbia. If there are any more little orphans for whom we cannot find a home, let us know and we will occur."

"Three cheers for THE STARS AND STRIPES."

"Yours for Uncle Sam and Miss Aero Columbia."

Letter Goes to French Trenches

When this letter was read at Red Cross headquarters one of the members of the orphans' committee, who is the daughter of a French general now at the front, translated it into French and sent it to her father that he might read it to his troops. It was the most cheering message which could be sent to the French trenches, she said.

The 62nd Aero Squadron wrote: "After reading in last week's STARS AND STRIPES of the plan for units to support French war orphans for one year, the men of this squadron have pledged themselves to support five orphans."

"Enclosed find 500 francs to cover necessary expenses in adoption of child," wrote the 21st Aero Squadron. "We request that the child be a girl between the age of six and ten. The men of this command are very enthusiastic over the adoption of child."

"It is with great pleasure that I write you in regard to the war orphans of beloved France," said the first sergeant of the 64th Aero Squadron. "This organization stands ready to care for three, *En masse*, we want a brother and sister, orphans which could be seven; the other to be cared for by ten soldiers of this command and to be a girl orphan of seven. It is our desire that these children be sent to school. And, again, if the Great Father so wills that we return to the United States and it be

SURE SUCCESS IS PREDICTED FOR NEW LOAN

Third Flotation of Liberty Bonds Being Boomed on All Sides

MARKETS REMAIN SERENE

Business Experiences Little Disturbance Despite Vastness of Enterprise

CITIES FILLING "WAR CHESTS"

Every Indication Points to Intense Desire to See War Through to Victorious End

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

[BY CARLETON THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, April 11.—Cheerful confidence everywhere is the biggest characteristic of the conditions surrounding the present Liberty Loan drive, cheerful confidence everywhere that this, the third flotation, will be a big and overwhelming success.

There is no slackening of effort in any direction, no cessation of work. The people are pushing it along with every agency that American ingenuity and efficiency can invent.

Speakers everywhere are exhorting; posters and banners are everywhere flaunting their message; war exhibits, parades of soldiers, flights of airships—all are doing their part to spread the message far and wide. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the present lot of posters is very fine—far better than those used in the course of the first drive.

No Tension Apparent

None of the tension that was felt during the first campaign is apparent now. The country has now fallen into the "billion habit," and the amount to be raised bothers nobody. The whole financial machinery is working so smoothly that general business has shown practically no disturbance.

The stock market is quiet, but prices retain the general average level, just as if no bond issue was in progress.

New York's first day subscription totaled \$169,000,000. The National Bank took \$25,000,000; the Metropolitan Trust Company, \$7,500,000; the New York Life, \$11,500,000; The Mutual Life, \$10,000,000.

"War Chest" Idea Working

Besides the Liberty Loan, many cities are now doing splendid work on the "war chest" idea, which is excellent. The principle is to collect once and for all in each city for a war chest that shall supply the money needed for patriotic purposes for a year to come.

All this indicates of the intense desire of the people to see the war through and to speed the nation's fighting men without stint or without thought of material advantage. All the people show by their eagerness during these first days of the loan drive that the President was right when, in opening the loan campaign at Baltimore, he said to them: "They are quite disposed to undergo the most extreme sacrifices, even though it should mean encroaching every day upon meager wages. They will look with contempt on those who can and will not, on those who demand a higher rate of interest, on those who look upon the loan purely as a commercial transaction."

"The reasons for this great war, the necessity of seeing it through to a finish, the questions which depend upon the result, are being manifested more clearly than ever. Every man knows, or at least he can clearly see, how the cause of justice presents itself, and to what an imperishable thing he is being asked to consecrate himself."

INJIANNY GOES DRY!

[BY CARLETON THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 11.—The Illinois (township) local option elections have resulted in gains for prohibition. Only three of the formerly dry townships voted to become wet, and 13 of the wet townships went dry.

Indiana has gone dry by State statute, the law taking effect on April 2. The wets have asked the State supreme court to declare the law unconstitutional, but in the meantime complete drought will prevail.

The only Hoosier foot now running full blast is the literary one, the spout of which is at Indianapolis, with Booth Tarkington, George Ade, and Meredith Nicholson as the main spouters in favor of the crystal pure eau simple.

Souse Bend no longer lives up to its name.

BRITISH LEADER LONG SCHOOLED IN ART OF WAR Sir Douglas Haig, Thorough Scot, Has Fought on Three Continents TIRELESS STUDENT OF FOE Future Field Marshal Began to Watch German Tactics Twenty Years Back ALMOST MISSED HIS CAREER Medical Board Wanted to Reject Applicant Because of Color Blindness



FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

While the Germans sing their hymns of hate to England and never miss a chance to scrawl "Gott strafe England" on the walls of any city they capture, it was not England alone, but the whole, far-flung British Empire which, to many's intense disappointment, was brought into the war when the Kaiser made his first colossal blunder of invading Belgium.

land. Twenty years ago he wrote to me from Germany, where he was spending his leave, a letter so full of prophetic knowledge that I sent it to his young wife to keep, because some day some one who writes his life will see what he forecast 20 years before he went to fight the Germans.

color to all the anecdotes about D. H. or Duggie, as his men are wont to call him behind his back. "The Fifer" is a gallant figure, the perfect cavalry type, tall, alert, broad-shouldered. A dashing hussar in his youth, he has kept in training by polo. He is fair and blue-eyed. His forehead is broad and intellectual, the forehead of a thinker. His chin is thrust forward aggressively, the chin of a fighter. He is probably the best-looking single object on the western front.

As one evidence and symbol of the solidarity of that unshaken empire, note the fact that the man who commands, and for more than two years now has commanded, the British Expeditionary Forces on the Western front, is not an Englishman at all. Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig is a Scotchman.

His hours of danger, such as are the daily portion of his men today, Sir Douglas experienced in his earlier campaigns. His first recognition in the Army came as the result of some brilliant and hazardous reconnaissance work in the Soudan, when, before the battle of Atbara, he advanced within a few hundred yards of the enemy's positions, obtained the information that Kitchener needed and came galloping back amid a storm of bullets.

You will never see him in anything so prosaic as a motor car if a horse will serve his purpose, and in his gleaming boots and clinking silver spur chains there is a hint of the old pageantry of war; but his job is behind the lines, and for the most part you must think of him at his desk bending over a map.

Just as Canada and New Zealand and Australia sent fighters of imperishable memory into the battle line, just as Wales contributed Lloyd-George, and Ireland Sir John French and Kitchener, so Scotland gave to the Empire's Army its commander-in-chief.

During the Boer war, on the day of Cronje's surrender at Paardeberg, he was thrown from his horse into the rushing waters of the Modder River, and would have been lost if a brother officer had not rescued him just in time.

Visitors to his headquarters bring away the impression of a Scotch laird who had settled down to the management of his own vast estate. Everything is simple and strict there, and the Army is run as if it were a quiet family matter, with the minimum of clinking heels and military formality, a state of affairs the Germans could never understand.

When the war broke loose in the Summer of 1914, Lieutenant General Haig, as he was then, was little known outside the Army circles in which he had moved and had his being since he left Brasenose College, Oxford, back in the early eighties. He was a soldier's soldier.

Narrow escapes he has had, too, since this war began. Once he was watching the progress of a battle from a haystack when some German projectiles landed right beside it, and he lived to tell the tale only because they failed to explode.

"When history relates the story of the great battles of the Somme," says Lord Northcliffe, "it will tell how Sir Douglas Haig and his staff had their quarters in a modest dwelling, part of which was still occupied by the family who owned it. Thus it was that the voices of children running up and down the corridors mingle with the ceaseless murmur of the guns and the work of the earnest little company of men whose labors are never out of the thoughts of their countrymen throughout the Empire."

There were several reasons why General Haig was the expected, the obvious, choice. In the first place, from the very beginning of the war, he had brilliantly distinguished himself, especially in the campaign from Mons, where he extricated his troops with comparative small losses. He was commander of the First Army Corps and later of the First Army in those early, desperate days.

Then, again and again, they read like a chant of praise, Field Marshal French's dispatches (the first of which, you may remember, were those of Sir Douglas Haig). Again and again they spoke of his "energy and vigor," his "skillful, bold, decisive" strokes, and in many more such terms gave "heartfelt thanks for the brilliant leadership displayed by Sir Douglas Haig." He was just as good as his successor the general who had been his companion-at-arms and chief of staff in the old days of the Boer war.

There are children in the Sir Douglas Haig's own home waiting the day when the great job is done. He married in 1905 the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, and because his bride was one of Queen Alexandra's ladies-in-waiting, the wedding took place in Buckingham Palace, with the wedding breakfast given by the King and Queen. A week before the present German offensive was launched, Field Marshal Haig's first son was born.

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He likes to think he's one of us; and, back in billets, when he has to make inspections, he'll sit down and chin a while, and as to all this "Yes, sir" stuff, "Oh, can it." That's his style.

At shows, he plays his ukule for us, and sings his college glees, and if there's a piano, wow! He sure can pound the keys! On hikes he always starts a song, or sends along a laugh—and those are things, you darn well know, that help us stand the gauntlet.

In actual fighting before 1914, Sir Douglas Haig had never commanded any body larger than a regiment. He had spent his time in India's sunny clime, "a servin' of 'er Majesty the Queen." He had won his spurs when, under Kitchener, the Union Jack was hoisted over Khartoum, and he was chief of staff under French in South Africa in the days of Kimberley and Paardeberg.

He always calls us "Fellows"—never pulls the line, "My men" He likes to think he's one of us; and, back in billets, when he has to make inspections, he'll sit down and chin a while, and as to all this "Yes, sir" stuff, "Oh, can it." That's his style.

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Perhaps they called him "Lucky Haig" because he had more than one narrow escape from death in those earlier and more adventurous days perhaps because of his dashing and handsome cavalry officer-made friends and found favor everywhere, and was rapidly advanced through the grades. He is only 57 now, ten years younger, for example, than General Foch the senior member of that firm of chiefs who are dedicated to the task of ridding France and Belgium of every form of German life.

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HUMBLE PRIVATE WINS AS OFFICER'S COUNSEL

Lieutenant Michael is free. The case of the People of Paris vs. THE STARS AND STRIPES. Lieutenant Michael appearing as defendant, tried on Monday of this week in the police court of the 14th Arrondissement, resulted in a suspension of judgment. Which was quite fitting, as the whole thing arose from a lapse of judgment on the part of some staff members of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The lieutenant rushed to the rear of the office and engaged counsel in haste. He pointed out the danger that might arise from that practice if indiscriminately indulged. He was very nice about it, and counsel did not disagree with him on a single point. Neither did defendant. Neither does anybody who has lived through an air raid.

It appears that, contrary to police regulations, which had been quite forgotten by the eager, late-telling staff of this paper, a light was left burning in the upper story of No. 1, Rue des Italiens, G-2, A.E.F., Paris, France, far into the night. Said light was a brilliant affair—just like the paper whose sanctum it illuminated. (Adv.) It was so brilliant, in fact, that it shone right through the royal purple curtains that shield the late toilers from the gaze of the passing multitude.

That afternoon both Lieutenant Michael, representing THE STARS AND STRIPES, and his counsel entered the arrondissement station at the appointed time and proceeded to the court-room. "Je suis un avocat américain," the self-styled lawyer began in his best correspondence school French, just to indicate that he was an American lawyer. His Honor bowed graciously, motioned both counsel and culprit to seats, and began.

A passing zephyrus—which is French for cop-spotted the light. He was a regular spotlight artist. Lights at night convey an invitation to Zeppelins, Gothas, Taubes, Fokkers, and other German craft to c'mon-over-Skinny, and get the range on Paris and kerpunk their bombs. Lights at night, therefore, are dangerous; doubly dangerous for the people who expose them.

