The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

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MEN ON LEAVE NOT TO BE LED ROUND BY HAND

Impression That They Will Be Chaperoned Wholly Erroneous.

SAVOY FOR FIRST GROUP

Zone System to Be Instituted and Rotated to Give All Possible Variety.

"PINK TICKETS" FOR PARIS.

Special Trains to Convey Soldiers to Destinations—Rules Are Explicit.

As a great deal of misapprehension regarding leaves, the conditions under which they are to be granted, etc., has existed in the A.E.F. for some time past, the complete and authoritative rulings on the subject are given below.

A.E.F. men whose leaves fall due on or about February 15 will be allowed to visit the department of Savoy, in the south-east of France, during their week of leisure. That department constitutes their "leave zone" for the present. When their next leaves come around four months hence it is planned to give them a different leave zone, and to rotate such zones in future, in order to give all an equal chance to see as much of France as possible.

While the Y.M.C.A. has worked hard and perfected arrangements for soldiers' accommodations and provided amusements at Aix-les-Baines, one of the famous watering-places in Savoy, no man is bound in any way to avail himself of those accommodations and amusements if he does not so desire. In other words, there are no strings attached to a man's leave time, provided he does not violate the obvious rules of military deportment. The widespread idea that there will be official or semi-official chaperonage of men on leave by the Y.M.C.A. or other organizations is, therefore, incorrect.

Leaves Every Four Months.

The general order from Headquarters, A. E. F., on the subject of leaves is both complete and explicit. Leaves will be available for soldiers only after four months' service in France, and will be granted to officers and men in good standing. The plan is to give every soldier one leave of seven days every four months, excluding the time taken in traveling to and from the place in France where he may spend his holiday. As far as practicable, special trains will be run for men on leave.

A man may not save up his seven days leave with the idea of taking one of longer duration at a later date. He must take his leaves as they come. Regular leave will not be granted within one month after return from sick or convalescent leave.

In principle, leaves will be granted by roster, based on length of time since last leave or furlough; length of service in France; length of service as a whole lot. Officers authorized to grant leaves are required to make the necessary adjustments of leave rosters so as to avoid absence of too many non-coms, or specially qualified soldiers at any time. Not more than ten per cent. of the soldiers of any command are to be allowed away at the same time, nor, it is stipulated, is any organization to be crippled for lack of officers.

Leave areas, as stated above, will be allotted to divisions, corps, or other units or territorial commands, and rotated as far as practicable. Allotments covering Paris, however, will be made separately from all other areas, so as to limit the number of American soldiers visiting Paris on leave. For this reason the leave tickets will be of different color, those consigning a man to his unit's regular leave area being white, and those permitting a visit to Paris being pink, dividing the American permissionaires into white ticket men and pink ticket men.

Exceptional Cases.

In case a man has relatives in France, it is provided that he may, for that reason or some other exceptional one, be granted leave for another area than that allotted to his unit with the stipulation that the number of men authorized to visit Paris shall not be increased in that way. For the present, officers will not be restricted as to points to be visited on leave, other than Paris. Any leaves which may be granted by Headquarters to go to allied or neutral countries will be counted as beginning on leaving France and terminating on arrival back in France. The French Zone of the Armies, and the departments of Doubs, Jura, Ain, Haute-Savoie, Seine Inférieure and Pyrénées Orientales, and the arrondissements of Basses - Pyrénées touching on the Spanish frontier may not, however, be visited without the concurrence of the Chief French Military Mission.

Leave papers will specify the date of departure and the number of days' leave authorized. The leave will begin to run at 12.01 a. m. (night) following the man's arrival at the destination authorized in his leave papers, and will end at midnight after the passing of the number of days' leave granted him. After that, the next leave train must be taken by that man back to his unit. Or if he is not near a railroad line over which leave trains pass, he must take the quickest available transportation back to connect with a leave train. Each man on leave will carry his ticket as well as the identity card prescribed in G. O. 63, A. E. F.; and he will be required to wear his identification tag.

Travel Regulations.

Before going on leave, a man must register his address, in his own handwriting. He must satisfy his company or detachment commander that he is neat and tidy in appearance. He must prove to that officer's satisfaction that he has the required leave ticket, and so forth, and sufficient funds for the trip

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OFF FOR THE TRENCHES.

When a certain regiment of American doughboys departed from its billets in a little town back of the front and marched away to our trenches in Lorraine, this poem was found tacked up on a billet door:—

By the rifle on my back,
By my old and well-worn pack,
By the bayonets we sharpened
in the billets down below,
When we're holding to a
sector,
By the howling, jumping
hector,
Colonel, we'll be Gott-Strafed if the Blank-teenth lets
it go.

And the Boches big and small,
Runty ones and Boches tall,
Won't keep your boys a-squatting in the ditches very
long;
For we'll soon be busting
through, sir,
God help Fritzie when we do,
sir—
Let's get going, Colonel
Blank, because we're feeling mighty strong.

TOOTH YANKING CAR IS TOURING FRANCE

Red Cross Dentist's Office

Lacks Nothing but the Lady Assistant

The latest American atrocity—a dentist's office on wheels!

Gwan, you say? Gwan, yourself! We've seen it: most of the chauffeurs have seen it; the Colonel and everybody else who gets about at all has seen it. That's what it is, a portable dentist's office—chair, wall-buzzer and all, with meat-axes, bung-starters, pinwheels, spittoons, gobs of cotton batting, tear gas, laughing gas, chloroform, ether, *eau de vie*, gold, platinum and cement to match. Everything is there but the lady assistant, and even she may be added in time.

If you wanted to be funny about the thing, you might call this motorized dentist's parlor the crowning achievement of the Red Cross; for, strange to say, it is the Red Cross, commonly supposed to be on the job of alleviating human misery, that has put the movable torture chamber on the road, to play one-tooth stands all along the countryside. But no one wants to be funny about a dentist's office that, instead of lying in wait for you, comes out on the road and chases you. It's too darn serious a matter; you might almost say that it flies in the teeth of all the conventions, Hague and otherwise.

It looks part like an ambulance, but it isn't. An ambulance carries you somewhere so that you can get some rest; a traveling tooth-yankery doesn't give you a chance to rest. It's white, is the outside of the car, just like a baby's hearse, and just about as cheerful to contemplate. On its side it says, "Dental Traveling Ambulance No. 1"—the No. 1 part gleefully promising, no doubt, that this isn't the end of them by any means, but that there may be more to follow.

Useful As a Tank?

Somebody had a nerve to invent it, all right, as if we didn't have troubles enough as it is, dodging the regimental dentist, and ducking shells, and clapping on gas masks, and all the rest. It is designed, according to one who professes to know about it, to kill the nerves of anything that gets in front of it; so we one and all move that it, instead of the tanks, be sent "over the top" and tried on the Boches. The minute they see a fully-lighted, white-painted car, with the dentist, arrayed with all his instruments of maltreatment, standing ready for action by his electric chair, those Boches will just turn around and run, and run, and run, and won't stop running till they get smack up against their own old barbed wire on the Eastern front. The crowned heads of Europe tremble before the advance of the crowned teeth of America, as you might say if you were inclined to joke about it; which we aren't.

For French Patients First

One of the Red Cross people, who was standing by ready for the command "Clear guns for action!" told THE STARS AND STRIPES that the peripatetic pain producer wasn't to be used so much for the American troops' discomfort as to fix up the cavities and what-not of the civil population of France. That was encouraging news, for while we don't bear our allies any ill-will, we think they ought to have the honor of trying out the experiment first "*Apres vous, mon chere Gaston,*" as the saying goes.

After all the French people in need of dental treatment have been treated, however, the Red Cross person went on to say that it might be tried out on the Americans—yanks for the Yanks, as you might say, if you were inclined to be funny about it, as you ought not to be; but we prefer to think that the war will be over by that time. Anyhow, who ever heard of an American who would own up to having anything the matter with his jaw.

Be that as it may, when you see the cussed thing on the road, jump into the ditch and lie low. It's real, and it means business.

ANZAC MAKES SAFE GUESS.

A company commander received an order from battalion headquarters to send in a return giving the number of dead Huns in the front of his sector of trench. He sent in the number as 2,001.

H. Q. rung up and asked him how he arrived at this unusual figure.

"Well," he replied. "I'm certain about the one, because I counted him myself. He's hanging on the wire just in front of me. I estimated the 2000. I worked it out all by myself in my own head that it was healthier to estimate 'em than to walk about in No Man's Land and count 'em!"—*Aussie*, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHIEF

IN this initial number of THE STARS AND STRIPES, published by the men of the Overseas Command, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces extends his greetings through the editing staff to the readers from the first line trenches to the base ports.

These readers are mainly the men who have been honored by being the first contingent of Americans to fight on European soil for the honor of their country. It is an honor and privilege which makes them fortunate above the millions of their fellow citizens at home. Commensurate with their privilege in being here, is the duty which is laid before them, and this duty will be performed by them as by Americans of the past, eager, determined, and unyielding to the last.

The paper, written by the men in the service, should speak the thoughts of the new American Army and the American people from whom the Army has been drawn. It is your paper. Good luck to it.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F.

HUNS STARVE AND RIDICULE U.S. CAPTIVES

A.E.F. Soldiers Compelled to Clean Latrines of Crown Prince.

GIVEN UNEATABLE BREAD.

Photographed Sandwiched Between Negroes Wearing Tall Hats.

EMBASSY HEARS THE FACTS.

Repatriate Smuggles Addresses of Prisoners' Relatives Into France.

Ridicule, degrading labor, insufficient food and inhumane treatment generally are the lot of American soldiers taken prisoner by the Huns. This is the experience of three Americans captured last Autumn by the German Army at the Canal de la Marne au Rhin, in the forest of Parcy, near Luneville. The deposition of M. L. Rollett, a repatriated Frenchman who was quartered in the same town with the American prisoners, made before First Secretary Arthur Hugh Frazier of the United States Embassy in Paris, throws ample light on the methods of the Boche dealing with his captives.

"How were the Americans treated?" M. Rollet was asked.

"They were obliged to clean the streets, and the latrines of the Crown Prince [The heir to the German throne had his headquarters at that time in Charleville, the captured French town to which the Americans were taken.] This was done in order to make them appear rediculous. They were protographed standing between six negroes from Martinique; and when the photograph was taken the negroes were order to wear tall hats.'

"Did the Americans have sufficient food?" Secretary Frazier inquired.

"No," replied M. Rollett. "Their food was insufficient. They received a loaf of bread every five days, which was as hard as leather and almost uneatable. Occasinally they received a few dried vegetables."

Fed by French People.

"Could they subsist on this food?"

"No, but the inhabitants of Charleville formed a little committee to supply the prisoners with food and with linen. The food had to be given to them clandestinely."

M. Rollett, who left Charleville on December 19, 1917, to come into France by way of Switzerland, visited the Embassy to forward to the relatives of the three American prisoners messages saying that they were still alive. The addresses they gave him were: Mrs. James Mulhull, 177 Fifth street, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. R. L. Dougal, 822 East First street, Maryville, Miss; and Mrs. O. M. Haines, Wood Ward, Oklahoma. On the day the Americans were captured, he added, the American communique (published later on by the Germans) had reported five men killed and seven wounded.

"How did you bring these adresses away without being discovered?" the Embassy Secretary asked M. Rollet.

"They were written," he replied, "on a piece of linen which a young girl who speaks English had sewed under the lining of a cloak belonging to one of my daughters."

"Black Misery" in Germany.

In conclusion, M. Rollet was asked if, from his journey from Charleville through Germany to Switzerland, he could form any idea as to conditions in Germany.

"No," he answered, "because we traveled through Alsace-Lorraine at night; but the German soldiers talked very freely about conditions in Germany, and they said that life in all parts of the Empire is black misery. They all long for peace; and the soldiers are in dread of the British and French heavy artillery."

M. Rollett's deposition was subscribed and sworn to before Secretary Frazier on January 9, 1918, and a copy of it is in the archives of the American Embassy.

MARINES ADVISE SWIGGING.

For Hikers They Say, It Is Better Than Sipping.

Quantico, Va.—The drinking of water at frequent intervals while on long hikes is not recommended by U. S. Marines, stationed here.

While the average man should consume, according to medical authorities, from two to three quarts a day, troops on the march should drink this amount at regular periods and not sip a mouthful at a time, say the Marine officers.

In Haiti, the Philippines and other countries where the Marines have been compelled to hike long and hard, men who constantly sipped at their canteens were the first to become exhausted. On the contrary, the men who drank their fill every two or three hours, and not between times, proved to be the best hikers.

FREE SEEDS FOR SOLDIER FARMERS

Congress Votes Us Packets but Overlooks Hoes and Spades

PRIZES FOR BIG PUMPKINS

A.E.F. Garden Enthusiasts Speculate Upon Probability of Flower Pots in Tin Derbies.

Sergeant Carey, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Tomato buds, and Kerry spuds,
And string beans all in a row?

That's the song some of us will be singing when the ground gets a little softer—oh yes, it will be much muddied before long—and the grass, what there is left of it, gets a little greener, and the dickey-birds, begin to sing sweet "Oui, oui," in the tree-tops.

For be it known that by and with the consent of the Congress of the United States, that ancient and venerable and highly profitable body which votes the money to buy us our grub has, out of the kindness of its large and collective heart, extended its privilege of free seed distribution to the United States Quartermaster Corps. So, if you haven't received your little package of bean seed, pea seed, anise seed, tomato seed, lettuce seed, pansy seed, begonia seed, and what not, trot right up to the supply sergeant's diggings and ask him when it's coming in.

Oui, Oui—Spuds and Beans!

No kidding; you know yourself you're grumbling now because all you get in the line of vegetables is spuds, and beans, and tomatoes and beans, and spuds, and spuds, and beans, and beans, and spuds and beans, and beans, and beans, and beans, and beans, and beans and—what was that other vegetable you gave us last night, Mess-Sergeant?—oh, yes, beans; all of them canned, with now and then, on Christmas, St. Patrick's Day, Yom Kippur and Hallowe'en, a few grains of canned corn. If you want fresh vegetables, therefore, it's up to you to grow them. Unfortunate people who live in big cities are able to grow them in cute little window boxes, and thus cut down the high cost of living. Why shouldn't you, with a steel helmet for a flower pot, be able to do the same?

Go to the French thou sluggard

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ARMY MEN BUILD AN OVER-SEAS PITTSBURGH

Mammoth Warehouses and the World's Largest Cold Storage Plant Spring Up in Three Months.

FORESTERS AND ENGINEERS DOING THE WORK.

"Winter of Our Discontent" Sees Big Job of Preparation Speeded "Somewhere" in France.

You, Mr. Infantryman, out there for heaven knows how many hours a day jabbing at a straw-filled burlap bag and pretending it's old Rat-Face, the Crown Prince—been doing that ever since you came over here, haven't you?

You, Mr. Artilleryman, loading, unloading, standing clear, and all the rest of it until your back aches and your eardrums wellnigh cave in—

You Mr. Machine-Gunner, going out every day and lugging about a ton of assorted hardware and cutlery around a vacant lot—

You, Mr. Marine, land-logged, landsick, trying out your web feet in wading through the muddy depths of Europe instead of wading ashore through the roaring surr-yip! hi-ho, and a bottle grape juice!—

You, all of you, own up now! Doesn't seem as though you weren't getting anywhere at times, now does it? Doesn't seem as though you had many any particular progress, eh, what? Doesn't seem to have made the beef any tenderer, the supplies come up any quicker, the Q.M.'s clothing get issued any quicker? As far as you can see, things have been pretty much at a standstill, on account of the weather and whatnot, for some time, haven't they?

With Speed and Drive.

But that, Mr. Infantryman, Cannoneer, Machine-Gunner or whoever and whatever you are, is where you are, for once, dead wrong. The old U. S. is making all sorts of progress here in France—progress towards your comfort, and upkeep, and safety, and toward that of the millions who are coming along to play your game with you. Not in your particular section, perhaps, but, in a certain spot in inland France, the old U. S. has been engaged in big doings this winter, doing big things as only Americans can do 'em and putting them through with the speed and drive that, as we like to think, only the Yanks can put into an undertaking. And the work which the old U. S. has beeing doing at that particular place in France, has excited the outspoken admiration and surprise of every officer of the Allied armies who has watched it grow.

