

AMERICA RAISING BIGGEST POPULAR LOAN IN HISTORY

Quota for Each District Exactly Double Mark of Third Campaign

FIRST HONORS FOR ALASKA

Towns and Villages Race for Over-subscription, With Many Set Figures Already Passed

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 3.—Greatly, wholly confident, but with a sane and clear knowledge of the magnitude of the task, the United States entered last Friday night on a campaign for the greatest popular loan in history.

No man doubts what the result will be. No man has doubted it, but there will be no easy-going campaign based on that absolute, bright confidence. America has turned itself into an enormous human machine, driven by 100,000,000 soul power. American enthusiasm is on the job, 100 per cent indignant, to make this money campaign a genuinely holy crusade. American common sense is on the job 100 per cent solid to see that no practical method shall be neglected.

Crowds Gather at Start

The great loan campaign began in New York with extraordinary manifestations of enthusiasm, so spontaneous that no preconceived plans could have made the pageant half so impressive. Martially beautiful as was the towering city, with the flags and the liberty altar and the circling airships, and stunning as was the united roar from sirens and factories and ships, the most admirable part was the crowds that gathered to start the work and to subscribe.

The quota to be raised by each of our 12 Federal Reserve Districts is exactly double that of the last loan: New York district, \$1,500,000,000; Chicago, \$250,000,000; Cleveland, \$200,000,000; Boston, \$100,000,000; Philadelphia, \$100,000,000; San Francisco, \$200,000,000; Richmond, St. Louis, Kansas City, \$200,000,000 each; Minneapolis, \$210,000,000; Atlanta, \$180,000,000; Dallas, \$100,000,000. Of the New York Federal Reserve District's quota, New York City must raise \$1,250,000,000, and the other counties and borough must deliver \$1,233,000,000 and Brooklyn \$78,000,000, with a few trifling hundred thousands over.

Race for Oversubscription

A hot race for the honor of reporting over-subscription began instantly after the campaign opened. Telegrams rained New York City's headquarters and neck. Villages, towns and cities competed. The department had barely opened in the morning when a telegram from San Francisco reported that the Alaska Packers' Association had subscribed \$1,370,000, completing the entire loan allotment in that town, village and fishing camp in Alaska. Fort Dodge, Iowa, reported that its allotment, \$2,000,000, was raised exactly on the stroke of midnight on Friday. St. Albans, Vt., reported an over-subscription of \$300,000 two hours after the drive opened. Before noon on the first day of the drive over a dozen places reported over-subscription of their entire quotas.

The Boston district subscribed more than 10 per cent of its quota the first day. Two hours after the opening New York City's subscription totalled \$125,000,000. At the end of the day the indications were that the New York district had raised \$200,000,000.

Boom in Middle West

Hundreds of individuals subscribed small fortunes in the first hours of the drive. Brooklyn raised \$100,000,000 the first day. Secretary McAdoo's home in Washington-on the top of the loan drive actually opened.

Two Trailblazers of Trophies

Two trailblazers of trophies captured by you Yanks started on last Saturday for a 22-day trip through the New York Federal Reserve district, with an escort of "Fishing" Germans, "Canadian" French Foreign Legionaries and speakers. They will visit all the 14 northern counties of New Jersey and all rural New York.

In City Hall Park, New York, the women will erect a Liberty shaft of 50,000 torches, each brick representing a dollar brought there at the foot of the shaft. At the suggestion of Mrs. Wilson, the new merchant ships and Army tanks will be named for the communities showing the largest over-subscriptions and the largest percentage of the population subscribing.

ONE PACKAGE FOR EVERYONE IN A.E.F., CHRISTMAS PLAN

Soldiers Will Send Special Label to Home Folks, G.O. Explains

RED CROSS TO COOPERATE

Standard Size and Weight Limit of Three Pounds Specified for Holiday Bundles

By J. W. Muller

We are going to get Christmas packages, after all. Every one of us will get one—exactly one—a small one, to be sure, but the real thing; and notably well left out. And here, in a new General Order which will be read to each organization in the A.E.F. as soon as it arrives, is the whole arrangement.

"The following regulations will cover the sending of Christmas packages to members of the American Expeditionary Forces for Christmas, 1918:

"1. The Adjutant-General, A.E.F., will issue through organization and station commanders an official coupon to each officer and soldier or other member of the American Expeditionary Forces which, when properly filled out by the person to whom it is issued and mailed to a friend or relative in the United States, will permit the person receiving it to send one Christmas package not larger than 9 inches by 4 inches by 3 inches, and not exceeding 3 pounds in weight.

May Use Standard Container

"2. Standard boxes or containers for this purpose may be obtained in the United States from the local or nearest Red Cross chapter, but it is not necessary that these Red Cross boxes be used, provided the package conforms in weight and size to the conditions of Paragraph 1.

"3. Packages not conforming to the standard form adopted by the Red Cross will not be accepted.

"4. Each soldier will write as clearly as possible (printing in block letters is preferred) on the line provided therefor, in ink if possible, his name, rank, Army serial number, company, regiment, and arm of service. The following is a specimen copy:

Approved by D. P. Dept. OFFICIAL COUPON. AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES. CHRISTMAS PACKAGE COUPON.

PASTE THIS COUPON ON THE PACKAGE. DIRECTIONS: Christmas packages not heavier than three pounds and not larger than 9 by 4 by 3 inches will be carried free from Hoboken, N.J., to each American soldier in Europe. Standard boxes conforming to the above regulations, upon application, by local chapters of the American Red Cross in the United States. Christmas packages must not contain perishable articles, or any articles prohibited by the postal laws of the country to which they are sent.

NOT CONFORMING TO STANDARD REGULATIONS WILL BE REJECTED. THIS COUPON IS AUTHORITY FOR ANY POST OFFICE TO ACCEPT OR REFUSE TO ACCEPT A CHRISTMAS PACKAGE. POSTAGE TO HOBOKEN, N.J. MUST BE PREPAID.

THIS COUPON MUST BE PASTED ON THE PACKAGE TO SECURE ITS TRANSMISSION

"5. After properly addressing the coupon as above described, the soldier will immediately mail the letter to the person in the United States from whom he expects his Christmas package. He will request the person in the United States receiving the coupon to paste it on the Christmas package which that person may desire to send to him. So addressed, this coupon will form the address of the soldier and the authorization for the shipment of his Christmas package overseas. The person in the United States, after affixing the coupon, will then prepare postage to Hoboken, N.J. If the soldier has no parent or relative to send the coupon to, he may mail it to the Red Cross in Washington, D. C., which has agreed to send one package to every soldier whose parents or relatives are not able to do so.

"6. Commanding officers will personally supervise the issuing of coupons.

"7. It is especially necessary that soldiers should be instructed in the use of this coupon.

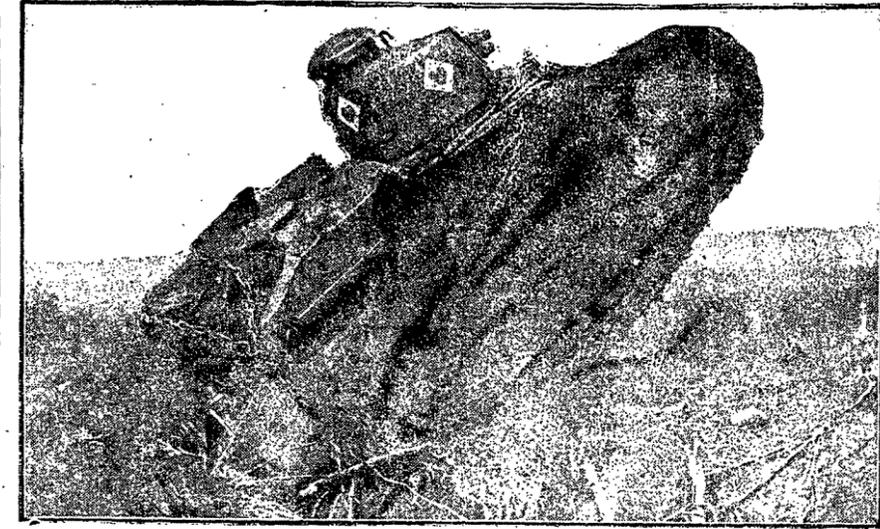
Continued on Page 3

37 CHRISTMAS ORPHANS TAKEN; 42 A WEEK NEEDED FOR 500

TAKEN THIS WEEK Personnel, Depot P. O., A.P.O. 762. 1 Battery F. — Field Artillery. 2 Lt. Frank J. Giblin, Inf., 1st Div. 1 Pvt. Hollis R. Scott, Inf., 1st Div. 1 Co. D. — Rd. Labor Bn., 1st Div. 1 1st Platoon, Co. F. — Inf., 1st Div. 1 2nd Platoon, Co. F. — Inf., 1st Div. 1 3rd Platoon, Co. F. — Inf., 1st Div. 1 4th Platoon, Co. F. — Inf., 1st Div. 1 Hqs. Section, Co. F. — Inf., 1st Div. 1 Convalescent Officers, C.H. No. 5. 1 Sgt. D. L. Garabrant, Co. F. — Inf., 1st Div. 1 Tr. 1 Miss Rosemary Ames, Wheaton, Ill. 1 Camp Hospital No. 31. 1 Capt. J. G. Egan, 1st Div. 1 Chief Car Inspector's Office. 1 Co. E. — Inf., 1st Div. 1 Sgt. 1st Cl. Carl H. Gornetz, 1st Div. 1 Enlisted Men, M.R.S. 1 Lt. Robert E. Miller, A.S. 1 Amb. Co. — Sanitary Tr. 1 Capt. J. G. Egan, 1st Div. 1 Captain B. Inf., 1st Div. 1 Commissioned Officers, — Amb. Co. 1 Co. A. — Engrs., Forestry. 1 Co. C. — Engrs., Forestry. 1 Total 37

Thirty-seven adoptions, credited to the A.E.F. and friends at home during the week when that same A.E.F. was rounding out the finest month in all its five seasons of existence, represent the achievement of the first days of the Christmas Gift War Orphans campaign, a campaign that is going to see a round half thousand French war waifs made certain of a year's care before Santa

ALLIANCE—FRENCH WITHOUT, YANK WITHIN



Tank Advancing Into Action After Nosing Its Way Across Deserted Trench. U.S. Army Official Photograph

COMMISSIONS FOR THOUSANDS OF MEN IN RANKS OF A.E.F.

Privates and N.C.O.'s to Get Chance for Bars Under S.O.S. Plan

LETTER APPLICATIONS O.K.

Boards to Give Exams—Combatant Candidates Will Get Three Months in School

Tens of thousands of officers must be commissioned within the next few months, and at least several thousand of them are going to come from the enlisted ranks of the A.E.F.

Announcing his confidence that a large number of men of good officer material have already demonstrated their ability in their work in the ranks over here, the Commanding General, S.O.S., has issued Bulletin No. 30, saying that every effort is being made to facilitate the granting of commissions to men in the enlisted ranks of the A.E.F. who have shown their worth by actual service.

This promise especially interests men of long service in the A.E.F., who have felt they were being handicapped because of the large numbers of officers commissioned in the States in the special enlistment of the Army. In many cases newly-commissioned officers from the States came into organizations in France which had long been working efficiently with enlisted men who possessed every qualification for a commission.

Two Courses Open

At the same time, obtaining a commission by an enlisted man in France was regarded as a difficult procedure, because commanding officers were loath to permit departure of the non-commissioned officers and private who were the backbone of their organizations. In fact, a general rule had permitted only a small percentage of unit's personnel to enter candidates' schools in any one month.

The new bulletin announces two procedures for men desiring to become officers. Those wishing to enter combatant branches must attend the three months' course in the Army Candidates' Schools. Commissions in the S.O.S. branches will be awarded on the recommendation of a board of officers, after examination.

Permanent examining boards for each S.O.S. branch will be established as required. The examining board for the new Army Service Corps already has convened at Blois. Any examining board will be made the subject of disciplinary action.

Continued on Page 3

THE BIG WEEK

Military Operations

Western Front: Anglo-Belgian attack between Dixmude and south of Ypres. British attack between north of Cambrai and north of St. Quentin, with Colonial and American troops in action. French take St. Quentin, advance toward Laon, reach Aisne north of Vesle, push up toward western end of pass through Argonne forest. Americans advance between Argonne and Meuse.

Prisoners

The number of prisoners captured on all fronts since the beginning of the Allied counter-offensive on July 18 now exceeds 350,000. Of this total, 150,000 have been made since September 15. Of this 150,000, well over 60,000 have been taken on the western fronts alone.

Territory

The Allies now hold more land in France and Belgium than has been in their possession at any time since the first battle of the Marne in 1914.

Political Developments

Bulgaria has signed an armistice with the Allies and hostilities have been suspended.

The German chancellor, von Hertling, and the German foreign secretary, von Hinze, have resigned.

Plank for Everyone

In the division that swept up and beyond Bethincourt the Engineers at the zero hour were lying abreast of the third Infantry wave, each man carrying a plank. When the great hour struck, they passed through the third wave, through the second, through the first, so that by the time that first wave came up to a swollen, swampy stream a kilometer ahead of the jumping off place, there were the Engineers tossing their planks down to make a swift and decent roadway.

Over the Footway a Brigade Passed

Then up came the planks, to be fashioned in a twinkling into a broad, substantial bridge over which, by 9 o'clock that first morning, heavy traffic was lumbering slowly forward.