The Case for the People of Paris He laid down the law about the exhibition of lights after sundown in Paris. He pointed out the danger that might arise from that practice if indiscriminately indulged. He was very nice about it, and counsel did not disagree with him on a single point. Neither did defendant. Neither does anybody who has lived through an air raid.

For the sake, therefore, of shielding THE STARS AND STRIPES from the enemy's attentions, and saving the surrounding buildings from what would be left over after the Boche had had his little hate, the gendarme—which is French for putman—look the number of the building and the number of the room, turned in his report to Desk Sergeant—Desk Sergeant—oh, whatever is French for Clancy, and made out a complaint.

"Triste," "Très triste," counsel finished emphatically. "I understand," his Honor broke in, in excellent English. "You are very sorry, messieurs. It is of nothing—of nothing, I assure you! The charge is dismissed."

Easy to Hang It on Him The next morning, sure enough, the patrolman on the day beat called on Lieutenant Michael because lieutenant Michael gets around a lot and was therefore the easiest one to hang it on—to with a summons directing him to appear before the police tribunal at five o'clock that afternoon. He acquiesced. Lieutenant Michael with the nature of the charge, gravely saluted and walked out.

All the way down the stairs the gendarmes saluted the acquitted and his lawyer. At the doorway the happy pair passed. "The French Bar is very cordial," said defendant. "French bars are noted for cordials," replied the low-brow counsel.

HOW FIRST A.E.F. UNIT WON THE FOURRAGERE

The only American unit that has thus far been honored with the right to wear the fourragere can claim at least one distinction that no other American unit that wins it in future can hope to achieve. The unit is—or was originally—the Section sanitaire américaine No. 5, and the distinction is that the first of the two citations necessary to give it the privilege was made before America entered the war—to be exact, just a year and three days before.

can unit—now for how it won the fourragere. One citation is not enough to secure that honor. Still, one is necessary for a starter, and the Section got its first April 3, 1916, when, during the battle of Verdun, it assumed during a period of 11 days of fighting, with an absolute disregard of danger, the evacuation of a zone particularly shelled by the enemy. Those were the words that appeared in a French Order of the Army.

Like a Vest Estate Visitors to his headquarters bring away the impression of a Scotch laird who had settled down to the management of his own vast estate. Everything is simple and strict there, and the Army is run as if it were a quiet family matter, with the minimum of clinking heels and military formality, a state of affairs the Germans could never understand.

The second citation, dated November 30, 1917, characterizes the Section as "a personnel d'élite" who showed during the attack of October 23 to 25—the brilliant French stroke along the Chemin des Dames—"the richest sense of duty. It assured in a minimum of time, despite great material difficulties, the evacuation of all the wounded of its division over roads hardly practicable and continually under a violent bombardment. It attained this remarkable result only by its exceptional qualities of physical and moral endurance."

First Aid Hospital Organized The unit had its origin, in a manner of speaking, in a motor car. Triebels was running up and down the corridors mingle with the ceaseless murmur of the guns and the work of the earnest little company of men whose labors are never out of the thoughts of their countrymen throughout the Empire.

Still More Honors In addition, the Section has received an Army Corps citation, has had its colors decorated with the Croix de Guerre with palm twice, and carries on its fanion four Croix de Guerre. Thirty-eight members of the Section also wear the war cross.

There are children in the Sir Douglas Haig's own home waiting the day when the great job is done. He married in 1905 the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, and because his bride was one of Queen Alexandra's ladies-in-waiting, the wedding took place in Buckingham Palace, with the wedding breakfast given by the King and Queen. A week before the present German offensive was launched, Field Marshal Haig's first son was born.

That isn't all. Recently it received the following letter from American G.H.Q.: "The Commander in Chief has noted with pleasure the splendid work done by S.S.C. 646, which has twice caused it to be cited in French orders, and therefore won for it the honor of the Pourragere. He directs you to extend his congratulations to the officer and men of this unit."

So much for how it became an American unit—now for how it won the fourragere. One citation is not enough to secure that honor. Still, one is necessary for a starter, and the Section got its first April 3, 1916, when, during the battle of Verdun, it assumed during a period of 11 days of fighting, with an absolute disregard of danger, the evacuation of a zone particularly shelled by the enemy. Those were the words that appeared in a French Order of the Army.

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BOYS! No War Prices for "SWAN" Fountain Pens. Military and Civil Tailors KRIEGCK & CO. 23 Rue Royale.

EDIBLE MATTRESSES FOR ARMY SLEEPERS Hay Bed Will Be Passed Along to Four-footed A.E.F. Comrades. Hay, there! Hay yourself! You're going to sleep on it. Oh, yes, you are: oh—yes—you are! And, when you do, you'll like it a lot. It's ever so much more aristocratic than the straw you've been sleeping on all winter. Step right along up with you nice, new, white, desiccated bed, dig into the fragrant pile and help yourself. Stuff it in well along the corners, and don't let a big lump get into the place where the middle of your back comes. But don't take more than 15 pounds of it; that's all the new order allows you, whether you're a light or a heavy sleeper. You're going to get this hay every month—that's what the order says. "All organizations now in France," it goes on, "may, on the first forage return submitted after receipt of this order, requisition for hay for use in filling bedsacks, at the rate of 15 pounds per man per month. Organizations hereafter arriving in France—that's a hopeful touch in the order—may requisition similarly on their first forage return submitted after arrival. Thereafter, hay for bedsacks may be taken from the regular forage allowance, except in cases where the amount required for bedsacks is in excess of the amount required for feed, in which case the necessary extra amount will be requisitioned for." That, you see, covers infantry outfits where the amount of hay required for feed is not so very large. One spoonful of hay to every pall of slum is the correct formula, as we recall it. So far, so good. Here's an unkind cut. This is the order: "Used hay which has been emptied out of bedsacks will be feed to animals." Yes—sir! Fed to animals! The same hay upon which you toss and turn and toss and turn and toss and turn and toss and turn after having partaken of the Louis's underdone beans and overdone beef—that same hay will, at the end of the month, be taken out—by you—and put into a pile for the delectable munching of Pramas and Thisbe, Via Blanc and Via Rouge, David and Jonathan, Weber and Fields, Custer and Pollux, Lewis and Clark, Cohen and Harris, and all the other hayburning teams of four-foot attached to the troop or battery. "Pretty good hay," one old long-eared bee-haver will grant to his mate, between mouthfuls. "Come out of the little Jones boy's bed-sack. He's light—and to drink about two gallons of water to the weight test—and he hasn't taken much of the springiness out of it." "Haw," Friend Harness-Mate will reply, also between mouthfuls. "I've got it on you! I got the hay from the Colonel's sack, and hay what's been slept on top of officers is much nicer!"

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FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1918.

YOU WANT TO GO HOME

When you are out on guard on the border of No Man's Land and they've left you alone with your thoughts and the darkness, you conjure up a vision of Main Street in your home town and perhaps you tell yourself that you would give everything you own in the world—Liberty bonds and all—just for a berth on the next ship sailing for America. But would you? Would you really?

You want to go back to New York. You want to see Fifth Avenue all shining in the morning sun and to push your way through the great, jostling, good-natured crowd that thrums about Times Square. You want a long, lazy afternoon up at the Polo Grounds, a plate of wheats at Child's, a comfortable seat at the Palace, where you can settle back and smoke and listen to good, old, noisy Nora Bayes. Good Lord, how you want to go back.

But not now. The home-town of your dreams is the home-town as it was and as it will be once again, but not as it is today. Today, and just so long as this war lasts, you could not spend a single happy hour within its gates. No man could. The man who would willingly hug Broadway while the heart of the world beats in France is a man who would stay in bed on election day and who would sneak off to Coney in the hour of a Lincoln's funeral.

You want to go back home. There are no words to tell how much you want to go back home. But not till this war is over. Not till this job is done.

JUST PLAIN GRUB

We are getting whole wheat bread, the kind that makes muscle and bone and sinew. It is one of the most important components in a fighting man's makeup. It gets to us pretty regularly and is distributed pretty freely. But just because it is plentiful and free, let's not waste it. People at home have had to put up with corn pone and rye bread in order that it might be spared for us.

We also get meat—good big chunks of beef and slabs of bacon and the rest—right along, rich in the fats which are so indispensable to our building up. But just because it's plentiful and free, let's not waste it. People at home have instituted meatless days in order that we might have it.

So it is with all the rest of the food that is handed out to us. In every case, our gain has come through careful saving by the people at home. We owe it to them—as well as to our own sense of self-respect—to see that it is not wasted or thrown away. And this is meant for the ultimate consumer just as much as for the mess sergeant and the cook.

THE PHONETTES

They're here and there. They say "seventy-five" instead of "sixty-fifteen," as the French ones do. They say "Hold the wire" instead of "Attendez un moment." "General Pershing" instead of "le Général Pershing," and "THAIN-KEW" instead of "MAIRNESE." In short, it seems like home to hear them talking over the wires.

The original 33 of the phonettes' Expeditionary Forces have made good on their jobs. Equally at home in French and English, they juggle the two languages about with marvelous dexterity, and all without disturbing a back comb. Their work is important work. We wonder how we got along without them all this time.

But, best of all, they never say, "A dollar and a half extra, please!" You talked with the young lady for three-quarters of an hour overtime! In the first place, they attend to calls on Army business only. In the second, there aren't any dollar and a half in France. So they haven't a chance to deliver that irritating message of bygone days. Our relations are wholly pleasant. We thank them.

THE NAVY'S ARMY

Of all the arms of our national services now fighting in France the least understood in the popular mind is the Marine Corps. The Marine are not the Army men. Neither are they the sailors. They are not infantrymen, cavalrymen, military policemen, artillerymen, aviators, engineers, signalmen nor in the Q. M. Yet they are trained and equipped to act in all of these special capacities, occasionally adding to the list some of the duties of the sailor, such as splicing a rope, manning a ship's gun or pulling an oar.

Marine Corps. Simply describe it as "the Navy's Army." As official orders put it, the Marines in France are "detached for service with the Army by order of the President." They are a section of a complete little mobile army which forms about one-sixth of the personnel of the United States Navy.

The body of Marines attached to the A.E.F. probably are fighting farther from the seaboard than any contingent of "leathernecks" in our country's history. That they are serving faithfully, so far from their old haunts, is proven by praise from the highest source. General Pershing, at a recent review, paid them the compliment of declaring that he wished he had half a million of them. A generous tribute, which the Marines will long and gratefully remember.

DON'T "BETTER YOURSELF"

One of the saddest figures in Army life is the high-spirited youngster who, with beating heart and head erect, makes for the nearest recruiting station, offers his all to his country, and then 24 hours after reaching camp hears the whisper, "Better yourself," and starts on a career of self-seeking sycophancy.

He has been infected, and it is an infection that spreads. Probably it spreads the more rapidly in our Army just because advancement in America has been so splendidly open to the humblest citizen, because we have all heard the get-ahead gospel since childhood, because each and every one of us started out with the notion that he stood a fair chance of being President some fine day.

The Kaiser has no great cause to fear the major who, on the first day of his majority, says to himself, "Now, how soon can I become a lieutenant colonel?" instead of "O Lord, help me to shoulder this new responsibility."

A real scholar has no time to think about promotion. He does his job for all he is worth and takes what ranks come along.

The young lieutenant who, instead of bending all his wits to see how much work he can get done every 24 hours, spends all his time scheming for a captaincy, is a pretty poor lieutenant and would make a pretty poor captain. He is like the dough-boy whose rifle is never clean except for inspection. He does everything for show, and there is no health in him. He really belongs on kitchen police, although that would be hard on the cook.

Don't "better yourself." Better the Army.

WHOOPIING IT UP

"Dilly-dallying Congressional investigations probably are resulting in some good and much delay, but they undoubtedly set forth the fact that ships are coming to meet the need, that the War Department has effectively accomplished a tremendous task, that the Navy justly deserves immense credit, that things on the whole are striding forward, and that, despite comparatively inconsequential maladjustments, critics and kickers and growlers who clasp their hands in delight at the seeming partisan achievement in some trivial disclosure are, as a matter of fact, about the most unpopular people over here."