In three months this spot in France has been transformed from an insignificant railroad station—such as White River Junction, New Hampshire, or Princeton Junction, in New Jersey, say—surrounded by wild woodland and rolling plains, into a regular young Pittsburgh of industry. Fact! Not only a young Pittsburgh of industry, but a young St. Louis of railway tracks, a young Chicago of meat refrigerators, a young Boston of bean stowawayeries, a young New York water front of warehouses. Just for example, the warehouses already put up at this place will hold more stuff than the new Pennsylvania Railroad freight terminal in Chicago, which is some monster of its kind.

Cold Storage Plants.

Wait! That's only a sample. The foundations are already on the ground for—now, get this; it's straight dope, no bull—for what will be the largest refrigerating cold storage plant in the world. Its construction, by the time this article sees the light of print, will be well under way. It will have a manufacturing capacity of 500 tons of ice, and will be capable of handling 2,000 tons of fresh beef daily, besides having storage space for 5,000 tons of beef additional, to say nothing of other fresh food supplies whenever they may be awaiting shipment up forward to the men in the Amexforce. Every detail of its is absodarnlutely the last word in uptodateness.

Along with a refrigerating plant of that magnitude, there have also been going up—going up all during the time you thought there was "nothing doing" over here, too—a number of monster storage houses for ammunition and other inflammable supplies. These are built of real old honest-to-goodness hollow fireproof brick, brought all the way from the United States. And if that were not enough to safeguard the bonbons for the Boche contained in them, the storage depot has a waterworks system all its own: to construct it, a pipe line had to be laid half a mile—the distance of the plant from the nearest body of water. Hundreds of miles of auxiliary piping have already been laid, and the water supply will be more than adequate for mechanical purposes and for protection against fire.

Regulars Lend a Hand.

The warehouses themselves are one story buildings, 50 by 30 feet in dimension, constructed in rows of fours, with loading and unloading tracks between them and with big doors in their sides, making easy the quick handling of the supplies to be stowed therein. Goods for four branches of the service are to be stored in them—machinery, ordinance You see, we'd been pals from, childsupplies, medical necessaries, and all the varied articles handled by the Quartermaster's Corps. The construction of the buildings has been in the hands of a regiment of railroad engineers and a forestry regiment, assisted by companies detailed from regular regiments.

As if that were not enough in the line of construction, over in a corner of the mammoth reservation is a gas plant, and buster, too. This plant is already in operation and other plants of like size are busy in repairing machinery and in other work. Everywhere about the place there is incessant activity—regular "Hurry up Yost" speedupativeness—in road building, well driving (some deep ones have been plugged down, too), in track laying, in hundreds of other ways.

Some plant, isn't it, to have been put up in the short time, comparatively, that we have been over here in France? It even puts into the shade the overnight growth of, say Hopewell, Va., the famous munitions city that, unlike Rome, seemed almost to have been built in a day.

Of course it has taken a tremendous force of workers to do all this, and it is going to take more and more and more as time goes on, and as more and more and more troops from the States keep pouring into the French seaports. The size of the plant, with the provisions for making it larger, prove, for one thing, that our Uncle Sam expects to send a lot more troops—and, what is more, intends to keep them well supplied with everything they need as long as they are here.

No Delay About Moving In.

Our Uncle Samuel, be it remembered, is a cautious old gent, and looks well on both sides before getting into a scrap; but once he gets in—and the canny old customer always picks the right side—he's in to stay until the whole job is cleaned up, and he's in right up to his shoulderblades. No more convincing proof of America's determination to see the thing through could be had than a sight of Uncle Sam's big storage depot and all-around tool shop. And, to clinch the argument even further, as fast as the shops on the big reservation have been put up, the machinery has been shoved into them and the work in them started as soon as the machinery was in place and oiled up.

No, Mr. Infantryman, Mr. Artilleryman, Mr. Machine-Gun-toter, Mr. Aviator, Mr. Wireless-buzzer, this has not been "the winter of our discontent"—as footless and no-use-at-all as your own work may have seemed to you sometimes. It has been the winter during which your old uncle has been laying a firm foundation for your comfort and safety and for that of the men who will follow you over—and believe us, he's done an almighty big, an almightily far-sighted, an all-around almightily creditable and thoroughly American, workmanlike job.

A NEWS STORY IN VERSE

(The incident this poem describes was told by a British sergeant in a dug-out to the author—an American serving at the time in the British Army, but now fighting under the Stars and Stripes.

Joe was me pal, and a likely lad, as
gay as gay could be;
The worst I expected to happen was the
leave that would set him free
To visit the wife and the kiddies; but
they're waiting for him in vain.
All along of a Boche wot peppered our
water and ration train.—
You see, w'd been pals from childhood; him and me chummed through
school,
And when we growed up and got married we put our spare kale in a
pool,
And both made a comfortable living;
'twas just for our mates and the
kids.—
Now the Hun—damn his soul—has
taken his toll, and me pal had to
cash in his bids.
That night when we left the ration
dump to face the dark ahead,
I can never forget the look on his face
when he picked up his kit and said
"Another trip to the front, old lad;
we'll take 'em their bully and tea:
"We'll catch hell to-night, but we'll get
there all right; take that little trip
from me."
And Joe swung up in his saddle; I
crawled in the trailer behind;
The train moved off with a groan and a
squeak, for the midnight work and
the grind
Then Joe looked 'round as we started
off, I could see his face all alight;
"I got a letter from home," he said;
"I'll read it to you to-night."
We pulled along through Dick Busch,
through Fairy Court and Dell.
When word came back from the blokes
ahead to give the nags a spell.
Joe slid outen his saddle, with a chuckle
deep down in his throat,
An' he walked back to me, as gay as
could be, and pulled the kid's note
from his coat.
Says he, "Listen, lad, for a kid it ain't
bad—it's her birthday—she's five
to-night—
It's a ripping note this— she sends
you a kiss—" and Joe, poor old pal,
struck a light.
He held up the kiddie's letter—we were
laughin' a bit at the scrawl,
All warm inside with a feeling—well,
you know what I mean, damn it
all!
When along come a German bullet, and
Joe, he wavered a mite,
Then without a word he wilted down.
They carried him West that night:
A bullet hole in his temple, by God, but
clutching that letter tight.
I've forgot all me bloomin' duties, for
me blood is boilin' with hate;
And I'll get that sniping rotter what
drilled me pal through the pate,
I'll teach the dirty beggar how an
Englishman sticks to his friend:
I'm saving a foot of cold steel for the
rat—so help me God to the end.

HE OUGHT TO BE GOOD.

"Jim, I see that old Bill Boosum, from home, has been drafted."

"Well, Hank, he ought to pass out some nifty hand salutes, all right."

"How's that?"

"Why, look at the practice he's had in bending his elbow!"

Don't Forget that War-Risk Insurance. February 12 is [illegible] Co. [illegible] chance at it.

ARMY'S MOTOR ARMADA TO BE 50,000 STRONG

Uncle Sam's Garages and Assembling Shops Demand the Services of 150,000 Chauffeurs and Repair Men

FIRST AID AMBULANCES FOR BREAKDOWNS

Experts from American Factories to Take Charge of Efficiency Problems

Uncle Samuel has gone in to the garage business here in France. He has gone into it feet first. He knows the importance of the automobile game in modern warfare; he realizes that if Napoleon the Great had only had one "Henry" at the battle of Waterloo, Marshal Blucher's famous advance through the mud would have been in vain. So he is determined, by aid of all the up-to-date motors, all the up-to-date mechanics and chauffeurs and technical experts he can muster, to prevent any of Marshal Blucher's Prussian successors from stealing a march on him.

Fifty thousand motor vehicles, roughly speaking, represent Uncle Samuel's immediate needs for his charges in France. Of these, some 38,000 will be trucks, some 2,500 ambulances, some 3,000 "plain darn autos," and some 6,500 motorcycles. To take care of this vast motor fleet, to run it, keep it in repair, and so forth, our Uncle will need about 150,000 men—a young army in itself.

When one stops to consider the factories, repair shops, rebuilding stations and what not that will be required, one can see that Uncle Sam's garage is going to be no five-and-ten affair. It is going to be a real infant industry all by its lonesome; and already it is a pretty husky infant, with a loud honk-honk instead of a teething cry. In fact, in the few months since our collective arrival in France Uncle Sam has built up such an organization to keep his cars on the roads as to stagger the imagination of the men of big business, both of our own country and of our allies who have come to look it over.

These Are Real Experts

The A. E. F.—and this is news to many of its members—has, right here in France, a fully equipped automobile factory which is able not only to rebuild from the ground up any of a dozen or more makes of motors, but to turn out parts, tools, anything required from the vast stores of raw materials which has been shipped overseas for the purpose, with the special machinery which has been torn up in the States and replanted here. The factory is going to employ thousands of expert mechanics, and is going to have a capacity for general repair work unequalled by any similar plant back home.

People who dwell within the desolate region bounded by the Rhine on the west and the Russian frontier on the east have been in the habit of considering our national Uncle as a superficial sort of an old geezer; but the way he has taken hold of his automobile business proves that they have another good think coming. He hasn't overlooked a thing. Hard by his big new factory there is an "organization ground," a "salvage ground," a supply depot, and what is perhaps most important of all, the headquarters of a highly trained technical staff.

This is a staff of experts; not self-styled experts, but the real thing—big men in the automobile business representing all the important motor factories in the United States. Some of these experts inspect the broken down machines and pieces of machines in the salvage grounds, and report whether the wearing out process was due to a chauffeur's mishandling of the car, to the use of poor material in its construction, or to something wrong in its original designing.

Working "On the Ground"

If it is the chauffeur or mechanic who was responsible, he, wherever he is, is hauled up on the carpet. If the fault is found to lie with the factory in the States that turned out the machine, the representative of that company on the board of experts reports the facts to the home office himself, with recommendations for future betterment. In making out his recommendations for a car of a new design, peculiarly fitted to traffic and combat conditions in France, his co-workers on the board lend him their assistance. In this way defects in cars are detected "on the ground" and the responsibility placed at once, so that future errors of the same sort will be avoided.

This is, in brief, the journey that lies before an American made auto shipper, say "F.O.B. Detroit." Knocked down, or unassembled, it is packed and put aboard a transport at "an American port." It makes the same voyage that we all made to "a French port," gracefully thumbing its nose at any passing submarines. As the port it is assembled, painted, duly catalogued and numbered, and given a severe once-over and several finishing touches by the experts of the technical staff and their assistants.

For Emergency Calls

Having passed this examination, it is loaded with supplies—for even a car has to carry a pack while traveling—and headed towards the interior under charge of a picked crew of mechanics, who try it out under actual traffic conditions and adjust it. On the way it is held over at the "organization grounds," where it is given its supplementary equipment of tools, water cask, and the necessary picks, shovels and tow cables to get it out of the mud. This done, it is turned over to a new crew of men, and, as one of the component parts of a train of cars in charge of a truck company, it is sent "up front" if the need is urgent, or, in case there are cars aplenty in that interesting locality, it is run to a reserve station to await call.

When the car, after days or months at the front, begins to show, by its coughing or wheezing or other signs, that it is about due from a new lease of life, the journey is reversed. If the car is able to get back under its own power, it goes back that way; if it is not, a hurry call is sent for the auto-doctoring-train, which is nothing more nor less than a repair shop on wheels. There the blue-jeaned doctors of the train do their best for the car, and if it doesn't come around in a day or so, it is towed back to be overhauled from A to Izzard.

For the supplying of this auto armada, Uncle Sam, who seems to have overlooked nothing, has dotted the main routes from the Atlantic coast of France up to the fighting lines with gasoline stations. At the ports of entry themselves he has erected immense storage tanks, each capable of holding 100 barrels of the precious

ber of inland bases on the way up are other tanks with a capacity of 5,000 gallons each. Near the front are many smaller tanks, while at the front itself the regular gas drums, small in size and readily transported, are available for the cars that have to run out.

Just to make sure, Uncle Sam has brought over a flying squadron of some five hundred tank cars, which again has caused the natives to sit up and take notice. These cars are loaded from the tank ships at the ports of entry, and then sent inland to fill up the various depots. All in all, this same Uncle Sam who, by the way, is now supplying his allies with practically all their gasoline and lubricants, is doing a pretty good and speedy job as a distributing agent.

One more sample of how this lean and canny old unk of ours uses his head, and this story will be over. All the motor trucks are being distributed about France in definite areas, according to their make; for example, a certain area will be served by Packard trucks exclusively, while another will have G.M.C.'s, and G.M.C.'s only. This system does away with the need for repair men carrying many kinds of parts, and makes it possible for one trouble-expert knowing all about one kind of car, to serve a whole district. In that way harmony of operation and speed in mending broken-down cars is secured.

MEN ON LEAVE NOT TO BE LED ROUND BY HAND

Continued from Page 1

All travel on leave by men of units situated within the French Zone of the Armies will, as far as possible, be on the special leave trains. Transportation on these trains will be furnished by the Government, and rations will be provided for both going and returning journeys. Commutation and rations while on leave will not be paid in any case. Travel on regular trains will be at the expense of the officer or soldier so traveling, at one-fourth the regular rate. Commissioned officers and army nurses will be entitled to first class, field clerks and non-commissioned officers to second class, and all others to third class accommodations on regular trains.

Except on special leave trains, soldiers will be allowed to purchase second-class seats, but if a shortage of such seats should occur, they will not displace regular passengers.

Lodgings in Leave Zone

On their arrival at destination, all men will have their leave papers stamped with the date of arrival, and will have noted on them the date and hour of the train to be taken on expiration of their leave, by the American Provost Marshal at the railroad station, or by the French railroad officials. They will report to the Provost Marshal for information, for the looking over of leave papers, and for the selection of an assignment to lodgings and registry of address. If there is no Provost Marshal in the place to which they go, they will register their addresses and submit their leave papers for O. K.ing at the French Bureau de la Place of a garrisoned town, or else at the Gendarmerie, of police station. They will exhibit their leave papers to the French authorities at any time upon request.

Lodgings will be paid for in advance. If they prove unsatisfactory, a man may apply to the Provost Marshal for a change. Men who are unable to pay, or who commit any serious breach of discipline, will be promptly returned to their units. Misconduct will be reported by American Provost Marshals direct to the man's regimental or other Commander for disciplinary action—and for consideration at the next turn of leave.

In case of groups of men on leave traveling, the senior non-commissioned officer will be responsible for the conduct of the men. No liquor and no firearms or explosives of any sort may be carried by any soldier going to or returning from leave.

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE.

(Corset makers all over the United States are forsaking that line of business in order to devote their factories to the turning out of gas masks for the Army.—News item from the States.)

Heaven bless the women! They are giving up their corsets
So that we, in snowy France, may 'scape the Teuton's ire;
Sacrificing form divine so factories may more sets
Make of gas protectors and of shields 'gainst liquid fire!

Heaven bless the women! They are losing lines each minute
So that we may hold the line from Belfort to the sea;
Giving up their whalebones so that, after we get in it,
We may whale the daylightes outer men from Germanee!

Heaven bless the women! They are wearing middy blouses
As a sort of camouflage, the while we spite the Hun;
Donning Mother Hubbards, too, and keeping to the houses
While we Yanks gas-helmeted, put Fritzie on the run!

Heaven bless the women and their perfect thirty-sixes!
Waists we clasped a-waltzing they some other way now drape.
Disregarding fashion so that every Yank may fix his
Breathing tube at "Gas—alert!" and thus preserve his shape!

Heaven bless the women! They are doing without dancing,
Knitting, packing, helping in a hundred thousand ways;
But they help the most by this while the foe's advancing—
Giving us the saying power by going without their stays!

THE ANZAC DICTIONARY.

ARCHIE.—A person who aims high and is not discouraged by daily failures.

A.W.L.—An expensive form of amusement entailing loss to the Commonwealth and extra work for one's pals.

BARRAGE.—That which shelters or protects, often in an offensive sense, i.e., loud music forms a barrage against the activity of a bore; a barrage of young brothers and sisters interfers with the object of a visit; and an orchard is said to be barraged by a large dog or an active owner.