As night fell at the end of the third day, their colonel could have been seen, ensconced in his headquarters. His headquarters was a limousine car. He was neatly uniformed, except that, in defiance of all regulations, the worst-looking cheer so heavy that he had got past the point of enduring either. In one hand he held a cup of coffee, the first warm thing he had seen.

Continued on Page 3

GUNS AND GUN FOOD MOVE INTO BATTLE AS PIONEERS TOIL

Roads Come Into Being Where Pick and Shovel Blaze Speedy Trains

BRIDGES FOR BIG TRUCKS

Dugout Stones Made Into Thoroughfares; Crumbled Villages Become Suddenly Useful

When the Infantry moves forward many miles through the rain over such a scarred and tortured countryside as stretched ahead of the American Army in the Argonne, the immediate task is pushing the heavy artillery and ammunition up behind them. The immediate problem is first instantaneous creation of roads where no roads had been for years.

In such times and such places the Yankees realize as never before in their lives that the pace and ease of an advance in France varies inversely as the square of the mud.

In such times the men of the hour are those Engineers—both Engineers and Infantry—who are the pathfinders for the guns.

They were hard at work at dawn on the 26th. With the first doughboys to go rip-roaring out of the 20 miles of dismal, mist-veiled trenches went Engineers with wire-cutters and foot-bridges.

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Continued on Page 3

YANKS IN BATTLE AS BRITISH CRACK HINDENBURG LINE

Americans and Australians Fight Way Across Roof of Canal Tunnel

PICARDY MUD STILL THICK

Enemy Fights Well Behind Concrete, but Can't Prevent Piercing of Famous Position

By J. W. Muller

While the Americans, in their own offensive, were nosing their way through the Boche defenses northwest of Verdun this week other American units, fighting side by side with the Australians, for the first time in this war that Yanks and Aussies have lined up together in a major operation, took part in the victorious British advance in Picardy.

To these troops went the distinction of playing an important role in fighting which pierced the main defenses of the Hindenburg line at a point where that barrier of freedom was especially strong and where the Germans were prepared to resist with desperation.

The Americans who fought in Picardy were on the right wing of the British advance from north of Cambrai to St. Quentin. Their objectives, and those of the Australians with whom they fought, were certain points beyond the line of the St. Quentin Canal on a stretch of front where that waterway, running underground for 3 1/2 miles, passes through what is known as the Bellecourt to the Hindenburg line at a point where that barrier of freedom was especially strong and where the Germans were prepared to resist with desperation.

The purpose of the attack was to get across and safely beyond the line of this canal, which, ever since the retreat of the Germans in 1914, has formed one of the principal strongholds of the Hindenburg line, and which, since the Boche went flung back this summer, has provided a water-front protection against the dread tanks almost priceless in his eyes.

Hillcrest Well Fortified

The hillcrest above the tunnel, the only stretch between San Quentin and Cambrai where this water protection did not exist and where an attack by tanks could be expected, had been fortified with all the astuteness of the German general staff. The canal tunnel, which was utilized as an elaborate place of storage for supplies and ammunition and quarters for reserves.

Other tunnels in the vicinity were taken over and repaired. These subterranean passages were amplified with a system of Boche-built tunnels, huge, deep dugouts, trenches, concrete pill boxes and scattered but plentiful machine gun emplacements. It was this system of surface and underground defenses, as nearly impregnable as the Boche could make it, that the Yanks assaulted and pierced.

The Americans started the attack at 5:50 o'clock on the morning of September 29. Previously they had fought their way to their jumping off place, taking a few days before, Guillaumont Farm, Quenonnet Farm and a little hill known merely as "The Knoll," all important positions in the Hindenburg line. But these captures had only stirred their ambition to go farther.

The fighting on the 29th had all the frills of a modern, western front battle—an intense artillery barrage, tanks, a smoke barrage, patchy machine gun resistance from the enemy, gas and mud. The Engineers, with their great trucks, some of which were manned by Americans, followed the barrage across the Hindenburg strongholds with such spirit and enthusiasm, such dash and success that the vocabularies of the indignant and happy Australians was taxed to give praise.

Southern Entrance Captured

By 2 o'clock in the afternoon the Americans had crossed the hillcrest above the southern half of the tunnel, had captured its southern entrance and taken the town of the great hour strike, Roy and Cabaret Wood Farm. They had gone through the main strong points of the Hindenburg line above St. Quentin on schedule.

And at 2 o'clock the same afternoon the Australians, with a cheer from the Americans—cheer so hearty that the pill places at least, it could be heard even above the deafening barrage—telescoped through the Americans and carried on.

Continued on Page 2

FIRST ARMY AGAIN IN MAJOR ATTACK, GAINS IN ARGONNE

Americans Strike Between River Meuse and Great Tangle of Forest

NEW DIVISIONS IN BATTLE

Yanks Who Push Ahead Northwest of Verdun Never Knew Rigors of Winter in France

By J. W. Muller

At dawn on September 26, 1918, the First American Army, flushed with its first swift success at St. Mihiel, struck its second blow on a wide front north-west of Verdun—struck and drove the Germans from many a town and village, from many a hill and valley they had held since the first weeks of the world war.

All that region the night before had been blasted by such a concourse of guns as had had no precedent in American history, and by sundown of the second day the Infantry, which swarmed forward through the mist of Thursday morning, had fought its way far into the winter forest of Argonne, had carried by storm the forbidding heights of Montfaucon, had restored village after village to France, and had sent more than 8,000 prisoners trotting back through the chill September rain to the waiting pens behind.

FIRST AMERICAN ARMY ATTACKS IN SECOND MAJOR OPERATION

now and again one of our own great shells had gone howling overhead.

The day had been one of shifting clouds and occasional autumnal rain squalls. New moon shone clear and the stars were brilliant, but over the land a heavy white mist lay like a wet cloth, a sheltering mist through which the ever-thickening traffic crept silently along the roads that led to the battlefield.

Then, quite suddenly, all the guns spoke at once. It was the beginning of a three-hour bombardment which smashed German roads and wires, mangled German batteries, sought out and pulverized German P.C.'s, fell like a rain of death on moving German troops, and drove scuttling under ground all living creatures over there.

No Answer Awakened

There was no answer. If there had been, it could not have been heard. For as many miles as one could see, by the myriad, ceaseless flashes in the night, our own guns were cursing from every crest and clump. At first you could hear the whine of our own shells, the echo from hill to hill, the harsh swishing of the water in the swamps, the angry rattle against the logs and even, sometimes, the shrill, sharp commands, heard like foot ball signals from some nearby battery. But as the fury reached its crescendo, the sound of our own shells and tones were lost in the instant succession of the shots.

The cargo of many a ship, the strain and sweat of many a stevedore, the sale of untold thousands of Liberty bonds, the toll of many millions of devoted hands came into their own in that bombardment.

Its intensity can be estimated from the fact that the count of the rounds fired on one-third of the American front amounted to 10,000 from the larger guns and 70,000 from the 75's.

Its sound can be guessed by the fact that when, after dawn, the firing subsided somewhat and the batteries were content to shoot only one gun a minute, it seemed to the toilers underneath as though a strange, restless hush had settled over the world. One of these toilers, sitting on the high seat of an ammunition truck, shivered in his leather jacket and confided to his steering wheel: "Oh, Lord, thanks be I'm not on the other end of that noise."

Just Before Zero

That noise reached its most deafening climax in the last few minutes before the zero hour. That is the period of most painful expectancy, when anxious eyes follow the creeping minute hands on thousands upon thousands of synchronized watches. At 5:30 the first faint sign of dawn would be showing in the long waiting line of the hills. The Infantry would be up and over the top. And every one behind them, from the generals to the cooks, knew in his proud and confident heart that for a time there would be only one problem. For all the rest of the day, waiting and hoping.

Then 5:30 came and an observer, crouched in such a vantage point, say, as any one of those look-outs which indent the parapet on the crest of Hill 201, must needs strain his eyes through the mist that blanketed the valley below. The trench and the hillside which he was completely hidden from view. Then, a few moments later, and it was a sight to carry with him to his grave, out from under the edge of the mist, swarming like a multitude of tiny bees from some giant hive, out and on and up the hill the doughboys went.

In an instant, the wires hummed with the noise. Signals flew from the hill tops, pigeons sprang into the air with the findings and overhead the hovering aircraft paused, wheeled and started back. Soon from each of them would drop to some open field a gleaming cylinder, (tractable in its passage through the air by its fluttering streamer of white, messages from the air to the waiting commanders in the rear.

"Over on the Minute"

The burden of all these messages was pretty much the same along the whole 20 mile front. Take one flashed back by a corporal, squatting, telephone in hand, at a front-line station. He may have tried to keep his voice level and military. His report, as it was caught on the typewriter in some message center far behind, will come down as follows: "The front-line of the War Department at Washington. It read: 'Over on the minute.'"

It meant that the line—which had held at least that much ground for four long years and which had not moved an inch either way for more than a year—the line was moving at last, and toward Germany.

Then, as the Infantry rushed forward, smothering or passing by the rear guard machine gun nests and rounding up the disorganized German troops whose retreat had been cut off by the barrage, every other arm of the service took up the strain of moving forward.

At the end of the second day, the counter attacks began, came thicker and faster in the days succeeding as the resistance stiffened, brought with them, close hand-to-hand fighting as the battle line swayed back and forth. But for the first two days, it was a matter of pursuit, and not of attack. The main task of keeping up with the Infantry.

Moving Up Starts Early

That movement had begun at midnight the night before. At midnight some battalions of 75's had fired a few rounds and then packed up to start forward. At first the counter attacks were so early that before sundown they were pitched on new hillsides and, without waiting for camouflage or good emplacements, were firing steadily into the retreating German lines.

The pace set for them can be gauged by the fact that one regimental messenger, after marching the first wounded at his old stand until 9 on Thursday morning, jumped forward eight kilometers and was at work in Cuisy by noon of the first day. By sundown of that first day the Infantry lines in some places had gone forward more than five miles, and through the maze of traffic which clogged the crazy roads, the urgent message ran back: "Guns before all else, and then food for the guns. Rations second, ammunition first."

To get the guns up, meat and coffee must wait. Everything except the horses—must wait. If horses died, the 75's through the mud should be killed or, having done their level best, should drop from exhaustion, then human muscles must push the guns on their way. If a big gun should capsize in some shell hole and despite of many hands, after pushing it into the water, it must be pulled out, its position and open fire from there. More than once these things happened.

The problem of moving up the guns and the other supplies was made both supremely important and supremely difficult through the fire that day, the nature of the terrain over which the

Americans were fighting—one of the most difficult battlefields in Europe—and by the conditions in which four years of battle had left that terrain. Here was a stretch of French country-side all little hills and valleys. In the summer of 1914 it was beautifully carpeted with green, field after field of well husbanded farms, with here and there a golden wheat crop unbordered with scarlet poppies, and here and there a village of stone-homes with red-tiled roofs.

Now it looks as though the hand of some grotesquely gigantic leper had reached out of the East and touched it. It was a desolate country. There are no homes, no life, no verdure. Here and there is some crumbled stone where a house once stood, here and there the blackened stump of a blasted tree. For the rest there is only a scorched, bleak countryside, pitted with shell holes and mine craters like the face of the moon.

From these shell holes German rear-guards turned their machine guns on the backs of the advancing Yankees. From them, as the mists of the first morning cleared away, Germans emerged in batches large and small, to be taken into custody by the mopping-up parties and sent to the rear by thousands, the number of prisoners captured on the first day.

Still the Prisoners Come

Not only that first morning, but off and on through Thursday, Friday and Saturday, little groups of them would trickle out of the underground hiding places whether they had taken refuge when the shelling began and whence they had been afraid to come out, so deep-rooted was their conviction that Americans were accustomed to kill their prisoners in France. They would be found by Yanks on a still hunt for souvenirs.

Two famished Boches emerged as late as Saturday from a deep dugout that was not more than a good rifle shot from the dugout of a general commanding an American reserve battalion.

Aside from these shell holes and remnants of abandoned trenches, the waterless, foodless land for several kilometers in depth offered not a vestige of shelter, not a hedge or even a clump of green behind which a gun might hide, or in the scant protection of which a line of trucks might move unmolested.

One Wall for a Village

As for the villages which the first few days recaptured, some are so completely obliterated that runners passed through them in broad daylight, never once stumbling that a village had ever stood there.

One messenger, knowing that a general's P.C. had been set up in a certain town which looked imposing enough on the map, found when he came to the place that only a part of one wall of one house remained to identify it. Against this wall, a telephone was placed.

"Where is the divisional P.C.?" the runner asked of the officer at the telephone.

"You're in it now," replied the officer with a grin.

Of other towns, such as Cuisy and Montfaucon or Bétin, more is left, but not enough on which to build anew, and sometimes you can recognize the church, where weeds grow rank through the stones of the floor, only by the remnants of painted angels littering a heap of stones which was once an altar.

But it was neither in terms of battle nor in terms of restoration that this ter-

rain presented its most serious problem during the first few days of the battle. It was in terms of traffic.

Roads over which no vehicle had passed since the summer of 1914, roads recognizable after four years only as serpentine paths weaving disconsolately among the shell holes, roads in which mine craters yawned past all hasty bridging, these had to receive and bear during the first three days a volume of heavy, ceaseless traffic that would have worried a dozen Lincoln Highways.

