

FIRST A. E. F. FIGHTING CONTINGENT SAILED JUNE 14, 1917

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was enormously proud at being a part of the first contingent. Every one then in training or about to go in training over home was sick with impatience to get to France, and these men were looked upon as the luckiest boys in America. Their own pride in their position was but an echo of a general order—General Order No. 4, issued at Hoboken on July 11:

Uphold Highest Traditions

"Every member of this division will be instructed in the responsibility of his position as a representative of the first unit of the Army of the United States to serve in Europe. He will be carefully impressed with the grave responsibility resting upon him to uphold the highest traditions of the Regular Army and to establish the morale for all subsequent organizations ordered to the front. The vital necessity for a soldierly appearance, a cheerful and prompt obedience to orders and the uncompromising performance of hard work and acceptance of hardships will be impressed upon all."

Present in that first contingent were one regiment of Marines, four of Infantry, one Signal Corps company, four motor truck companies, one bakery company, Ambulance Company No. 6, Field Hospital No. 6 and some 500 steredores.

The boats that bore them were the Tenadores, the Saratoga (rammed in the harbor on a later voyage), the Havana, the Pastores, the Momus, the Antilles, the Lenape, the Mallory, the Finland and the San Jacinto. Laden with Marines, the Hancock, the Henderson and the DeKalb came up from Delaware Bay and joined the convoy outside New York Harbor. The old McClellan traveled along as a refrigerator ship, while the Montanan, Dakotan, Occidente and Luckenbach brought up the rear with animals and freight.

The 18 transports separated into groups according to their speed and, under escort of the Navy, they crossed the Atlantic in a fortnight of as serene

and friendly weather as sea-faring men are wont to encounter in a dozen years of ocean sailing. This was the first contingent of these soldiers, the first experiments in boat-drills and submarine guard duty. They were the first to take their blankets up on deck and bunk under the stars, the first to barter with the stewards for contraband chow smuggled from the officers' mess in the dark of the moon, the first to compose letters home designed to lift the censor's.

It was at 10:30 on the night of June 21, before the advance guard of the convoy reached the submarine zone, that the leading ships had their celebrated encounter with what was believed—and is still by many believed—to have been a U-boat. It was on June 22 that the cheers from the crowded rails announced one by one the presence on the horizon of United States destroyers, come out to greet them and guard them safe to shore.

First Sight of Land In those days, the slender U-boat was a far more anxious question for the convoys than it is today and it was with relief that all on board the first four ships saw on June 25 the French coast on the horizon, the scarlet sun-lit sails of the fishing craft and watched over head the welcoming, sheltering flight of a French airplane. When they cast anchor off the coast that evening at seven, they assumed that all danger was past, little dreaming that they were never more accessible to the submarines and that two had been reported as lurking in those waters that very afternoon. They wondered why the tireless destroyers circled ceaselessly around them all night long.

Next morning the Tenadores, the Saratoga, the Havana and the Pastores docked at the port of a somewhat cheerless city which most Americans had never even heard of a year ago today. It had been selected as the first of the American base ports while the first of the convoys was midway across the Atlantic, and the final sailing orders were given by wireless. It was

then a sleepy, shabby seaport town where prices were low and Yankee manners and customs all unknown.

Last in Port on July 2

At intervals through the next few days, the other transports came over the horizon and into port so that the last of them was safe at its pier by July 2. The correspondents who crossed with the convoy and those who came down from Paris to meet the incoming ships would not let them send home word of the safe arrival. But it was unfortunate. Perhaps it was by way of revenge that they tried then and there to wish on the innocent Yanks the dreadful name of "Sammy." By some mishap, however, a message slipped past the guard, was published in London and flashed home to America, so that the whole world had the news.

The news of the arrival of the first contingent was published in every American newspaper while some of the ships were still at sea—while 7,000 of the soldiers were still within reach of the submarines.

The first contingent had some ground to break and some things to learn which have made the way easier for all of us who have followed. The business of debarkation and going into camp in France was a slow and painful process compared with the smoothness with which it operates today, when far larger bodies of troops move out of the ships and on their way across France as easily and quickly and nonchalantly as a party of traveling salesmen changing trains at Chicago. The great camp at Base Section No. 1, the roads leading to it, the means of transportation were not then what they later became. It was in the early days that the little port city gained the reputation which make it now serve the comedians of the Y.M.C.A. circuit as a joke-town to take the place of such old stand-bys as Brookline, Camden and Kansas City, Kansas.