BEER.—A much appreciated form of nectar now replaced by a colored liquor of a light yellow taste.

CAMOUFLAGE.—A thin screen disguising or concealing the main thing, i.e., a camouflage of cause covers the iniquity of stale fish; a suitor camouflages his true love by paying attention to another girl; ladies in evening dress may or may not adequately camouflage their charms; and men resort to a light camouflage of drink to conceal a sorrow or joy.

CIVILIAN.—A male person of tender or great age, or else of weak intellect and faint heart.

COMMUNIQUE.—An amusing game played by two or more people with paper and pencil in which the other side is always losing and your own side is always winning.

DIGGER.—A friend, pal, or comrade, snonymous with cobblers; a white man who runs straight.

DUD.—A negative term signifying useless, ineffective or worthless, e.g., a "dud" egg; a "dud of a girl" is one who is unattractive; and a dud joke falls flat.

DUGOUT.—A deep recess in the earth usually too small. As an adjective it is used to denote that such a one avoids hopping over the bags, or, indeed, venturing ot into the open air in a trench. At times the word is used to denote antiquated relics employed temporarily.

HOME.—The place or places where Billzac would fain be when the job is done. Also known as "Our Land" and "Happyland."

HOPOVER.—A departure from a fixed point into the Unknown, also the first step in a serious undertaking.

IMSHI.—Means "go," "get out quickly." Used by the speaker, the word implies quick and noiseless movement in the opposite direction to the advance.

LEAVE.—A state or condition of ease, comfort and pleasure, involving the cessation of work; not to be confounded with sick leave. Time is measured by leaves denoting intervals of from three months to three years. Leave on the other hand is measured by time, usually too short.

MUD.—Unpleasantness, generally connected with delay, danger or extreme discomfort. Hence a special meaning of baseness in "his name is mud."

OVER THE BAGS.—The intensive form of danger; denoting a test of fitness and experience for Billzac and his brethren.

RELIEF.—A slow process of changing places; occurs in Shakespeare; "for this relief many thanks."

REST.—A mythical period between being relieved and relieving in the trenches, which is usually spent in walking away from the line and returning straight back in poor weather and at short notice.

SALVAGE.—To recue unused property and make use of it. The word is also used of the property rescued. Property salvaged in the presence of the owner leads to trouble and is not done by an expert.

SOUVENIR.—Is generally used in the same sense as salvage but of small, easily portable articles. Coal or firewood for instance, is salvaged at night, but an electric torch would be souvenired.

STUNT.—A successful enterprise or undertaking usually involving surprise. A large scale stunt lacks the latter and is termed a "push", and the element of success is not essential.

TRENCHES.—Long narrow excavations in earth or chalk, sometimes filled with mud containing soldiers, bits of soldiers, salvage and alleged shelters.

WIND UP.—An aerated condition of mind due to apprehension as to what may happen next, in some cases amounting to an incurable disease closely allied to "cold feet."

ZERO.—A convenient way of expressing an indefinite time or date, i.e., will meet you at zero; call me at zero plus 30; or, to a debt collector, pay day at zero.—*Aussie*, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

FREE SEEDS FOR SOLDIER FARMERS

Continued from Page 1

doughboy. Consider their ways. Get wise.

They're hard up for food, as you know; and at that, to judge from the reports from back home, they're no blooming curiosities. But look at what they do about it. Instead of folding their hands, saying, "C'est la guerre," they go out and dig, and then plant, and then hoe, and finally they have fresh vegetables—and backaches—to show for it. You can't go anywhere along the roadsides or up the hillsides these days without stumbling over their neat and well-kept-up little garden patches. And, with butter selling at what it is, and eggs selling for what they do, and everything else in the eats line skyhooting in price, those little garden patches come in mighty handy. It's worth trying.

No Favors for Lemon Squads

Although on official announcement has been made as yet, it is safe to surmise that some company commanders will offer prizes for the squads producing he biggest pumpkins, the best summer squashes, and the most luscious watermelons. (Texas troops please heed.) Company commanders, you know, have never been in the habit of awarding prizes for the squads producing the most lemons, but, then, war changes every thing.

So keep your old campaign list for garden wear (if the Q.M. will let you); make a pair of overalls out of the burlap the meat comes done up in; use your trench pick and shovel, plus your bayonet, to do the plowing, and scatter the tender seedlets. If a few acorns come along with the rest of the plantables, plant them, too, for if we're going to be over here a good long time the shade from these oaks will come in mighty handy when we're old men and have time to sit down.

OUR OWN HORSE MARINES.

Horace Lovett, U. S. Marine Corps, on duty "somewhere over here," has just been appointed a horseshoer of Marines with the rank of corporal. In the same company Sergeant John Ochsner is stable sergeant and Corporal Stanley A. Smith is saddler. No, you have guessed wrong. The captain's name is not Jinks but Drum—Captain Drum of the horse and other marines.

HIS MORNING'S MAIL IS 8,000 LETTERS

Base Censor Reads Them All, Including 600 Not in English

"Now, how the devil did he pick mine out of the pile?"

Shuddering, a young American in France gazed at the envelope before him, addressed in his own handwriting, to be sure, but with its end cut open and a stout sticker partially closing the cut. Stamped upon the face of the envelope were the fatal words "Examined by Base Censor." And the words, because of the gloom they brought the young man, were properly framed within a deep black border.

It was this way: The young man in question had been carrying on, for some time, a more or less hectic correspondence with a *mademoiselle tres charmante* in a not far distant town. That in itself would be harmless enough if he had sent his letters through the regular military channels—that is, submitted them to his own company officers to be censored. But dreading the "kidding" he might receive at the hands of his platoon commander—which he needn't have dreaded at all, for American officers are gentlemen and gentlemen respect confidence—he had been using the French postal service for his intimate and clandestine lovemaking. That, as everyone knows or ought to know, is strictly forbidden but the young man being "wise," thought he could put one over on the army. Result: That much dreaded bogey-man, the Base Censor knew just how many crosses he had made at the bottom of his note to Mlle. X.

But he needn't have worried a bit, for the bogey-man isn't a likely rival of any one. In fact, he isn't a man at all, but a System—just as impersonal as if he wrote his name, "Base Censor, Inc." Also, he is pretty well-nigh fool-proof and puncture-proof—which again removes him from consideration as "a human."

Remembers No Secrets

All delusions to the contrary, the censorship, though it learns an awful lot, doesn't care a tinker's hoot about nine-tenths of the stuff it learns. It isn't concerned with Private Jones's morals, with Corporal Brown's unpaid grocery bills, with Sergeant Smith's mother-in-law, with Lieutenant Johnson's fraternity symbols. It is, however, actively concerned in keeping out of correspondence all matters relating to the location and movement of troops, all items which pieced together might furnish the common enemy with information which would be valuable to him in the conduct of his nefarious enterprises.

In adition to keeping such damaging information out of soldiers' and officers' correspondence, the base censorship is lying in wait for everything and anything in the mail line which the senders hope to slip through uncensored. If regularly goes over a large proportion of the mail which has already been vised by company officers. It sifts through all mail for the army from neutral countries; and finally its censors all letters in foreign languages, written by men in the A. E. F.—letters which company officers are forbidden to O. K.

In the exercise of this last-named function lies perhaps the greatest task allotted to the base censorship. Our army is probably the most "international" in history, and its sends letters to the base written in forty-six different languages, excluding English. Out of 600 such letters—a typical day's grist—the chances are but half will be written in Italian, followed in the order of their numerousness, by those inscribed in Polish, French and Scandinavian. The censor's staff handles mail couched in twenty-five European languages, many tongues and dialects of the Balkan States and a scattering few in Yiddish, Chinese, Japanese, Hindu, Tahitian, Hawaiian, Persian and Greek, to say nothing of a number in Phillppine dialects.

A Few Are In German

An interesting by-product of the censors' work is the discovery of foreign language interpreters within the ranks of the army. One soldier, for example, wrote in Turkish and wrote so well that the censor handling the letters in that tangled tongue passed on his name to those higher up. As a result, the man was detailed to the interpreters' corps where he is now serving his adoptd country ably and well.

Seldom, say the members of the censor's staff, is anything forbidden found in the foreign language letters. The only striking feature about them as a whole is the small number that are written in German. In fact the Chinese letters as a rule outnumber those expressed in the language of the Kaiser.

Besides all this thousands of letters are sent direct to the base censors every day, in case where soldiers are unwilling that their own immediate superiors should become acquainted with the contents. To humor, therefore, the enlisted man in a former National Guard unit whose censoring officer he suspects of trying to cut him out with The Girl Back Home, the base censor takes the responsibility off the company officer's shoulders; and the enlisted man feels oh! so much relieved.

Those clever chaps who devise all sorts of codes to tell the home folks just where they are in France, meet short shrift at the censor's hands. For example, one of them was anxious to describe a certain city in this fair land. "You know grandmother's first name," he wrote naively, thinking it would get by. But the particular censor it came before, having a New England grandmother of his own, promptly sent the letter back with the added comment, "Yes, and so do I! Can it!"

Another man was so bold as to write: "The name of the town where I am located is the same as that of the dance hall on Umptumpus avenue in ——" well, a certain well-known American city. He was also caught up; for the censor, being himself somewhat of a man of the world, shot the letter back with the tart comment: "I've been there, too."

Those two men, however, were more fortunate than the average in having their letters sent back to them for revision. The usual scheme is for the censor to clip out completely the portion of the letter carrying the damaging information. In case, therefore, a man has written something innocuous—but interesting none the less to his correspondent—on the other side, he is simply "out of luck." One can see it pays to be careful.

On the whole—aside from the mania which seems to have possessed some men to give away the location of their units in France—the censoring officials declare that the army deserves a great deal of credit for living up to both the letter and the spirit of the censor's code. They do, however, find fault with the men who continually "over-address" their letters—that is, who persist in tacking on the number of their divisions to the company and regimental designations. This, for military reasons, is forbidden, but many men seem as yet unaware of the fact.

Many Thank-you Letters

During the first half of January the base censor's office alone handled more than 8,000 letters a day—two thousand a day increase over December, due, no doubt, to the thank-you letters which our dutiful soldier-men felt compelled to write in return for those bounteous Christmas boxes. In the spring, though more transports will be coming over, more men will be writing letters, but still the work will go on. The abuse of the letter-writing privilege by one man might mean the loss of many of his comrades, so the long and tough job of censoring must be "seen through."

So, you smarty with the private code to transmit all sorts of dope to the folks, have a care! No matter how the letters pile up, old Base Censor, Inc., is always on the job! Like the roulette wheel at Monte Carlo, he'll get you in the end, no matter how lucky and clever you think yourself. Or, as Indiana's favorite poet might put it,

"The censor-man 'ull git you ef you
don't
watch
out!"

MIRABELLE

One striking feature of the war is the number of women and girls engaged in various kinds of work back of the lines. The British Army has thousands of them doing clerical work or driving ambulances, while in the A.E.F. their activities so far have been limited to canteen work with the Red Cross or Y. M. C. A.

Most of the are practical individuals doing a lot of good, but occasionally one slips over imbued with the idea that soldiers are sort of overgrown bacteriological specimens to be studied and handled only with sterilized gloves.

Possibly one of the latter inspired a certain A.E.F. private to lapse into poetry after he had stowed her baggage away and heard her dissertation on what the camp needed. His verses were:

The ether ethered,
The cosmos coughed,
Mirabelle whispered—
The words were soft:

"I shall go," Mirabelle said—
And her voice, how it bled!—
"I shall go to be hurt
By the dead, dead, dead.
To be hurt, hurt, hurt"—
Oh, the sad, sweet mien,
And the dreepy droop
Of that all-nut bean!

"One must grow," Mirabelle wailed,
"And one grows by the knife.
I shall grow in my soul
In that awful strife.
Let me go, let me grow,"
Was the theme of her dirge;
"Let the sobbiest of sobs
Through my bosom surge."

The sergeant took a lean
On the canteen door
The captain ran away:
"What a bore! What a bore!"

WAR RISK INSURANCE

February 12 is the last day to take out war risk insurance.

DO IT NOW!

THE MACHINE-GUN SONG.

(As rendered by a certain battalion of Amex *mitrailleurs*, to the tune of "Lord Geoffrey Amherst.")

We've come from old New England for to blast the bloomin' Huns,
We have sailed from afar across the sea;
We will drive the Boche before us with our baby-beauty guns
To the heart of the Rhine countree!
And to his German majesty we will not do a thing
But to spray his carcass with our hail;
And when we're through with pepp'ring him, we'll make the lobster sing
As we ride him into Berlin on a rail!

CHORUS.

Oh, machine guns, machine guns!
They're the things to rake the Kaiser aft and fore!
May then never jam on us
Till we've gone and won this gosh-darn war!
Oh, machine guns are the handy things to drive the Fritzy out
When he hides back of bags of sand;
And machine guns are the dandy things to put the Hun to rout
If he tries to regain his land.
So just keep the clips a-comin', and we'll give her all the juice
As we speed along our glorious way:
And Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff will beat it like the deuce
When the little old rat-rattlers start to play!

CHORUS

Oh, machine guns, machine guns!
They're the things to rake the Kaiser aft and fore!
May they never jam on us
Till we've gone and won this gosh-dar war!

CAN'T DO WITHOUT 'EM

Scene: An A.E.F. cookshack, during sanitary inspection.

Enter, to the cook standing at attention, one major, U.S.M.C., acompanied by one major, British Army Medical Corps.

U.S. Major: "Well, cook, how's everything going?"

Cook: Rotten, sir; men are either all sick or away on D.S., and there's only the mess sergeant and myself to look out for things. You can't get along without K.P.'s."

U.S. Major (to his British friend): "Major, you told me you knew a good deal of American Army slang; what would you say our friend the cook meant by 'K.P.'s'?"

British Major: "K.P.'s? Why, ah-er, I should say that cook was undoubtedly referring to the Knights of Pythias!"

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ONE EYE IS NOT TRUE BLUE.

So a Hoosier Patriot Tries to Return It to Berlin.

Paul Gary of Anderson, Indiana, is all American, with the exception of a glass eye. The substitute optic is alien. Gary tried to enlist in the U. S. Marine Corps at their recruiting station in Louisville, Ky., but was rejected when his infirmity was discovered by Sergeant G. C. Wright.

"Didn't you know that the loss of an eye would prevent your enlisting?" asked the sergeant.

"I thought it might," explained Gary, "but this glass blinker is the only part of me that was made in Germany, and I want to take it back."

He was advised to mail it.

QUITE RIGHT.

"Do you suffer from headaches?" queried the M. O.

"Certainly I do," rejoined the hurried infantry officer. "If I enjoyed them as I do whisky and soda, I wouldn't have consulted you!"—*Aussie*, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

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GERMAN BRANDS YOUNG MOTHER WITH AN IRON.

Victim of a Violation Officially Labeled by Army Authorities.

PAINT BADGE FOR OTHERS

Children of German Fathers Catalogued as the Government's Property.

FORCED INTO MENIAL SERVICE

An Officer Formerly in British Army Tells How Kultur Repopulates Itself.

A new and startling story of German atrocities is told by an American formerly in the service of the British Army, but now attending one of the A.E.F. schools in preparation for a commission in the American Army. It is in accordance with other stories of the prostitution of womanhood which the Kaiser is forcing in order to repopulate the German Empire.

The rapid British advance at Cambria, in November, when towns which the Germans had occupied for three years were captured before the latter could deport the civilian population into Germany as is their custom, disclosed the latest effort of the German army. French women and girls had been made the victims.

"Among the refugees who passed along the roads making their way southward farther into France after we made our first big advance were scores of women and girls, each marked on her breast by a cross in red paint," said the officer. "These were disclosed when the refugees passed in front of our medical officers who were inspecting them. All of them were about to become mothers, and the French interpreter who was assisting the medicos explained that the cross indicated that German soldiers were the fathers. The crosses had been painted on them, the women explained, to show that their children would belong to the German Government.

This Iron Cross Red Hot.

"One of these unfortunates, apparently not more than seventeen years of age, had not only been painted but branded with a hot iron so that she would be marked for life with the sign of the cross. She said that a German officer would be the father of her child. This officer, the girl said, had been quartered in her parents' home and she had been forced to accede to his desires.