In Terms of Traffic

That is why the pioneers—both Engineer and Infantry—went for days and nights without stopping to sleep or eat. That is why the clink of pick and shovel striking ahead of the trucks, working with cat tracks, will ever be music in the ears of the American Army. Theirs was the task of getting the guns up, and get them up they did, faster in some places than in others, but still the guns moved on through the rain, and the ammunition followed.

Even had the roads been perfect from the start, the traffic problem would have still been enormous, and those who went through it will never forget the paralyzing congestion. Every one helped. Every one had to help. The sight no one could stand was the spectacle of a long train of ambulances, stalled in the rain, the drivers engine, the onlooker cursing, only the wounded within silent and uncomplaining save when one of them might reach out and ask for a smoke or a pull on a passing canteen.

Perhaps, when it meant just a short impossible blockade, an officer would keep the improvised road and call for volunteers. "These men have paid the price," he would call out in the darkness, "and we've got to see them through to the hospitals. Maybe we can cut a road through this wire and mud that will skirt these foundered trucks blocking the way. Pitch in, everybody."

Road Built in Twinkling

Then down from the trucks, out from under tarpaulins, emerging here from a hastily made bed beside the road or there from a roadside kitchen, the volunteers would come. The improvised road would be made in a twinkling, the litters would be carried across its torturing bumpy surface, the ambulances would trundle after and a little later the train of wounded would be creeping on its way to beds and warm food and expert, compassionate hands.

In such traffic jams, when an occasional ill-advised cart full of officers' baggage would be chucked ruthlessly to the side and when stubborn drivers must be coerced to breed in them then and there the right commonly spirit, the strong-armed M.P. was the king of the road and the hero of the hour.

Every cross road clamored for him over the wires. Things went best where the M.P. at the corner was a square-jawed, hard-boiled Yankee who, when a truck seemed disinclined to do his bidding on the instant, would waste no words but draw his gun suggestively and say: "You do what I tell you or I'll blow what little brains you've got to the other end of Hell."

At the End of the Sixth Day

With roads laid under and in front of the moving traffic, with such M.P.'s to straighten out the tangles, slowly through the mud and rain the guns moved up.

By the end of the sixth day the Yankees in the Argonne had pushed on in some places to a depth of 12 kilometers,

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Has opened reading, writing and rest rooms at
3 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.
These rooms are open daily from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. and all Soldiers and Sailors of the Allied Forces are cordially welcome at all times. The Christian Science Monitor, other publications of the Society, the Bible and the Text Book of Christian Science, "Science and Health," with "Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy, will be furnished free by the Committee to any Soldier or Sailor of the Allied Armies upon request.
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If you guess the price too high, the balance will be returned to you, if you guess low, a bill will be sent for the rest.

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Write us if we can give you any information or assistance.
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'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor and 'Ever-Ready' Blades can be obtained at all Y.M.C.A. canteens.
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The Easiest, Most Water-proof, Wear-resisting Boots Made.
Write for Descriptive Booklet of Boots, Leggings and Spurs, also Self-Measuring Apparatus (Registered) if unable to call. We accept all responsibility as to fit.
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After firing, clean the barrel of your piece with a solvent to remove smokeless powder residue. Then swab with
3-in-One Oil
to prevent all rust and tarnish. Oil all the operating parts with 3-in-One; rub a little on barrel, bayonet and stock. This will keep your piece always in first-class condition—ready for quick action and critical inspection.
3-in-One has been the old Army stand-by for years. Ask the man higher up how many different things he uses 3-in-One for. The list will surprise you—till you try it a dozen ways yourself.
THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
BROADWAY . . . NEW YORK

YANKS SHARE IN CRACKING HINDENBURG LINE

Continued from Page 1
the advance that rolled one more peril to Hindenburg's positions in Picardy and loosened the since fulfilled threat to St. Quentin.

The fighting during the morning was bitter. That shortly after noon the Americans had sent back upwards of 1,200 prisoners is not so much an indication that the Boche did not fight as that the Americans did. Concrete pill boxes there were in plenty against which rifle fire was impotent, and which were put out of commission by the tanks or stilled when they had been encircled after the occupants had been routed or slain by hand-knives. On more than one occasion after the first advancing wave had passed over the terrain, the second wave, advancing in its wake, found the Germans reestablished in their former positions, having come up from underground. Pitted battles between small detachments were numerous.

Concrete Aids Enemy

"Fritz fought well behind concrete," said one doughboy, receiving treatment at a field dressing station for a shrapnel wound in the arm, "but as soon as we got him into a corner it was 'Kamerad.'"

The towns of Bellecourt and Nauroy fell to the Americans only after severe fighting, the defense being by machine guns in great numbers, but the southern entrance of the Bellecourt tunnel, the most important, possibly, and certainly the most interesting of the American objectives, fell without a struggle.

The effectiveness of the smoke barrage put up to conceal the operations of the Americans was enhanced by a shrapnel mist which hung over the battlefield and the company detailed to take and hold the tunnel entrance, deviating slightly from its direction, crossed the hillcrest above the canal to the north of its objective. They had gone on for several hundred yards when they captured a dozen Germans who had been captured a tank. The actual taking of the tunnel mouth after this episode is thus described by one of the sergeants who participated:

PRISONERS ON WAR WORK

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 3.—Even the prisoners are shouting for a chance to do war work. New Jersey is now considering what labor it can set them to, and Maryland already has turned over about 400 to the Baltimore Department of Public Works, to the United States Health Department, and the railroads.

MOTORLESS SUNDAY RECORD

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 3.—Our motorless Sundays have so far saved gasoline that we have already been sent to France ten ships with 50,000 barrels aboard each. There has been no break anywhere in the "motorless" observance.

crete breastworks. I believe some of the Germans were mounted in concrete. "We shouted down the tunnel and ordered the Germans to come out. After a couple of minutes some Germans came out in single file with their hands up. There were 150 of them, including three or four officers, one a captain.

Entering the Tunnel

"After that we entered the tunnel. It was fitted up like an Old Folks Home. The waterway was about 30 feet wide, with a broad, low path on each side. Caverns had been dug out of the side, and all sorts of things were stowed there, including food. The canal was full of barges, which had been fitted up for troop quarters. We went up several hundred yards and there was just one more after another, all of them modeled for the use of troops. Most of them contained bunks. A few were fitted up as mess halls and as officers' quarters.

"There was one with a piano aboard and a moving picture screen, evidently used as a combination canteen, concert hall and movie theater. There were galleries leading off in several directions, and apparently another gallery above the tunnel itself.

"There was a fire in some of the cooking ranges and food actually on the fire. We had a hot meal an hour after we took possession, and during the afternoon and night I used it as a sort of emergency station for wounded."

Begun by Napoleon

Thus fell the southern end of the Bellecourt tunnel, the construction of which was begun by Napoleon in 1814, half a century after Louis XIV had started and abandoned a similar project of several hundred yards eastward, the ruins of which are still existent. For four years the Germans had utilized the tunnel as quarters for troops and a vast, secure place of storage for supplies of all sorts. The Americans who took it were the first persons to examine it, other than German, since 1814.

East of the canal, after the Australians had pressed ahead to carry on and exploit the gains of the Americans, bitter fighting took place. In many places the Boche fought with desperation. And, with the mud, which made Yanks and Aussie alike and indistinguishable the one from the other, it was no wonder that many Americans strayed into Australian detachments and advanced with them and that many a hard-fought battle was fought between the two widely different parties. The globe fighting shoulder to shoulder.

RADIATORS MADE INTO GUNS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 3.—Instead of turning our swords into plowshares, we are turning radiators into guns. The first carload of cannon built by the New Jersey Radiator Works for destroyers, transports and merchantmen have been delivered, tested and found O.K. Apartment dwellers earnestly hope that after the war the radiator makers will return to making radiators which are equally hot stuff.

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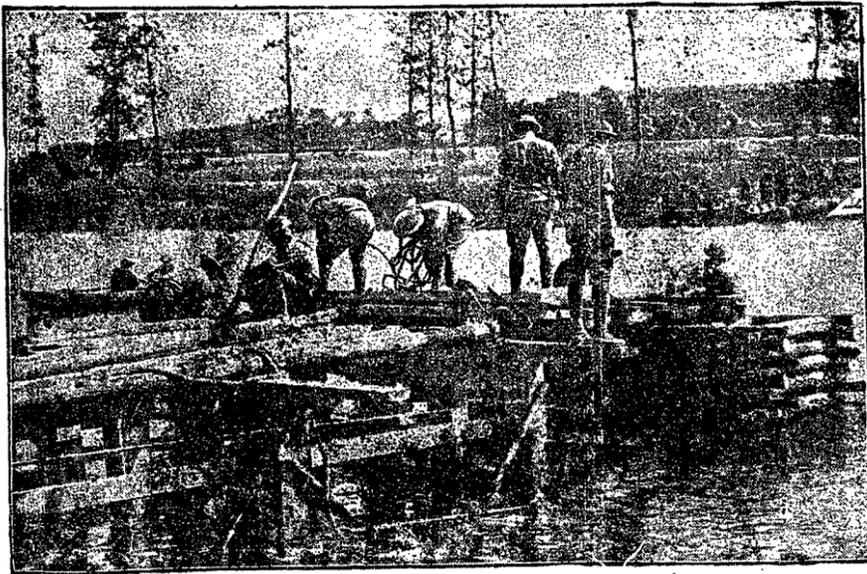
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Uniforms and all Insignia
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WHEN YOU GET THAT LEAVE
Under General Orders No. 6 and 38, Enlisted Men in the American E.F. may go to leave areas for 7 days, with board and lodging paid by the Army.
The three areas now open are—
SAVOIE—French Alps, lakes, etc. Center: Aix-les-Bains.
BRITTANY—Sea Coast. Centers: St. Malo, Dinard, Parama.
AUVERGNE—Mountain Section of interior France. Centers: La Bourboule and Mont Dore.
Entertainment provided by Y.M.C.A.: Other leave areas will be opened soon.
Accommodations secured by application through C.O.'s of units to P.M.G., H.Q., S.O.S.

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THIS IS THE WAY THE ENGINEERS DO IT



U.S. Army Official Photograph

GUNS AND GUN FOOD MOVE INTO BATTLE AS PIONEERS TOIL

Continued from Page 1
countered in four sleepless days and nights. In the other hand he held the receiver of his telephone, which was conveniently set up in the front seat. Into the monthpiece he was pouring his report, which was both a boast and a bitter complaint.

A broad, solid road all the way through, sir, and I'll be damned if the traffic of five divisions isn't hogging it already."

Job for the Pioneers

In the region just to his left, a road had opened up to three kilometers at the end of the first day. Down that road at sunrise, it would have been impossible for a column of twos to have marched without casualties. The shell-holes were so many and so huge that a five ton truck could not have stood level in the road, much less without disaster. Yet soon a road came into being there.

Out of a hundred dugouts the pioneers came, carrying the stones with which those dugouts had been walled. Out of the stones they would build new thoroughfares, or with their hands they would strengthen every bridge which the trucks were slowing grinding. You can shove such stones under the crushing tractor wheels and watch them be ground to a powder that will defy even the steady wash and drain of autumn rain.

An Engineer captain, some 2,000 men in all on one main artery, traffic jammed his brow and blessed the God of Good Roads who had inspired the French to macadamize theirs. For only roads originally made of broken stone can be mended quickly with broken stone. For material, even if the neighboring shell-holes were not full of it, the villages all about are now nothing but broken stone, fit only for road-beds for the avenging armies.

These Engineers had marched up to the line under the booming guns the night before, carrying two huge bridges each strong enough to bear two lines of first trucks.

In some cases the Engineers worked from freshly developed aerial photographs which indicated the details of their job exactly, but even photographs snapped from the air the day before could not predict the shell-holes and mine craters which will yawn in the earth at the eleventh hour of a retreat.

Not Without Excitement

One such crater—a dizzying hole 30 feet deep and 100 feet wide—split open the road to Varennes. The road was straightened by a bridge around it, and a fine 24-foot stone boulevard leads up to Varennes and on beyond for the staid supply of the troops that took the town and fought on ahead of it.

These roadmasters worked under shell-fire, worked night and day, night and day without sleep and without food, out of food, for his their work had been quite void of excitement. The Engineer lieutenant, out prospecting with two of his men, who had the extreme pleasure of turning his revolver on an unobserved rearward machine gun and, eventually, of seeing the three Germans take flight over the hill towards Germany, was not the only one.

One knot of Pioneers were lustily swinging their picks when the whizz of machine gun bullets past their ears gave them pause. With an exultant war-whoop they threw away their picks and shovels, rushed for their rifles stacked handily by, dropped warily into the nearest shell holes, and opened fire on two lurking machine guns with such good effect that they wounded several of the lingering enemy, and after a few moments warm fighting, had the satisfaction of seeing six prisoners of their own talking marched off through the rain under guard. The guard was an Infantryman, but you may be sure the prisoners were labeled, "Taken by the Engineers."

SAVING WRAPPING PAPER

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 3.—The golf clubs won't get you this winter. Instead they must heat up with the well-known burning language of all golfers, plus busted drivers.

Along other lines of conservation, retail stores have been ordered to conserve wrapping paper, and pretty soon shoppers will carry their purchases away in the altogether.

President Wilson did his share in the way of saving time and labor on the way from New York to Washington by holding the yarn on the John Alden plan for Mrs. Wilson to knit socks for soldiers.

GERMAN CLUB A HOSPITAL

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 3.—The New York Catholic War Fund has established a 200-bed hospital in the Bronx, as an auxiliary to Base Hospital No. 1.