The first transports were so stevedored and manifested that the all-essential

motor trucks were placed on the last and slowest of the boats. Thus the first contingent had to struggle along over muddy and insufficient roads for several days without their help. Then, too, many a soldier and his equipment became separated in the loading so that a lot of them were unprepared to camp those first few days.

Guesses from 80,000 Up

The quartermaster was ready for them with 15,000 rations, but it was necessary for a good many of the men to use the boats as barracks for several days. They would march out to camp in the morning after first mess, work, exercise and drill there all day, and return to the docks in time for dinner at night. As the one-way road system was already in force there, they made the trip back to the boats along another thoroughfare.

This simplified the quartermaster's problems, but it confused the correspondents dreadfully. Some of them who were itching to know how many troops were in the first contingent, tried keeping a rough count of the number seen marching away from the docks each morning. When you watch an unending line of soldiers cross the back of the stage in a war-pink back home, you may be shrewd enough to suspect that once they are out of sight, they race behind the back drop in order to reappear at the other side and march across again and again, but the French journalists watching the streets of the port had no reasons to suspect there were repeaters in our line of march, so they innocently arrived at a staggering total. There were many rough estimates circulated and published as to how many we had sent. And the lowest guess was 80,000.

Fine Health, Finer Spirits

The difficulties the first arrivals encountered were many, but they were minor and transitory. The soldiers were in fine health and still finer spirits. Things rapidly became smoother and smoother for them and by July 15 the

fighting men of the first contingent were in their training area hard at work. Officers who left them the day they landed and who did not rejoin them until August hardly recognized the rookies of early June in the business-like soldiers of midsummer. As they advanced from the port toward their final area, the enthusiasm of their reception, which had scarcely bowed them over at first, grew greater and greater, but it was only one detachment—a battalion of Infantry—which tasted the greatest triumph of all, the unforgettable march through the streets of Paris on the Fourth of July.

Thundering Cheers Greet Rifles

It was Paris in holiday garb, a Paris all gay with sunshine and bunting and flowers. The officers rode on horseback, the men followed afoot. The cheers that greeted the first in line—the sappers—were as nothing to the very thunder of welcome which greeted the first group with rifles over their shoulders. It was not the snappiest thing ever staged, for there was no such thing as keeping a straight formation when all the girls of Paris were noosing you with chains of daisies, crowding you with poppies, thrusting roses into your belt; when the little children were breaking through the lines to kneel in the streets as the flag went by; when weather-beaten, battle-scarred police were scoring their place as spectators and insisting on walking alongside.

Through scenes such as these, with every one cheering and all the jubilant thousands catching from the passing band the melody and the spirit of "Dixie," the parade made its way from the Invalides to the Picpus cemetery, where, at a tomb which will ever be a shrine for American pilgrims, the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. whispered the words that were in every one's heart that day—"Lafayette, nous voilà!"

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who saw the wild jubilation of the dog that Belle had found her own again at last.

The first consciousness he had of his new surroundings was the feel of her rough pink tongue licking the dust from his face. And those who passed that way on Sunday last found two cots shoved together in the kindly shade of a spreading tree. On one the mother dog lay contented with her puppies. Fast asleep on the other, his arm thrown out so that one grimy hand could clutch one sliver of the young Marine.

Before long they would have to ship him on to the evacuation hospital, on from there to the base hospital, on and on and on. It was not very clear to anyone how another separation could be prevented. It was a perplexing question but they knew in their hearts they could safely leave the answer to some one else. They could leave it to Verdun Belle.

So, with renewed faith in her heart and only one worry left in her mind, Verdun Belle and her puppies settled down on detached service with this field hospital. When, next day, the reach of the artillery made it advisable that it should move down the valley to the shelter of a fine hillside chateau, you may be sure that news was made in the first ambulance for the three casuals.

In a grove of trees beside the house, the tents of the personnel were pitched and the cots of the expected patients ranged side by side. The wounded came—came hour after hour in steady stream, and the boys of the hospital worked on that night and day. They could not possibly keep track of all the cases, but there was one who did. Always a mistress of the art of keeping out from under foot, very quietly Belle hung around and investigated each ambulance that turned in from the front road and backed up with its load of pain to the door of the receiving room.

A Case of Shell Shock Then one evening they lifted out a young Marine, listless in the limp stupor of shell shock. To the busy workers he was just Case Number Such-and-Such, but there was no need to tell any one

VERDUN BELLE, MARINE'S PAL, FINDS HER LOST CHILDREN

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ten by everyone but the young Marine. It never once entered his head to leave her or her pups behind. Somewhere he found a market basket and tumbled the litter into that. He could carry the pups, he explained, and the mother dog would trot at his heels.