"After her health became such that he had no further use for her, she said, he ordered her to act as his personal servant, doing the menial work in his chamber. It was not long until she was unable to continue this and then, angered at her weakness, he ordered soldiers to scour the paint from her breast and burn the cross into her flesh. When this was done, she was forced to leave her home and taken to a maternity hospital which the army had established for other girls and women of the town in the same condition.

An Eye-Witness on "Kultur."

"I myself saw the girl who had been branded and the others who had been painted like sheep and heard their stories, as I had been detailed to supervise the return of the refugees. Thank God, America, by coming into the war, will help to stamp out this beastly 'kultur' from the world and make it a safe, clean place to live in for your womenfolk and mine—our mothers, our sweethearts, our wives, and our daughters. I have a daughter just seventeen years old," concluded the American grimly.

WHEN PACKS ARE LIGHTEST

By CHAPLAIN MOODY.

Probably the cow is the least complaining and discriminating of all animals, yet it is worthy of note that the wise farmer who understands his cows does everything to make them as happy as possible and studies their comfort and convenience as far as possible. This is not because he is a sentimentalist, but for the very opposite reason. He knows his cows will give more milk and he will get more money therefrom if they are contented in their bovine minds and not worried by the high cost of living and other problems.

The expert poultry man will tell you that the frame of mind of his feathered employes has a very direct bearing on the egg output, and so he tries to study their happiness.

Recently experiments have been carried on in some factories with phonographs, and it has been proven that if the fingers of the employes are stimulated by some music they enjoy, it is possible to get more work out of them. In some Cuban cigar factories it is the customary thing to employ a man to read to the cigar makers some story which they like, as, under these conditions, they work better and faster.

All this is not done out of sentiment, again, but because it contributes to efficiency. The cow, the hen, the factory girl and the cigar wrapper do better work for being in a pleasant frame of mind.

While we of the American Expeditionary Forces do not fall into any of these classes, the same is nevertheless probably true of us. We can be better soldiers if we are cheerful than we can if we are not. It may be difficult to see how you can sight a gun any better for smiling or bayonet a man more effectively when you are cheerful. But if we believe what we are told, this is so, and, hence, since we all want to be good soldiers, it becomes a duty toward this end to be happy, just as it is a duty to wash your face or police your bunk, or to keep your rifle clean. It is a *duty* to be happy.

That is all very well and good to say, some one interrupts at this point, but you cannot be happy when your feet are sore or you do not have all you want to eat. Or, it would be easy to be happy if the mail would come, or they would "bust" the Mess Sergeant, or take some other great step forward in the improvement of the army. But we s'l know better.

Our happiness is not dependent on conditions outside of us, but on our hearts within us, and some of the happiest men have been the victims of extraordinary misfortune and some of the unhappiest people have been possessors of great wealth who could have all they wanted. The most joyous book in the world was written by an old man in prison who had come to the conclusion that when they let him out they would chop his head off. Many a man has just grinned himself out of worse fixes than you or I are ever apt to get into.

There are very few things we cannot laugh at. By laughing, we do not actually shorten the hike, but we make it seem shorter; we do not in reality lighten the pack, but we make it seem lighter, and it all comes to the same thing, for we would rather carry a heavy load and have it seem light than carry a light load and have it seem heavy. If we laugh at the cooties when they come, and hunt them with the same merriment that the French hut the wild boar, the joke will be on them after all, for they do not laugh back. And then they won't seem half so bad. Laughter is a good insecticide.

We American soldiers in France are in for a big thing. Just how big it is and how long it will last we do not know and no one can tell us. But we are determined that America shall do her part and that we as individuals shall do ours and be the best soldiers possible, and this is some task when we remember how gallantly our Allies have fought. It will be, in our own language, "some job," and for this reason we must use every means within our power to accomplish it. So we must not forget happiness as an asset to efficient soldiering. We will all smile where the coward would whimper, and laugh where the weakling would whine, and buckle down to what Robert Louis Stevenson called "The great task of happiness."

WHEN THE FRENCH BAND PLAYS.

There's a military band that plays, on Sunday afternoons,
In a certain nameless city's quaint old square.
It can rouse the blood to battle with its patriotic tunes,
And still render hymns as gentle as a prayer.
When it starts "Ave Maria" there is no one in the throng
But would doff his cap, his heart to heaven raise;
And who would shrink from combat when, with brasses sounding strong,
There is flung out on the breeze "La Marseillaise"?

When it starts to render "Sambre et Meuse," the march that won the day
At the battle of the Marne, one sees again
The grey-green hosts of Hundom melt before the stern array
Of our gallant sister-ally's blue-clad men.
And when it plays our Anthem, with rendition bold and clear—
While the khaki lads stand steady—then we feel
That, though tongues and ways may vary, we've found brothers over here,
Tried in war, and in allegiance true as steel.

For it's olive-drab, horizon-blue, packed closely side by side,
Till their color sets ablaze the grey old square;
And it's olive-drab, horizon-blue, whatever may betide,
That will blaze the path to victory "up there."
So, while standing thus together, let us pledge anew our troth
To the Cause—the world set free!—for which we fight,
As the evening twilight gilds the ranks of blue and khaki both,
And the bugles die away into the night.

KISS FOR RESCUER OF PIG FROM BLAZE

A Beantown Fire-Fighter Hero of Epoch-Making Conflagration.

"Weee-ah-eeeeee-ah-eeeeee!"

Private John Doe, late of the Boston fire department, knew something was up when, on a certain Sunday morning not long ago, he heard that sound issuing from the second story of the house-barn in which his command was billeted. Also he saw a thin streamer of smoke, no bigger than Rhode Island, winding its way out of the house-barn door. He sniffed, then hollered "Fire!"

"Fire?" echoed some of his bunk mates, coming up the road. Fire? How could there be fire in a country where not even sulphurous language served to start the kitchen kindlings? How could there be fire in a country where only every other match will light at all, at all?

Nevertheless, up they hustled, to see a bit of blaze lapping the edge of the house-barn door, and to hear, from within, the plaintive cry of "Weee-ah-eeeeee-ah-eeeeee!"

"Steady, piggy darlint!" came Private Doe's soothing accents, from the second story. "Sure an' it's meeself will resthcue yeze from this burnin' ould shack! You below there! Climb on up an' lind a hand at pullin' out the hay that's up here, or else the whole place will be burnted down intoirely!"

Enter the Reserves.

Into the barn rushed half of Private Doe's squad. The other half, calling down the road, summoned a good two companies, which came up on the double.

At this point entered, front and centre, M. le Maire of the commune, who, being the owner of the pig in distress, had more than a casual interest in the proceedings. "The fire engine! The fire engine!" he shouted, in accents both wild and French. But, since there had been no fire in the town in fifty years, nobody seemed to know just what he meant.

Fact! No fire in the town in fifty years! 'Way back in the days of Napoleon III. there had been a fire, a little blaze, in the town. Think of that, you insurance men who used to write policies for clothing dealers on New York's East Side!

When he had sufficiently recovered his avoirdupois, M. le Maire dragged out of the Hotel de Ville, with the aid of the embattled infantrymen, *some* fire apparatus, of early Bourbon vintage. One private who helped handle it swears that he spotted the date "1748" on the leather hose which led from a water tank, about twelve by eight by four, toward the general direction of the fire. The tank, in turn, had to be filled by a bucket brigade strung along from the scene of action to the village fountain, about a quarter of a mile away.

Fire a Social Success.

It's a shame to spoil a good story, but Private Doe did not throw down the pig into an army blanket held out to receive it. He clambered down a smouldering flight of ladder stairs, with His Pigship under his arm, quite unharmed, save for a severe nervous shock. Aside from a few scorched kit bags, the loss of the top sergeant's cherished pipe, and a few lungfuls of smoke acquired by Private Doe, the fire was not a success—that is, from a historical standpoint. But as a social event, in bringing the Americans—and Private Doe, kissed by the lady mayoress for his pains, in particular—closer to the hearts of the villagers, it was decidedly there.

VOLUNTEER VIC'S BIG IDEA

BY LEMEN IN THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

THERE'S A REASON.

No more ham or eggs or grapefruit when the bugle blows for chow. No more apple pie or dumplings, for we're in the army now; and they feed us beans for breakfast, and at noon we have 'em, too; while at night they fill our tummies with a good old army stew.

No more shirts of silk and linen. We all wear the O. D. stuff. No more night shirts or pyjamas, for our pants are good enough. No more feather ticks or pillows, but we're glad to thank the Lord we've got a cot and blanket when we might just have a board.

For they feed us beans for breakfast, and at noon we have 'em, too; while at night they fill our stomachs with a good old army stew. By, by gum, we'll lick the kaiser when the sergeants teach us how, for, dad burn it, he's the reason that we're in the army now!—Pittsburgh Post.

A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY.

Camouflage—Wearing an overcoat to reveille.

Military Road—A large body of land, without beginning or end, entirely covered by water.

Camion—1. A large, immovable body which one is expected to carry on one's shoulders through the mud. 2. The thing that brings the mail out.

Army Rifle—Something eternally dirty which must be kept eternally clean.

Bayonet—A long, sharp, pointed object whose only satisfactory resting place is the midriff of a Hun.

Pay-day—1. A "movable feast." 2. A time for cancellation of debts. 3. The date of the return of the laundry one sent away a month and a half before.

THIS REALLY HAPPENED.

End of letter: "Goodbye, my dear, for the present. Yours, Jack." Then—"x—x—x—x—x—x—x—x. P. S. I hope the censor doesn't object to those crosses."

Added by Friend Censor: "Certainly not! x—x—x—x—x—x—x—x!"

JIM.

Honest, but Jim was the sourest man in
all o' Comp'ny G;
You could sing and tell stories the whole
night long, but never a cuss gave he.
You could feed him turkey at Christmas-
time—and Tony the cook's no slouch—
But Jim wouldn't join in "Three cheers
for the cook!" Gosh, but he had a
grouch!

He wouldn't go up to the hill cafay when
our daily hike was done,
And sip his beer, and chin with the lads,
the crabby son-of-a-gun;
He'd growl if you asked him to hold the
light, he'd snarl if you asked for a butt,
Till at last the gang was 'most ready to
put Jim down for a mutt.

About the first time that our mail came
in, we all felt as high as a king;
"What luck?" somebody hollers to Jim:
he says, "Not a dad-blamed thing."
And then he goes off in his end o' the
shack, and Tom Breed swears 'at he
cried;
But when somebody went and repeated it,
Jim swore, by gad, Tom lied.

We were gettin' our mail, irregular-like,
for about a month or two;
But Jim? He never drew anything, and
blooey! but he was blue!
Not only blue, but surly; he was off'n
the whole darn shop,
And once he was put on'o "heavy" for
talkin' back to the Top.

'Twas a day or two before New Year's,
when the postal truck came in;
The orderly fishes one out for Jim; he
takes it, without a grin,
And then, as he opens the envelope—
eeyow! How that man did yell:
"A letter from James J., Junior, boys!
the youngster has learnt to spell!"

So nothin' would do but the bunch of us
had to read the letter through;
'Twas all writ out by that kid of his,
and a mighty smart kid, too,
For it isn't every six-year-old at school
as can take a prize,
(Like the boy wrote Jim as he had done):
and you oughter seen Jim's eyes!

Well, Jim had a mighty good New
Year's; he stood the squad a treat,
And now, 'stead o' turnin' out sloppy,
he's always trim and neat;
Fact is, the lieutenant passed the word
that if Jim keeps on that way
He'll be wearing little stripes on his
arm and drawin' a bit more pay.

Don't it beat hell how a little thing will
change a man like that?
Now Jim's as cheerful as anything in-
stead o' mum as a bat.
An' the reason? Why, it's easy! A
guy is bound to fail
Of bein' a proper soldier if he don't get
no fambly mail!

If all of those post office birds was wise
to the change they made in Jim,
They'd hustle a bit on our letters, for
they's lots that's just like him;
It may be a kid, or it may be a girl;
a mother, a pal, a wife,—
And believe me, this hearin' from 'em—
why, it's half o' the joy o' life!

BIG GUNS ON FLAT CARS TO BATTER HUNS' LINES.

A. E. F. Operates Railroad Artillery that will Hurl Tons of Steel Twenty Miles into Enemy's Territory.

LONG-BARRELLED 155s ARE ALSO DEADLY.

Fortresses and Mountains Crumble like Sandhills Before Blasts from the Busters.

When Rudyard Kipling paid his famous tribute to the late Rear-Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans of the United States Navy some years ago, one of his verses ran:

"Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style;
And you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile."

That was a pretty fair gun for those days. But nowadays, we speak of handling a sixteen-inch gun to carry twenty miles. Not only do we speak of it, but we—we of the A.E.F.—actually do the handling.

The "big boys" are here. They are busters. They have more machinery attached to them than the average small factory. Because of the fact that they are mounted on cars and ride on rails they are known rather as the "railroad artillery" than the heavy artillery. They have been practicing for a long time on a "blasted heath" somewhere in France, where there wasn't anything within twenty miles of them that would be hurt by their gentle attentions. And, when they do practice Jee-roosh! Hold on your ear-drums and open your mouth!

Big Fellows Hard to Move.

But the actual practice at making perfectly good targets resemble grease-spots on the oil-cloth doesn't take up but a bit of the time of the men who constitute the crew. They have to know a lot about moving the big fellow, raising him and lowering him, anchoring him so he won't right-step and left-step when he's supposed to be firing, cleaning him up for inspection and the like.

About seventy per cent. of them learned a good deal about the firing end back in the Coast Artillery Corps in the States, but this business of riding a big gun on a railroad bed, and so forth, was new to a good many of them until recently. Now, they say, the minute the aero observer up above gives them range and so forth, they are ready to go ahead and batter the eternal daylights out of anything from the Kaiserschloss down to old Hindenburg himself.

Besides the big guns that hurl a whole hardware shop-ful of steel at the enemy, there are long-barreled 155s, and deadly devices they are in their way, too. But it is about the big babies, the instruments which, more than any other save the aeroplanes, typify for most of us the advanced methods of modern warfare, that most of the attention is centered. The 155s and the other smaller bores can be pulled up to within striking distance or the line by trucks and caterpillar tractors, but the heftiest never leave the railroad flat cars on which they are built. In other words, they are rolling stock destined to keep a rolling and a rolling and a rolling until they roll right on into Germany.

Getting One Ready to Fire.

It takes several hours to get a big one ready for firing but once its mechanism is started, under the capable handling of a trained crew, it works with the prettiness and precision of an engine. First the gun rolls forward on to an arrangement of curved tracks which are called "epies," and whose tips point toward the objective. Then, to steady the piece, twelve large wooden feet are dropped by hydraulic jacks against the rails, and the gun is ready to fire.

It fires, all right, sending a good ton of steel in the direction indicated by the aerial observer. When it recoils, the flat car and all slides back a good couple of yards on the rails. Then it is brought back into position again, the barrel is cooled by jets of water, the wooden feet are braced again, and the piece loaded. Even with all those operations, the big fellow can fire a good forty shots a minute.

But, though they can fire those forty per minute, each one takes a lot out of the big fellow's life. Unlike the guns of smaller calibre, they cannot be used over and over again. They are too powerful to be used in actual trench warfare, but let a fortress, or a mountain that has perversely got in the way of operations, loom up ahead, and down it goes! Also the big shells have been found exceedingly useful in knocking in the roofs of German tunnels underground, even those that are quarried out ninety feet under the surface.

All in all, the big fellow has a short life, but—if he's directed right—it's a mighty gay one.

A BULL IS DURHAM'S PRIDE.

A Durham, N. C., enthusiast recently telegraphed to United States Marine Corps headquarters in Washington:

"Terrier belonging to U.S. Marine kills huge rooster after battle royal in main thoroughfare. Indignant chicken fanciers witness affair and demand dog pay death penalty. Then they learn ill-fated rooster's name was 'Kaiser.' Result: Dog is now pride of Durham."

"HE MAY OVERHEAR IT!"

"Aw, he ain't a bad skipper—as skippers go!"

"Gee, though, that was some clip he run us at on the way up that hill! It pulled my cork all right, I'll tell the world!"

"Sat'day afternoon drill, too, eh? I wonder, is he goin' to work us all eight days o' the week?"