This extract from a personal letter proves that things back home are not only moving, but gathering momentum. And slow-moving bodies that get up sufficient momentum are hard to stop. The "critics and kickers and growlers" seem to be finding it out, too.

Sack folks apparently don't stand in any better at home nowadays than they do in the A.E.F.

GETTING INTO THE GAME

The knell of "informal" athletics seems to have been sounded by the decision of the Board of Athletic Control of Princeton University. Princeton is coming back in all branches of intercollegiate sports, coming back strong in good old ante-bellum style. But it will cut down expenses, because the war is certain to cut down receipts.

1848

Seventy years ago Germany tried to have a revolution. Its fate was the natural fate of any uprising in a country whose government includes a powerful mechanism for the very purpose of suppressing the slightest manifestation of an organized popular will. But the failure proved that even a people who are not adept at rebellion can attempt to take affairs into their own hands once they see the certain justice of their course.

When Russia threw off the shackles of Czardom, the world began to look toward Germany. Revolutions usually move in groups—they did in '48—and it might happen again. And there are already signs within the German Empire that point to something more portentous than dissatisfaction grudgingly endured. But whatever way they point, there is a German revolution going on outside Germany of which the world has perhaps taken too little account. Many a German name in the A.E.F. has been handed down by a son of '48 who fled the Fatherland to seek liberty overseas. The vision of a free Germany was always before the eyes of the men of '48; they died with it before them, some of them between '61 and '63. But the grandsons of many of them, thoroughly American, are now American soldiers, fighting for the fulfillment of that same vision. Kaiserism knows they are here, and Kaiserism feels no whit more secure for knowing it.

The Listening Post

GIRLS I LEFT BEHIND II. FLORENCE. Flossie, how I used to kid you just as you were as young. When I used to say the lid you wore was not a pretty thing!

How my habit was to spoof you for affecting such a style. That the gear that used to roof you brought the wide satiric smile!

How I hurled my mighty humor at your bonnets red and black! Little dreaming it a boomer-ang to hit the slinger back.

So, as we say here, O di mi! Though I miss you greatly, Flo. Gosh, I'm glad you can't see me in my overdux chapeau!

Speculating on how devotees of various sports have turned out for war duty, the Sport Page believes that "tennis would stand high in the list and an unexpected contender for first honors might be cricket. This idea is suggested by the fact that the Western Massachusetts Cricket League boasts that no less than 25 per cent of its players have volunteered for war service."

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

Just how far the long-range gun can shoot is a matter of speculation. Which means, in the Army, that it is the subject of endless debate and argument. It brings to mind the old baseball sketch that Weber and Fields pulled—Heavens, can it be—22 years ago. "I know a man," Fields used to say, "who can throw a ball five thousand yards." "It's impossible," was Weber's comment. "It's possible," Fields would say. "I seen it myself. My brudder throws a ball five thousand yards." "Oh, well," Weber used to say, sticking out his red-vested stomach, "he could do it."

THE CHEMICAL CORPS

They get no song to boost 'em along, they get no words of cheer; For what they do is a job so new some of us don't know they're here; But they work away in the lab all day to help us win the war; Let's not forget we owe a debt to the men of the Chemical Corps.

For it's HCl to give 'em hell, and H2SO4 C6H6 and TNT—the men of the chemical Corps!

It's a shame, perhaps, to kid the overseas cap; but it's a shame not to.

BLESS HIM!

A bloke we like. Is Charlie Handy; He always gives 'Us half his candy.

FOR GIRLS

1. "I didn't know you knew Theda Bara." 2. "How could such a lovely girl waste her time on a guy like you?" 3. "She's just what you deserve."

FOR KIDS

1. "Tough luck. They look like their pa." 2. "Thorny! They look like their mother." 3. "What a beautiful looking child!" 4. "What an intelligent looking child!" 5. "What a healthy looking child!" 6. "What a mischievous looking child!"

With a judicious use of the preceding, Buck, you can't go far wrong. If anybody has any other reservable, rapid-firing comebacks, shoot 'em along.

This department, by orders as well as desire, is on the well-known water canon for the duration of the equally celebrated war. Which, however, is no reason to suppress the news that, according to the Herald, "Miss Frederica Hennessy has left for Cognac."

THINGS WE USED TO BEEF ABOUT. II.

The loquaciousness of the American barber.

TO A NURSE

Well, Miss Blank, you have how in the ward under your management a no account bugler. Ain't he the funniest looking gink I ever saw, with his close cropped hair, pug nose, and those two big ivories? And after I've gone you'll breathe less easier and thank the Yumping Juppiter that you're relieved of that Calamity. And you'll forget all about me after this here war is over and we all return home and get used to Broadway and civilization again. You'll never think of me again. And if you did, it would only be as a gawky looking youth. And you'd never mention it to your friends.

"B-T"—if by chance, although it is not likely—rise to prominence, and get to be a general, or a millionaire, or a cartoonist, or commit a murder, or something like that, you'll tell everybody you know about it, and how I was in your care at a hospital in France, and you won't think of me as a bonny, good for nothing ignibus, but as a Brave Doughboy who Risked His Young Life For His Country. Then you'll remember me, as the saying is.

Well, urse, it's not probable, so I guess I'd better quit raving and oblige.

Yours, JACK. The kid who had the mumps.

A second lieutenant at a rest camp writes that he's darned near a hero.

Sure, we get him. Down where the billets are the thickest.

WE'LL MORE THAN GET HIS GOAT YET!



WHAT THEY THINK AND DO AT HOME

A MESSAGE FROM TWENTY-FIVE STATES

By FRANK BOHN

Just before I left New York, in the middle of February, I received a letter from Colonel Clement Sullivan, late of the Confederate Army. Colonel Sullivan commanded the rear guard brigade of Lee's army on the retreat from Richmond.

After the surrender at Appomattox, Col. Sullivan, who was one of the most devoted followers of his great leader, served as private secretary to Lee, sharing his quarters in Richmond. Living now in a quiet, beautiful town on the eastern shore of Maryland, the Colonel's 79 years have affected neither his ability to think nor his capacity to feel deeply and passionately in a cause which inspires his devotion.

"This war arises from one of the greatest and most sacred of causes," the Colonel wrote me, "in which men have ever borne arms. It may last five years and we must plan to place an Army of five millions of men in Europe. How great a regret it is to me that my advanced age prevents me from again drawing my sword, this time for the United States of the world, on the frontier of France!"

A Nation With One Voice

So speaks America—every section and every State. Since the declaration of war I have traveled 25,000 miles through the U. S. A., going into nearly 30 States, and speaking publicly nearly 200 times on the issues of the war.

In a desert town in west Texas, a shrewd old cattleman came up to me one day after my lecture and said he wished to speak with me on a matter of great secrecy and confidence. When we were quite alone he gave me a piercing look out of his shrewd eyes and said:

"Go ahead," said I. "The whole world wants to hear." "Shoot the Kaiser at long range. I'm the best marksman in west Texas," said he, "and I can get the Kaiser at a mile with my 30-40. If you fellows can get me that near to the old cuss, I'll do the rest. I'm willing to take a chance."

TO BE READ WITH PRIDE

(From the Kansas City Journal, March 10, 1918.)

A new paper has reached the Journal's editorial desk. It is entitled THE STARS AND STRIPES, and the initial number is eight pages in size. THE STARS AND STRIPES is the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces and it is printed "somewhere in France."

It cannot be read without gaining a new insight into the devotion of the men who are fighting the cause of democracy against the infamous Hun, who becomes, if possible, more infamous with every new revelation of his bestial barbarity in the papers fresh from the presses.

One cannot read in THE STARS AND STRIPES the articles, the poems, the jokes, the "plain, unvarnished tales" of German cruelty and brutishness without looking into the warm and beating hearts of the Americans who are carrying the old flag beside the Union Jack, the fleur de lis and the banners of the other Allied nations.

A WORD FROM HOME

There's a fellow needs a letter. Will you write him just a line? It will make him feel much better To receive this friendly sign That we march in love beside him Wherever he may roam. Share his life, whatever betide him. As we think of him at home.

He has borne his country's burden, Sailed away to face the fight; Will you cheer him with this greeting: You are with him day and night? Just sit down and write a letter, Full of vim, of news, and cheer, It will make him feel much better For you thinking of him here.

There are days when he feels badly In his dugout far away; Send him greetings, freely, gladly, Tidings from the U.S.A. Stand beside him thigh and shoulder, Send your spirit, with a might; It will make him fight the bolder Just to read the lines you write.

Just sit down and write a letter Full of happiness and mirth, It will make some boy feel better As he burrows in the earth; Make his dugout one fine mansion, Make his night-watch bright as day, Sit right down and send good tidings To the boys who sailed away! G. W. D. Jr.

"KID US ALONG A LITTLE"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Saturday I had the pleasure of reading the first copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES, and in the language of the crude and uneducated West, from which I hail, thank the Lord, "I've got to slip it to you," for it was one good, snappy, readable sheet with punch and pen, the sine qua non of modern journalism, scintillating in every column.

I happen to be working in an office that took a census of the various departments at these headquarters to ascertain the approximate number of copies desired. I thought that sheet would be one of those typical "army" publications with heavy wit sandwiched in between dreary selections from the I.D.R. and incomprehensibly technical dissertations on the avoidance of venereal diseases. I was most pleasantly surprised, and have read and re-read the sheet with great pleasure.

From "civil to civil" THE STARS AND STRIPES hit me right. The sure of that grinning, "let's-give-'em-hell" doughboy on the front page with the breezy little appeal for a regular name for him started me off, and I perused the rest of the paper with great glee. The story of the hike of the regiment bound "up the line," the "Route Step—March" classic; the comment on the slinking of the "Pascuina," the verse on "Gee," but this thinkin's hell, and the sketches and cartoons were particularly good. Why, the sketch of the fish who used his helmet for a candlestick and forgot to remove the candle before inspection was a masterpiece that should live. And the "Route Step—March" brings back some of the hikes on the blistering border as vividly that when I read it I could almost feel the sweat start running down my back.

I'm a newspaper man—that is, I was a long, long time ago, seven months to be exact, and so possibly appreciate a sheet like yours a little more than the man who hasn't learned to love the smell of printer's ink and the rattles and clatters of typewriters and linotype machines, but I know, from the enthusiastic comments in headquarters, that THE STARS AND STRIPES is going to go good, and mighty good, with the A.E.F. And I'm just dashing this letter off in the hope that maybe a little bit of sincere praise might help. Newspaper men, as I know so well, don't get much from their work but the satisfaction and lingoing they've done something good, and I know that applies especially to you fellows. If at any time I can do something for the sheet, can contribute anything, I'll be only too glad if you'll say so.

Keep up the good work, make THE STARS AND STRIPES a bright, breezy sheet, kid us along a little, don't let the publications get too serious, for most everyone over here in uniform has enough of the serious and needs more of the frivolous; and, for the love of Mike, don't let anything happen to that artist, for we need his stuff. DAVID R. EWING.

"Seventy thousand negro troops will be called into the American Army at an early date. They are mostly from the Southern States"—Chicago "Tribune."

Thanks—a lot—for the information in that last sentence. We suspected as much.

"COW Will Win Democracy's War"—Skill another headline. Pop-corn?

IS YOUR SECTOR QUIET? THEN DON'T PLAY PAREE

That Pink Ticket o' Leave Isn't All It's Cracked Up To Be These Warm Spring Days— Try the White, Bo

Yes, I got my pink ticket, I did, and went up to Paree. But that's all the good it done me. Take it from me, guy, if they offer you a choice between a pink ticket and a white one, take the white one, every time.