Now the amount of hardware a Marine is expected to carry on the march is carefully calculated to the maximum strength of the average soldier, yet this leatherneck found extra muscle somewhere for his precious basket. If it came to the worst, he thought, he could jettison his pack. It was not very clear in his mind what he would do with his charges during a battle, but he trusted to luck and Verdun Belle.

For 40 kilometers he carried his burden along the parched French highway. No one wanted to kid him out of it nor could have if they would. When there followed a long advance by canon, he yielded his place to the basket of wriggling pups while he himself hung on the tail-board.

Then There Were Three

But then there was more hiking and the basket proved too much. It seemed that the battle line was somewhere far off. Solemnly, the young Marine killed four of the puppies, discarded the basket and slipped the other three into his shirt.

Thus he trudged on his way, carrying those three, pounced on forest green, as a kangaroo carries its young, while the mother-dog trotted trustfully behind. One night he found that one of the black and white pups was dead. The road, by this time, was black with hurrying troops, lumbering lorries jostling the line of advancing ambulances, dusty gray columns of soldiers moving on as far ahead and as far behind as the eye could see. Passing silently in the other direction was the desolate procession of refugees from the invaded country. Now and then a herd of cows or a little cluster of fugitives from some

desolated village, trundling their most cherished possessions in wheelbarrows and baby-carts, would cause an eddy in the traffic.

No Sign of Belle

Somewhere in this congestion and confusion, Belle was lost. In the morning there was no sign of her, and the young Marine did not know what to do. He begged a cup of milk from an old Frenchwoman, and with the eye-dropper from his kit he tried to feed the two pups. It did not work very well. Finally, the veering wind brought down the rattle from far ahead the sound of the cannon. Soon he would be in the thick of it, and there was no Belle to care for the pups.

Two ambulances of a field hospital were passing in the unending caravan. A lieutenant who looked human was in the front seat of one of them, a sergeant beside him. The leatherneck ran up to them, burst out his story, gazed at them imploringly and thrust the puppies into their hands.

"Take good care of them," he said. "I don't suppose I'll ever see them again."

And he was gone. A little later in the day, that field hospital was pitching its tents and setting up its kitchens and tables in a deserted farm. Amid all the hurry of preparation for the big job ahead, they found time to worry about those pups. The problem was food. Corned willy was tried and found wanting.

Food Problem Grows Vital Finally, the first sergeant bunted up a farm-bred private and the two of them spent that evening chasing four nervous and distrustful cows around a pasture, trying vainly to capture enough milk to provide subsistence for the new additions to the personnel.

Next morning the problem was still unsolved. But it was solved that evening.

For that evening, a fresh contingent of Marines trooped by the farm and in their wake—tired, anxious, but undiscouraged—was Verdun Belle. Ten kilometers

back two days before, she had lost her master and, until she should find him again, she evidently thought that any Marine was better than no one at all.

The troops did not halt at the farm, but Belle did. At the gates she stopped dead in her tracks, drew in her lolling tongue, sniffed inquiringly the evening air and like a flash—a white streak along a drive—she raced to the distant tree where, on a pile of discarded dressings in the shade, the pups were sleeping.

Their Own Mess Call

All the corps men stopped work and stood around and marvelled. For the onlooker it was such a family reunion as warms the heart. For the worried mess sergeant it was a great relief. For the pups it was a mess call, clear and unmistakable.

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SINGLE REGIMENT TAKES 54 ORPHANS; TOTAL 261

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first sergeant. All ranks of francs from all ranks of Yanks are acceptable. "We've been in France for months. We know the condition of the poor wretches whose fathers have made the supreme sacrifice. There is no need of pleading their cases."

Bright Buckeye Sunshine

By noon of the sixth day the "Reveille" was able to announce that enough francs had been gathered to introduce "sunshine—bright, cheery, substantial, buckeye sunshine—into the lives of 25 children, and six days later it proclaimed that the regiment "not only went over the top and took the first line trench, but penetrated far beyond the original objectives and still is gaining ground"; that "Company F, in a spirited dash," passed Company I and became the "ace" of the regiment, and that "distinguished service honors went to Private Charles Shuman of Company A, who, single-handed, took an orphan and, with the aid of Private Shuman, it is explained, was on K.P. and he was covered with spot after an argument with a rolling kitchen when the committee found him. "Make

a girl," he said, and contributed five 100-franc notes.