"Aw, lay off! Don't blame him! He gets hell from higher up if he don't work us, don't he? He ain't the boss!"

"Listen, guy! I wish you'd of worked for the cap'n I had to work for in the Philippines! This bird is tame alongside o' him!"

"He's a good skate, all right, when he's off duty. I was talkin' to the top the other day, and he says—

"Sure, he's the real thing! Served two hitches in the ranks before he come up to where he is now!"

"Who? The cap'n? Say, bo, he's a regular guy, he is!"

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The Stars and Stripes.

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THE STARS AND STRIPES is printed at the plant of the London *Daily Mail's* Continental edition in Paris. The paper stock is supplied by *La Société Anonyme des Papeteries Darblay.* Only the hearty co-operation of these two institutions, one British, one French, has made it possible for the A.E.F. to have a newspaper all its own. Unity of purpose among the representatives of three allied nations has succeeded in producing THE STARS AND STRIPES, even as it will succeed in wining the war.

"TO THE COLORS!"

With this issue THE STARS AND STRIPES reports for active service with the A. E. F. It is *your* paper, and has but one axe to grind — the axe which our Uncle Samuel is whetting on the grindstone for use upon the august necks of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns.

THE STARS AND STRIPES is unique in that every soldier purchaser, every soldier subscriber, is a stockholder and a member of the board of directors. It isn't being run for any individual's profit, and it serves no class but the fighting men in France who wear the olive drab and the forest green. Its profits go to the company funds of the soldier subscribers, and the staff of the paper isn't paid a sou.

If you don't find in this, your own weekly, the things in which you are particularly interested, write to the editors, and if it is humanly possibly they will dig up the stuff you want. There are so many of you over here now, and so many different sorts of you, that it is more than likely that some of your hobbies have been overlooked in this our first number. Let us know.

We want to hear from that artist in your outfit, that ex-newspaper reporter, that short story writer, that company "funny man," and that fellow who writes the verses. We want to hear from all of you—for THE STARS AND STRIPES is your paper, first, last and all the time; for you and for those of your friends and relatives to whom you will care to send it.

THE STARS AND STRIPES is up at the top o' the mast for the duration of the war. It will try to reach every one of you, every week—mud, shell-holes and fog notwithstanding. It will yield rights of the roadway only to troops and ambulances, food, ammunition and guns, and the paymaster's car. It has a big job ahead to prove worthy of its namesake, but, with the help of all of you, it will, in good old down east parlance, "do its gol-derndest" to deliver the goods. So—For-*ward!* MARCH!

FATHER ABRAHAM.

Just one hundred and nine years ago this coming February 12, there was born, in what was then the backwoods of Kentucky, the man whose career is most symbolic of the equality of opportunity afforded by our common country. By dint of hard work, laboring under the spell of poverty and of discouraging surroundings, Abraham Lincoln made himself fit to be nominated for and twice elected to the highest office within the gift of his countrymen. Not only that; he so qualified himself that he brought his country safely through the period which, next to the present one, proved to be the most crucial in its entire history.

He accomplished that tremendous task largely by the exercise of the most trying—and, to those who do not possess it, the most exasperating—of all the virtues: Patience. Patience which, moreover, was coupled with a rare sense of homely humor. When pettifogging scandal-mongers sneaked up to him with tales that Grant, his most successful commander, was drinking to excess, he merely smiled; said he wished he knew the brand of whisky Grant used, so he could try it on some of his other generals; kept Grant in command (for he had his own sources of information as to the general's conduct), and held his peace, trusting to time to vindicate his judgment, as it did amply.

Then, too, in his relations with the Copperheads, the pacifists of that day, who would have, as Horace Greeley put it, "let the erring sisters depart in peace," Lincoln practiced patience—patience mixed with a keen appreciation of the humorous side of their frantic meanderings. Through all the dark days of those long four years he kept his poise, kept his head, kept his nation straight in the true course; and yet, wracked with anxiety, battered by criticies, he found time to laugh, and to show others the way to laugh.

Every American, at home or over here, would do well to take deep thought, on this coming anniversary, of what manner of man was "the prairie lawyer, master of us all." In spite of reverses to his armies, in spite of such criticism as never before or since was leveled at the head of a President, in spite of personal bereavement, in spite of the captiousness of his own chosen advisors, he saw his task through. To-day a united nation, united because he made it possible to be so, stands again in battle array to vindicate the principle which he held most dear: "That government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

It is our privilege, and our glory, as members of America's vanguard of liberty, so to fight, so to strive, that we may rightly be called the fellow countrymen of Father Abraham.

SQUARING THE TRIANGLE.

The decision of the American Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. in France not to accept as workers any more men who are eligible for military service will meet with the hearty approval of every member of the A. E. F. The stand of the Association in this regard will do away with one of the most frequently criticised features of its operation, and will awaken in the army a new confidence in the Y. M. C. A., and a belief in its sincerity and fairness.

The spectacle of a man of draft age, undeniably husky and fit for active service, cosily situated behind a counter during working hours, and when off duty enjoying all the privileges, and often wearing much of the insignia, of an officer when he had not been through the training and made the sacrifices to entitle him to such treatment, has more than once galled the feelings of the enlisted man, who, far less comfortably quartered, enjoying no privileges, knew that sooner or later he and his officers would have to take the chances "up there" while the "Y. M." man would remain in comparative safety behind. Such a spectacle inevitably led to the belief, in the minds of many men, that certain young gentlemen with "pull" were donning the Association uniform simply to escape the perils which all good men and true, wearing the khaki of the A. E. F., will sooner or later be called upon to brave. Naturally, such a belief lowered the standing of the Association in the eyes of the men actively engaged in preparation for the work of the fighting line.

THE STARS AND STRIPES feels sure that the Y. M. C. A. can recruit just as many "red-blooded" men, just as many "good mixers," among those who are older than thirty-one as among those of military age. What is more, it undoubtedly will draw from the older men a class more experienced in the handling of affairs, more accustomed to dealing with all sorts of their fellows. Viewed from any angle, the "Y. M." has taken a great step toward efficiency.

TALK AND RESOLUTIONS.

In a recent speech to representatives of the British trades unions, Premier Lloyd George of England said something which every American, both here and at home, would do well to bear in mind.

"If we are not prepared to fight, what sort of terms do you think we will get from Hindenburg? If you sent a delegation and said: 'We want you to clear out of Belgium', he would just mock you. He would say in his heart: 'You cannot turn me out of Belgium with trade union resolutions.' No; but I will tell you the answer you can give him: 'We can and will turn you out of Belgium with trade union guns and trade unionists behind them!'"

In other words, mere boastful talk will not lick Germany. Guns, and the men behind them are the only things that will do the job. There is only one way for us of the A. E. F.—the men behind the guns—to bring about the peace which the world craves, and that is by resolving to make every shot from those guns talk business.

STREET OF THE PRETTY HEART.

It might have been a street once, that shell-pocked thoroughfare, its cobbles piled awry, its curbing bitten out as though by the teeth of a stone-crunching giant. Scarcely one of the houses that lined it but had gaping shell-holes in walls, piles of clattered - down bricks before it, heaps of dust—all mute tokens of the devastation wrought by the enemy airmen during the raid of the night before. But, in the middle of that pathetic and ruined apology for a street the children were playing away, as merrily as if nothing at all had happened, shouting to one another in glee. And the name of that street—as the battered and half obliterated sign on the corner of the caved-in house at the end testified—was "Rue. du Joli Coeur"—"Street of the Pretty Heart!"

The "Street of the Pretty Heart!" It is symbolic of the way France has borne her struggle, her devastation—with the heart-free, care-free spirit of childhood. One may crush, but not conquer, a race whose children can find happiness amid such surroundings, can abandon themselves to play under the very shadow of disaster. The "Street of the Pretty Heart"—in that title is the secret of triumph of the spirit over the powers of darkness, the secret of the triumph of the spirit of France over the malignant and evil genius of her arch enemy.

SINGING ON THE HIKE.

We do not sing "by order" in this man's army, but that is no reason why we should not sing—just because we are not ordered to do so. Singing can clip more kilos off a hike, take more lead out of a pack, drive more dampness out of the clothing than anything else. Also, it is good for the lungs. What is good for the lungs is good for the heart. And lungs and hearts in good condition are the best possible aids to the "guts" that will win this war.

We do not need to sing "highbrow stuff." We cannot imagine American troops going into battle as our Italian allies are said to, singing the national anthem, for the simple reason that we are not built that way, that's all. But we can sing something—even "All We Do Is Wait for Pay Day," or the famous ditty about the acrobatic grasshopper—and, if we do, we are more than apt to find ourselves feeling a lot better for it. Morever, it will help the fellow back in the line who, because of his cold, a badly slung pack, a tight pair of shoes, or, perhaps, bad news from home, is finding the going just a bit hard. It is the job of all of us who feel fit to do all we can, to boost along the fellow who may not feel quite so fit. It's team play that counts.

So start her off! Pitch it low enough so everybody can reach it, and keep it going. It is an unbeatable tonic for an unbeatable army.

SPIES AND ASSES.

Beware of the man who, no matter what his uniform, no matter what his nationality, comes to you with tales of Germany's invincibility, prophecies that "the war will end in a draw," and so forth. If he is saying such things on his own account, he is a German propagandist, a spy, a paid liar, and should be reported and punished as such. If he is repeating them second hand, he is nothing but an ass, a dupe of some real propagandist, and he should be reported and punished just the same.

Germany thinks we are a credulous lot of people. Old Bismarck himself once cynically remarked that there was a special Providence that watched out for plumb fools and Americans. More recently, Von Papen, whom our Government asked to have withdrawn from his post as German military attaché at Washington, referred to us affectionately as "those idiotic Yankees." Consequently, Germany now hopes to weaken our resolution by sending among us these tale-bearers, these prophets of disaster, on the chance that some of us will be fools enough to bite.

The only sure and safe way to fool Germany in return is to report any man mouthing such pro-German sentiments, and report him at once. Your company commander will then see to it that further enemy activity by that man will be effectively stopped.

"GAS-ALERT!"

Great Britain is said to be making progress in the gentle art of extracting explosives from chestnuts. Chauncey Depew was master of that art long, long, ago.

• • • •

"Keep the Home Fires Burning" is very pretty, and all that, but "keep the billet fires aglow" is a lot more practical.

• • • •

Broadway, the papers tell us, is now dark after eleven o'clock at night, and thinks it a hardship. Shucks! We could mention some French cities that, until recently, were dark after four o'clock in the afternoon.

• • • •

It may be set down as a plain, unvarnished, Teutonic lie that fuel has become so scarce in the States that minstrel shows will soon be abolished by Federal order because of a lack of burnt cork.

• • • •

Just think! After the war is over it'll be like going from boyhood into manhood. We'll "graduate into long trousers" again.

• • • •

Over in the States, Mondays have been declared legal holidays because of the shortage of coal. But over here, with coal and wood even scarcer, we drill on washday, whether or no.

• • • •

What puzzles us is how Great Britain, on a diet of that war beer, can continue to produce tanks that terrorize the Germans.

• • • •

Mrs. Margaret Deland says she wishes every soldier in the army might see "Damaged Goods." Shucks, Mrs. Deland; we all saw damaged goods when we got our belated Christmas packages.

• • • •

Mr. Charles M. Schwab has given up his private car for the duration of the war, and will, according to a despatch from the States, "do his travelling in the conventional day coach or Pullman." We, too, have given up our private cars, and now do our travelling in the conventional third-class carriages or "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8."

• • • •

Cheer up, lads! Pity the poor chaps back home who got married to escape the army! Between Hindenburg and a mother-in-law, pick Hindenburg for an enemy, every time.

• • • •

What has become of the old-fashioned trooper who used to be able to roll the makin's with one hand while holding in a bucking horse with the other? For that matter, what has become of the old-fashioned trooper?

• • • •

"Austria Suggests Treating with N.S."—Headline.

No thanks; not now. From past performance, the chance is too good that the drinks would be doped.

• • • •

Trench coats were worn by the patriotic Wall Street brokers on the New York stock exchange during that coal-less day; as if, no doubt, to imply that Wall Street is just as dangerous as the trenches. There isn't much difference: In one, you may get separated from your kale, and in the other you may get separated from your bean.

• • • •

"Hertling Thinks England Doesn't Wish for Peace."—Headline.

It all depends on what you mean by peace, Herr Chancellor!

• • • •

Now that the Chinese mission has officially visited the Belgian front, we suppose Hindenburg will take the queue and get out from in front of there.

• • • •

It is a singular tribute to the originality of the A.E.F. that not one of its members has tried to write home that ancient wheeze about "the French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise."

• • • •

The Kaiser said he didn't want any fuss made over his birthday this year. He even refrained from making a speech on that auspicious occasion. But, all the same, there are plenty of people who would dearly love to give him the fifty-odd spanks to which his age entitles him, and who, in time, will do so.

• • • •

Now that they've started with bread tickets in Paris, they might do well in some other parts of France to begin issuing rain checks.

• • • •

The peanut crop in the States is reported to be small this year, which probably accounts for the decline in the number of pacifists as well.

ON THEIR WAY.—By CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Reproduced by courtesy of "Life."

TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

To the fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, wives, sweethearts, and friends of the men in the American Expeditionary Forces:

We hear that you have been regaled with some alarming stories about us of the A.E.F. and our conduct here in France. In fact, some of those stories have been relayed to us, and if they weren't so far from the truth we might be inclined to get really mad. But knowing the authors of some of them—for some of the hysterical stripe have really been over here—our first inclination is to laugh.

But, after all, it's no laughing matter to be talked about behind our backs in such a reckless and irresponsible way by reckless and irresponsible people, though no doubt some of them have the best intentions in the world and think that they, and they alone, can save us. (They have probably told you that, and asked you to contribute money to their worthy cause, haven't they?) What hurts most, however, is the thought that, though we know you are loyal to us and have the firmest of faith in us, perhaps these dire tales may have caused you anxiety, may even have brought you to believe that perhaps, after all, we had become a bit neglectful of our trust; and that, so believing, you might have been sorely, and entirely unduly, distressed in spirit.

Be assured that these sensational stories are nothing but myths. Absolutely nothing else. And we have the facts to prove that they are. Listen:

The percentage of venereal disease in this army of yours is three-tenths of one per cent.—the smallest percentage on record for any army, or any civil population, in the world's history. It is a sober army, and a well-behaved one. The statistics in the possession of the Judge Advocate General's department prove that there have been, in proportion, fewer cases of drunkenness, fewer breaches of military discipline among its members than has been the case with any army whose records have been preserved.

Now, to take a specific instance. A certain self-constituted "board of morals" is quoted in a dispatch from the United States to the effect that 1,046 men of the "north-eastern States" were locked up in the guardhouse following their first pay day, for drunkenness.

That is the story; here are the facts:

Since the troops referred to as coming from the "north-eastern States" came to France, the total number of their men locked up in the guardhouse for all offenses—not for drunkenness alone, mind you—has been exactly 134 to date. In other words, the self-constituted champions of sobriety generously multiplied by eight the number of men imprisoned for all offenses—including as it does those punished for infractions of rules, insubordination and the like—and passed the enlarged figures on to you as representing the number of men locked up for drunkenness alone! No wonder you were scared—as they probably intended you should be.

Just to refute them again, here is a quotation from the report of a Protestant chaplain on active service with these same maligned troops from the "north-eastern States." Bear in mind, too, that this particular chaplain has been in the army but a short time, and therefore brings a fresh and impartial judgment to bear on the problems. This is what he says:

"In performing my priestly functions it has been my privilege to travel considerably among the troops, and it pleases me immensely to be able to state that I find moral conditions most satisfactory. The military authorities are vigilant in removing temptation. We have a clean army; and I am honestly convinced that the men in France are in less danger morally than they would be in service in their own country."

"The men in France are in less danger morally than they would be in service in their own country." That last clause is worth repetition. Ponder on that, dear people at home.