Well, I come down to Paris on a week's leave. The first thing I know when I'm turning over, enjoying my first real sleep between sheets in eight months—BANGO! Then—brrrr—um! Boon! brrrr—um! Boon! all right under my window.

Down to the Rathskeller Well, I got up, and got downstairs in the hotel where I was staying at "A la curve!" the landlord shouts to me, and pointed at the cellar.

"What's the good of going down there?" I ask him. "Is it a rathskeller or something you want me to try?" But he can't compare for a sou. They're a dumb lot, these foreigners, even when you speak their own language at them.

I finally went down there, and they was a lot of people there in all sorts of dress and undress, but nobody seemed to mind. Over in the corner they was an Australian officer who told me, all in English, that an air raid was on. That was the first time I knew they spoke English in Australia.

"Air raid?" says I, looking at my wrist watch. "This is a helluva time to be pulling that stuff—half-past three in the morning!" "I know it," he says, "but there's nothing one can do about it, now can one?"

That was too deep for me, so I just says, "Ye-ah" and let it go at that. After about an hour and a half they blew some bugles out in the street to show the raid was called off on account of such grounds or something, and I went back to bed.

And Then Those Drums But I couldn't sleep. Along about 8 o'clock they began drumming out in the street, and all the church bells began to ring. Then, right in the middle of that I heard another BANGO! So, as it seemed to be the thing to do, I got up and dressed.



"I think it was probly put np to celebrate the opening of the first free lunch."

Down in the dining room I run into this Australian officer again. "Is it another air raid they got?" I says. "Oh they try that in the daytime, but it's too easy to spot."

"No," says he. "It's that beastly long-range gun of theirs, you know. It fires regular, every 20 minutes all day long. But they never hit anything, you know, except a few houses."

"Say," says I, "I thought I left the front behind me when we hiked back from Looneyville. Are they bringing the front down here 'ere's no way to be long-some for it while I'm on leave?"

"No," he told me. "That gun is a good 70 miles away—up at Antzy, as near as we can figure."

"Up at Unceasy?" says I. "Well, it makes it plenty Unceasy down here, don't it?"

That one was a little deep for him, so he just says "Indeed!" Anyway, I reckoned I was getting even for the one he pulled on me in the early morning.

Off To See Some Pictures But he didn't harbor no resentment. He ask me if I know any way about, and I said there was a lot of good pictures in the Luxembourg galleries over across the river. That was a new one on me; I always thought Luxembourg was a country, or something, but it appears it ain't.

Anyway, he showed me how to get there, and I went. This Luxembourg place is on the side of a big park, which is full of statues of people without no clothes on. They is one with three guys all holding out their hand at something and straining after it. I think it was probly put up to celebrate the opening of the first free lunch corner.

Well, I went into the box. I thought when that Aussie officer told me there was good pictures there that it was a movie palace, but it appears it ain't. They're nothing but stills in it. But they're in color, so that helps some.

They was some statues, too. I went around looking at them, and the first thing I know I ran into the statue of Liberty, only smaller.

"Hell," says I, "I was a boob to come over here. I saw that in New York before, who do I want to see it again for? Besides, it isn't as good as what it was there. It must have been shrunk some with the salt air or something, or ing over."

Trailing the Bombs So I beats it out, and goes roaming down the Boulevard. I think I know it like the back of my hand. It's just like Michigan Boulevard in Chi. Off to one side of it there was a big fence in place with a lot of ruins in it.

"Was that what the bomb done?" I asks a Tommy standing by. "No," he says, "them's the ruins of an old Roman palace and its baths." "Oh," says I, "is that so? I didn't know the Romans took baths. I thought the English invented it."

Leaving him to think that over, I rolled along my way to the Louvre. Somebody had told me I oughtn't to miss it, so I tried to get it. But it was closed up on account of it being Saturday or something, and I couldn't make it.

Then I got lunch at a restaurant, but I had to eat outdoors. I thought I was through with eating outdoors, when I come to a city, but it seems they do it because they like to. And in the afternoon I went to a real movie house on the Grand Boulevard—and what do you think I saw?

Good Old Charlie Chaplin The same show I saw in New York the week before leaving! The same picture of Charlie Chaplin's, only with French titles on it. And then, when they got to the news pictures, what was there but our old regiment, passing in review before that French general, and me in the rear rank of the third platoon of J Company with my left leg put coming down!

I got out of there. I had spent all day trying to find something new in Paris, and I couldn't. All the time they was throwing up old things at me that I seen before.

Well, that night I went to a vaudeville house, or rather a saloon and vaudeville house combined. It seems that's the way they do it here, so as to save paper on door checks when guys want to go out between the acts. The bar is right out in front of the theater part, so they get you going and coming. They change you a franc for the same beer you could get up at Looneyville for ten sous, only it's a little staler beer because it has to travel so far.

Just Dogs and Jugglers And then the show starts. Say, there was nothing but dog acts, and juggling acts, and more juggling acts, and a dame what came out and sang. There wasn't a joke in it anywhere that I could get. And the music? What do you think they played for new and zippy stuff? "Alexander's Rag-Time Band," "The Merry Widow," and "Every Little Movement!" It's a fact!

I went out when the show was about half over, figuring that I wouldn't get no vaudeville but only more ancient history if I stayed. The next morning I paid my hotel bill, slung my bag over my back, and beat it for the railroad station.

Nope, take it from me, bo; there's nothing to this Paris leave. There's nothing new here. It's just like New York, and I've seen New York. So what's the use?



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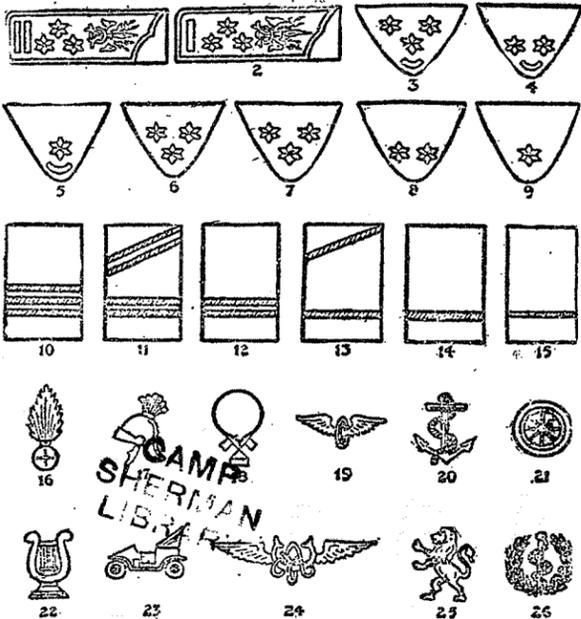
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INSIGNIA OF OUR ALLIES

II.—THE BELGIAN ARMY



If you were a sergeant in the Belgian Army, you would wear only one chevron. If you were a corporal in the Belgian Army, you would also wear only one chevron. This may seem rather rough on the sergeant, especially if he has just been promoted from a corporal and is anxious to tell the world. But the sergeant's lone chevron is so much wider than the corporal's that the difference can be noted at a glance.

The Belgian officer wears his insignia on his collar. The number of stars and bars follows a definite and simple rule, as can be seen from the diagram. Don't forget that in the Belgian Army the rank of commandant is not the same as that of the American major or the French commandant. The Belgian Army has both grades, the commandant ranking between captain and major.

- Following is a key to the insignia pictured above:
Insignia. Worn on collar.
1. General of Division.
2. General of Brigade.
3. Colonel.
4. Lieutenant-Colonel.
5. Major.
6. Commandant. Three stars gold.
7. Captain. Two stars gold, one silver.
8. First Lieutenant.
9. Second Lieutenant. Star in gold.
10. Adjutant. One star in silver.
Chevrons. Worn by non-commissioned officers.
11. First Sergeant Major.
12. Sergeant Major.
13. First Sergeant.
14. Quartermaster Sergeant.
15. Sergeant.
16. Corporal.
Devices. Worn on collar or arm.
17. Grenadier.
18. Engineer.
19. Ballonist.
20. Railway Regiment.
21. Pontoonier.
22. Cyclist.
23. Bandman.
24. Motor Corps.
25. Aviator.
26. Interpreter.
27. Medical Service.

FRESH WATER TARS KEEP LINER GOING

Middle Westerners Show Stuff When Grippe Lays Crew Low

They were part of a naval unit that had never been any farther east than the Great Lakes Naval Training Station until they were slammed on board training and started in the direction of an Atlantic port. They were of the Middle West Middle-Westerly. They had never smelt salt water in their lives, but it added, they had never smelt smelling salts, either. They were huskies, and they knew their game.

Three days out from the altogether unknown Atlantic port in question, the crew of the liner (it was a foreign liner) began to come down with the grippe. The deck watch had to do double turns, the stokehold was undermanned. The ship's speed sank a good eight knots below her maximum. And, as it is violating no confidence to state that there are submarines in certain parts of the Atlantic, things began to look rather serious.

Finally the skipper of the liner went to the officer commanding the American naval detachment, and told of his predicament. "Help Wanted" Call Goes Out "I would like, if you please," he requested, "to know if some of your young gentlemen would be willing to volunteer to do some of the routine work of the ship until my men are recovered." The officer in charge needed no second urging. He put it up to his detachment. Every man volunteered.

Forgotten was the first cabin and the smoking salon and the captain's table as those youngsters dived into overalls and clambered below. Right down to the stokehold they went, and started shoveling up the old fires with a right good will. Others put on oilskins, and kept the deck watch going, took over the lookouts' jobs in the crow's nest and on the bridge, and at every point relieved their over-strained seafaring Allies. In short, they took over the ship.

Not only took it over, in the sense of assuming charge; they took it into port. The grippe didn't pass away, but rather spread among the regular members of the crew. So it was up to the Americans to see it through, and they did. Incidentally, they boosted the liner's speed a good two knots above what had up to that time been considered its maximum.

OUR CALLERS

"Which is Sergeant —? Oh, do point him out to me! I've read lots of his stuff. Which one? That amiable looking man over there? Why, I had an idea from the things he used to write, that he was at least S2!"

"Won't you introduce me to Captain —? I once had a friend whose sister-in-law's little girl wrote something for his column in New York. He'll be sure to remember the name."

"Where is Miss Information? Is she with the Y.M. or Red Cross or the Salvation Army or what? I think her advice is so thoughtful and so cultured; she must be a nice, motherly soul. What? You say she's gone out to get shaved and hunt for some pipe tobacco?" (Quick exit, in a heap.)

"What is Bran Mash's real name? Is it Bran Mash, enlisted and put on this paper? Is that him over in the corner—that sloppy person who spoke to me so rudely as I came in? So that's your etiquette editor?" (Much dissnr.)

"Who writes all that nice poetry of yours, all that heart-interest stuff and the rest? Who, that savage looking fellow over there, reading the Infantry Drill Regulations and the Police Gazette and La Vie Parisienne? Well!"

"Who is the hard guy that can't spell, that writes those horrible stories about bugs and things? The little neck-looking man with the glasses and the bald head, reading the Browning, with that big file of the Atlantic on his desk? I don't believe it!" (P.S. Neither do we.)

HE JOINED THE ARMY

This comes from a National Army cantonment. They have quartermasters in the National Army too. You can't get away from them, it seems. One of them decided to get a transfer to the field artillery. In fact, he did. Next morning there was seen floating from the front door of the steam-heated quartermasters' barracks a real, white and blue service flag—with one star.

Just before they landed, the captain of the liner called their commanding officer into his cabin, and gave him a letter. It was some letter. It told just what the captain thought of America's fresh water sailors. It goes without saying that he thought a lot of them.

THE STARS AND STRIPES to their relatives and friends in the United States and Allied Countries. Send 4 francs (Local Chamber of Commerce paper money not accepted) for each subscription, with their names and addresses, and the Official A.E.F. Newspaper will be mailed promptly each week for a period of three months.