So the regiment becomes the "ace of aces" of the parvains, and THE STARS AND STRIPES thanks Captain J. J. Hilliard, who supervised the "Reveille" Editor Wilkinson, Private E. F. Smetik, associate editor, and the contributors to the fund, on behalf of the 54 French youngsters to be tidied over the coming year of need, who, all their lives, will remember the coming of this regiment to France.

Not counting the 17 orphans pledged, the units of the regiment will have forwarded the money to complete their respective adoptions:

Table listing adoptions: Company A (2), Pvt. Charles Shuman (1), Officers Co. B (1), 1st Platoon, Co. B (1), 2nd Platoon, Co. B (1), 3rd Platoon, Co. B (1), 4th Platoon, Co. B (1), Co. C (1), Co. E (1), Headquarters, Co. F (2), 3rd Platoon, Co. F (1), Platoon, Co. F (2), Co. G (2), Co. H (2), Co. I (1), 1st Platoon, Co. I (1), 2nd Platoon, Co. I (1), 3rd Platoon, Co. I (1), 4th Platoon, Co. I (1), Co. L (1), Co. M (1), Headquarters Co. (2), Machine Gun Co. (2), Medical Detachment (1), Staff and Field Officers (1).

California Heard From

Eleven other individuals and units sent in their requests for a total of 34 children, making 48 all told for the week; and fractional contributions were received as follows: George E. Voorhies, Jr., Santa Barbara, California, \$125 frs. Mrs. H. F. Bathum, New York 13 frs. 30 Co. D, — Engrs., 50 frs. Mr. Voorhies is the first contributor from the United States.

"Enclosed find draft for 125 francs as a 'starter' to adopt an orphan," he wrote. "Am hoping now, so will send 125 francs more after I get my income-tax paid (if I do) and the balance soon. Saw the copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES in Sunday's New York Tribune and am having it framed and hung in the country club."

Major J. W. Stillwell, of the General Staff, became a pawn on behalf of his children in THE STARS AND STRIPES. "Have just got hold of my first copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES," wrote "Southern Officer," and the story of

what you are doing for French war orphans is the best thing in it. I am a little short of funds at present, but am going to divide what I have and am enclosing \$50 of the good old kind of money as a first payment."

"OFFICER-R.S. CENTER!"

Officers who consider themselves out of luck on money due them from the Government, either for pay or mileage, should write right away to the Post Disbursing Office, H.Q., S.O.S., Bldg. 5, Room 133, A.P.O. 717, American E.F. Staff disbursing office, had, at last report, 177 checks held because of insufficient addresses. The officers to whom those checks are due may get them by informing the disbursing of their present addresses.

Also, if any officers in the A.E.F. have lost any trunks or bedding rolls, they had better write to 1st Lieut. F. E. Wood, Officer in Charge, Lost Baggage Bureau, Transportation Department, A.P.O. 717. The number of bedding rolls which have been found, and for which delivery orders can be issued, is 339. The number of trunks awaiting their owners is 349.

Among the 339 bedding rolls and 349 trunks are a few belonging to Army Field Clerks, Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. men, and others working with the A.E.F.

To Members of the Printing Trades

Enlisted men of the American E.F. who can qualify as expert and thoroughly competent Linotype Operators, Linotype Machinists, Newspaper Pressmen, Stereotypers and Mailers are requested to register with this office. This information is desired for future use, subject to Commanders' approval. Address:—

THE STARS AND STRIPES 1 Rue des Italiens Paris, France

HOW TO ADOPT AN ORPHAN

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs (\$87.72) for its support. The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or refugees from the invaded districts, as specified by the adopting units.

The money will be sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES to be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. At least 250 francs will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter.

Photographs and the history of each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be notified of the child's whereabouts and advised monthly of its progress. The Red Cross will determine the disposal of the child. It will be maintained in a French family or sent to a trade or agricultural school. No restrictions are placed upon the method by which money may be raised. Donations and communications regarding the children should be addressed: War Orphans Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, 62, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

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AT ALL OF THE ABOVE THEATRES AMBASSADOR GERARD'S SERIAL FILM MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY.

The Naval Officer and the "Little Grey Books"

JUST prior to the War a brilliant young naval officer had a breakdown; a breakdown so complete that it looked as though his career were at an end. He was ordered an entire and protracted rest—not only from professional duty but from every form of work. But War broke out, and his services—he was a clever expert—were promptly needed. He reported.

Despite his anxiety to serve, however, he found that he was utterly incapable of performing his duties. He was keen to give that service which he knew was in him, but neither his professional pride nor his eager patriotism enabled him to overcome his handicap.