Here's something more. The Catholic chaplains attached to these same slandered troops declare that, out of thousands of men admitted to the confessional, only three have confessed to sins of any magnitude. A correspondent of an internationally-known daily newspaper, whose business it is to get facts and to report them accurately, adds this:

"I was in the only town of any size in the whole area occupied by the troops referred to on the night when they were first paid off in France. The majority of these men received from two to three months' pay, totalling in many cases $100 or more. The streets were crowded with soldiers buying up everything in sight, from candy and chocolate to clothing, but—it's the absolute truth—I did not see a single drunken soldier; while the provost guard records show the smallest number of arrests. Since then I have seen a good deal of the troops referred to as 'North-Eastern,' as a result of which I can unhesitatingly state that if the troops training in the United States conduct themselves as well, they're doing nobly."

Finally, the commanding officer of this same body of men—and our commanding officers are our severest critics and also our only really competent ones—volunteers this, by way of clinching the argument:

"I never knew any army garrison in the United States before the war to have anything like so good a record."

As to conditions in general, both Allied and neutral military observers have expressed themselves as astonished at the remarkably good behavior of this army of yours. The world does move. Armies no longer live by forage, loot, and pillage; but even at that, this pay-as-you-go, behave-as-you-go American Army has been a revelation to our European Allies.

Take it all in all, these American Expeditionary Forces constitute an army which is in every way a worthy successor to the first army of liberty, whose commander was George Washington. It is proud of its heritage, proud of you people at home who are supporting it and who are backing it with your labor, your money, your hopes, and your prayers, proud of the Government that sped it on its way overseas, proud of the cause for which it is fighting—the greatest cause which any army was ever called upon to champion. It would rather rot under the soil of France than to do anything which would cast discredit on the homes it left, which would impugn in any way the good name of the great people from whom it was recruited.

Bear all this in mind, good people back in God's country, if you hear any more stories about us made up out of the same whole cloth. If by any chance any of you should hesitate to believe us, write to our commanders, our chaplains, our doctors—anybody in authority. They will back us to the limit—and we, for our part, will guarantee to come home to you clean in body, exalted in mind and heart, and with the record behind us of a man's size job manfully done.

MENTIONED IN ORDERS

NEW HEADGEAR.

The "Oversea Cap," the latest thing in military headgear, has been officially adopted as part of the uniform for officers, soldiers and other uniformed members of the A.E.F. For the latter two classes, the cap will be of 20 ounce olive drab cloth, or perhaps a little heavier. There will be no show of coloring on the cap, and the stiffening of the flap will be the same color as the cap itself. When the cap is issued to a man, he will be expected to turn in his service hat to nearest Quartermaster depot.

The offiers' Overseas cap will be the same model as that worn by the men, but the material will be that of the officers' uniform. For officers other than general officers, the stiffening at the edge of the flap will be the same color as the arm of the service to which the officer belongs, and will project far enough above the edge of the flap to give the appearance of piping when the cap is worn with the flap up. General officers will have caps with stiffening of the same color as the cap cloth itself, with a strip of gold braid an eighth of an inch to a quarter of an inch from the outside of the flap.

Except where the helmet is prescribed, officers actually commanding troops will wear the Oversea cap. At other times the Oversea or the service cap is optional.

TRENCH UNIFORMS.

Officers are also authorized to wear the so-called trench coat, with the insignia of rank on the shoulder. This may also be worn on the raincoat. Officers serving in the Zone of Advance will be issued all articles of the enlisted man's uniform and equipment they need; and, when their duty in the trenches is over, they will return all such articles.

NEATNESS IN DRESS.

In connection with these new regulations concerning clothing, it is strictly laid down that every effort must be made at all times by the officers and men of the A.E.F. to present a neat and soldierly appearance. When men are not actually engaged on field service, it is directed that uniforms will be pressed and brushed, and that belts, leggings, shoes, boots, and brasses will be cleaned and polished. Even when on active service, it is required that advantage be taken of every opportunity to clean uniforms and equipment.

"No soldier," says the order, "will be permitted to leave his command on pass unless he presents a neat and soldierly appearance, which will be determined at an inspection by an officer."

AMBULANCE VENTILATION.

Ford ambulances in the service of the A.E.F. are to be bored with one inch auger holes at three-inch intervals in double rows through the wooden front just at the driver's back and immediately beneath the roof; in the tailboard, also, there will be fifteen holes. This is to secure proper ventilation, as deaths have been known to occur, in other Allied services, within the enclosed bodies of the ambulances which are equipped with exhaust gas heaters. Ambulance drivers are cautioned to investigate the condition of their passengers at five-minute intervals.

TYPHOID PROPHYLAXIS.

Any men in the A.E.F. who have not as yet taken typhoid prophylaxis will be required to do so in the near future; and, in all cases where it is shown that complete protective measures have not been taken, the surgeon will administer triple vaccine prophylaxis.

RED CROSS SEARCHERS.

One "searcher" of the American Red Cross may be attached to each statistical section of the Adjutant-General's department throughout the A.E.F. and in each hospital sub-section, except in field hospitals. Information as to casualties, etc., will be furnished freely to Red Cross searchers subject to the necessary restrictions as to what may be forwarded, and at what times.

MORE RATIONS.

The meat, coffee and sugar rations of troops engaged in work involving hard manual labor of eight hours or more a day will be increased 25 per cent. up to the end of March. This holds true in future from November to March, inclusive.

RECKLESS DRIVING.

Reckless driving by chauffeurs is frowned upon severely in General Orders No. 11. In consequence of past accidents, it is now required that every driver of an A.E.F. motor vehicle which sustains a collision with any French vehicle or person, or kills or injures a domestic animal, will prepare a report on Form No. 124, Q.M.M.T.S., immediately after the collision and before resuming his journey. It is impressed upon the drivers that this must be done in every case, regardless of how trivial the injury may appear to be. The driver, after making out his report, will deliver it to his immediate commanding officer with the least possible delay. Court-martial proceedings must, in every case, be instituted against any driver who fails to render such a report immediately upon return to his station.

HARD LIQUORS.

Soldiers are forbidden either to buy or accept as gifts from the French, any whisky, brandy, champagne, or, in fact, any spirituous liquors. Commanding officers are charged with the duty of seeing that all drinking places where the alcoholic liquors thus named are sold are designated as "off limits." They are also directed to use every endeavor to limit to the lowest possible number the places where intoxicants are sold, and to assist the French authorities in locating non-licensed resorts.

RAILROADING AT THE FRONT IS NO PICNIC

Engineer of Big Lizzie Takes Reporter for a Ride and Explains a Few Professional Difficulties.

BOCHE TRIES TO BEAN HIM WITH BOMBS.

Problems of Garb, Breakfast and Tobacco Happily Solved by "System D."

"Casey Jones—mounted up the cabin
Casey Jones—with his orders in his hand!"

The singer, to judge from the way he rolled his r's, ought to have come from somewhere out in the perrrarrrie country of North America; but to judge from his costume, he might have come from about anywhere. He wore the red fez of the Algerian troops, the tunic of his Britannic Majesty's fighting forces, the horizon-blue slicker of the Armee de France, but his underpinning, as well as his voice, was downright United States. Only the khaki trousers and canvas leggins identified him, in part, at least, as a member of an American Railroad Engineers' Regiment.

"Up to look us over, are you," he inquired, grinning genially at the STARS AND STRIPES reporter who had made his way up right behind the fighting lines, to see the engineers at thir work of running supply trains for the French. "Well, sonny, take a good look. We ain't much on clothes"—indicating his motley garments—"but believe me, bo, we're there on work! Y'see, the Boche's birdies make things pretty hot for us at times, flyin' over our perfectly good right of way and tryin' to beat us where the stack shows up bright in the dark. So we have to lay over until they fly back, and then git out and hustle to keep things moving som'ers near on schedule. At that, day before yest'day, we had every blooming train on time.

The Workings of System D.

"These duds"—indicating his international collection of garments—"I know they look funny, but what can a man do? Well, it all works out right enough by what the French call 'System D'—shift for yourself. We start out under the U.S., and we draw some—just *some*—clothes from them. Then they turn us over to the French gov'ment to run this here line up to the front, see? French gov'ment gives us more clothes—some. Then along come some Canucks—damn decent chaps, too, and more like Americans than anything else they've got over here—and they want to trade off with us for some stuff. That's where the coat come from. This red dicer"—pointing to the fez—"I copped off'n a nigger. Funny kind of coon he was, too; couldn't talk English, only French; and we had to teach him how to shoot crap!

"But we got three complete Uncle Sam uniforms, in three different sizes, for the use of the whole outfit. Y'see, three men from our comp'ny get leave in Paree every week, and they just nachhully got to look right when they go down there. So they match, and the odd man has the pick of the three suits, so's he can take the one that fits him. Then the other two flip up, and the guy that don't call it has to take what's left. Gen'rally he's outer luck.

"Look at this engine o' mine," continued the engineer, pointing to the big Baldwin locomotive beside him. "Is't she a pippin, though? These little French ones look like fleas up alongside an elephant aside of her. They're forty-five like her in the same lot, bought by the French for $45,000 a throw, and turned out at the works in Philly in twenty days. They're owned by the French now, but they've got the good old 'U.S.A.' right up there on the water-tender. See it?" He obliged with his flashlight. "Pull? They can handle 166,000 pounds without batting an eye!

Misses the Old Bell.

"Only trouble is," he explained, "we haven't got any spare parts for her, not even spare valves, she was rushed over here in such a hurry. But at that, she's got it over anything that ever sailed over this line before. Why, when we first got here some of the French lines were using old engines that had been made in Germany in 1856. 'Sfact! One of ours, like Big Lizzie here, can do the work of three of the little fellers; and, while I'm not the one to say it, perhaps, our regiment has done the work of an outfit two and a half times as big since it came here.

"Climb up alongside of me in the cab," the engineer invited, "and we'll give her a pull up the line to the next station." The reporter complied, and soon his ears were startled with the long blast of a real American whistle. "Sounds like the real thing, doesn't it?" beamed his guide. "Beats those little peanut whistles they've got on the little French dinkeys. Only thing the boys miss is pulling the old bell, but they can't do it here. Bells in this country are only used for church and for gas alarms. And it bothers 'em a bit the different signals they've got to learn: One to start, two blasts to stop, and eight for a grade crossing. Whew! How much chance would we have to blow eight for a crossing in the States and let anything get out of the way?"

Every Station Is a Block.

Up grade Big Lizzie puffed, and pulled away with a right good will, scuttling around the many curves in the road as if she were on a dance floor. Military railroads have to have plenty of curves, so the Boche airplanes cannot follow them too closely. At the next station the reporter had a chance to examine the office of the Illinois Central agent, all decorated with shells picked up on the famous battlefields at the head of the line, and to see the bunk house and restaurant for the men who lay over there. Every station on the line—there are seven—has an American station master, and all the yards have American yardmasters and American switchmen. There is, strictly speaking, no block system in France, but each station is suposed to be the boundary of a block, and a train simply stays in one station until the one ahead is clear.

"Want some hot water?" querried the engineer of an American who, carrying a big tank, came up to the engine at one of the stations. "All right: it isn't Saturday night yet, but over here you've got to wash while the washing's good. Help yourself out of the engine!" And the American did—with thanks.

The engineer paused a moment to scan the sky. "Pretty dark for the Boches to be out," he remarked. "First night out we were chased by one of 'em in a machine, but we got in all right. That's why we run without lights now, and make the crew use flashlights instead of lanterns. Right over there"—pointing to the side of the roadbed, in the snow—"a 'flyin' Dutchman' came down last week, after being chased by a French plane. His chassis was all riddled with bullets till it looked like Cook's strainer, and his wings were bent till they looked like corkscrews. When they came up to look at the machine, they found the pilot's right body in it, burnt just like a strip o' bacon that's been left on the stove too long. They found the carcass of the officer that was with him about 500 yards away, in the woods somewhere. He must have got a helluva toss when he went.

In Luck on Tobacco.

"Like it?" He repeated the reporter's question. "Like it? Sure; who wouldn't? Only thing is, we're loaned to the French army, as I told you, and the French never have learnt how to cook a man's size breakfast. Now, how in the name of time can a railroad man do a day's work when he begins it on nothin' but coffee and a hunk of sour bread? But we've been runnin in luck lately, buyin eggs and things off the people along the line, and gettin' a little stuff from the U.S.Q.M. now and then, so we make out pretty well. The only thing that got our goat was when they offered us the French tobacco ration—seein' as we were in their army, they thought we were entitled to it. We took one whiff apiece—and then we said 'Nix!' Since Christmas, though, we've come into luck," he added, pulling a big hunk of long-cut out of his Canadian blouse. "Have a chew?

"Danger? Hell! What'd we come over for, a Sunday school picnic? No, when you come right down to it there isn't much. If we get the tip, we just crawl into the dugouts along the road, and shuffle the pasteboards until we get the signal that the party is over. I've had livelier times 'n this out west, with washouts and wrecks and beatin' off a crowd of greasers from the tracks when they went wild, many a time. No, sir war hasn't got much new in the movie thrill line for a railroad man?"

AH! THOSE FRENCH!

"Mademoiselle, tell me: What is the difference between you and a major-general?"

"*Mais, oui, m'sieur*, there are many

differences; which one does *m'sieur* mean?"

"Ah, Mademoiselle, the general, he has stars upon his shoulders; but you—you, mademoiselle, have the stars in your eyes!"

SHAVING IN FRANCE.

The order says, "Shave every other day." Now you, personally, may need to shave every day; or you may need to shave as often as twice a day; or, again, you may be one of those lucky and youthful souls who really don't need to shave oftener than once a week. But, as the order makes the every-other-day shave obligatory, you, no matter what classification you may fall under, decide to compromise on the every-other-day shave. In that way, and in that way only, can discipline be maintained and a pleasing variety of growths up and down the comp'ny front be secured.

The order being such as it is, you dispense with washing your face every day. You wash your face on your non-shaving day, and on your shaving day you let the shave take the place of the wash. To be sure, if you are a generous latherer you have to wash your face all over, including the remote portions behind the ears, after you get through shaving; but, being anxious to save time and economize water—thus living up to another order—you never count that in as a real wash. When writing home, you say simply that you wash and shave on alternate days.

A Use for Helmets.

To begin the shaving process, you secure a basin full or a tin helmet full of water—such water as the countryside affords. Usually it is dirty; sometimes in the regions bordering on what has been in German hands since 1914, it minutely resembles the drink that Gunga Dhin brought to his suffering Tommy friend. You remember:

"It was crawly and it stunk."

At that, you can't blame it for being crawly and stinking if it had been anywhere near the Boche.

If you are in billets or barracks, and there is a stove therein both handy and going, and if all the epicures and snappy dressers in the squad are not trying to toast their bread or thaw out their shoes or dry their socks on top of it at the same time, you may be allowed to heat your shaving water—if it can be called water—on said stove. If you are allowed to—which again is doubtful—you are generally saddled with the job of being squad stove-stoker for the rest of the day. This is a confining occupation, and hard on the eyes.

If, however, you are in neither billets nor barracks, but in the open somewhere or if there is no fire in the stove, or, if somebody else has got first licks at it, and you don't fit with the cook of the mess sergeant so as to be able to borrow a cup of hot water out of the coffee tank—why, there is nothing left to do but shave in cold water. This is hard on the face, the temper and the commandment against cussing. Also, if you neglected to import your shaving soap from the States and had to buy it over here, it may mean that you are out of luck on lather.

Anyway, after quite a while of fussing around, you get started. You smear your face with something approaching lather if you've got hot water, with a sticky, milky substance that resembles more than anything else, a coating of lumpy office paste. This done, and rubbed in a bit around the corners, you begin to hoe.

Indoor vs. Outdoor Shaving.

In billet shaving, somebody is always trying to climb into the bunk above over your slightly bent back while you shave—for it is impossible to get your little trench mirror directly in front of your face while you are in an upright position. In outdoor shaving—usually performed in the middle of a village square, near the town fountain—one is invariably bumped from behind by one of the lowing kine or frolicsome colts peculiar to the region; to say nothing of a stray auto truck or ambulance which may have broken loose from its moorings. These gentle digs, of course, produce far less gentle digs in one's countenance. In this way, America's soldiers, long before they reach the front, are inured to the sight of blood.