The elaborate German club in Central Park South, New York, has been turned over by the board of governors at a small rental to the Red Cross. It will henceforth be known as Lafayette House, and will be used for convalescent soldiers and sailors.

J. COQUILLOT

BOOT MAKER PARIS and SAUMUR BOOTS and PUTTEES to order Large ASSORTMENT ready made. 75, Av. des Champs Elysees, Paris.

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PLANES IN FIGHT AT VERY OUTSET OF ARGONNE PUSH

Boche Flyers Are Brought Down by the Dozen as Infantry Romps On

GREAT RACE FOR BALLOONS

Captain Climbs Out on Burning Plane and Hangs by Lift Wire During Descent

The first day of the Argonne battle was a great day for America's flying men. They brought down Boches by the dozen, and when a balloon started skyward it was a tussle to see who would get it first. The laurels were divided among several. One lieutenant brought down nine balloons during the first three days of the fight, and on the first day he brought down five enemy planes in five minutes.

Bullet Pierces Gas Tank

A captain and a lieutenant were flying at a high altitude when a stray bullet from the enemy lines pierced the gas tank, setting their plane on fire. The flames enveloped the pilot and the machine whirled earthward. The captain climbed out of the flames onto the left wing and hung by the lift wire until he felt his feet touch the earth, then he released his hold on the wire and fell several yards, receiving a few minor bruises.

Lights in No Man's Land

Yet another lieutenant was attacked by five enemy planes and forced to light in No Man's Land. He landed safely, got under cover, and later made his way into the American lines, where he obtained a chaplain and two men and returned to aid a lieutenant who was also shot down in No Man's Land. The lieutenant was dead when they found him, and the little party stood by until the fallen aviator was buried. It was under fire continuously for over an hour.

ONE PACKAGE FOR EVERYONE IN A.E.F., CHRISTMAS PLAN

Continued from Page 1
diers and their coupons to the United States at the earliest possible moment. "8. The bulk of transportation which will be diverted from war purposes in shipping and distributing these packages is of such moment that the co-operation of every officer and soldier is requested to see, first, that every soldier gets one coupon; second, that he understands the necessary method of filling it out and dispatching it promptly; third, that the spirit of Christmas and fair play obtains so that but one coupon will be issued to each soldier."

FRATERNITIES MAY CLOSE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 3.—The college fraternities of the country will probably reduce and perhaps wholly cease their activities for the duration of the war. Amherst College already has decided that all fraternity meetings shall cease after October, and the fraternity houses will probably close.

LIBRARIES EVEN FOR SMALLEST OF UNITS

A.L.A. Plan Will Care for Isolated Groups Who Want to Read

BOOKS FOR OUR PRISONERS

Technical Collections for Railway Engineers, Chemical Corps Workers and Others

Any unit of the A.E.F., however small, however isolated from the rest of the 1,700,000 Americans now in France, however remote from the nearest center of civilization and cigarettes, may, none the less, have its own library.

More than that, any individual soldier may have the privilege of reading any books he wants and has permission enough to write for—provided the A.E.F. headquarters of the American Library Association has it, and the chances are at least even that it has.

The association is also preparing to send to strictly technical units—such as railway Engineers, Chemical Corps workers and the like—carefully selected little libraries, each containing a number of books dealing strictly and exclusively with the sort of work which a railroad man or a chemist is called upon to do in war as in peace.

Plans for Prisoners

The association is planning to care not only for the American soldier in France. It has recently sent a shipment of 1,100 books into Germany for the use of American prisoners of war. More are to follow as fast as the natural difficulties attendant on forwarding supplies from enemy to enemy through neutral countries, such as Switzerland—are met and overcome.

Cases of books—roughly one book for every two men in small units, though obviously that ratio cannot be maintained in a camp sheltering, say, 40,000 men—will be shipped to units far removed from the front lines, as many forestry and cement mill stations are, merely for the asking. The A.L.A. asks only that some one—it may be the captain, it may be the ranking back—be detailed to look after the books and act as librarian for his group.

Books for prisoners are already flooding A.L.A. headquarters (which are to be addressed at 10 rue de l'Elysee, Paris) with requests for hundreds of volumes of almost as many varieties.

Historics of France seem to head the list, with Carlyle's "French Revolution" probably the favorite in the race for K-less culture. There are requests for books on agriculture, law, architecture, and a thousand and one subjects not much more closely related to the war. Mathematics textbooks, all the way from arithmetic to works on differential calculus, are in demand, and an order is now being filled for a first book in Greek.

Two Ask About Bees

Recently two sweet-toothed doughboys in two different divisions each wrote for a work on bee culture. And the man who casually inquired for the whole of the Harvard Classics—Dr. Elliot's five feet of liberal education—must not be omitted from the list.

The obstacles standing in the way of shipping books to our prisoners in Germany are not many, but what few there are are rather formidable. Books published since the war began are barred by Germany for the reasons, and, for equally obvious reasons, so are any books, history or whatnot, casting reflections on Germany's past, present or future. No second-hand volumes are allowed, since a hard-working Boche censor insists that he hasn't the time to examine every leaf minutely for secret messages. Books going to Germany, therefore, have to be new books.

Book to a Man Now

Books are now coming to the A.E.F. at the rate of 300,000 a month—about a book to a man among the new arrivals. The book-to-a-man principle, however, cannot be followed for the whole Army, since the men had a start of a million before the books began. The association is planning to construct 15 library huts in as many A.E.F. centers next year if it can be accomplished. Two of these central libraries are already operating in two important S.O.S. cities.

The leave centers are being well cared for. The Savoie area alone has libraries totaling about 1,200 volumes. A big replacement camp has 3,000. Hospital trains are now carrying genuine "circulating libraries"—a case of books, mostly fiction, to a train, to ease the journey of the wounded from rail-head to base hospital.

COMMISSIONS FOR THOUSANDS OF MEN IN RANKS OF A.E.F.

Continued from Page 1

board may recommend that a candidate be fit for service in another branch, and should the candidate desire he will be permitted to apply for commission in the service the board recommends. Blank forms for applicants are to be supplied by HQ, S.O.S. In case it is deemed obtaining these forms will cause unnecessary delay, applicants are permitted to forward through their intermediate commanders a letter in which the following information will be given: Full name, rank and service; present address; branch in which appointment is desired; date of birth; where born; citizenized date and place; married or single; number of children; statement of all military service with dates and grades, including date of arrivals for duty with A.E.F.; educational advantages, giving dates of attendance at various institutions, degrees attained, etc.; business experience, stating fully positions occupied, names of employers and dates; ability to speak, read or write any foreign language.

If You've Applied Before

In addition, the letter should state whether the applicant had ever made a previous application for a commission, and if so, when and where; whether applicant had served in more than one branch to determine fitness for commission, and if so, when, where, for what branch of service, and result of examination; general qualification for appointment. Two letters of recommendation as to character and fitness for position should be included, and the application must be signed and properly sworn to.

Only in exceptional cases will commissions be granted higher than that of second lieutenant.

Civilians also are permitted to apply for examination under strict conditions. All officers through whom examination papers pass are enjoined to take prompt action to avoid needless delays. The Army Service Corps, just organized, will consist of 1,500 officers and 100,000 men.

CHEMISTS BEATING GERMANY

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 2.—The big chemical show held in New York last week demonstrates the truly marvelous advances made by American science and industry under pressure. In particular, it showed our independence of German chemists and the products of German chemical concerns.

THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

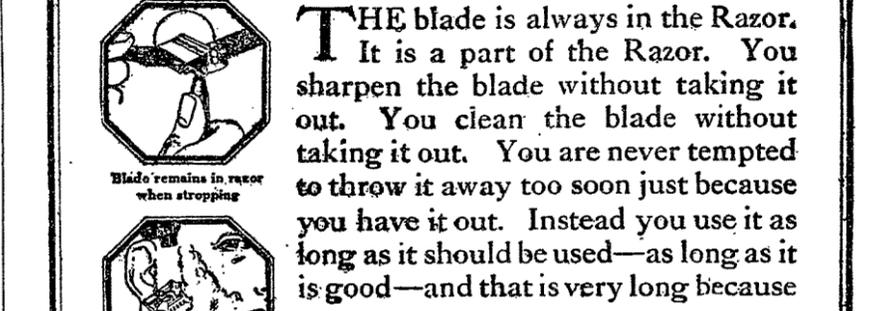
PARIS OFFICE: 23, RUE DE LA PAIX (Place de l'Opera). Member of the Federal Reserve System United States Depository of Public Moneys Agents for Paymasters and other Disbursing Officers Offers its Banking Facilities to the Officers and Men of the AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY SERVING IN FRANCE LONDON, 3 King William St., E.C.

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You save blades with The AutoStop Razor because you can't help it

THE blade is always in the Razor. It is a part of the Razor. You sharpen the blade without taking it out. You clean the blade without taking it out. You are never tempted to throw it away too soon just because you have it out. Instead you use it as long as it should be used—as long as it is good—and that is very long because



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The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1918.

THE NEW UNIFORM

When—and if—the proposed new uniform becomes a reality (whether or not the changes are those now up for the approval of the authorities), it is the earnest hope of every man in O.D. that his clothes, whatever their cut, will bespeak him an American.

NAZARETH

And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see. We know what that good thing was that came out of Nazareth.

MORE GAS

The Germans have opened with a new barrage of high explosive literature, trying to gas British soldiers with jealousy. German airmen have dropped pamphlets saying American shipping accomplishments already have eclipsed Great Britain's ocean trade.

TIES THAT BIND

In the S.O.S., as well as at the front, the American soldier is fighting for his country's cause in one way which is apt to be overlooked. He is making friends with men who come from China and Japan, Africa, India, Russia and Australia, and the friendships of this chaotic war-time are going to count in the relations between nations when this war has been won.

THE WHITE FLAG

There are several reasons why Bulgaria, the smallest and weakest link in the German chain, should be so willing to cry quits. The most important of these reasons is that Bulgaria was being soundly trounced. Allied troops were already on her soil; her sorely driven army was divided in three.

HE WANTS A RIFLE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have noticed that you publish the howls of those who don't like the way things are going in the A.E.F., so here is another howl.

who will not be so hard to understand—Australians and New Zealanders, and the Italians, already close to American hearts and ideals through ties of blood. We are making friends of them all. We want to understand them, just as we want to be friends of France and England.

THE O. D. SANTA CLAUS

We may or may not get Christmas packages from home this year. Even if we do, there are so many of us over here that the packages will have to be rather small. But packages or no packages, there is one way in which we can make this Christmas bright and glad, not only for ourselves, but for others.

The prayers and gratitude of the youngsters that we thus help to live will follow us through all the years to come. Their little letters, couched in just-beginning French, or perhaps in even more just-beginning English, will lighten up the gloom of many a rainy day.

MONEY IN HIS POCKET

One of the officers at Headquarters, S.O.S., until recently was in charge of a captain. The captain's chief clerk and second in command was a private who, by long experience in civilian life, was especially fitted for the job.

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

At first we wuz gay as the ship slipped away from the harbor when we'd lived all our lives. An' we laughed an' we sang till the whole harbor rang. An' threw kisses to mothers and wives.

BEFORE A DRIVE

Loud splittin' motor truck and wagon trains. And caissons and guns and infantry. All jammed together in the dark.

SEICHEPREY

September came to Seicheprey: A howl-wrought host arose: And rolled across the trenches.

THE WHITE FLAG

There are several reasons why Bulgaria, the smallest and weakest link in the German chain, should be so willing to cry quits. The most important of these reasons is that Bulgaria was being soundly trounced.

HE WANTS A RIFLE

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The Army's Poets

PRIVATE JONES, A.E.F.

"Who is the boy and what does he do, and what do the gold stripes mean? And why is his mouth so grim and hard while those eyes of his are a-dream?"

THE BUGLER

"I can't blow taps no more." He says, "I used to do it pretty well before—before I played my buddy off—it's war. But don't you see?"

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

At first we wuz gay as the ship slipped away from the harbor when we'd lived all our lives. An' we laughed an' we sang till the whole harbor rang.

BEFORE A DRIVE

Loud splittin' motor truck and wagon trains. And caissons and guns and infantry. All jammed together in the dark.

SEICHEPREY

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THE BOYS



"The Boys Have Done What We Expected of Them"—President Wilson

ARMAGEDDON IN FACT AND IN ALLEGORY

War, especially this war, is so filled and refilled with thrills, that both observer and participant are apt to become spiritually calloused from the very surfeit of them. Battles rage again where Clovis and Charlemagne fought and Caesar before them.

The story of the first Armageddon is as graphic and dramatic a tale of war as the Old Testament can record—and there are few chronicles more steeped in blood. Its heroes—rather, its heroines—were two women.

VIRGINIA SAYS YANK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Primarily, my object in writing is merely to have a little talkfest over this much discussed question as to the proper non-de-plume (if that isn't the right word, hit me hard) to be given the American soldier in France.

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The oppressed Israelites, distraught, and in their own minds, incapable of breaking the chains that bound them, sought the advice of Deborah, a prophetess. Deborah summoned Barak, the Israelite leader, and bade him gather an army of ten thousand, promising on her side to lure Sisera and his nine hundred chariots to the river Kishon.

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she opened a bottle of milk, and gave him drink, and covered him. In stand in the door of the tent, and it shall be, when any man doth come and enquire of thee, and say, Is there any man here? that thou shalt say, No.

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There are other strangers here, too,

for his Teutonic allies.

Robert A. Donaldson, S.S.U.