Address all communications to THE STARS AND STRIPES 1 Rue des Italiens, PARIS

DAD'S LETTERS

My dad ain't just the letter writin' kind— He'd rather let the women see to that: He's got a mess o' troubles on his mind. And likes to keep 'em underneath his hat.

And p'raps because he isn't very strong On talkin', why, he's kind o' weak on ink. But he can work like sin the whole year long. And, crickey, how that dad o' mine can think!

When I set out from Homeville last July, He didn't bawl the way my sister did; He just shook hands and says, "Well, boy, goodbye." (He got his feelin's, but he keeps 'em hid.)

And so when mother writes about the things That I spend half my time a-thinkin' of, There's one short line that every letter brines: "Father will write, and meanwhile sends his love."

"Father will write." Well, some day p'raps he will— There's a lot o' funny prophecies come true; But if he just keeps promisin' to still, I'll understand, and dad'll know I do.

THINGS THAT DON'T INTEREST THE A.E.F.

The announcement of the wedding of Mr. Reginald Van Slacker, of Slackerville, to Miss Oofie Bittdeer, in the Church of the Holy Dividends.

The accounts of the winter carnivals at Tuxedo, and other places. The story about the net poodle that swam the breakers at Palm Beach, retrieving a vanity case that had somehow flown out to sea.

The speech of Mr. Haysney McTubherin about the back-to-the-land movement. The latest German "denial."

The controversy in Germany about "who started this, anyway?" The rage of the makers of bum Army stuff over the application of the excess profits tax to their particular businesses.

The plaint of the aristocratic young 32-year-old that there isn't a single Governmental department that has yet shown itself inclined to accept his "services."

The fight of the S.P.P.S. (Society for the Prohibition of Pleasure to Soldiers) to have all that Bull Durham taken over by the United States, used as sandvust for a Billy Sunday tabernacle.

The round-tummed old gentleman whose sole contribution to the history of his country was to hire a substitute for the draft in Civil War days—thereby saving his skin.

The latest German "denial." And—the latest German "denial."

PUT IT OVER ON THE GENERAL

A brigadier general passed a "sing-ing battalion" the other day. The general was on foot; on that particular day all the colonels in the world had been ordered to walk, for once, and to carry their packs, and the general wanted to show that he was a sport, too.

As he jogged along, he came to a halted baggage wagon, mountain high with barrack bags, with a big buck private sprawled on top. "What are you doing there?" asked the general.

"Holding this stuff on the wagon, sir," said the private, sitting up. There really wasn't much answer to that, for that was exactly what he was doing. But the general had to have his little joke.

"Hard job, isn't it?" said he, leaving himself wide open, as one might say. The buck private smiled angelically.

"Oh, after a couple of days you get toughened to it," said he, and the 50 or so people within hearing snickered down their rifle barrels.

WAR BOOK AUTHORS WILL HAVE TO WAIT

But General Staff Would Be Glad to Get That Big Idea of Yours

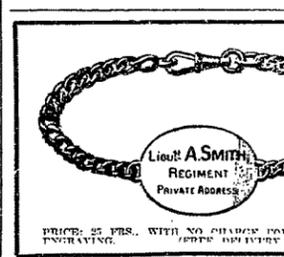
"Of making many books there is no end," particularly in making books about that most engrossing and fascinating subject, war. Consequently, until further orders, officers, enlisted men and other members of the service are prohibited from printing and distributing any pamphlets or books, not previously published or in process of being published, on any military subject whatever. The exception is, of course, in the case of approved Government publications, or books authorized by the War Department.

In order that there may not be duplication of effort in the preparation of publications, and in order to secure proper supervision and collaboration in the use of information and available records, it is provided that departments, bureaus, corps schools and so forth will not prepare nor distribute any military pamphlet or book without first informing the Chief of the War College division, General Staff, of the contemplated publication. If the publication is authorized, three copies of it, upon its completion, are to be furnished to the Chief of the War College division.

The rules set forth above are not, it is stated, to be construed as interfering with the preparation and publication of such military books and pamphlets as may be authorized by the Commanding General of the A.E.F., nor with the preparation and distribution of interpretative matter relative to authorized publications, nor with the preparation of articles for the service journals.

Individuality and enterprise in the suggestion of publications and so forth is encouraged, as is shown in another paragraph of the order dealing with the subject. It says that members of the service having new ideas or information which they believe to be of value to the

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service may forward them through military channels to the General Staff, giving a brief outline of their ideas or of the publication they contemplate. If the ideas or information are desirable for publication, the War Department promises that every facility will be given for perfecting them and for presenting them to the service. The order adds, at the end, "Proper military recognition will be given to the individuals concerned."

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Standard-Bearers of America! You have come to the Home of



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

DRINK IT TO-DAY PARIS, 36bis Boulevard Hausmann

We used to climb the bleachers high. We see the fans and home-run hits. We paid, with laughter in our eye, Our little old two-bits.

MAJOR LEAGUE SEASON TO BE OPENED TUESDAY

Yankees Make It Six Straight From Braves in Series Played on Return Journey From Southern Camps

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 11.—The major league clubs, after several weeks of preliminary practice, are now getting down to the home stretch of the pre-season games, and the managers are busy selecting their lineups for the opening league clashes next Tuesday, April 16.

At Little Rock, Ark., the Boston Red Sox defeated the Brooklyn Dodgers in the third game of their series, the final score being 3 to 2.

At Dallas, Tex., the Red Sox defeated the Dodgers 7 to 6 in a 16 inning battle. The score was tied twice during the game, once in the eighth inning and again in the 16th.

At Dallas, Tex., the Yankees beat the Boston Braves 3 to 0 in the inaugural contest of a series to be played on the wing northward.

At Orangeburg, S. C., the Yankees won from the Braves 2 to 1 in 11 innings. The Braves started to cut up the Yankees in the early innings, putting over two runners in the fourth, while Ragun held the Yankees helpless until the sixth.

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At Marion, Ga., the Yankees defeated the Braves 2 to 1, mauling their heavy artillery in the sixth inning and sending the Braves to the second base trenches.

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HUNS MAY REQUEST WAIVERS ON KAISER

COLLEGE BALL SEASON ON

Eighteen Teams Make Application for Admission to Circuit

PLAYING FIELD OF 50 ACRES

Colombes Grounds Can Accommodate Ten Games at Once Without Overcrowding

A real baseball league, that is what is in store for Parisians this summer.

French Grow Interested

The French are taking a keen interest in the national pastime, and even the simple game of catch invariably draws a big crowd.

Among some of the units stationed in and near Paris, which will be represented by nines, will be the aviation section.

Arrangements have been completed to obtain the use of the big athletic field at Colombes, a suburb of Paris, where all the league games will be staged.

Two meetings have already been held, and a committee of seven has been named to make the rules and elect permanent officers later.

At a meeting last week 18 clubs were represented and it was decided that preliminary games will be started Sunday.

Because of the weather, it has been agreed not to play the first league games until the last week in May or the first week in June.

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BASEBALL LEAGUE BLOSSOMS OUT IN PARIS

Colombes Grounds Can Accommodate Ten Games at Once Without Overcrowding

A real baseball league, that is what is in store for Parisians this summer.

French Grow Interested

The French are taking a keen interest in the national pastime, and even the simple game of catch invariably draws a big crowd.

Among some of the units stationed in and near Paris, which will be represented by nines, will be the aviation section.

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SPORTING COMMENT

The death of Charlie Mitchell recalls the famous 39 round battle fought by Mitchell and Sullivan at Chantilly, 25 miles from Paris, back in 1888.

John L. had been cleaning up everybody back home, and the fact that this was an international affair created lots of interest in it.

Each club guarantees \$100 a day to the visiting team.

Representatives from eight eastern cities have organized a new International league with a Class A rating.

The old ratings were AA, Toronto, Buffalo, Rochester, Baltimore and Newark.

White Syracuse, Jersey City and Wilmington will also be in the circuit.

Play will start May 8 and close September 15.

Sunday games will be played in every city except Toronto, and this may help in pulling the league through.

The double pricing system will be used. A 14 play limit has been adopted.

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WEST MAY GET BIG BOUT

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 11.—Colonel Miller is making westward with the Willard-Fulton bout after listening earnestly to the eloquent eastern promoters.

The colonel intimates that certified checks are more to him than kind words, and that Denver, Reno and other breezy western spots seem more inclined to loosen up than the effete East.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 11.—The chances of having Sunday baseball in New York were considerably improved when the senate passed the measure legalizing Sunday ball after two o'clock under local option restriction.

It is now up to the Assembly, where a fight is expected.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 11.—Larry Lajoie probably will get his release through the Brooklyn club from his contract with Toronto, and if he is successful, he will become manager of the Indianapolis club of the American Association.

As such he would be the highest priced minor league manager in the country.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 11.—Johnnie Miller, former captain of the Cardinals, is at a marine camp, and has won the cross for expert rifle marksmanship.

The Western league has completed its circuit, Lincoln being succeeded by Sioux City and Denver by Topeka.

The Buffalo club was sold at auction by the sheriff recently for \$3,500.

Frank Kohlbeker, a semipro catcher, has been signed by Joe Tinker at Columbus, Ohio, for a trial.

Tom Chivington, who has been appointed business manager of the Louisville club, has announced the purchase of a new outfit from Kansas City.

Dan Howley has been named coach of the Red Sox catchers.

Frank Egan of Providence succeeds Ned Egan as manager of Dodgers in the Kansas City class.

Pitcher Milligan of the Pirates has been ordered to report at once for service.

Ray Keating has been turned over to Paul by Miller Huggins of the Yankees.

Pitcher Bowman, with Toledo last year, is to be given another trial by Huggins.

Ray Saunders has signed with the Kansas City Blues, this completing the deal whereby Fred Mollwitz went to the Pirates last fall.

Paul Perini, New York twirler, still says he is tough with the game, Jim Vaughan, of the Cubs, is no longer a holdout, having signed up.

303 BOYS WANT GAMES

U-rub-rub! U-rub-rub! M.R.S.U. Three-oh-three! Are we in it? Bet our boots! M.R.S.U.—Three more boots!"

With that classy college yell, Mechanical Repair Shop Unit No. 303 comes loudly to the fore, demanding to be heard by all the A.E.F. Mechanical Repair Shop Unit No. 303 has a baseball team.

The baseball team of Mechanical Repair Shop Unit No. 303 issues an open challenge to all First Class—got that? First Class—teams in the A.E.F. And, as it is added by modest Sergeant Revells, the manager of Mechanical Repair Shop Unit No. 303's nine, "Unit 303 is made up of some of the classiest stars in the major and minor leagues."

So all of you that have First Class teams, or FIRST CLASS teams, in your outfit, step right along up. Manager-Sergeant Revells may be addressed at A.P.O. 708. His men are fairly itching for a chance to prove that they are as handy with the bats and mitts as they are with the nuts and monkey-wrenches.

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But now when we would lamp the fry. No matter if we're kids or gents, We'll dig into our jeans and pay Exactly thirty cents.

ARE YOU AN ARMOUR MAN?

If you worked for Armour and Company before joining the A.E.F., speak up. The Armour Soldiers' and Sailors' Comfort Club has been organized, with headquarters at the Chicago office.

So, if you haven't been favored by any of the packages of smokes and things as yet, drop a line to R. S. Oxley, the club's secretary, giving your address, so that you may be properly enrolled.

Incidentally, the club has a ladies' auxiliary, whose raison d'être is to supply you with needed knitted goods.

WALK-OVER SHOES

34 Boulevard des Italiens 19-21 Boulevard des Capucines PARIS

All soldiers are welcome at the WALK-OVER Stores, where they can apply for any information and where all possible services of any kind will be rendered free of charge.

LYONS, 12 Rue de la République NAPLES, 215 Via Roma

The WALK-OVER "French Conversation Book" and Catalogue will be sent gratis any soldier applying for it.