After you have scraped off a sufficient amount of beard to show a sufficient amount of skin to convince the Top, when he eyes you over, that you have actually shaved, you shake the lather off your razor and brush, dab what is left of the original water over the torn parts of your face, seize the opportunity, while you have the mirror before you, of combing your hair with your fingernails, and button your shirt collar. The performance concluded, you are good for forty-eight hours more, having a perfect *alibi* if anyone comments on your facial growth. You are not, however, in any condition to attend a revival meeting or to bless the power-that-be who condemned you to having to shave in France.

CRUSADERS.

Richard Cœur de Lion was a soldier and a king;
He carried lots of hefty tools with which his foes to bing;
He cased himself in armor tough—neck, shoulder, waist, and knee:
But Richard, old Cœur de Lion, didn't have a thing on me.

For while old Cœur de Lion may have worn an iron casque,
He never had to tote around an English gas-proof mask;
He never galled himself with packs that weigh about a ton,
Nor—lucky Richard—did he have to clean a beastly gun.

'Tis true he wore a helmet to protect himself from boulders,
But then, he had good rest for it upon his spacious shoulders;
While my tin hat is balanced on the peak of my bare dome,
And after marching with it—gee! I wish that I were home!

His feet were cased in metal shoes, in length about a yard,
Which, since they were so big, I bet did not go on as hard
As Uncle Sam'yal's dancing pumps that freeze so stiff at night
That donning them at revielle is sure an awful fright.

He never had to pull a Ford from out of muddy ruts—
Although his breastplate warded spears from off his royal guts,
His Nibs was never forced to face the fire of "forty-twos"
And tear gas would have given him an awful case of blues.

He always rode a charger, while I travel on shanks' mare;
He messed on wine and venison; I eat far humbler fare.
I'll grant he was some fencer with his doughty snickersnee,
But Richard Cœur de Lion didn't have a thing on me!

YES, THEY'RE A FEW.

Green Sentry: "Turn out the guard—Officer of the Day!"

(Officer of the Day promptly salutes, indicating, "As you were!")

Green Sentry: "Never mind the Officer of the Day!"

FASHION HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

By BRAN MASH.

Overcoats are being worn much shorter this season, by request.

The campaign hat, while still *de rigueur* for the less formal functions of army society, such as reveille and mess, is rapidly going out of date. It is said on excellent authority that it will soon be supplanted by a *chapeau* closely resembling the cocked hat worn by certain goodly gentlemen of Boston and vicinity during skirmish drill at Lexington and Concord, Mass. The portrait shown herewith depicts one of the makeshifts now much in vogue.

Rubber boots are much the rage at this season of the year. While not exactly suited to town wear, and while the more conservative dressers still refuse to be seen in them at afternoon-tea, they are speedily adjusted and thus enjoy great popularity among those who are in the habit of "just making" reveille.

Slickers are, at present writing, in great demand among the members of the younger army set. Those who were farsighted enough to procure the heavy black variety when it was issued last fall are counting themselves more fortunate than their friends who chose the lighter, but colder, blue or drab garment.

The tin brown derby is, after all, the most serviceable headgear for all-around wear in the war zone. It should be worn on all formal occasions, particularly when nearing the Boches' reception line. When in doubt as to the propriety of wearing it, it is always well to remember that it is better to err on the side of safety.

The face muffler—either English or French design — is another *sine qua non* for all formal occasions, particularly at *soirees* and *dansants* near the first line. In fact, some of the more careless dressers who have neglected to provide themselves with it have suffered severely, and been roundly snubbed. While it is at best an ugly piece of facegear and extremely difficult for the uninitiated to adjust correctly, its intricacies should be mastered at the earliest opportunity by those having business "up front."

The knit sock, home made preferred, is indispensable for wear inside the regulation field shoe during all formal and informal promenades. It is a sign of *gaucherie*, however, to allow the top of either sock to protrude above the puttee or legging. Care should be taken that the socks fit the feet as snugly as possible, else ugly bunches will form at the heels and toes, thus robbing the gentle art of walking of all the pleasure which Henry Ford put into it.

The web belt, worn on most formal occasions, should always be well filled when the wearer contemplates a business trip. Cautious dressers do well to adjust the belt so that the pistol holster hangs within easy reach of the right hand.

Spiral puttees have advanced so far in popular favour that they are now being issued for general wear by such a conservative (but ever reliable) gent's furnishing house as the U.S.Q.M.C.D. They are considered warmer than the old-style canvas leggings, although, as they take longer to put on, they are rather frowned upon by the more hasty dressers. They should be tightly wrapped if the wearer possesses a shapely lower limb; but tight wrapping is apt to result in tired feet at the end of a promenade of any duration.

The regulation field shoe has been designated the correct footwear for business and informal occasions. Care should be taken to secure sizes which will admit of the entrance of the wearer's feet (one in each shoe) when encased in at least two pairs of socks. Although

numerous complaints have been lodged against the hobnails which infest the soles of these shoes, it may be said in extenuation that they are indispensable for marching along slippery roads, and also extremely useful when the wearer is engaged in kicking Germans in the face.

The Sam Browne belt is worn exclusively by officers serving with the American Expeditionary Forces—that is, in the American Army. It is a natty leather ornament, and much sought after. It is, in fact, the last word—*dernier cri*—in gentlemanly attire.

MY FIRST NIGHT IN THE ARMY.

I'm there with two thin blankets,
As thin as a slice of ham,
A German spy was likely the guy
Who made them for Uncle Sam.
How did I sleep? Don't kid me—
My bed-tick's filled with straw,
And lumps and humps and big fat bumps
That pinched till I was raw.

Me and my two thin blankets
As thin as my last thin dime,
As thin, I guess, as a chorus girl's dress,
Well, I had a dandy time.
I'd pull 'em up from the bottom,
Whenever I started to sneeze,
A couple of yanks to cover my shanks,
And then how my "dogs" did freeze.

You could use 'em for porous plasters,
Or maybe to strain the soup,—
My pillows my shoes when I tried to snooze—
And I've chilblains, a cough and croup.

Me and my two thin blankets,
Bundled up under my chin;
Yes, a German spy was likely the guy,
And—MY—but they were thin.

HEARD IN THE CAFE.

"So you were down at El Paso the same time we were? Bum town, wasn't it?"

"Let's see,—I knew a lad out in Kansas City and his name was—"

"No, I haven't been up in Alaska since 1908, but there's a guy in our comp'ny who—"

"By the way, where did you say you came from in New Hampshire?"

"Sure enough. We hung around there at Tampa until—"

"Yes, I got a paper from my home town in Nevada that said—"

And, in spite of talk like that, there are some people back home that think their own communities' men are doing all the fighting.

CAN YOU BLAME HER?

Teacher in French School: "Marie, what is the national anthem of La Patrie?"

Little Marie: "La Marseillaise."

Teacher: "Good! Now, the national air of England?"

Little Marie: "God Save the King."

Teacher: "Very good, mon enfant! Now, the national air of the United States?"

Little Marie: "Certainement! It is 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!'"

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM.

"Well, Bill, how are you getting along with your French?"

"Fine! I know the words for wood, straw, beefsteak and suds; what more do I want to get by with?"

SUCH IS FAME!

"Jake, who's this Lord Reading that's the new British Ambassador to the States?"

"Reading? Say, ain't he the guy that run a railroad somewhere in Pennsylvania?"

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ALLIES THE FAVORITES IN BETTING ODDS ON BIG WORLD'S SERIES

KID JOHNSON LOSES BELT BY A KNOCKOUT

Fighting Fireman from the Q.M.C. Defeats Champion in One Round.

By BRITT.

An extra long khaki-colored canvas belt, regulation, was turned over this week to Judson C. Pewther, Q.M.C., by Kid Johnson, of the —th Infantry, following a two minute ceremony which ended in a knockout. Which is to say, "Charlie, the Fighting Fireman," is being hailed as the new heavyweight champion of G.H.Q., A.E.F.

Kid Johnson had whipped everyone in sight at G.H.Q., and was being touted as the champion of Amex forces. He was billed to fight both Pewther and a French heavyweight aspirant the same evening. He had to disappoint the Frenchman—*fini, monsieur, FEENISHED.*

Charlie, ostensibly a modest and unassuming fireman in the offices of the Intelligence Section, General Staff, is now recognized as one of the best fighting units in the A.E.F. Report has it that he was one of the best bets on the Border, where he served in the Body Snatchers—with a long string of ring victories to his credit. He had been out of the boxing game for nearly three years, having married in the interim, but no one disputes the fact that he made a great comeback.

Right Hook Turns the Trick.

The scrap took place before a crowded house. The two heavy-weights were evenly matched in height and weight.

Johnson started like all champions, confidently, and let loose a strip of rattling lefts. Charlie faced the fusillade and coolly replied with several vicious upper-cuts reminiscent of Border days. With frequent jabs he rocked the champion's head, and the crowd rpared.

He met Johnson's rushes with a persistent left. The champion was fighting mad and rushed in for a cleanup. As he did so, he uncovered. The opening was small but sufficient. Charlie countered with his left, then sent a swift right hook to the jaw. Johnson wilted. Three knockdowns followed. Then the champion took the count.

Fighting Charlie was on the job at Headquarters next morning as usual, showing no marks of the encounter. The petites desmoiselles, over whom Charlie exercises daily authority, were dumbfounded to learn that their boss was a bruiser. But it is significant that the fires in the Intelligence Section today are burning brighter than ever.

New Champion Is Modest.

Pewther was averse to talking about himself, but he confessed to twenty-nine years and claimed Portland, Ore., as his home. A representative of THE STARS AND STRIPES found him the afternoon after the fight seated on a coal-box reading his favorite dime novel—in which he finds a laugh in every line—and wearing the same sized hat.

"I wouldn't have broken into the game again," he declared, "but I felt that I couldn't stand by and hear the Johnson coterie putting over their sweeping challenges. It was all right to challenge the crowd, but when all the soldiers of the A. E. F. were included I figured it was up to me to register a kerplunk for the Q.M. Johnson would have been champion yet if he hadn't tried to take in so much territory. I'm satisfied to be champion, and let it go at that. But if there's anyone else who wants the title he can have it—unless there's something substantial in it."

Which indicates there may be something doing, as report has it that the doughboys don't intend to let the Q.M man walk off with the championship.

A PINCH HITTER IN KHAKI.

Lank used to be something of a base ball player. In fact, he's still on the rolls of a certain National League club and back in 1914 it was Lank's mighty swatting that won the world's champion ship for his team.

Next to General Pershing himself and a few other generals, Lank is about the most popular soldier in France. When his regiment—once of the National Guard—comes swinging down the pike the sidelines are jammed with other soldiers who crane their necks to get a peek at him.

Lank always carries the colors. He's now color-sergeant.

"So that fella's Lank, the great ball player," you can hear one doughboy say to another. "Well, I'll be doggonned Looks just like any other soldier, don't he?"

"What you expect to see?" will ask a soldier who has worshipped Lank's batting average for lo! these many years. "Didja expect to see a fella wearin' a baseball uniform and carryin' a bat over his shoulder? Sure, that's Lank. Hello, Lank, howja like soldiering?"

Lank will look out of the corner of his eye and then, sure that no officer is looking, reply out of the corner of his mouth:

"We're on to the Kaiser's curves, boys We'll hit everything those Huns pitch for home runs. No strike outs in this game!"

Lank is the life of his regiment. In his "stove league" this Winter he has organized all kinds of baseball leagues and next Spring he's going to lead a championship team against all soldier comers.

If General Pershing isn't too busy Lank will try and get him to umpire some afternoon.

STRAY SHOTS.

So Grover Alexander has been drafted? Some squad is going to have a nifty hand grenade tosser to its credit, eh, what?

Wonder if John L., when he arrived at the pearly gates and St. Peter asked his name, gave his customary reply of, "Yours truly, John L. Sullivan?" If he did, we bet he walked right on in while the good saint was still trying to figure it out.

Speaking of the great John L., we suppose that "Handsome Jim" Corbett is the only old time champion who can at all aspire to Sullivan's place in public esteem.

We seem to know the tune of this anonymous contribution, but we never have heard these words before:

We're in the trenches now,
The slacker milks the cow,
And the son of a Hun
Must skeedaddle and run,
For we're in the trenches now.

FOR A LIVE SPORT PAGE.

THIS IS poor apology for
• • •
A LIVE SPORT page but it
• • •
MAKES A beginning and
• • •
SOMEBODY had to do it
• • •
AND I was the goat but
• • •
WITH YOUR help we'll
• • •
DO BETTER next time if you
• • •
WRITE US some notes from
• • •
YOUR CAMP and send us
• • •
SOME VERSES for
• • •
ONE GUY can't handle this
• • •
ALL himself and
• • •
ANYBODY could do the job
• • •
BETTER than I can you know
• • •
WE WANT to find a
• • •
REAL SPORTING editor somewhere
• • •
AND WISH this job
• • •
OFF ON him and then
• • •
WE'LL buy a cable from
• • •
BACK home and tell him
• • •
TO HOP to it.

C. P. C.

INDOOR SPORTS

SATURDAY NIGHT.

First you take a basin,
Place it on the stove,
Wait about an hour or so,
Shoo away the drove
Of your jeering billet mates
Betting you won't dare;
Then you spread a slicker
On the floor with care.

Next you doff your O. D.,
And your undershirt,
Wrap a towel 'round your waist,
Wrestle with the dirt;
Do not get the sponge too wet—
Little drops will trickle
Down a soldier's trouser legs—
Golly! How they tickle!

Then you clothe yourself again—
That is, to the belt;
Strip off boots and putts and trou,
Socks—right to the pelt;
Send the gooseflesh quivering
Up and down your limbs—
Gosh! You aren't in quite the mood
For singing gospel hymns.

Then you wash, and wash and wash,
Dry yourself once more,
Put on all your clothes again,
Go to bed and snore,
Wake up at the bugle's call
With a cold, and sore
Truly, baths in France are—well,
What Sherman said of war!

FOOLING THE FLEA.

You'll march in the flea parade and be glad of the chance after you've lived a week in an old French sheep shed.

"Say, I'll be glad to get back to the mosquitoes," said a young hand-grenadier from Dallas, Tex., as he dumped his "other clothes" in the flea-soup cauldron. "These babies chew you to death day and night. A mosquito's a night-rider only."

The line forms on the right of the cook-shack. The cooks build big fires out in the open and set out great kettles of water. When the water begins to boil the parade begins, each man dumping in his flea-infested clothing—uniform, socks, underwear, wristlets and blankets. The cooks keep the fires stoked up with wood and the garments boil for a solid hour.

Then the men form another line and collect their stuff. They wring out the clothes the best they can and then sit down to "pick 'em off."

"They're fast little devils most usually," said the Dallas man, "but the sudden shock from warm water to cold air makes them stiff, and you can catch 'em easy."

The A. E. F.'s living in sheep barns simply can't keep clear of the things. They're in the rafters, in the hay, and in the planks. Weekly boiling of clothing only gives a short relief.

Really they aren't fleas at all, but a form of sheep tick. But they don't distinguish between sheep and American soldiers.

"BUTTON, BUTTON."

The Army gets some of its best ideas about equipment from the soldiers who have to use it.

Here's an idea, making for efficiency and convenience, which comes from an Omaha boy in the ranks. He says:

"Why don't they put bachelor buttons on our uniforms and overcoats? I've got a 'housewife' in my kit, but I'm working from 6.15 in the morning until 5 o'clock at night, and what little leisure I get I'd like to spend in the Y.M.C.A. playing the phonograph or shooting pool.

"And anyway, if I've got to do my sewing in the barn I live in, I might as well not try at all. My fingers are so numb the minute I take off my mitts that I couldn't thread a needle."

Not only that, said the Omaha soldier, but you usually find you haven't any thread in your "housewife."

There seems to be something in favor of bachelor buttons, especially since the people who sew the buttons on new uniforms and coats always do a poor job.

YES, HOW DO THEY?

Private Pat: "Mike, what th' hell kind of fish be them ye're eatin'?"

Corporal Mike: "Hush, Pat; don't be disthplayin' yer ignorance—the ould Frinch la-ady might hear yeze! Thim's sairdeens!"

Pat: "Sairdeens, is ut? They're a small fish, ain't they? An' where, pray tell, do they grow?"