A splendid camaraderie.

Airman.

AMERICA IN FRANCE

X—The Argonne

The plain of Champagne, stretching eastward from Reims, ends in a great wooded plateau, cut by innumerable ravines, that for four years has projected at right angles across the center of the battle line between Switzerland and the North Sea. It is the great forest of the Argonne, similar in name to, and there is a likelihood of being confused with, the greater bulk of the Ardennes farther north.

The Argonne is roughly 70 kilometers long and 15 wide, and runs slightly west of north to east of south. It is cut in two about three quarters of the way up by the valley of the river Aire, and here, for 15 kilometers from the starting point of the present Franco-American attack, stands the little village of Grandpre, a name which will echo familiarly in the ear of anyone who has read Longfellow's "Evangeline." The Acadian Grandpre, in fact, was named for the village between the wooded escarpments of the Argonne.

The passes of the Argonne, of which there are five, have been fought for in other wars than this. The most notable victory connected with the name of the Argonne was won, however, against the same enemy. When the Prussians invaded revolutionary France in 1792, they fought their way through the Argonne, but were summarily defeated at Valmy, a tiny village nine kilometers east of St. Menchould, and well south of the start of the present battle. The victory was the first striking success of the Revolution. It, too, was won in September.

Varennes-en-Argonne
Valmy is rather far afield from the Argonne, despite the fact that it is with it. On the eastern outskirts of the forest, however, lies a town, taken by the Americans last week in the first day of their attack, whose name is written large in the history of France and of her revolution.

Varennes-en-Argonne, one part of which, the upper town, is built on the slopes that are the beginning of the plateau itself, whose streets now echo to the rattle of guns and rattan cars, once saw stroller, and daintier feet step across its cobblestones than those of Yankee supply and mess sergeants on the morning of the battle. The mess sergeants, however, even in these days of long range bullet-eyes, are probably enjoying greater security in Varennes than did Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

The story of their flight to Varennes is as heart-breaking a narrative as the history of France. The King and Queen, the little Dauphin, and a few court ladies, who had been living at the Tuilleries in Paris virtually as prisoners since their departure from Versailles, arranged to seek safety in flight from the fate that only too obviously was awaiting them in the capital.

First of Many Hitches
On the night of June 20, 1791, they set forth, abandoning their equipage for a plain traveling carriage just outside the city's barricades. They reached Châlons late the following afternoon, and the flight already seemed to be approaching a successful ending when, 14 miles beyond Châlons, the first of many hitches occurred.

Here, at Pont-Sommerville, a military escort was met by the King. The hour set was 6:30, but the Duc de Choiseul, in charge of the escort, had thought it was to be 2:30. Assuming something had gone wrong, the Duc, instead of waiting, became panic-stricken and withdrew the escort.

When, therefore, the party reached St. Menchould, at 8:30, they were unprotected. A luxurious carriage could not arrive in St. Menchould in those days without exciting at least a certain amount of gossip, but it remained for the noblest gossip of them all—the village postmaster—to recognize the King through his resemblance to the portrait on the document by which the postmaster had just been paid. It was much as though some one had recognized Washington from a postage stamp.

Royal Party Followed
The postmaster could scarcely be expected to keep the news to himself, even had he been a warm supporter of the King, which he was not. The royal party was accordingly followed. They crossed the Argonne to Clermont, 14 kilometers south of Varennes, where they might still escape. The King's courier called out "Route de Varennes!" to guide the postillions, thereby apprising the pursuing postmaster, who very likely would otherwise have taken one of the main roads south or east. Another military escort intended for the King's party had actually done this.

The travelers reached Varennes at 11 o'clock at night. The relays of horses which they expected were not ready, so new relays were encountered. Not, however, by the postmaster of St. Menchould. The waiting horses were the tavern of the Bras d'Or and gave the alarm. Then he seized a cart of furniture and barricaded the bridge over the Aire.

The royal fugitives meanwhile attempted to continue the journey, but their passports were demanded by the revolutionary M.P. who now directs camion traffic at Varennes. The passports did not bear the countersign of the President of the National Assembly—unlikely that they would. The party would have to be detained.

Over the Grocery Store
The M.P. of 1792, whose name was Sauce, was at all events kind enough to offer them the hospitality of his house. Up the winding staircase in the rear of the little grocery store on the ground floor (with its strong odor of tallow which the Queen could not endure), into a tiny back room in the humble dwelling of M. Sauce, stepped the proudest company in history. The Queen called for clean sheets, and the little Dauphin and his sister were soon as fast asleep as if the fate of the Bourbons, were never to be decided.

Before 5 in the morning a crowd of over five thousand, from Varennes and the towns roundabout, was outside M. Sauce's suddenly famous little dwelling over the grocery store. An hour later arrived messengers ordering the King's return to Paris. Various ruses were tried to gain time, in the hope that assistance might yet arrive. One of the maids in waiting feigned sudden illness. Nothing availed, and the little party descended the narrow staircase—a staircase that led as straight to the guillotine as the steps of the scaffold itself. Louis was beheaded January 21, 1793; Marie Antoinette on October 16 in that same year.

Carlyle tells the story graphically, but with a few inaccuracies, particularly as regards the distances between some of the towns covered in the flight. The order for Louis's arrest used to be shown at the hotel de ville. Some day it may be shown again—in a new hotel de ville.

NARROW GAUGE TEAM LAYS 280 SECTIONS

Two Engineer Privates Win Individual Honors With 53

LABOR BOYS DINE LATE

Lieutenant Sets Table for Night Feed—Battalion Puts in Busy Three Months

Completing sections of narrow gauge track at the rate of eight feet a minute, a team representing Company C of the 15th Engineers won a track assembling contest at Light Railway Central Shops, with a total of 280 sections. Company C and Company B of the Blank Engineers were tied for second with 270 sections each.

Individual honors were captured by Privates T. A. Olsen and H. W. Behren of Company B, this pair having 53 sections to their credit. Privates Paul P. Hackett and William Morrissey of the winning team were second, with 52 sections.

Each team was composed of 12 men, who worked in pairs, placing and bolting rails upon the steel ties. Two five meter length rails and eight ties, fastened with 24 bolts were used for each section. Endurance as well as nimble fingers counted in turning out one section every 11 minutes, which was the record made by the winning pair. Six helpers were kept busy providing the competitors with the necessary bolts and ties.

Race On at 7 a.m.
The race began at 7 o'clock in the morning, the men quickly swinging into a break-neck pace that was continued without let-up during the entire day, in spite of raw winds and drizzling rain.

It was at once evident that the contest would be a close one, for each section of the teams gained even the slightest advantage.

Gradually the two companies of the Blank Engineers forged ahead, and at noon they were leading the 15th Engineer representatives by six sections. By three o'clock Company B increased its lead to nine, and the members of the team were already planning how to celebrate the victory.

Then the unexpected happened. With their first defeat in a 15 months' Army career seemingly inevitable, the 15th Engineers became desperate and two men in the outfit became heroes in a men's understand finish that equaled any uphill fight staged on the Polo Grounds in ante-bellum days.

The Birds Speed Up
"Speed up, birds!" shouted this pair as they completed a section in seven minutes. The birds did speed up. There were no crowded bleachers nor cheering rosters—the fellows who would have liked to watch the contest were busy on jobs of their own. The final count, by a committee of neutral officers, gave the 15th Engineers the victory by a single section.

"We gotta hand it to you fellows," said the sergeant in charge of the Company B team.

The officers of the post had promised to provide a feed for the winners, but the race was so close that it seemed unfair to discriminate against anyone. So that night a regular celebration was held in the mess hall, the members of the three teams being the guests. The lunch consisted of salad, sandwiches, apple pie and doughnuts.

W. I. GRUNDISH, ENGRS.
Not long ago, just before the recent American advance, news came to the commander of a certain colored Labor Company that it was absolutely necessary that a certain amount of goods be piled on a train that would pass through the town in central France where the company was stationed in order that the supplies might reach the men of the front line before it was too late.

That evening the men of the company came in dog tired, soaking wet from the all-day rain and anxious for the comfort of the barracks. While they were lined up for supper the first lieutenant who was in command briefly explained what was needed and told them that he would not order a single man to leave the train, but would ask for volunteers. Every man who was willing to put in the evening for the good of the Service was to step one pace to the front.

Every single man, including the cooks and K.P.'s, who were at that time ordered to the special stepped forward that one pace. So the big trucks were loaded down with the whole company. The lieutenant was on the front seat of one of them and the mess sergeant and the top on the front seats of the other two.

About 10 o'clock the lieutenant and the mess sergeant and two K.P.'s walked back to the barracks and got supper for the crowd. The lieutenant himself set the table with jam and melons, which he bought. And when 1 o'clock in the morning came the company returned to a fine, hot meal. When 6 o'clock came they were later every man turned out, ready for the work of the day.

W. J. WALKER, Y.M.C.A.

In your article of September 6, "Achievement," you recite two achievements by troops of the A.E.F. which are interesting and will no doubt be inspiring to others who must content themselves with doing all they can to end the war in the S.O.S.

Laying aside false modesty and accepting your invitation, I submit for your consideration a few achievements accomplished by one battalion within the period of three months. We have not broken any records that we know of, but we cannot help feeling that we are setting a pace hard to beat for a non-combatant outfit:

- Cleared 35,000 square yards of timber.
 - Laid 2,750 square yards of flooring.
 - Laid 2,137 square yards of roofing.
 - Erected 1,277 sections of frame barracks.
 - Cut 518 cords of brush.
 - Excavated 8,571 cubic yards of dirt.
 - Rebuilt 103 gasoline motors.
 - Repaired 106 transmissions.
 - Repaired 298 magnetos.
 - Repaired 278 batteries.
 - Repaired 103 generators.
 - Repaired 108 starting motors.
 - Repaired 19 gas tractors.
 - Repaired 11 rheostats.
 - Repaired 81 motor trucks and automobiles.
 - Made 470 bearings.
 - Sawed 23,035 feet of lumber.
 - Laid 10,818 feet of narrow gauge railway track.
 - Drove 2,141 rivets and repaired 100 bicycles.
- The battalion is composed of five companies of approximately 165 men each.
- H. M. ROUSE,
Chief Technical Officer.

ECHOES FROM THE ST. MIHIEL FIGHT

The familiar looking and familiarly spelt French word "saint" is pronounced by at least 80 Yanks out of a hundred as though it were its English counterpart. There is one glorious exception. St. Mihiel is called "San Mihiel," not "Saint Mihiel," by everybody in O.D. who had anything to do with reducing the salient. It is not only pronounced San Mihiel. It is even achieved the distinction of being written that way on division bulletin boards—probably by old campaigners with Philippine, Cuban and Mexican memories cluttering up their orthography.

During the German's four year occupation of one tiny hamlet in the St. Mihiel salient, the French population was forced to work for the German officers, prepare their meals, wash their clothes, clean their dirty boots and do various other tasks that were imposed upon them, just as it did in the other towns.

One toiler was an old woman, much bent with years and suffering with rheumatism. Her daily task was to care for five rooms, wash and scrub the floors, change the linen and look after the officers' many petty wants. She was not allowed to visit her neighbors without first obtaining permission.

During all those four years this old woman kept, hidden away in a secret trunk, a silk waist and tailored skirt, hoping against hope that a brighter day would dawn for her.

The bright day dawned when the Americans swept forward on the early morning of the 13th of September, driving the Germans before them. After the barrage had passed on and the streets had filled with Yanks, she dusted off the trunk, unlocked it, dressed up in her best, carefully smoothed out the wrinkles, asked a doughboy if it was bon, then went calling on her neighbors and even paid a visit to the American commander.

A German machine gun nest was captured by the Americans after an hour of hard fighting, during which time the gunner and his two comrades were killed. When the Americans reached the pit they found that the dead Germans wore the insignia of the German.

The paper shortage is still with us, and the tone of German paper captured in the St. Mihiel attack comes in quite as handy as anything else that used to belong to the Germans but doesn't now.

One divisional adjutant uses a drawerful of Tages Rapport blanks for scratch paper. Tages Rapport is only our own familiar and troublesome daily report.

A waiting column of infantry was watching the aimless circlings of a French plane. Then they began to realize that the circlings were not aimless, that the pilot, in all his voracious lather and your high and low, was looking for something. Apparently he found it, for soon he made off in a beeline for somewhere and disappeared.

The waiting column could not see the end of the adventure, did not know that the French flyer, discovering at last the huge red cross that marked an American hospital, finally slid down, stopped a few feet from the hospital entrance, got out, and asked if he might have his wounds dressed.

NO BOCHE CAPTIVES TO WORK NEAR LINE

Prisoners Will Approach Front No Closer Than 30 Kilometers

What is a prisoner of war? G.O. 150, quoting from "Rules of Land Warfare," defines him as follows: "A prisoner of war is an individual whom the enemy, upon capture, temporarily deprives of his personal liberty on account of his participation directly or indirectly in the hostilities, and whom the laws of war proscribe shall be treated with certain considerations."

Other extracts from "Rules of Land Warfare" quoted by the new G.O. in this connection, are these:

"Prisoners of war are in the power of the hostile government, but not of the individuals or corps who capture them. They must be humanely treated. "All physical suffering, all brutality which is not necessitated as an indispensable measure for guarding prisoners are formally prohibited.

To Keep Personal Belongings
"All their personal belongings, except arms, horses and military papers, remain their property. "Prisoners of war must not be regarded as criminals or convicts. They are guarded as a measure of security and not of punishment."