He wrote to the Pelman Institute and became a student of "the little grey books." Within a few months that officer had so distinguished himself by ability and zeal that he was promoted to an important command which the heads of senior officers. He generously gives the credit to Pelmanism.

This officer's experience is remarkable, but by no means unique in the Pelman records. Letters are constantly being received by the Pelman Institute from Army and Navy officers, business and professional men and women, telling of extraordinary advantages resulting from a few weeks' study of "the little grey books" in which the simple principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly expounded.

Equally remarkable are the tributes from soldiers and sailors:— GENERAL.—I take the Pelman Course very seriously, as all soldiers who have made their profession a serious study must do. I am very deeply interested in the Course and have been so from the very commencement. There is no doubt I have benefited considerably by it. I may add that I have felt able to rank other, or wholly forget minor ailments and worries, especially to conquer that form of nerves known as "wind up."

LIEUT.-COLONEL.—Very many thanks for the special Military Exercises. As a direct consequence of Lesson 2 I have got a step in my work, though only temporary, is certainly one in the right direction. CAPTAIN.—My memory is immensely improved—so much so that I have just been able to accept a Staff appointment, which I could not have done before doing the Pelman Course.

So popular is the Pelman System in the Army that often officers and men coming back from the front on a few days' leave come straight from the train to the Pelman Institute to enroll for the Course on the recommendation of a brother-in-arms, or to bring a message from a fellow Pelman student in the trenches.

Is "Pelmanism" Worth While? Let any man of common-sense reflect upon the fact that nearly one hundred Generals and Generals, as well as considerably over 25,000 other officers and men, are now Pelmanists. Would one of these waste a moment of their scanty leisure to the study of Pelmanism unless they were convinced by plain evidence and by the private testimony of brother officers that Pelmanism is unquestionably worth while? The extracts from letters published by the Pelman Institute during the past year or two constitute the most remarkable volume of evidence of its kind that has ever been made public. There is not a class or rank—from the highest to the humblest—from which there has not come voluntary evidence that the Pelman system daily practiced NEVER FAILS TO PRODUCE ALL THE BENEFITS THAT ARE CLAIMED FOR IT.

All Classes Benefit Clerks, typists, salesmen, tradesmen, and artisans are benefiting in the form of increased salaries and wages. Increases of 100 per cent and 200 per cent in salary are quite frequently reported; in several cases 300 per cent is mentioned as the increase of salary due to Pelmanism. Professional men find that "Pelmanism" results not only in an immense economy of time and effort, but also in vastly more efficient work. It says something for Pelmanism when members of such different professions as solicitors, doctors, barristers, clergymen, architects, journalists, accountants, musicians, and schoolmasters have all expressed their emphatic appreciation of the value of Pelmanism as a means of professional advancement. Members of Parliament (both Houses), peers and peeresses, men and women high in social and political life, famous novelists, actors and actresses, scientists, professors, and university graduates and tutors—"the little grey books" have ardent admirers amongst all of these. Ever Royalty is represented—and by several enrolements! Wounded Officers "Pelmanising" There must be some thousands of wounded officers and men throughout the country who are studying "Pelmanism" while in hospital; and these speak of the "little grey books" with real affection, not only as a source of present interest and pleasure, but also as a definite assurance of a more certain future. Indeed, apart from any other advantage, the course is well worth ten times the time and money simply for the stimulus it gives. The "little grey books" afford one a new sense of power, a new belief in Possibility, and greater belief in Possibility. Here is a characteristic letter bearing on the point; it was written by a University man now in the Army. "The Course has prevented me from becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It incalculates a clean step in my work, though only temporary, is certainly one in the right direction. CAPTAIN.—My memory is immensely improved—so much so that I have just been able to accept a Staff appointment, which I could not have done before doing the Pelman Course. So popular is the Pelman System in the Army that often officers and men coming back from the front on a few days' leave come straight from the train to the Pelman Institute to enroll for the Course on the recommendation of a brother-in-arms, or to bring a message from a fellow Pelman student in the trenches. Is "Pelmanism" Worth While? Let any man of common-sense reflect upon the fact that nearly one hundred Generals and Generals, as well as considerably over 25,000 other officers and men, are now Pelmanists. Would one of these waste a moment of their scanty leisure to the study of Pelmanism unless they were convinced by plain evidence and by the private testimony of brother officers that Pelmanism is unquestionably worth while? The extracts from letters published by the Pelman Institute during the past year or two constitute the most remarkable

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