HOTEL LOTTI and RESTAURANT 7 à 11 Rue de Castiglione (Tuileries) PARIS

JOHN BAILLIE & CO. 1 Rue Auber, PARIS (Opposite Ticket Office of Grand Opéra) The Military Tailors to United States Officers All Insignia, Sam Browne Belts, Trench Coats. Large variety in stock. UNIFORMS MADE TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen OF ALL STATIONERS IN FRANCE

The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company PARIS BORDEAUX 41 Boulevard Haussmann LONDON 26 Old Broad Street, E. C. 2 16 Pall Mall East, S. W. 1 Two Special Agencies in the War Zone Convenient to the United States Army Camps Members of the Federal Reserve System. Designated by the United States Treasury Department Depository of Public Moneys in Paris, New York & London. The Société Générale pour favoriser etc., & its Branches throughout France will act as our correspondents for the transactions for Members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

SOLDIERS Have your Portraits taken by WALERY 9 Rue de Valenciennes, Paris. Tel. Gut. 50-72. SPECIAL PRICES TO AMERICANS

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SELF-TUITION IN FRENCH A new, very easy and practical Method with Phonetic Pronunciation Complete in one well-bound volume (90 Lessons and 90 Dialogues). Send 6 francs for one Copy to M. DE VALETTE, 6 Rue Toullier, PARIS

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR No Stopping—No Moaning Gillette U.S. Service Set

UNITED STATES War Service Regulations Require a Shaving Outfit—and the soldier and sailor must provide his own Razor. The new Gillette U.S. Service-Set is the Shaving Outfit that fulfills every need of Uncle Sam's Boys. It is constructed with a metal case—built to withstand the roughest handling. An Indestructible Mirror fits snugly in the lid of case. Thumb tacks for securing the mirror for use regardless of surroundings are included. We kept in mind the Gillette principle and the necessity of compactness. Size complete 4 1/2" long, 1 1/2" wide, 3/4" thick. Slips into the breast pocket of the coat or shirt—takes up no room in the soldier's kit or the sailor's ditty box. Regular Gillette Blades used with this set. No Stopping—No Moaning, always sanitary, no cutting or scraping of skin—no risk of infection. This is the razor that every fighting man needs, to be perfectly equipped for shaving satisfaction. PRICE: 25 FRANCS complete with 12 Gillette Blades. PACKETS of new Gillette Blades—each Blade wrapped in oiled paper enclosed in sanitary envelope—bright, smooth, sharp and clean, can be obtained at all dealers in France, England, Russia, Italy, Canada and all other parts of the world. Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston, Mass., U.S.A. To be had at A.E.F. & Y.M.C.A. Canteens or at all Dealers in France. GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, S.A., 17bis Rue La Boétie, PARIS

STAR SHELLS

By Q.M. SGT. STUART CARROLL, Q.M.C. "OFF MARSEILLES"

Back in the States, when our bunkie was mentally touring, we told him simply that he was "off his nut."

In France there is a more polite expression which conveys the same meaning. When a person obviously is wearing on his dome the "apparent" of a "star shell," they say he is "off Marsailles."

"Star Shells" further is advised that the pronunciation is "Mar-say" and not, as we and numberless other Yanks believed, "Mar-say."

When the Top has put your name up on the list to do K.P.

Even though you saw the same up for successive days and three. Do not try to outsmart him.

As in days of Border cheer, For the line you used to hand him is "de trop" while over here.

Chorus Stand at ease, if you please, Homage you must pay, Grin a bit, try this bit: "Top, you're off Marsailles."

Shocking, isn't it, how New York grows more wicked year by year? Now they've passed a law legalizing Sunday baseball. Why, my dear, they'll be permitting cigarette smoking next.

Casado, Iowa, home of Red Barber of the White Sox, came through in a pinch and sent enough volunteers to keep Red from being drafted. But baseball seems a piker game when there's a regular scrap going on elsewhere.

FEATS WITH FEET

-By WALLGREN

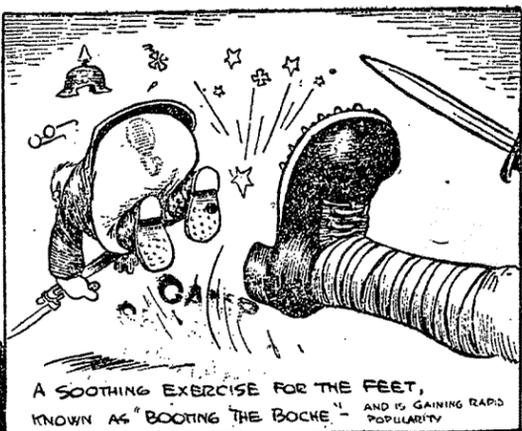


POINT YOUR FEET IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION AND FOLLOW THEM - ANY OTHER DIRECTION IS VERY ROUGH ON THE FEET.

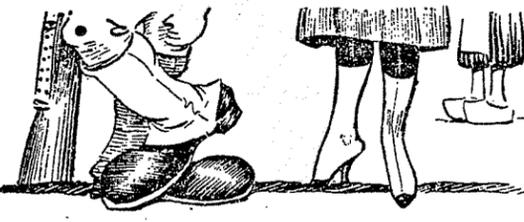
A WELL KNOWN EXERCISE WHICH HAS BEEN ABOLISHED DURING THE WAR -



PROPER POSITION FOR SPY FEET.



BOCKE FEET - ONLY PLEASING WHEN NEATLY ARRANGED IN THIS TASTY MANNER



BE CAREFUL WHAT FEET YOUR FEET ASSOCIATE WITH, AS SOME FEET ARE VERY CONTAGIOUS



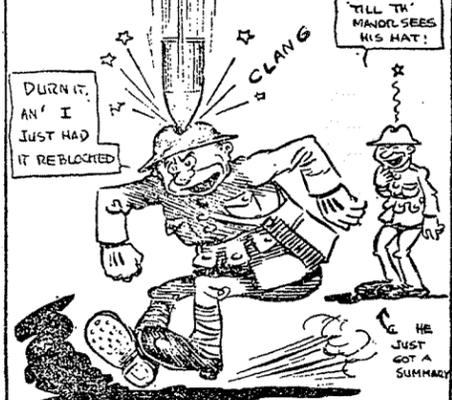
SLACKER FEET (Worst Form of Cold Feet)



FLAT FEET (MORE TO BE PITIED THAN -) USELESS FEET

HELPFUL HINTS

No. 9 - NEVER STOP A SHELL WITH YOUR HELMET.



NEVER UNNECESSARILY STOP A DESCENDING SHELL WITH YOUR TIN DERBY - A VACANT FIELD OF ABOUT 200 ACRES IS MUCH MORE EFFICIENT - BESIDES IT WILL MOST LIKELY BEND OR CREASE YOUR HAT WHICH WILL PUT YOU OUT OF LUCK FOR INSPECTION AS THEY ARE NOT BEING WORN THAT WAY.

A.E.F. MUST GROW LINGO OF ITS OWN

Men Have Already Taken Words From Tommy and Poilu

SHOP TALK IN EACH BRANCH

Infantryman, Engineer, Redleg, Marine, Each Speaks Individual Language

Has the A.E.F. in France a language of its own? That is, has it developed its slang to such an extent that an outsider would find it hard to understand a typical section of A.E.F. talk? Its already large stock of short cuts in language, or does it still employ the old slang of the Army and the slang of the parts of the States from which it hailed? These are hard questions to answer, and we would like the help of our readers in answering them. For we have asked them time and again. For our own part, we find that for all usual conversational purposes, the men of the A.E.F. continue to use the "plain United States" as it grows in their particular home town portions of that beneficent region. What parts of Army staffs they use has been handed on to them by the grizzled old veterans who took part in the 1916 tour of border duty. "Get by," "get away with it," "bull," "bull-com," "bee-eeing" - all the good old phrases are heard on every hand as one walks through an Adrian barracks building or back of a company on its stands at rest. Occasionally one hears a little Mex talk - a man referred to as a good *hombre*, or an evening salutation of *buenas noches*. And, of course, interspersed with all these pieces of language there is a little left of the talk of the old Army, with prominently in the vanguard the old, old axiom, "You're out of luck!"

Borrowing From Tommy

"Crabbing," for grumbling or knocking, was perfectly good Americanese before that fateful day in April, 1917. It has not even way to "crabbing," as employed by the Tommies. But from the Tommie has been borrowed a short cut in expression, a handy way of describing something which cannot be tersely described any other way, a more pungent way of saying an old thing. *Allez-voos-en*, so much like "Arrah gwan" of our Celtic neighbors, has sprung into being in the same way and is apt to spread. *Tout de suite* is quite as satisfactory as "in a jiff," and is so used now and again. But *alleg-voos-en* and *tout de suite* are not French slang; they are dignified by enrolment in dictionary supplement, printed in good italic type, as slang is not dignified. The only really permanent acquisition thus far from the British linguistic treasure house is the expressive "dud," as applied to a bomb that won't go off, for example.

Perfectly good French, in the mouths of Americans, has passed for a sort of slang, if by slang is meant a short cut in expression, a handy way of describing something which cannot be tersely described any other way, a more pungent way of saying an old thing. *Allez-voos-en*, so much like "Arrah gwan" of our Celtic neighbors, has sprung into being in the same way and is apt to spread. *Tout de suite* is quite as satisfactory as "in a jiff," and is so used now and again. But *alleg-voos-en* and *tout de suite* are not French slang; they are dignified by enrolment in dictionary supplement, printed in good italic type, as slang is not dignified. The only really permanent acquisition thus far from the British linguistic treasure house is the expressive "dud," as applied to a bomb that won't go off, for example.

Each Has Own Shop Talk

Artillerymen, medical corps followers, supply train tenders - what's the use? They all have their pet expressions, their own shop talk slang as well as their pet virtues. There is, as far as we can find, no really Army slang vocabulary worthy the title of a universal code. But, in the meanwhile, we must make our way from outfit to outfit, hearing in one the "you-all" and "two-bits" of the South, in another the "I swan" and "get me of the North, in still another the peculiar dialect of the great city which is New York. Universal slang in this man's Army is as hard to attain as universal peace in this man's world.

HOSPITAL STUFF

In the wards 'tis Mary's Joy Nursing some enlisted boy. He thinks war is some success. When she comes his wound to dress; He reads THE STARS AND STRIPES around - He thinks heaven is surely found, Wants to get back on the job, Wants to talk to Red and Bob, Out there on the firing line. Where the "Minnie" whirrs and whines; Since THE STARS AND STRIPES unfurled. Wants to lick the Darned Hun World! Company's out there getting wiser, He's - just cussing at the Kaiser. O. M. DENK.

WHEN IS YOUR ANNIVERSARY?

The anniversary season is with us. We've just celebrated our first birthday as a member of the Amalgamated Union for the Suppression of Kaisers, and it won't be many weeks before we observe the anniversary of the arrival of the First Contingent of Dignified Sons. We'll all celebrate that, though it won't be a year in France for all of us. But once that first celebration of the F.C.S. A.U.S.K., has come off, anniversaries will flock thick and fast. And, speaking of anniversaries, don't forget that this little war will soon be a lusty young infant of four.

Speech That Transcends Slang

The cavalryman's and muleskinner's vocabulary is, of course, a thing apart, a thing which cannot be considered here. To be sure, it contains some expressions also current in more fortunate branches of the service (particularly when employed on K.P. and fatigue), but those expressions, when used by the trooper and Missouri-nightingale propeller, develop a fervor, an intensity, an exalted emotionalism utterly unattainable by the outsider. No, the argot of those who have to deal

GETTING IT OVER

My place is here, far down this little street, And here I labor at my desk 'till dark; I do not hear the tramp of marching feet. I do not hear the rifle's angry bark.