The G.O., however, goes farther than this and insists that prisoners of war will, under no circumstances, be employed within 30 kilometers of the front line, except that, when being sent to the rear after their capture, they may be required to carry with them their own or American wounded to a place of safety."

Corps and army prisoners of war enclosures will be provided with means whereby to furnish hot meals to prisoners as soon as the latter are received. When practicable, hot soup will be furnished them even nearer the front, according to the new G.O.

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JOHN GULLY COLE, 8 Rue de Richelieu, Paris

IT'S P.E.S., U.S.A., NOW

The M.P.E.S., otherwise the Military Postal Express Service, will hereafter be known as the Postal Express Service, United States Army, according to G.O. 155.

The organization tables of divisions and division headquarters are also altered to provide a mail detachment in each division, to consist of a first or second lieutenant, two sergeants, four corporals, six first-class privates, and 14 privates. They will be attached to the headquarters as additional troops.

The same G.O. calls attention to the fact that all members of the Army in France, in addressing letters or telegrams to units or individuals in France, must use the abbreviation, "American P.E.S.," not A.E.F.

IN THE DAYS THAT WERE
"Watcha lookin' so gloomy about?"
"It's over a year since I dropped a lighted cigarette in the cuff of my trousers."

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TEXT-BOOK WAR NOT THEIR WAY OF DOING THINGS

General and Colonel Refuse to Follow Division's Progress on Map

KITCHENS ACT LIKE TANKS

Chief Started It by Going Out on Raid and Taking Boche Officer Prisoner

One of the most honorably battle-scarred and generally irrepressible of all Yankee divisions, which celebrated General Pershing's birthday by romping across from 15 to 18 kilometers of Lorraine, has since been busily engaged, during the bit of breathing spell which followed the St. Mihiel drive, in shaking a revolting finger at (and trying vainly to conceal its amused pride in) two of its higher commanders.

Those two—one a brigadier general and the other a lieutenant colonel—showed once more in that drive that they didn't care ten cents what all the text-books ever written might say as to the way to do things in the rear. When the rest of the boys were advancing, they were bound to be in the lead.

This spirit is infectious throughout that division. A stranger within its area during an advance gets the notion that every movable man in it from the first brigade commander to the last supply sergeant is scanning every nerve to get to the will-o'-the-wisp front line.

Kitchen That Went Over

The very kitchens seem to think themselves tanks. The chief cook of one regiment headquarters is proud of the fact that in an earlier engagement he and his hot stew got so far forward that the 800 men who fed him talked of it as "the kitchen that went over the top."

General Started It

It's partly the general's fault. He began it last winter by sneaking off on a raid and coming back with an astonished Boche officer as his personal prisoner. He is the despair of the M.P.'s, because he is always showing up at the front without a helmet or gas mask.

Usually they find him no further back than the third Infantry position. Always they find him afoot. It is unwise to take a horse and impossible to take a car where he goes.

As the sun set on September 12, he might have been seen by his fellow officers (and he certainly was seen by the Germans) standing erect, adventurous and oblivious, on a painfully exposed parapet. One hand held his field glasses to his eyes, the other was clenched in excitement as the Infantry dug ahead charged through a wood. His adjutant—call him Smith for the purposes of this story—stood at his elbow. Machine gun bullets were hissing and hitting all around. A captain jumped up out of the trench and touched the general on the arm.

"If I might suggest, sir," he said, "your position is dangerous. The machine guns are reaching here."

"Oh, eh, what's that? Oh, yes, quite right, quite right. Thank you, Smith," this with a glare at his adjutant, "get down in that trench at once."

And up went the glasses for a further engrossed study of the operations ahead. More oblivion.

Who's! Go the Maps

When the line finally came to a halt, a chuckle rippled across the entire division as it became known that the general had selected as his P.C. a point two or three kilometers from the regimental P.C.'s of the brigade under his command—two or three kilometers ahead, mind you. One of the sergeants in charge of the maps there was soon telephoning frantically for more.

"What's become of your own supply?" division asked, naturally enough.

"A shell just tipped out my office," said the sergeant sulkily.

Sometimes they remonstrate with the general. They remonstrate with his fellow-heretic, the colonel, a great deal. At the end of September 12's exploits, a captain approached him, respectful but firm.

No Need of Runners

"No, captain," he protested, "you're wrong, dead wrong. I would not have been right where I was. No need of runners or telephones, then, to get to someone in authority. What is more, it helps the line. When they're in a tight place and they see this leaf, they say to themselves, 'Well, if that old devil can stick it, I guess I can.' Or, what's better, they think, 'Say, if he's here, we ought to be way on ahead somewhere.' And, captain, during an advance that's a mighty good thing to have them thinking. So they ought, you know. So ought we, all of us—all be way on ahead somewhere."

THE REVISED D.S.C.



The design of the revised Distinguished Service Cross is more simple and severe than that of its predecessor. The new cross has four plainly beveled cross-pieces; in the earlier the arms each contained the design of an oak leaf. The eagle, too, is altered slightly. The reverse side of the new cross is plain. The reverse of the old cross bore a wreath and the words "For Valor." The words "E Pluribus Unum," which were in the ribbon held in the eagle's claws in the first cross, are replaced in the new one with the words "For Valor."

Steady rain of machine gun bullets. Yet the town was the gate to the bridge, and the bridge the gate to the valley.

The colonel grabbed an Engineer officer, thrust a rifle into his hand, and put him in charge of the 15.

"We've got to get them, boys," he said out. "Open fire, every man of you, and then swim for it."

At the word, the colonel himself plunged into the river and struck out for the other shore. The doughboys followed with a splash and a whoop. A moment later they were dashing toward the town, wet and ferocious, firing as they ran. Not a shot answered, and 40 men, left to hold Mazors, surrendered peacefully. Three of them had been killed by rifle fire from the 15. The bridge was cleared. Across, at a jog trot, came the whole brigade.

So it went. So went that day and the next, and by sundown of the 13th, that division, with a minimum of casualties, had amassed a maximum of plunder—plunder that ranged all the way from a thousand Boches to at least that many bottles of beer, candy and bonbonettes, telephones and pancake flour, kitchens and cabbages.

The colonel's epitaph
When the excitement was all over, the chaplain (who is worth a chapter all to himself) came chuckling to the colonel.

"Well," he said, "they tell me they've written your epitaph."

"Who have?"

"The boys in your old battalion."

"The colonel fulgured merrily. He remembered the holes he had set them, the drill and the drudgery, the ceaseless work."

"Let's have it," he said, resigned to the worst.

The chaplain quoted the epitaph. It read:

"Will Bill was a son-of-a—, but a game one."

SIX HELLO GIRLS
HELP FIRST ARMY

Average of 40,000 Words
a Day in St. Mihiel
Fight Alone

Six women operators of the Signal Corps—six American girls who jumped at the chance to be there—were in at the start of the St. Mihiel push of September 12, at the headquarters of the First American Army.

HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

Yankee camouflage artists are getting so blooming clever with their trick foliage and fake-way effects that they are fooling the animals as well as the Hunns, R.R. and C., or the department of Rents, Requisitions and Claims, at S.O.S. headquarters had just received a claim for 2,000 francs from a French woman for the loss of two cows which, she alleges, died from eating camouflaged grass draped around a pillbox which the Yankees had set up in the back meadow lot on her farm behind the British front.

There is a colored labor outfit in the S.O.S. engaged in quarry work near a base port. A few weeks ago, in the course of opening up some new ground, they discovered an old Roman burying ground with many skeletons, coins and relics. The find made quite an impression on the minds of the miners, and there were many speculations as to whether the shades of the departed legionaries still hover around in the vicinity of their last resting place. The general opinion was that a man ought to be on his guard when out late at night.

About that time the sum of 60 francs disappeared from the counter of a nearby Y.M.C.A. hut. The captain of this outfit doesn't know a great deal about classical psychology, but he has learned a lot about it in the field. He called his outfit together one night in the Y hut and told them of the disappearance of the money. Then he outlined the history and characteristics of the old Romans.

"Boys," he said, "there was one thing a Roman loved worse than his life, and that was a thief. If the ghosts of those old fellows who were buried up there on the hill should learn that somebody in this outfit had 60 stolen francs in his pocket, I don't know just what would happen. I'm going to put my hat on the table and turn out the lights. The guilty man will know what to do."

There was quite a shuffling of feet and milling around in the hut, and then all was quiet. When the captain turned on the lights again and looked in the hat he found not only the 60 francs, but 300 more, and a few odd centimes for good measure.

Army correspondence, with its official circumlocutions and endless indorsements, is not always such dry and tedious reading as the letter concerning the loss of "1 knife, carving," which, when it reached its fifty-ninth indorsement, was discarded by the post office waste basket. Occasionally it becomes fairly human, as witness the following indorsement which a major in the S.O.S. tacked on to an application for a commission:

"I know, Blank isn't much good. He knows more about Army Regulations and General Orders than anybody, which indicates a wasted life. He is a good drill master, which doesn't fit this organization just now. He is inclined to be sober, not appreciating that 'Man, being reasonable, must get drunk.' The best of life's but intoxication." He has spent his youth in pursuits other than railroading, which indicates an illogical intellect. He attends to his business so closely that I am always suspicious of him.

"2. Anybody that knows how can perform his present duties, whether the rank be less, equal to or greater than his."

"3. In addition, Sergeant Blank is anxious to get to the front (with a capital F), and I recommend him for the Pioneers."

One of the stories that you can pry out of the Signal Corps boys if you're right smart about it, and one which, when forced to, they tell with not a little glee, is how they fixed up the telephone and telegraph connection for General Pershing's private car when the General was on his tour of the S.O.S. along in the summer.

The force at Base No. 7 got the word at 7:30 p.m. one night that the car would pull into the yards the following morning, and that a special telegraph telephone line was to be connected up and worked like Trojans, but just as they had everything fixed up and were ready to hit the old blunkers, conscious of a good job well done and no reveille to worry about as a reward, along came a fire and put the whole arrangement on the kibosh.

Nothing daunted, they set to work all over again, and when the job was completed they checked up and found that it had taken only 45 minutes' extra work to clear away the old tacks and fix the connections up as good as new. Immediately the General's car pulled in, the war bulletins were being ticked off and handed to him in a steady stream of tape, and the phone central at Base No. 7 within exactly three minutes.

There is a scheme on foot to have flashed on the moving picture screen every Y but in the S.O.S. that boasts a screen a table of comparative figures about the discharge of freight from the several base ports. These figures will appear on a set night every week, or as near to the set night as possible. They will be in the nature of a "standing of the Clubs." The husky Stewards' lads will at last have a little contest on which to wager as an antidote to the war-wearying monotony of "Come, big Dick," and "Ah, baby! Pair o' box-eggs!"

September 22 was a red letter day in the Army lives of the Railroad Engineers stationed around a certain base, for on that date the first All-American train set out from there for the front.

The word "All-American" is used advisedly, for the trains were made up in our own yards of our own cars, engines and all, and manned throughout by our own crews. They were all American but the rails and scenery.

Incidentally, the Railroad Engineers at Base No. — (the same place the first All-American special started from), by the way would have you know that the dear old base now boasts some 200 miles of track. This as they will tell you without your asking, makes it one of the biggest, if not the biggest, railroad yard inaugurated anywhere on earth. To the great discomfiture of their brother railroad workers further up the line at X, they point out that X is a mere piker, being unable to count out a measly 90 miles of trackage around the entire project.

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E. B. Meyrowitz
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LONDON NEW YORK
21 Old Bond St. 520 Fifth Ave.

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Performances Every Evening, 8.30
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'THE NOUVEAUX RICHES'
A Comedy in 3 Acts.
THREE HOURS OF
EXTRAVAGANT LAUGHTER
ABSL TARRIDE
In the Role of the Millionaire-
Laborer Which He Created.
TELEPHONE: ABCL 070

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The Most Luxurious, the Most Comfort-
able of all Paris Theatres.
Will Have Reached in Several Days 11-
500th Performance of

'La Folle Nuit'
A Musical Comedy in 3 Acts by
Felix Gaudier and Moucey-Pois
Music by Marcel Pollet.
Performances of
'La Folle Nuit'
Every Evening at 8.45.
Matinees Every Sunday at 2.15.

MATINEE Every Day
(Seats from 1 Franc Up)
And Every Evening
AT THE
OLYMPIA
First Class Vaudeville
20 Stars and Attractions
The Latest English and American
Novelties.
BOX OFFICE: CENTRAL 44-88.

EVERY EVENING
at the
FOLIES BERGERE
The Triumphant Revue
'C'EST PARIS!
35 SCENES 200 ARTISTS
300 COSTUMES.
BACH
Andre MARLY - Lucette DARBELEE
Principal Scenes:
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The Flowered Roads
The Landing at Mytilene
Under American Wings
BOX OFFICE: GUYENNE 0308.

Early in October
at the
FOLIES BERGERE
The World's Famous Loudon Hippodrome Revue
'ZIG-ZAG'
Produced by ALBERT de COULVILLE
with
Sherly Killoegs Daphne Pollard
Fred Kitchner Ida Adams
George Clark
Hippodrome Beauty Chorus
of 80 Girls

FROM AMERICA'S MOTHERS

The War Mothers of America, assembled in national convention, have sent the following cablegram to General Pershing:

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 19, 1918.
General John J. Pershing:
America's Mothers, A.E.F.
National Convention War Mothers of America sends following to President Wilson and you: Millions of war mothers of America, represented in National Convention, stand loyally behind you in your determination to make no peace until Germany and her allies surrender unconditionally.
Gertrude Schulz, President.

