

YANKS LEAVE HINDENBURG LINE FAR BEHIND

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lantry shown during the advance in the Bellefleur sector, lying roughly half way between Cambrai and St. Quentin—the most desolate, most battle-scarred area, perhaps, in all that war-stricken plain. It was this reach of desolation which the Americans unflinchingly crossed in the face of the sternest resistance the Hun was able to put up, and with the aid of defenders being constantly replenished by men coming on to the field to dispute progress through an intricate system of underground tunnels and dugouts, all of which radiated, apparently, from the greater tunnel of the St. Quentin canal.

Through Hun Outpost Zone

It is related of several small detachments, numbering, in all, 200-odd soldiers, that in the fighting during the day which preceded the actual attack upon the line itself, they found their way through the German outpost zone and advanced so far toward the main defense line that they were cut off from the rear by all communication except by runners, who crept back and forth at night, running a gauntlet of Boche machine guns and snipers.

Without food or water, these detachments remained in their advanced positions two or three days, fighting off occasional attacks by Boche patrols which sought to capture or encircle them. When, on the fourth day, the main American attack came, these little detachments were found and released from their precarious positions, and almost to a man these men, instead of going rearward and allowing fresher soldiers to carry on, went forward and fought two or three days more.

The main advance itself was hand to hand fighting most of the way, the

greatest resistance coming from Boche machine gunners who waited in tunnels and dugouts until the barrage had passed and then came to the surface. These machine guns were taken by the dozens after they had either been rushed or encircled and bombed.

Single-Handed Work

One private, an Italian from New York, is credited with the single-handed capture of two machine guns and their crews of four men each. He was a member of a platoon which, as the two machine guns opened upon them, dropped into a nearby trench.

The private volunteered to clear the path for his platoon, and, even before he gained the permission of the lieutenant, he slipped out of one end of the trench, and ten minutes later reappeared with the eight Germans marching before him. He had adopted the simple expedient of crawling around behind and surprising them, and they surrendered without resistance.

Another man, of a detachment similarly held up by a machine gun, crept out of shelter and crawling on his stomach from shell hole to shell hole, killed the four Boches who manned the gun with five shots from his rifle.

On another occasion a group of Boche machine gunners were found ensconced in a concrete pill box impervious to rifle fire. Three Yanks, accompanied by a tank and a crew of four, crept up to the pill box and crept around it, each with an H and a crate of grenades. They threw grenades at the pill box until one passed through the narrow porthole to the inside.

Then, as it exploded, they dashed forward and dropped half a dozen more through the same opening. They found that what was left of more than a dozen Boches inside.

A lieutenant, leading his platoon along

down a Boche airplane with machine gun fire. He gave pursuit and, when the chase was done, had accounted for five of the Germans with his revolver and taken the sixth prisoner.

In the midst of the fighting an American detachment was held up by a strong group of Germans who, after delaying the American half an hour, were seen to be preparing for a strong counter-attack.

Even after the Americans' part in the program of attack was finished, after they had gained their objectives and the Australians had telescoped through them to continue the gains, some of the Americans did not stop.

For several days there were, roughly, 300 Americans who could not be accounted for. It was ascertained that they had not been killed, that they were not wounded; they could not have been taken prisoner. They were simply missing.

An American captain who had come out of the line two days previously sought information from an Australian who arrived at a dressing station in an ambulance. "Seen any Americans?" repeated the Aussie. "Seen 'em! I should say I have. And you ought to see 'em, too. They've been up there fighting for three days and they'll never get enough of it. If you're looking for them, you had better wait around until we come out of the line. They won't be back before then."

Not the least important result of the fighting around Bellefleur is the admiration and approval the Yanks have won from those veterans of European warfare, the Australians, and the sealing of friendship between them of which history will be bound to take note.

Four in Burning Tank

Then he learned that they were from a burning tank and that there were four more men in the tank. He went out alone to their aid, refusing to allow any of his platoon to accompany him, and rescued three of them from the flames, which set fire to his overcoat, and brought them all back to safety. Earlier in the day the same sergeant had brought

88 ORPHANS ADOPTED IN BEST WEEK

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orphans or, rather, for two children of crippled French soldiers. We are not so 'durn partiekier' about you we get, but, if you permit us a choice, let's say one boy and one girl. The other day our company cartoonist put up on the bulletin board a row of possibilities, i. e., French kids of every description, size and classification of beauty and lack of it. Do what you can for us. We don't believe cartoonists, anyhow."

Marble Hearts Melt

Even the marble heart of an M.P. was softened by the Christmas spirit. Actually! A lieutenant sent in 500 francs for a "young scrapper," adding, "It is the best catch I have made in a year of military policing."

There were, in fact, two adoptions to the credit of the M.P.'s. The second came from a divisional company of M.P.'s, most of whom used to be New York policemen, but who have got a beat just now along Shellhole Road instead of Fifth Avenue or the Bowery. The request called for two children and, not only that, it contained the information that the wherewithal for the adoption of two more children would be coming after—yes, you've guessed it—payday.

The shattering of the weekly total by the adoption of 88 Christmas Gift War Orphans was not the only record that went by the board. Company C—Enges, adopted seven orphans and sent in \$100 in American money orders (3,500 francs). It is a new mark for generous giving in a single company.

More a Little Later

What is more, Company C said, with the simplicity that bespeaks all true philanthropists, "We expect to add to this a little later." At the same time History E.—F.A., a regiment represented last week by the adoption of two orphans, telegraphed their request for four children.