My work is business! All the long day through I deal in quantities and talk by weight I struggle to secure the shipments due. And fight like mad to get them when they're late.

My job is just to see that Wrightstown Camp Shall not go hungry when it wants its bread, And note that Yaphank, when it goes on tramp, Will need some shoes to fit its martial tread.

I often sit in some brief second's lull And wonder if a God-sent chance will come To call me from this task - not that it's dull, But oh! I long to hear again the drum!

I know that some may fight while others find The things an army needs to eat and wear, And still it breaks my heart to stay behind And know that comrades of old times are there.

Yet why repine? Why envy those who go To fill our legions for the Great Advance, I, too, am fighting hard against the foe. That battles may be won in far off France.

O. C. A. CHILD, New York.

GUARDSMEN IN LINE FOR LONGEVITY PAY

Draft Into Federal Service Necessary Prerequisite for State Troops

DEFENSE ACT INTERPRETED

Numerous inquiries indicate that among officers and enlisted men who entered the Federal service by way of the National Guard there exists considerable uncertainty as to how they are affected by the regulations governing longevity and continuous service pay. Formerly, prior service in the State militia was not recognized in the computing of such increases, but when the National Defense Act of June 3, 1916, authorized the President, under certain circumstances, to draft into military service of the United States any or all members of the National Guard and the National Guard Reserve, the Act specifically said that officers and enlisted men so drafted should have "the same pay and allowances as officers and enlisted men of the Regular Army of the same grades and the same prior service." In his decision of August 18, 1917, the Comptroller of the Treasury held that officers and enlisted men so drafted (whether with their organizations or individually) on August 3, 1917, or subsequently would be entitled to count prior service in the National Guard and the Organized Militia even though it had not been in the Federal service, but only so long as they continued, after the date of the draft, to be members of the National Guard of the United States under such draft.

Who Can't Compute Prior Service

Subsequent decisions of the Judge Advocate General of the Army and of the Comptroller of the Treasury underscored the point that officers of the Regular Army, National Army or Reserve Corps could not in computing longevity pay count prior service in the National Guard. When it comes to collecting these increases, it should be noted that Bulletin 27, W.D., dated August 16, 1916, required a statement of all prior service to be entered on the muster rolls of longest 31, 1916. In the case of the National Guard organizations then in Federal service, the retained copies of these rolls will contain the information desired in many cases. An officer entitled to such increase must obtain a certificate of his service from the adjutant general of his State Territory and file it with the first pay account on which he is paid the longevity pay. If his prior service was Federal, he need merely enter his statement of it, with full details of organization, grade and time, on that first pay account. If he cannot give the details positively, he should apply for information to the Adjutant General of the Army, giving such information as he can and requesting the rest. If an officer is unable to establish his right to longevity pay until after he has been paid for one or more months, he should take credit for any arrears on the first pay account which does set forth his prior service. The commanding officer of an enlisted man entitled to continuous service pay in the National Guard should obtain the necessary statement of such prior service, not of record in his office, from the adjutant general of the State in which such service was rendered. If the enlisted man's claim for increase is based on service in the Regular or Volunteer Army or in the Marine Corps (Navy service is counted for officers, but not for enlisted men), his commanding officer should request all necessary verification from the Adjutant General of the Army. When the prior service claim is authenticated, it should be entered on the record, with notations under "Remarks" to show the source from which the record of each period of service was obtained. A detailed statement of such prior service must be given under "Remarks" on all pay rolls until the increase is paid, but subsequent payrolls need merely show the enlistment period in which the man is serving.

WHAT WE'RE MISSING

Unless Mr. Hoover of Mr. Garfield or somebody has ordered that it shouldn't be, this ought to be the house-cleaning season back across the Atlantic - or did it come a little earlier? Wonder who's putting in his Saturday afternoons of beating the carpets this year? Peace hath her policing of quarters no less horrible than war.

HOW DO YOU READ YOURS?

They were under fire in a dugout near the front line, and they were talking about letters from home. One of them had that day received three, all from the same writer. One was dated two months before, one about five weeks, and one, astonishingly prompt, had come through in a little over three weeks.

ONE ON THE LOOT? NOT A BIT OF IT

He Missed His Train, but There Are Other Ways of Getting Around

They thought it was one on the Loot. The lieutenant was ordered with a detail of 12 men from X to Z. On the way the detachment had to pass through and change trains at Y, where there was a wait of several hours. At Y the lieutenant put the men in charge of a sergeant with instructions to "be on the right train when it left." They were aboard, sorted and settled for a 16 hour ride when the lieutenant appeared at the station ten minutes before train time and stepped up to the window to buy his ticket. "A ticket for Z," said the lieutenant. "No no compromise pass," said male-moiselle at the window. "There was further parleying of which neither made-moiselle nor the lieutenant seemed to understand much. This ended when made-moiselle said, "P'ni." The officer understood this when she closed the window. A minute later his train and detail departed, and he returned to town chagrined. There he met an old college chum at a club. He told him his story, concluding by remarking that it was "a damn state of affairs." The chum was an aviator. "Oh, that's all right," said friend chum. "I'm ordered down that way tomorrow morning. I've got to go a little further, but I can get you down at Z if you say so. The engine is running like a humming bird, and, with fair weather, we ought to make it in two hours." "I've a trunk, a bed roll, and a suitcase," said the lieutenant. "We can put 'em right in the machine," assured the birdman. The next morning the lieutenant sailed down to Z and was at the gate when his detail arrived. "How the devil," said one of the 12, "I sure beats the devil how those officers get around," he murmured a moment later to a companion.

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities

R.P. - You say she's soft you em-broidered washcloth, and you don't know what to do with them? Why, use them to polish off your boots with, of course! It may be a bit rough on the embroderies, but no rougher than your neck would be.

E.M.S. - Write her as regularly as you can, of course, and make it plain to her that you are awfully awfully busy killing Germans. She may squeal, "Oh, how disgusting!" but that's the woman of it. Down in her heart, you know darn well she likes to have you write to her like that. It sounds like the real thing.

A.B.T. - You say you counted one less cross at the end of her last letter than there was at the end of the one before it. Well, what of it? She may have run out of ink. Anyway, don't worry; women were never very long on mathematics.

S.O.R. - All her letters come to you registered, you say? And you still are in doubt as to whether or not she cares about you? Well, you poor boob; you wouldn't have her send them postage collect?

T.R.O. - No, it is highly unattractive to send a girl ticket-stubs after you've been on leave in Paris, and to say "Wish you had of been here." It makes her envious and she naturally thinks you're a heartless brute; as you probably are.

L.N.S. - Be careful what you put on post-cards you send her, and be extra careful in selecting the post-cards. If you send her one of a cathedral, and then write on it "Having a fine time, wish you was here!" she'll know you're lying. Send her something neutral, with a fling on it or something; she'll think it's fine. They all do.

F.L.M. - Don't close your letter by asking to be remembered to other girls you know. They'll never get your message that way. Women are human.

GO EASY ON GASOLINE

Don't be a gasoline hog. Requisition your gasoline only from regular American, French or British Army supply stations. Never requisition any of the precious essence from local dealers in French cities and towns. The reason, of course, is that of conservation. Every city and town in France is strictly rationed by the French Government in the matter of gasoline. The supply allotted to each is sufficient to meet only the needs of the civilian population. When officers and soldiers in charge of motor vehicles requisition it, the result is that the agricultural and industrial life of the locality is severely hampered. There's a G.O. out on this subject. So don't be a gasoline hog.

TO THE LONG RANGE GUN

Good old Bertha-longue-portée Waking me at break of day; When I think of how I've cussed Buglers, laugh I till I burst. They were noisy, but 'twas gentle-mental! You are too darn t

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A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

Orphan adopting has become all the rage among the elite of the A.E.F.

The Inter-Allied League was tendering the visiting Germans quite a merry little dance up in Picardy, at last reports.

Several well-known and prominent Austrian statesmen have been reported as sojourning in Switzerland of late, but that appears to have been about all the good it did them.

Bridge parties are becoming more and more fashionable every day among our young engineers.

The French and American artillery staged an all-comers "seventy-five" tournament up front quite recently. Some interesting scores were made.

FOR THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ARMIES

THE BEST DISHES READY FOR USE ARE PREPARED BY Amieux freres

Poulet rôti, Voau à la gelée, Saucisses à la tomate, Bœuf aux Choux, Pâtés truffés, Galantines, Sardines, etc.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERIES

IN TERMS OF ARTILLERY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STARS AND STRIPES: - THE STARS AND STRIPES is all to the good. You have launched a wonderful drive, which ought to haul you on the very pinnacle of popularity among the American forces.

In the field of journalism you're a howitzer, a "75" and a 120-kilometre cannon all in one. Along the same line, it might be added that you are certainly making a hit. Keep up the good work. LLOYD C. MERRIAM.

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THEM NAVY FLYERS HAS TO WRITE, TOO

This Feller Wants to Tell How Things Is Down His Way

U-BOATS IS AWFUL SCURSE

Fishin' and Clam Farmin' Keep Him Tollable Busy While Waitin' for Submarines

Somewhere in France, March 30, 1918.

Dear Mr. Eddytor:-- I was readin' parts of your paper here t'uday, amongst 'em bein' an editorial sayin' that all branches of this service is represented. Wal, I ain't quite sure, as I ain't noticed no mention of us fellers at all.

Oh, maybe yuh don't know who us fellers be--wal, we're thuh Navy Aviation gang, in thuh outlyin' farm districts along the shore of this here state, an' I thought us how perhaps yuh'd like to hear that we're alive--which information I doubt will give any aid and comfort to the enemy.

Wal, I'll tell yuh: I ain't been officially--no I mean officially authorized--tuh write tuh you, but I thought if yuh wanted a humdinger of a war correspondent from this here particular branch, I might be able to help yuh out a bit, 'cause when I first come into this outfit, 'way back in '17, I used tuh be a special war-correspondent for a paper in New York--you've heard of that burg, I suppose?

Thuh paper was published down in Greenwich Village, yuh know, down by Washington Square, where all the buneries is--and it was a weakly affair got out each week; we used tuh run off as much as six copies each week on one of them "Corony" typewriters--we only needed a light machine, 'cause we didn't write no heavy stuff.

When It Rains and When It Don't

Wal, anyhow, this letter wasn't written tuh talk about myself, but about the Navy Aviation Service. Course, I kin just write mostly 'bout this here part of thuh country; all's we do here is fishin' and farmin' mainly. When it rains, we fish our beds out from under thuh leaks in thuh roof, and when thuh tide is out we farm clams.

Oh, yes! I forgot tuh say Jus' now there's an open season on them there U-boats that thuh papers talk of so much. Our Commandant says as how he ain't goin' to shave off his beard--he's got a real cute one, sort of French like--till we get one of these here subs. But I ain't quite sure as how he can stand it that long, not that we can't get 'em, but thuh dern fates won't show up in our sector.

I could tell yuh lots more about them things, too, but there's a feller called a censor, wal, has thuh nerve tuh read all our letters, and I don't dast tuh git gay. But there's allus a lot of interestin' things happenin' round here, like thuh other day one o' thuh cooks split a can of this here "iron-iron" powder in thuh cocon, and thuh next day all thuh fellers went out and bought wrist watches; an' then there's a dog-fight most every hour, 'cause we got

MY SWEETHEART

I saw her in a dream as though in life,
Her form, her soft blue eyes, her
elder hair,
Which fell as silken, golden portals,
draped,
Before her bosom fair.

She whispered in my ear, "Sweet-
heart, be brave,
We'll back you up in all you do
and dare."
Then, bendin' o'er, she pressed her
lips to mine . . .
I woke--she was not there.

—Sgt. FRANK C. MCCARTHY.

about all thuh dawgs in thuh town round here, besides a white rat and a bunch o' sand fleas, so thuh fellers don't get homesome.