NOT TO CARRY BUNDLES
Military dispatch motorcycle messengers are authorized in G.O. 159 to carry important official letter mail only. Packages, unless they comprise bundles of important official letters, will not be accepted by messengers save in cases of emergency, and then only upon an order signed by a general officer in person.

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6-Edouard VII Street
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MANICURE
AMERICAN CHAIRS
Best Service - Most Reasonable Prices

SHOE SHINE
MESSAGE

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No. 555 VIRGINIA
No. 444 TURKISH
Manufactured at
ARDATH PALACE OF INDUSTRY, London

WRIGLEY'S
On the flight or on
the hike, carry it
with you.
It will buck you up
and give you a re-
serve force of vim
and push.
It allays thirst and
steadies nerves.
At
Canteens,
Y. M. C. A., Red
Cross and other
stores.

CHew IT AFTER
EVERY MEAL
The Flavor Lasts

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THE PERFECT GUM
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THE FLAVOR LASTS
KINDS

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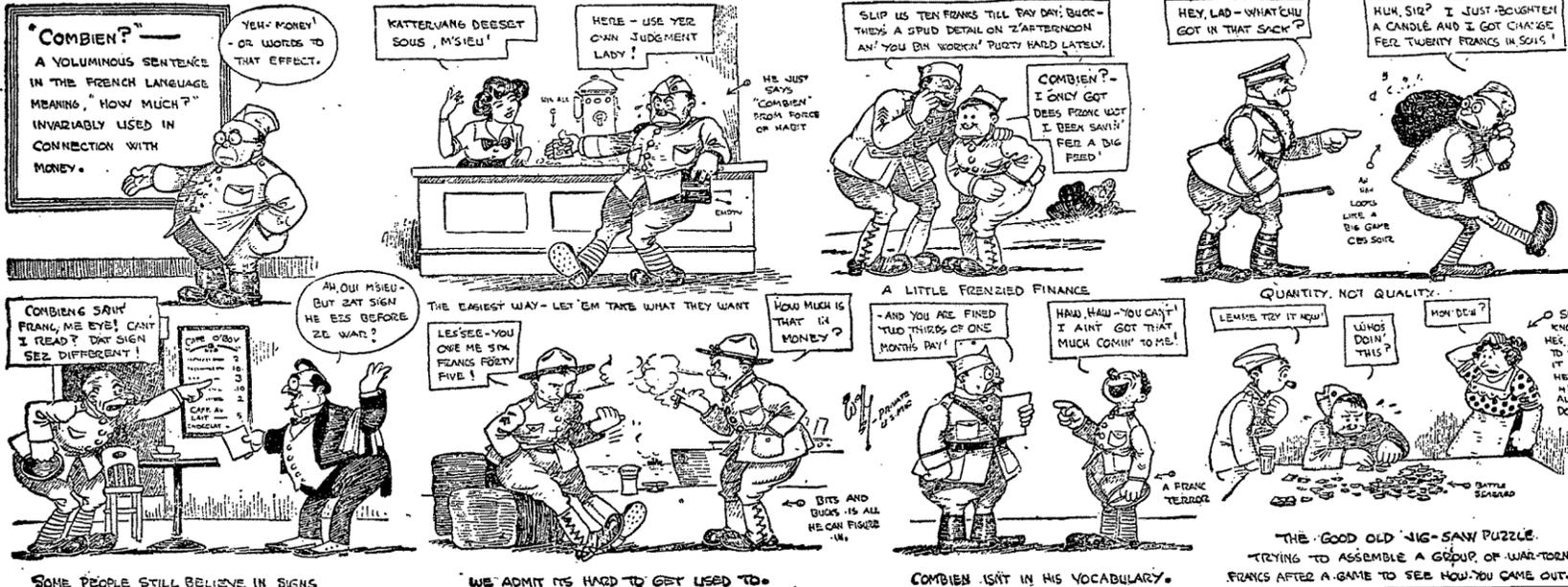
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That Man or Beast Lives in
Millions of Square Feet Now Cover Uncle Sam's
Buildings in America and the Allied Countries.

The Name BARRETT Stands for the Best in Roofings
See That You Get It Also.

THE BARRETT COMPANY OF AMERICA

THE BATTLE OF COMBIEN

—By WALLGREN



HELPFUL HINTS.

HOW TO COUNT FRENCH MONEY.

I WISH I HAD A ADDIN' MACHINE - I OAT COUNT IN FRENCH!

WHEN IN DOUBT AS TO THE EXACT AMOUNT, COLLECT YOUR FRANKS INTO A NEAT PILE AND FLICK IT CARELESSLY IN THE VICINITY OF A FEW SERBANS. THEY WILL IMMEDIATELY OFFER TO COUNT IT FOR YOU. - AFTER THE GAME YOU WILL EVACUATE, - VOCIPOUSLY THAT YOU HAVE LOST (BOOOO) FRANKS AND FORTY FIVE SOUS, AND NO ONE WILL CONTRADICT YOU AS EVERYONE ELSE WILL BE ANNOUNCING THE SAME ASTOUNDING FACT. BUT, BEING AS YOU AINT GOT NO FRANKS LEFT TO COUNT, THEY'LL PROVE IT, SO YOU MAY RECY HAPPILY CONTENT THAT AT LEAST YOU HAD SOMETHING WHEN YOU STARTED.

SYSTEM WITH SOUL AT BIG BLOIS CAMP

Clearing House for Soldiers Decides Fate of Thousands Weekly

OFFICERS STAND REVEILLE

It Blows at 6 a.m., Too - Physical Grading of Discharged Patients Main Task Classification

by having a sheet made out, with his name, unit and other details given, and blank spaces for all the departments he will pass through.

After telling how much he was paid last and when, and straightening out his allotments and insurance, he takes the general examination and passes to the medical examiners, by whom he is graded A, B, C or D. If necessary, his date is set when he will be notified to appear before the board again for re-grading.

From the medical officers, he goes to the vocational classification room. Here he is questioned as on his calling in civil life by a series of questions under a system devised by Thomas A. Edison.

HOW THE YANK IS FARING IN ITALY

If you do not know what "Esercito Americano" means, it is because you belong to that somewhat larger fraction of the A.E.F. which is visiting France rather than Italy. If your adventures in Latin ever carried you as far as Caesar's Commentaries, you may remember that early Roman Poch was forever assembling an exercitus and going forth to conquer somebody with it. "Esercito Americano" is simply American Army as written in a fine Italian hand.

The A.E.F. in Italy is some three months old and is just about as fluent in Italian as the A.E.F. in France was fluent in French about this time last year. It has been going through the same pathetic struggles on the question of whether to turn to the left or right, whether to try to order two fried eggs or trust to luck.

Aside from the fact that the dough-boy in Italy says "bon giorno" when he means "bon jour," and says "presto" when he means "tout de suite," he is not greatly different. Indeed, he is remodeling the helpless Italian language pretty much as France's tongue has been altered by the Yanks.

Instead of saying "buona sera" when he means "good evening," he says "bony Sarah," and gets away with it. Does he say "A rividerci" for "Au revoir"? He does not. He says: "I leave you dirty." As for "come state," which is Italian for "how are you," he says "come and start me," and the Italians understand.

The Yanks have been very pally with the British troops in Italy. The Tommies at one superb camp on the Riviera welcomed some passing Americans with loud cheers and profuse apologies that something had gone wrong with the Scotch plan to skirl them in with bagpipes.

The Tommies there assembled confided to the newcomers that this was a cushy front and promptly invited them to a game of cricket, which polite offer was firmly declined.

Unfounded, the Tommies bided their time, and when some American jacksies chimed to pass that way later, they immediately proffered the cricket field as a baseball diamond, and proved courteous, but somewhat confused, spectators at the Army and Navy game then and there played.

The canteen in an Italian caserma—that means barracks, as any one who has ever slept in a caserne might guess—is much taken aback by the rush

of business which a nearby American detachment involves. One caserma had blankets and white sheets waiting for the newcomers, but the canteen was quite unprepared for a detachment of millionaires. Or so the Yanks seemed when compared with the Italian soldiers, who are paid 10 centesimi a day. Ten centesimi sounds like a small fortune till you try to exchange it for sous, of which it is worth exactly two.

Men with 24-hour passes swarm to the nearest restaurants. The thing to ask for is a trattoria. This is not something to eat, but the restaurant itself. Once inside the trattoria, it is better not to aspire to meat. It will be rabbit, no matter what you order.

Eggs are safer. Order "due uove fritte." That's easy. Or "due uove alla coque." But would you recognize "uove in frittata" as an omelette? "Caffè nero" will do to wind up the meal. But bring your own sugar.

High on a hill looking away toward the River Loire, across a valley to the walls of a castle in which some of the fiercest and most momentous deeds of French history were enacted, is a great walled camp, where the military fate of thousands of American soldiers is being decided every week.

The only American Army classification camp at Blois, at Blois, is the clearing house for soldiers—officers and enlisted men—who for any reason are detached from units in which they came to France and are going through the army machinery that will place them back in their original unit, in another military organization, or return them to the States as unfit for further military duty in France.

By far the greater number of soldiers who pass through the classification camp at Blois are wounded or sick soldiers just discharged from hospital, men who so far as possible by the workings of the army system will be returned to the same regiment or unit in which they were serving when wounded or taken sick.

Chance for Every Job

If he had been shoeing horses in the States and had come to France as an Infantryman, he may find himself in the Cavalry or Field Artillery after this examination. If he had been a piano maker in the States, he may find himself transferred from his Artillery unit to a repair shop of the Air Service. Misplaced chauffeurs, draftsmen, and clerks in special lines all are picked out here and listed with the possibility they may get into just their line of work.

The soldier then passes to the next room where he receives his pay. Next his kit is inspected, and he receives shoes, any new clothing he may require—and two sacks of tobacco. Here too he is assigned to one of seven permanent companies for drill purposes, inspections and quarters.

The bath-room is next. Men go under the showers in squads on a time-table schedule. When they have dressed they pass on to the barber-shop—the best one in France, everybody in the camp says. There are eight chairs, manned by soldier-barbers. Shaves and haircuts are 25 centimes each. There is even a 25-centime shoe shine.

Schools at the Camp

There is one lieutenant in charge of all this entrance work, but all the details are handled by enlisted men—most of them privates.

Schools for typists and stenographers are maintained at the camp, and it is planned to provide other special training.

Many special units are formed at the Blois camp. Prisoner of war guard companies are made up here, and special types of labor companies are also organized.

MEURICE HOTEL and RESTAURANT

228 Rue de Rivoli (Opposite Tuileries Gardens)

Restaurant Open to Non-Residents.

ADOPTED PARENT NOW BENEFICIARY

Amendment to War Risk Act Also for Alimony Payers

A father or mother by legal adoption may now be made the beneficiary of a soldier's war risk insurance under an amendment to rules announced by the War Risk Section, S.O.S.

The amendment enables many soldiers to change beneficiaries. Many, having been unable to name their adopted parents, had permitted their insurance to remain in force only as a protection for themselves against total or permanent disability or had named some other beneficiary. Many, on being informed of the ineligibility of the adopted parent, have permitted their insurance to lapse. If not more than six months have elapsed, these applications may be reinstated upon payment of back premiums and notification to the War Risk Section.

COX & CO.

United States Army & Navy Branch

28 Charles Street LONDON, S. W. 1

OFFICERS

who avail themselves of the Mail Forwarding Department, should advise their correspondents in the States to send their mails to this new address. In the meantime, mails addressed to 16 Charing Cross, London, as before, will, of course, be fully protected.

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Divided in Four Classes

The principal function of the Blois camp, however, is the physical grading of soldiers, mostly those discharged from hospitals. Classifications are under four main divisions, several of which are subdivided. They are:—

Class A.—Men fit for the front.

Class B1.—Men temporarily unfit, but likely to become A. Fit for heavy duty away from the front.

Class B2.—Men likely to become A, but, when classified, fit for light duty only.

Class C1, C2 and C3.—Grading for convalescents who would ordinarily be unfit for Class A.

Class D.—Physically unfit. To be returned to States.

These classifications are the ones which are relied upon at the replacement camps in making assignments. They are made when the man enters the classification camp. And entering the classification camp is some complicated but speedy job.

AMERICAN Y.M.C.A.

When You're In England These Homes Are Waiting For You

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London—WASHINGTON INN, St. James' Square (just off Pall Mall and Lower Regent Street)

AMERICAN OFFICERS' INN, No. 5 Cavendish Square (near Oxford Circus).

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OAKVILLE OFFICERS' INN, West Darby, near Knotty Ash Camp.

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6s. 6d. a night for single room, breakfast, bath, valet service.

Plenty of showers, pool tables, lounging rooms, writing and quiet rooms, well-stocked libraries.

Meals served.

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Knit Underwear
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Union Suits
"Sandman" Sleeping Garments for the Children

Unsurpassed for excellence of finish and regularity of make.

ATHLETES MAKE BEST FIGHTERS

That's why we know that the big lot of Taylor Athletic Equipment sent to the troops is in good hands. In one order alone we were awarded the gold medal in competition with all other makers.

59,760
500
1,200
3,500
750
1,500

Taylor League Base Balls
Taylor Basket Balls
Taylor Foot Balls
Taylor Baseball Gloves
Taylor Base Mitts
Taylor Bladders

Here's the glad hand, boys, and I wish with all my heart I were there with you. If I can do anything for you let me know.