The allotment of Christmas Gift War Orphans to their adopting units is already under way by the Red Cross committee in charge of the work and actual payment of money to the children will begin within a few days—for, so acute is the need, we are not going to wait until Christmas to start the O.D. Santa Claus of the A.E.F. on his first rounds. There are winter clothes to be bought, for one thing, and the days are growing constantly chillier.

If the record of 125 Christmas Gift War Orphans adopted in two weeks is a trustworthy sign, it looks as if the A.E.F. will have this entire family of a half thousand little boys and girls, who by the way, are all photographed, listed and ready for adoption, living in the comfort and cheer of a home by the time the first snow falls.

How to Be a Santa Claus

Any company, platoon, detachment, office staff—in short, any unit of individual—can adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan simply by contributing 500 francs for his support for one year. The money is sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES, and by it turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. The Red Cross itself stands all expenses incurred in administering the War Orphan funds. Thus, every cent contributed to take care of a Christmas War Orphan is spent on the actual care and comfort of the child.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised to adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan. But the sooner it is raised, the better.

The Dentist from Oklahoma

The dentist from Oklahoma—his name is Lieut. Otto L. Hine—wrote his name into the history of his regiment when he took charge in a crisis of one regimental aid station.

It was being shelled. Several of the wounded had been killed; several of the litter boys had fallen at their tasks. Then, quite suddenly, because they were being swept by an enfilading fire, the regiment had to draw back two kilometers in the sway of the battle-line, and the aid station, with its colony of helpless wounded, was destined to stand for a time in No Man's Land.

Then it was that Captain Randall Wilson took a detachment of 75 men and went out to stand guard over that stranded hospital and that Lieutenant Hine buckled down to the task of evacuating the wounded to a place of safety behind the lines. From the middle of that afternoon till 10 the next morning they stuck to that job. In all, they covered the dressing and evacuation of 225 men.

That guard did not cease fighting nor that dentist his work till the last litter had disappeared in the direction of American lines.

Christmas is not very far off, and it is up to the A.E.F. to give itself a merry Christmas by seeing to it that at least 800 needy orphans of French soldiers who have given their lives in defense of their country and the common principles for which both Frenchmen and Americans are fighting can look forward to a year filled not with anxiety, but with real Christmas happiness and good cheer.

Send all communications regarding the Christmas Gift War Orphans to THE STARS AND STRIPES, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

- Supply Co. — F.A.
Det. 13th Co. — M.M.
Mrs. Mary M. Hatmaker, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Pvt. Chas. S. Sturges, at least.
Jas. Russell D. Ellis and Merrill S. Arty.
Chief Postal Clerk, M.E.S. 79th.
Col. Roger O. Mason.
Lt. T. H. Frankenberg.
Major William W. Richardson.
10th Co. — Starbuck Regt.
10th Co. Det. Motor Mech. A.S.
Supply Co. — Art. C.A.C.
9th Co. — Motor Mech. A.S.
Co. C. — Eng.
Battery E. — F.A.
Supply Co. — F.A.
Div. Surgeon's Office, Lightning Div.
Sanitary Squad No. 1, Camp Hosp. No. 11.
Philadelph. Co. A. 1st Army Hosp. Regt.
Instructors Army Candidates School.
Collected Money, M.E.S. 79th.
Lt. Kenneth A. Marlowan.
Dr. William P. Jones.
Previously adopted
Total

DELMONICO'S IS NO MORE

AMERICA, Oct. 10.—Delmonico's has gone into receivership, hands after a famous career extending back to 1827. Before the war a single large affair often brought in from \$2,000 to \$5,000. Last week a military wedding was held there, and the only extra charge the accountants got on their books was \$2 for a pitcher of cider.

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Minute Tapioca Company

Orange, Mass. From the Minute Man of '76 to the Minute Men of 1918 in France

COMRADES: You wouldn't know the best looking public building in New York these days. You wouldn't expect the Public Library, set at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street where the best looking and the best dressed girls in the world glide by, would ever get careless about its appearance, would you? The other day its stately steps were transformed by the erection of a smart billboard that made their feet that made passersby wonder. The next morning at 8 a. m. a painter-man roosting on a scaffold, got busy smearing that billboard with some sort of poster, and people wondered still more. You see, they didn't know that General Pershing had cabled that he wanted a hundred thousand books a month for his boys at the front to read.

The War Department, reserving 50 tons cargo space per month in our ships, asked the American Library Association to gather the books needed. What? Why, of course these dignified old institutions grabbed off the chance, all over the country. And the New York Public Library certainly took off its coat and didn't give a hurrah how it looked for a time so long as it could help. The stately steps soon looked as if a rummage sale was at full spin on them. Young store girls, middle-aged shoppers, and people with limousine figures all began to stock up books there. Books in great piles! You'd have thought the Public Library was being disposed of for not paying rent. In two weeks' time three hundred thousand volumes were dumped on those proud steps. And they weren't books such as a second-hand dealer who, like Atlantic City, seems to reject nothing would shrink from taking on. They were almost wholly works of fiction meant to give you life a bit. You know how sad or humorous most gifts are. Your only rich relative sends you a pair of suspenders when what you hoped for was a pair of those rather necessary garments which suspenders are designed to hold up. And some excited lunatic would have any use for. Well, a couple of these nuts at large hopped into this friendly gathering. One sent a complete file of the "Undertakers' Review," to give away which must have cost him a twinge, and another bubbled his eager hoers by sending a series of reports of Greenwood Cemetery. But the most amusing gift of the campaign was furnished by a world-famous stage-woman, who is—or—well, just a trifle vain about her looks. She sent only one book. It bore her name on the cover as author. And its title was, "The Secret of My Beauty."

Hoping you enjoy hearing how things are going on this side, I salute you. THE MINUTE MAN OF '76.

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