Then there's baseball games, and say! we've got some team, too. They kin lick anything their weight; but thuh other day they went up tuh a blimp station--yuh know, one o' them lighter-than-air gas bag propellers--and of course they got ticked, 'cause thuh only man that had a mask was thuh catcher; it ought tuh been thuh pitcher, I think, from thuh way them coacher fellers talked tuh him.

Little Sassify Stuff

They ain't much sassify stuff tuh write about as yet, 'cause thuh city folks ain't come down. They'd rather stay up in Paris and watch them Hun fates try tuh kid themselves into thinkin' they is winnin' thuh war with a long distance pen-shooter destroyin' theaters, piffner galleries and such. It's gettin' to be spring around here, for all thuh town council are gettin' out their lobster pots and fishin' gear; and thuh women folks is all goin' out tuh do thuh heavy work, like thuh plowin' and farmin'. An' besides, all thuh chickens they kin auto drivers get along thuh road is all spring chickens; at least, they're like rubber, when yuh go tuh taste 'em.

Wal, I guess I've writ enough fer t'uday. Just thought I'd find out if yuh'd like tuh hear from us occasionally in this here outlyin' district (I can't tell yuh where I am, but I kin tell yuh that it's thuh best station in thuh bunch, and everybody knows where that is).

Wal, yuh want tuh git some more dope, just write me, U.S. Naval Aviation Forces, 4 Place d'Ena, Paris, and it ought tuh reach me by Christmas. Hopin' that this don't land in thuh scrap-basket, and yerself thuh same, I am,

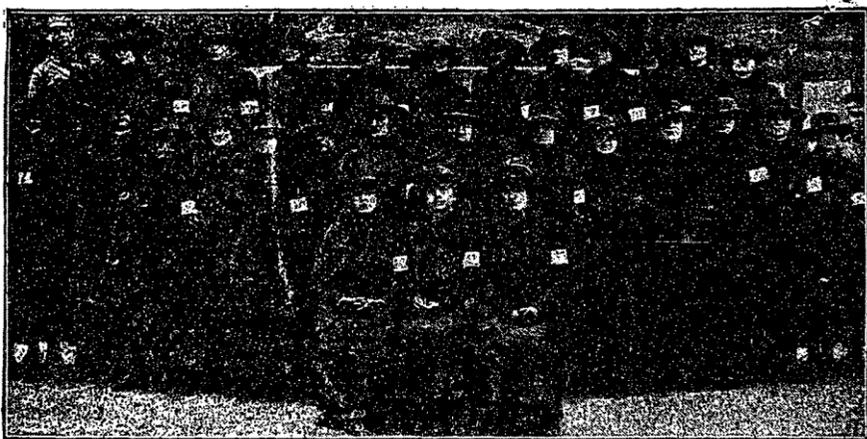
Yers (all after thuh war's over),
FREDERIC M. DELANO.

P.S.--Say, is ther any retribution--no, I mean remuneration for this sort o' article? 'Cause if yuh want, I kin write yuh in good English, too. And I sort o' need thuh money, 'cause I'm plannin' on gettin' hitched up soon--if I kin ever git thuh girl away from her mother again.

So long.

IT'S PRONOUNCED FOCH

The French will think it is a joke
When blunzing Yanks pronounce it
Foch,
Yet will we make a sadder both
If we attempt to call it Foch;
Nor can we fail to pain and shock
Who boldly try to say it Foch.
In fact, we have to turn to Broche
To find the word that rhymes with
Foch.



Sing a song of six sous, toll for conversation;
Three and thirty 'phone girls, here to help the nation!

When the cam'ra snapped 'em they didn't budge or fuss
Isn't that a proof they're soldiers just like us?

BOARDS TO DECIDE ON PHYSICAL UNFITNESS

Not All Men Unsited to Combat Service Will Be Sent Home

Only those officers and soldiers recommended by disability boards for transfer to the United States as unfit for any duty with the A.E.F. are to be sent home.

This is in accordance with G.O. No. 41, in regard to Disability Boards. "There are many necessary and important functions in a modern army," the order says, "which do not require the complete physical fitness usually considered necessary in times of peace. Disability boards will be convened for the purpose of passing on such cases."

Officers and soldiers in the A.E.F. are divided into four classes, according to the order. There are the physically fit, which includes all officers and soldiers who are fit for combat service. All individuals of the A.E.F. are considered as of this class until acted upon by a disability board.

The next class is the temporarily unfit, which includes officers and soldiers temporarily unfit for combat service, but physically fit for other duty. It includes all who are expected to be restored to the physically fit class within a period of six months. All such cases will be re-examined at least once every two months for the purpose of re-classification.

Two Classes of Permanently Unfit

The third class includes officers and soldiers who are considered permanently unfit for combat service, but whose disabilities are not of such a nature as to justify their return to the United States. This class will not be subject to periodical examination, but in cases of presumed restoration to physical fitness will be reported by their commanders through

military channels to authority competent to appoint disability boards, with a view to their physical examination for the purpose of re-classification.

The fourth class, as has been said, includes those recommended for transfer to the United States as unfit for any duty with the A.E.F. Upon the recommendation of disability boards, these cases will be returned to the United States in accordance with special instructions and orders issued in each case from Headquarters, S.O.S.

Unless the disability is the result of his own misconduct, no non-commissioned officer or first class private will be reduced to a lower grade because of being taken out of the physically fit class.

HE GOT THE WOOD

This is a fable without a moral.
Once upon a time there lived a supply officer. He bought a lot of wood and was held up on the price. (That removes it from the fable class by making it painfully true.)

He knew, of course, that he was being held up on the price, but he had to have the wood. The wood that he had to have, and that he had to pay such a price for, was all there was that could be got in time.

Presently, he got a telegram from his superior officer asking him to explain why he had paid so much for wood. He telegraphed back:

"If you will consult the World Almanac for 1918, you will find the United States is at war."

Just now, he doesn't know whether he is going to be promoted for efficiency or court-martialed for sassiness. But whether or not he gets the axe for his pains, he's got the wood.

DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

Bum--The mess sergeant who holds up seconds.

Dog-robber--A Guy who has too soft a job to live.

Corporal--A guy given chevrons to show that he is supposed to help the Sergeants hold down their jobs.

A.E.F. CHECK SIGNERS RECALL SCHOOL DAYS

Disbursing Officers Must Supply Bank With Ten Signatures Each

Remember the days when they used to keep you after school to write "Finished labors are pleasant," "Stern is the path of duty," or--cruelest of all--"Tros Tyrissque mihi nullo discrimine agitur," 10 or 20 or 30 or 40 times, just because yuh'd passed notes to the red-headed girl across the aisle, or put tacks in teacher's chair or thrown a spitball at Willy Jones over in the corner? Well, that's what the disbursing officers of the A.E.F. have got to do, all over again.

All of them who have not as yet furnished the Bank of France, in Paris, with specimen copies of their official signatures are directed to forward at once to that bank, through the chiefs of their corps or departments, 10 copies of their official signature. In short, they've got to write their John Hancock 10 times, trying to keep them as much alike as possible. And they've got to do it in ink on a blank sheet of paper, allowing a space of at least an inch between John Hancock's. Finally, they can't blot 'em; they've just got to stand around and wait for 'em to dry.

Name and rank--typewritten--must appear at the top of the blank sheet. If the disbursing officer has a symbol number, that is to be shown below his rank. After all that has been done, the chief or corps or department or whoever it is will cause the signature to be certified by an officer whose signature is already known at the Bank of France. Then it is to be presumed, the disbursing officer will be ready to do business--as soon as his wrist gets well.

BALLAD OF A RED CROSS MAN

He didn't seem like a soldier guy;
He didn't specially want to die,
(But then no more do you and I),
This New York lad,
And yet he thought he might, per-
chance,
Bring indirect relief to France
By driving a Ford ambulance.
It seems too bad.

And so he bought a jitney bus
And came a year ahead of us,
And all the French girls made a fuss
That was absurd.
And giggled at him when they met
Him driving with his cigarette.
They said woe the French for "Pet,"
That precious word.

And then the U.S.A. declared
Itself for war--it wasn't scared,
Though altogether unprepared--
And Congress met,
And everybody made a speech,
And each gave free advice to each--
It wasn't quite the time to preach,
But they should fret.

Our Red Cross hero didn't know
(No more than we a year ago)
How best to serve his country, so
He said: "Oh, Hell!
Democracy will be restored
Without my help, so why be bored?
I'll just stay on and drive the Ford.
I'm doing well."

It worked all right till last July.
The French girls watched him driving
By an unimpaired, bed sidelong eye,
And this kept 'em
Until the first o' Pershing's troops,
With Sam Browne belt in nifty groups,
Demoralized the chickencoops,
Oh, bitter cup!

That day, our hero, with a grant,
Got in his car and went to hunt
A hospital up near the front,
(But not too near),
To find some little dame from home
With blue eyes and a gilded dome
Who'd see his worth because he'd come
To war last year.

He found the hospital all right,
And didn't look around that night,
But in the morning, clear and bright,
Went out to walk.
He saw approaching him, a mile
Away, a vision with a style
That whispered of Manhattan Isle,
Murmured New York.

His heart increased its normal beat,
As familiarly did his feet,
To think he was so soon to meet
His little prey:
When suddenly he saw that she
Was with a figure in khaki,
(Protective color, hard to see
So far away).

So Archie blamed it on his fate--
'Twas evident he'd come too late--
And then, I'm sorry to narrate
That Archie cursed.
The soldier had was slightly lame--
The victim of a baseball game,
But wounded Hero just the same--
And must be nursed.

It seemed too late to turn back now,
So Archie walked on anyhow,
Though somewhat like a small bow-wow
Dragging a can.

He walked by looking straight ahead:
He thought she'd speak. But no, in-
stead

She looked him over, sniffed, and said:
"Who is this man?"
Depressed, he turned off down a lane,
Went back to the Red Cross again
To try to find some other Jane--
Sore as a pup,
And there he found six maidens fair
All sitting round and taking care
Of patients in the open air--
All dated up.

He stuck around that hallowed spot
A month, and got it pretty hot,
For if, perchance, you think his lot
Was something soft,
You should have heard those maidens
say,

When'er he passed along their way:
"There goes our little ambulance."
And then they coughed.

Just recently one day I met
Our Archie, with his cigarette,
Behind a front line parapet,
His placid brow
Unruffled with the battle's din.
He wore a calm, seraphic grin
And sang the chorus of "YOU'RE IN
THE ARMY NOW."
JOHN PENNINGTON KING, 1st Lieut.,
U.S.R.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Putting You Right

By BRAN MASH

X--The proper set for an army mess is one knife, one fork, one spoon in each mess kit. The oysters are to be eaten in the hand, so an extra fork is not necessary, and the soup is to be inhaled, so an extra spoon is not needed. When in doubt use the knife. Finger bowls are no longer in good standing, but you might add a touch of practicality by presenting each of your guests with a bacon tin full of wood ashes with which to polish off the cutlery and plate.

Y--When invited out to tea by a French family, don't say, "Two lumps, please." They ain't no lumps. "Two drops, please," is the correct way of indicating your preference in the matter of sweetening. Don't worry; you have imbibed lots of worse things than saccharine in your time, we dare say.

Z--Yes, the old rule about always addressing an officer in the third person has not been abridged. It is particularly appropriate for people on detached service, as it lends itself greatly to the air of detachment.

Q--When saluting a British officer, you have to look twice. He may be wearing his insignia either on his shoulder or on his cuffs, depending on what his rank is. Two swift, sharp penetrating glances ought to set you straight; then snap it up. He will excuse you for staring if your salute is all right.

S--Yes, by all means cultivate a habit of deference toward your orders. He knows more about you than you know yourself. No matter how much you may be able to fool the Old Man as to your abilities, you will never fool your orderly. He knows just how helpless you are without him. When he says "Sir" to you, be sure to come back with, "Yes, my lord and master."

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