Alex. Taylor

ALEX. TAYLOR & Co., Inc.
Military - Athletic Outfitters,
26 East 42nd Street, New York.

MACDOUGAL & Co.,

1 bis RUE AUBER (Opposite American Express Co.)

American Military Tailors.

UNIFORMS TO ORDER IN 48 HOURS

Interlined Trench Coats, Embroidered Insignia and Service Stripes, Sam Browne Belts, etc. etc.

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AFTER THE COURT MARTIAL

No. 1.—What's the answer, Jack?
No. 2.—Two-thirds of three months and two months in the brig.
No. 1.—Not so bad as three-thirds of two months?
No. 2 (after figuring deeply).—Why not?
No. 1.—Cause they might promote you in the brig.

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LIBERTY TRUCK, AMERICA'S BEST, REACHES FRANCE

Features of All Standard Makes Embodied, New Wrinkles Added

NOISELESS AS TOURING CAR

Lubrication System Easily Got At, Steering Wheel Equalized, Double Ignition System

The first of the new Liberty trucks which will eventually be standard for the entire A.E.F. has arrived at a base port.

This forerunner of thousands of its kind has aroused the greatest enthusiasm among chauffeurs and motor experts who have seen it in action. It has all the power possible and all its parts are as readily accessible for repairs and oiling as a truck racing car or even a Ford. The best features of all the standard motor trucks on the market are embodied in the new Liberty truck, and some new wrinkles that will eliminate many of the difficulties encountered in actual warfare have been added.

The Liberty truck is the result of a conference of all the big automobile engineers of the United States and the Army experts of the Motor Transport Corps with the object of producing a standard motor truck for the Army that would be the best American genius could produce.

The automobile engineers laid bare all their professional secrets and gave the Army's difficulties with commercial trucks, their slogan, and that of the M.T.C., was, "Let's go!"

Real Golden Silence

What will endear the new truck to the heart of everybody who dislikes the careless whizzing of a motor is its noiseless operation. Instead of clattering around dead man's curves like a runaway junk wagon, to the great annoyance of the Boche and the consequent activity of his batteries, the Liberty truck will purr along as noiselessly as the finest touring car, the motor experts say.

Among advantages which are instantly appreciated by chauffeurs and repair men is the ready accessibility of the lubrication system. The springs, for one thing, are kept constantly lubricated by an oil box which sends the oil to the springs by a hollow spring hanger. The entire transmission gear is oiled by simply pouring in the oil through a filler cap on the outside of the frame.

The steering wheel is so well equalized and adjusted that even though the truck is loaded to its capacity, it can be steered with the same ease as a touring car. There are double springs on both the front and rear to eliminate the smashing of the trucks in case of a collision. The motor itself is brand new and of special design, with the least possible vibration and noise in action.

Specially Designed Lights

All parts of the truck can be easily removed for repairs. The motor is cast in block with removable heads so that the valves can be ground and carbon scraped as readily as on a Ford. The radiator is of a special type with a shutter that can be drawn over it in cold weather to prevent the freezing of the radiator. A double ignition system is employed, with batteries and high tension magnets giving two spark plugs to each one of the four cylinders. The two plugs operate at the same time, so that if one system goes out of commission, the other will carry on.

Specially designed lights of low power are attached to the front of the truck and throw a small circle of light in front of each wheel. The driver is thus enabled to pick his way along a road pitted with shell holes without revealing himself to the enemy because the lights cannot be seen at a few hundred yards on a dark night.

There is no self starting device to get out of order on the truck, and the motor may prove a little stiff to turn over on a cold morning. It must be admitted, but for the rest, it has all the attachments except those for golf clubs and lunch hampers.

M.P.'S DUTIES GIVEN IN GENERAL ORDER

Can't Be Used for Guard or Fatigue Details Outside Organization

The military Police Corps has achieved the dignity of having pretty nearly a whole page in a G.O.C. No. 158 devoted to a statement of its duties.

Here they are:
To patrol and maintain order in the area or areas occupied by organizations to which they have been assigned, and to assist in maintaining march discipline of troops and regulating traffic generally.
To enforce all authorized A.E.F. regulations in the theater of operations in reference to general traffic in towns, cities and territory.

(b) General or special police orders.
To supervise and control the travel of the military and militarized personnel of the A.E.F., and to issue the proper travel permits and passes for the latter type of personnel.

To protect the inhabitants and their property in the theater of operations against acts of violence on the part of soldiers and camp followers.
To arrest or detain in accordance with orders all persons subject to military law committing or suspected of committing offenses committed offenses against existing military law, standing or routine orders.

To co-operate with and establish friendly relations with and assist military and military authorities and to furnish them such information and reports as may be authorized.

To co-operate with the 2nd Section of the General Staff and furnish such aid as possible.
To investigate places in their area suspected of being used for illegal purposes and to report observation persons under suspicion of being concerned in illegal acts, and to take necessary action in accordance with civil or military law and regulations in force.

To call upon other military units of the A.E.F. when necessary for assistance in the execution of their duty.
But it is not the duty of the Military Police Corps to furnish standing guards or fatigue details for any purpose except for their own interior administration.

THE TWO GERMAN OFFENSIVES



ECHOES FROM THE ARGONNE FIGHT

An American private spied a rooster prowling around a farm house in No Man's Land just after the Americans had captured Very. Being angry, and having an appetite for roast chicken, this American private decided to crawl up on the rooster and trap him in the building.
The American was about to lay his hands on the astonished rooster when a German entered the rear door of the building bent on the same mission. Both were so surprised that they stood for a moment and glared at each other, then the American motioned for the German to do a right flank on the prey they were after and both closed in on him. The rooster was captured by the American, who later returned to the American lines with both rooster and German in tow.

Later, at the regimental P.C., the German roasted the chicken for his captor, who shared it with him.

The following letter was written by an American soldier to his mother in California a few hours before the beginning of the Argonne drive:

"Dear Mother: We are going in to battle the Boche tonight. It is our first time in, as you know, so of course I am thinking of you more or less. But don't forget, Mother, my thoughts are of you. I am taking advantage of a few hours' rest and writing to you, as I know you are always wanting to hear from me. But don't worry one bit, Mother dear. If the Boches get me I will get ten of them while they are about it.
"This will be all until next time.
" Lovingly,
"Benjie."

The "next time" never came for Benjie. When the burial squad found this letter in his shirt pocket he was a fit with his face toward Germany, his right front finger pressing the trigger of his rifle. A few yards in front of him was a German machine gun nest. There were nine dead Germans in the pit.

One Artillery unit worked hard during the afternoon of the second day of the attack to get its pieces into position. It had moved up for the second time, and had not fired a shot.

It was four o'clock when the lieutenant in command gave orders for every gun to start firing. The gunners were to fire their first volley into the German lines.

Everyone stood waiting for the final word when the telephone rang and word came that the Infantry had advanced so far that it would be necessary to move up again before going into action.
"A hell!" said a gunner; "those Infantry guys ain't got no respect for us at all!"

A German Artillery unit was in the act of being relieved the first night the Americans swept forward. The advance was so swift that both the old unit and the relieving unit were captured at the gun positions.

A truck train was lined up on a dark road running parallel with the front and only a few kilometers back while a company of Pioneers mended a broken culvert.

A colonel who was unfortunate enough to be at the rear end of the jam and who was quite anxious to be on the move, turned on the electric lights of his automobile in hopes that the light would enable the men toiling on the roads to work faster.

A Pioneer private paused, pick above his head, when he saw the sudden flare of light.

"Hey, you rube!" he shouted. "What are you trying to pull off down there? Do you want all the German artillery in the country turned on us? Can that stuff or I'll come down and kick a lug out just to pass the time."
There was no reply. But the light went out.

A Yankee truck driver's right forward wheel had just sunk with an air of finality into a half-filled shell hole on the road near Avocourt, and he was throwing over a terrific barrage of profanity when he suddenly stopped short and his jaw dropped.

Then it closed in a grin as broad as the Sacramento, from whose distant shore he had come forth to war. He was contemplating the approach along the roadside of four stalwart and imposing officers of the famous Prussian Guard. On their shoulders, as they marched along in the drizzling rain, was a stretcher, and on the stretcher lay a wounded doughboy smoking a cigarette.

When the mud is knee deep and German shells are falling all around, the officers in the line have been known to reflect audibly and sarcastically on the luxurious life led by the staff officers far behind, and sometimes even to call those more secluded directors of the war by the disrespectful name of "Old Wallabies."

But one colonel from an American Army corps emerged from the fight near the Argonne with the glove torn from the back of his hand by a piece of shrapnel and a shattered riding crop as further evidence of a narrow escape.

A lieutenant of Engineers was scouting a few days ago along the road which forks on a hill-crest, one branch mounting toward Montfaucon, one branch dipping into the valley that cradles Caisy.

As to this latter road, he would have to do some prospecting to see how much stone and how many men would be needed to make it bear all the big trucks and ponderous tractors that would have to pass along it in the wake of the Infantry.

Along came a doughboy, rifle on shoulder, a doughboy taking very seriously his new responsibility, which was the escort to the rear of three German prisoners. However, though thus en-

crossed, he might possibly have noticed the condition of the road.
"Hey, Buddie, are you from Caisy?"
"The doughboy halted and saluted."
"No, sir," he said, "from Philadelphia."
He and his prisoners were both many meters on their way before the lieutenant recovered sufficiently to go on with his inquiry.

One of the hardest jobs any one had in the first drive west of Verdun was the job of a grizzled old mess sergeant in charge of a roadside kitchen set up in a trench, at proper intervals, a company of Engineers at work on the roads. He had just enough rations to feed them for one day, and, except for the occasional casuals any kitchen can handle, he knew he must refuse all stragglers.

Yet his kitchen was in full sight of the road, along which all day long there straggled those slightly wounded youngsters from the line who were quite able to foot it to the nearest ambulance camp. Some of them had had nothing to eat for three days. Every one of them, at the smell of the hot coffee, would stop wistfully and ask for a bit of bread or something. Always the old sergeant had to shake his head. By noon he had aged ten years.

"I'll kill me yet," he said at last. "I know they have only to cross the next crest to find food and drink aplenty, but I remember how my mother never turned any one from her door who asked for something to eat. They might be burglars, but she wouldn't take a chance."
A young sergeant from Baltimore thumped on his way. The mess sergeant could hear him explaining to the other wounded boy with him.

"We can't blame him. If he fed us, he'd have to feed them all, and that's where'd he be? I guess he's a good old scout, at that."

NO A.E.F. CAMPAIGN FOR LIBERTY BONDS

But Soldiers May Buy Issue Under Present Allotment Plan

There will be no competitive campaign for the sale of Fourth Liberty Loan bonds in the A.E.F. "Enlisted men who have but small margin of pay remaining after discharge of their fixed monthly obligations," G.O. 104 goes on to state, "will not be encouraged to assume additional burdens."

Steps, however, will be taken to see that members of the A.E.F. are instructed as to the character of the bonds and given every opportunity to subscribe. It is added that organization commanders will see that soldiers do not obligate their pay that they are unable to provide for their families.

Officers, enlisted men and permanent civilian employees may buy bonds on the Army allotment system, just as bonds of the Second and Third loans were bought. Men wishing to buy a \$50 bond will, as formerly, allot \$5 monthly for nine months and \$4.53 the tenth month, and the proportion will hold for purchases in higher multiples of \$50.

Such allotments are to be charged on payrolls and pay vouchers beginning with those for October, 1918. The formula to be used is: "To the Secretary of the Treasury for purchase \$50 Fourth Liberty Loan Bond, 1 coupon detached." Company funds, surplus exchange and general mess funds may be invested in Liberty bonds and War Savings Stamps with the approval of the company, exchange or mess councils of administration.

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PRaise FROM CANADA

The following cablegram has been received by General Pershing from the Prime Minister of Canada:
On behalf of the government and people of Canada, I send warmest congratulations upon the important victory which has just been won by the grand Army under your command, and which, I am confident, is only the prelude of still greater achievements that will insure an enduring peace through the triumph of our common cause.

ACCORDING TO SCRIPTURE

Juggins: Why does the Cap'n always stuck to vin blanc?
Muggins: Guess he's obeying the G.O. about not looking on the wine when it is red.
"Whatta got for breakfast this mornin', sergeant?"
"Got a nice mess o' slum."
"Thought it was about time—we didn't have any slum since last night."

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Guaranteed Absolutely Waterproof.
Officers on Active Service who have had the opportunity of testing many different makes of Waterproof are unanimous in the opinion that the only coat that has proved thoroughly reliable is the AQUASCUTUM.
Received from B.E.F., Salonika, 6/12/17.
"I got one of your trench coats in August. Since coming out here I have had occasion to test it in rain heavier by far than anything ever gets in France. It has never let any in at all, nor has there been any sign of damp on the inside.
"The seamless shorts are also good."
VALISE
DISPENSES WITH WOLSELEY & BLANKETS
Waterproof Bed and Valise in One.
Vermin Proof. Weight about 11 lbs.
CONSTRUCTED TO HOLD ALL KIT AND TO STAND — HARD WEAR FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD. — Complete with Straps, Name and Regiment painted on.
Received from B.E.F., France, 5/12/17.
"I want a new 'Aquascutum' sleeping bag with kapok lining. I bought one in 1915, and brought it to France when I came originally in July 1915. It has been in continual use ever since and I have liked it immensely. It certainly justifies your claims of being water and bug proof."
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