Mike: "Pat, I'm asthounded at yer ignorance of gozerfy! Thim little fish grow in the Atla-antic Ocean, the Pacific Ocean, the Injun Ocean, the Airctic Ocean, an'—oh, in all them oceans. An' the big fish, such as the whale, the halleybut, the shairk, an' all o' thim, they live off'n eatin' th' sairdeens!"

Pat: "They do, do they Mike? Thin phwaht I'd like to know is how th' hell do they iver open the box?"

SUPPLIES FIRST AID TO CHILLY AIRMEN

Red Cross Canteen Serves 2000 Sandwiches and Mugs of Coffee Daily.

The Red Cross does a lot of work over here. Its activities in taking care of the population of the Hun-devastated districts, in clothing and feeding the ever-increasing hordes of refugees that pour in over the Swiss frontier, in supplying French and American military hospitals and in furnishing the American forces with auxiliary clothing are well known. It is not known, however, that, somewhere in that nebulous region known as somewhere in France, the Red Cross has gone in a bit for what has generally been considered the Y. M. C. A.'s own particular game—that of running the festive army canteen.

So far as can be found out at present writing, this canteen is the only one operated by the Red Cross in France. It is run primarily for the benefit of the young American aviators whose training station is hard by. And, because aviators, breathing rarer and higher ozone than most of the rest of us, are in consequence always as hungry as kites and cormorants, this particular Red Cross canteen does a rushing business.

It is situated in a long barrack-like building of the familiar type, which is partitioned off into a social room and a combination officers' dining room and a storeroom kitchen. The kitchen—as always in anything pertaining to the army—is the all-important part. This kitchen is noteworthy for two things: It has a real stand-up-and-sit-up lunch counter, and its products are cooked and served by the deft hands of American women.

Girls Worked All Night.

No dinners are served at this canteen for the airmen. Those favors are reserved for the convalescents in the hospital nearby. But the airmen are dropping in all the time for sandwiches and hot coffee, particularly after coming down, chilled and chattering, from a flight into the upper regions of the sky. If they don't drop in to get warmed up in that fashion, they know they are in for a scolding by the head of the canteen, an Englishwoman possessed of all an American mother's motherly instincts and all of the English army's ideals of discipline.

There was one night that the little Red Cross canteen was put to a severe test. Eighteen hundred Americans arrived at the aviation camp after a thirty-hour trip punctuated by no saving hot meal. The manager-matron and her girl helpers, however, stayed up nearly all night, minting hot coffee and sandwiches so that the hardships of sleeping on the cold bare ground of the hangars was somewhat mitigated for the 1,800 unfortunates.

A Repair Shop For Clothes.

In all the canteen disburses about 2,000 sandwiches a day, with mugs of coffee to match. In addition to that, its workers, equipped with Norwegian fireless cookers, sally forth to the aviation fields in the mornings long before dawn so that the men who are going up may have something warm to eat and drink to fortify them against the cold. Not content with doing that for their charges the Red Cross people soon hope to have enough workers to take care of mending the aviators' clothes, for aviators have to wear lots of clothes, and, when they land in trees, in barbed wire, on stone walls and so forth, their clothes suffer in consequence. A doughboy, who wears one suit at a time, doesn't have a hard job keeping it in order; but an aviator with heaven knows how many layers of clothes—oh, my!

The young women who constitute the Red Cross working staff at this particular base, are, for the most part, prominent in society in the larger American cities. Voluntarily they have given up lives of luxury to tackle the job, and a hard job it is. They live in small barracks of their own, as do the "Tommywaacs" (Women's Army Auxiliary Corps) of the British army; but they are "roughing it" gladly to help Uncle Sam win his war.

OUR SANCTUM

It's an office, all right, for it has a typewriter in it. No, not the feminine person who usually decorates offices; simply the typewriting machine. It has a calendar too, as all well-regulated offices should have. The only things every well-regulated office has which it lacks are the red-and-white signs "Do It Now" and the far more cheerful wall motto, "Out to Lunch."

It has lamps, to be sure, not electric lights, as is the custom among offices in the States. It has maps on the walls, but they differ a great deal from the ones which used to hang above the Boss's desk back home, and at which we used to stare blankly while waiting for him to look up from his papers and say, "Well, whazzamatternow?" These maps have no red circles marking zones of distribution, no blue lines marking salesmen's routes and delimiting their territories, no stars marking agencies' locations. True, they have lines on them, and a few stars on them, but they stand for far different things.....

Furnishings are Simple.

The office has a few rickety chairs, and one less rickety than the others which is reserved for the Big Works, as he is affectionately called, on the occasion of his few but none the less disquieting visits. It has a rickety table or two, usually only one, for firewood is scarce in France. It has a stove, which, from its battered appearance, must have been used as a street barricade during the Reign of Terror in the days of the First Revolution. Said stove requires the concentrated efforts of one husky Yank, speaking three languages—French, United States, and profane—all the livelong day to keep it going. Even then the man sitting nearest the window is always out of luck.

The walls are unkempt in appearance, as if the plaster had shivered involuntarily for many a weary day before the coming of "les Americains" and their insistence upon the installation of the stove. The paper is seamed and smeared until it resembles a bird's-eye view of the battlefield of the Marne. The ceiling is as smudged as the face of a naughty little boy caught in the midst of a raid on the jam in the pantry, due, no doubt, to the aforesaid stove and to the over-exuberant rising-and-shining of the kerosene lamps. Some people ascribe the state of the ceiling to the grade of tobacco which the Boss smokes; but the Boss always thunders back, "Well, what the devil can a map do in a country where even cornsilk would be a blessing?" And, as what the Boss says goes, that ends it.

There is one rug on the floor, a dilapidated affair that might well be the flayed hide of a flea-bitten mule. There is a mantlepiece, stretching across what used to be a fireplace in the days of the First Napoleon, but which is a fireplace no more. On top of the mantlepiece is a lot of dry reading—wicked-looking little books full of fascinating facts about how to kill people with a minimum of effort and ammunition. On the floor, no matter how carefully the office occupants scrape their hobnails before entering, there is always a thin coating of mud.

The office telephone is on the wall, instead of on the Boss's desk, as it ought to be. One has to take down receiver and transmitter all in the same piece in order to use it. And it has the same old Ford-crank attachment on the side that is common to phones in the rural free delivery districts of the United States of America."

Why Hats Are Worn.

Instead of being lined with bright young men in knobby business suits and white stiff collars, the office is lined with far brighter young men in much more businesslike khaki. They keep their hats on while they work for they know not when they may have to dash out again into the cold and the wind and the rain. They keep their coats on for the same reason; there are no shirt-sleeves and cuff protectors in this office, for the simple reason that there are no cuffs to be protected and that shirt-sleeves are "not military."

There is no office clock for the laggard to watch. Instead, there are bugle calls, sounded from without. Or, again the hungry man puts the forearm bearing his wrist watch in front of his face, as if to ward off a blow, when he wants to know the time. Save for the clanking of spurs and the thumping of rubber boots it is a pretty quiet office, singularly so, in fact, considering the work that is done in it.

Take it all in all, it's a strange kind of an office, isn't is? Well, it ought to be, considering it's in a strange land. It's an army newspaper office, that's what it is—an American sanctum in the heart of France.

TACTICS GET GOAT ACROSS.

Requirements Include Perfume, a Sack, a Kit Bag and Cheers.

From the C.O. down to "Fuzzy," who would have rather taken court martial no one wanted to leave "Jazz" behind So there was no end of indignation when the order came at a certain American port that no animals (unless useful) could go to France with the squadron

"Jazz," being only a tender-hearted billy goat, could not claim exemption from remaining in the U.S.A., for, as everybody agreed, he was no earthly use, just "a poor, no-good goat." But "Jazz" did go aboard the transport, later an English railway train, next another ship and finally a French train until he arrived with the squadron at America's biggest air post in France. There I saw him the other day appreciatively licking devoted "Fuzzy's" hand.

It is not difficult to guess that "Jazz" is the mascot of "X" squadron, accepted by pilots and mechanics alike as talisman for good at some training camp back home. This office he has performed with exceptional skill from the day "Fuzzy" permitted him to "butt in" at the mechanics' mess.

"Fuzzy" and some of his pals slipped the goat into a sack and laid him down among the cold storage meat when the time came to help load the ship, taking care that the sack of live goat did not get into the refrigerator. When the ship was well out to sea, the sack was opened and "Jazz" crawled out blinking.

Even then "Fuzzy" was cautious. For the first days, he did not permit the animal to promenade indiscriminately, but subjected him to repeated scrubbings, following by perfume, toilet water and talcum powder. So when "Jazz" was really discovered, he smelt, but more like a barber shop than a goat. The ship's officers appreciated the joke and so did everyone else and soon "Jazz" became a favorite on deck. Repeatedly shampooed and perfumed, wearing a life-preserver, he moved about like a good sailor. But there was less joyful days ahead of him.

He did not exactly set foot on English soil as did his friends. He went ashore at an unmentionable port in a kit bag. In this he lay with the other bags, surrounded by a screen of men. "Jazz" was uncomfortable and said so in his goat way, but before he had uttered a full syllable his friends set up a cheer which drowned his voice.

This happened again and again. The first time, British transport officers at the port politely disregarded the Americans' demonstrations, but after the third time one of them exclaimed:

"Extraordinary, these Americans Wonderful spirit."

And a little later when the men burst into an excessively loud hurrah to annihilate the voice of "Jazz" an elderly British colonel came over to them and inquired of a young American officer nearby:

"Splendid lungs your chaps have! But, really, what are they cheering for now?"

"Oh," returned the American, who very well knew why, "they're like that Always cheering about something. Shall I stop it?"

"No, indeed! I think it's splendid."

So that adventure passed over nicely and "Jazz" went on in a "goods van" with the kit bags to another British seaport. After that there wasn't any further trouble.

WHERE LANGUAGE FAILS.

Remember along about examination time how you used to thing Hades would be a good place for the professor?

Two Williams College graduates have had the pleasure of meeting their old French teacher in the nearest earthly approach to the Inferno—the trenches.

Officers now, the ex-students finally reached the battalion commander's post in a certain sector after a two-mile trudge from the rear through mud and ice water up to their hips.

A French interpreter met them at the door of the post.

"Yes, the major is in," he said, "but he won't see you till you shake hands with *me*."

Both officers thought they were face to face with a nut. Then, as they recognized their old teacher, two hands shot and grasped both of his.

"Well, I'll be darned—you haven't changed a bit!" was all the French they could remember.

HIS IS NOT A HAPPY LOT SAYS ARMY POSTAL CLERK

Works Eighteen Hours a Day and Has To Be Both a Directory of the A. E. F. and a Sherlock Holmes.

"Private Wolfe Tone Moriarity, Fighting Umpth, France."

The Army Postal Service clerk surveyed the battered envelope on the desk befor him, pushed his worn Stetson back from a forehead the wrinkles in which resembled a much fought-over trench system, adjusted his glasses to his weary eyes, spat, and remarked:

"Easy! The 'Fighting Umpth' was changed over into the Steenhundred and Umpty-umpth, wasn't it? The last that was heard from them they were at Blankville-sur-Bum. Now they've moved to Bingville-le-somethingorother. Clerk! Shove this in Box 4-11-44!"

"Lieutenant Brown, care American Army, somewhere in France."

Again the Postal Service man, once-overed the envelope, purplish in hue, went through the motions of pushing back his hat, expectorated, and began:

Purple Paper a Clue.

"That's Lieutenant James Brown, I reckon. There's a lot of that name in the Medical Department, but hell! He's married. Nobody writes to him on purple paper. Then there's another one in the One Thousand, Nine-Hundred and Seventeenth Motor-Ammunition-Ration-Revictualling-Woodchopping Battalion. His'n allus writes to him on that kind of paper. I guess that's him, all right. Hey, feller, shove this in 88966543, willya? Thanks!"

From the rear of a line of scrapping, frantic mail orderlies, each one trying to corner all the packages marked "Tobacco" and "Chocolate" for his particular outfit, the reporter, by standing on a box marked "Fragile—This Side Up," was able to see the scene depicted above, and to hear, above the din, the Postal Clerk's momentous decisions.

Nothing like that had ever come into his ken before He had seen Col. Roosevelt at work in his office, talking into two telephones, dictating to four stenographers, and writing a letter with each hand simultaneously. He had watched the President of the United States dispose of four Senators, eight Representatives, three Governors of States, seven Indian tribal chiefs and the German ambassador in exactly seven and a half minutes by the clock. But never, in all his experience, had he witnessed such concentration, such rapidity of execution, as that which the lean, worn man at the big desk possessed. It was better than watching a machine gun in action, with all stops out.

Worming his way up to the desk, the reporter started on his set speech. "Mr. Army Post Office Superintendent, will you consent to be interviewed for——" when he was summarily stopped by the wave of an ample hand and the booming of the P.S.'s voice.

"Want me to talk, do you, eh? Want to know what I do with my spare time? All right, son; just jump over that gang of pouch-robbers and come on inside. Here you——" this to the still combatant orderlies, at the same time throwing an armfull of mail and papers at them—"here's all the stuff for your outfits today. Divvy up among yourselves, and then breeze!—beat it!—allez!

"Now, then, you want to know what I do with my spare time? Well, I work eighteen hours a day in the office, and the other six I spend worrying whether or not I gipped some poor Buddy when I cashed his American money order in French paper currency. Like the saloons in Hoboken, we never close.

Really Busy at Christmas.

"That's just about the way it was, no kidding, during the Christmas rush. In about a month enough tobacco, chocolate, chewing gum, knit sicks, mufflers, fruit cake, safety razors, lump sugar—to judge from the contents lists on the outside of the bundles—came through this office to stock the whole of France for the next year and a half. Now, though"—tossing a long, yellow envelope across the room into a numbered pigeonhole—things have slackened up a bit. A week ago I had half an hour off to shave."

"Do the people back home cause you much bother by not addressing their letters correctly?" asked the reporter.

"N—no," replied the P.S. meditatively, "although I did get one the other day addressed to Private Ethan Allan of the 'American Revolutionary Force.' At first I was going to send it back to Vermont, after changing the private to Colonel, and have the D.A.R. see that it got somewhere near old Ethe's final resting place; but on second thought I guessed she—it's generally a she—meant the American Expeditionary Forces. So I went down about three or four regimental rosters, and finally I found the guy. Now he's probably wondering why he didn't get that letter in a month, instead of a month and a half, and cussing me out for the delay.

"The most trouble comes, though, from these birds what don't stay put. They come over here all right with one unit, and then they get transferred to some other. Then the unit is moved around, and the folks back in the States, not knowing about it, continue to send stuff to the old address. But generally we get 'em located in time.

A Rush After Pay Day.

"How about the mail from this side?" the reporter queried. "Do you think that the franking privilege causes the men to write more letters than they ordinarily would? Does sending their letters free pile things up for you?"

"I don't think so," the mail magnate responded, "because the lads are being kept so all-fired busy these days they don't honestly have time to write much. On the bundle proposition, though, we have an awful rush of stuff just after pay day, when it seems as if every man was bent on buying up all the lace handkerchiefs in the country to send to his girl.

"Oh, take it all in all, it's a great life if you don't weaken," the P.S. concluded. "I've been in the Government post office service for sixteen years, now, and I never had so much fun before. I do wish, though, that the boys would get stouter envelopes for their letters, because the ones they get from the Y.M.—and ninety-eight per cent. of the letters that go out from here are written on Y.M. stationery—are too flimsy to stand much manhandling, and when they get wet they're pretty much out of luck. Good-bye; drop in again some day when we're really busy!"

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THEN AND NOW—WAR MAKES AN AWFUL DIFFERENCE — BY WALLGREN

NO MORE CUSSING (--- IT!) AT MULES

Order (—it!) Says That Animals are Sensitive as ——.

Cussing, as a fine art, is doomed in the Army.

Its foremost practitioners, the mule-skinners, are shorn of their deadliest weapon of offense and defense by a recent order which directs them to use honeyed words when addressing their feathery-eared charges, instead of employing the plain, direct United States to which the mules' painfully obvious hearing organs have hitherto been attuned.

Kindness, the order says in effect, will work wonders with the genus Missouri nightingale or Indiana canary; if spoken to with proper regard for his or her feelings, a mule will oftentimes go so far as to place his or her hoof in a driver's lap.

When one is able, with impunity, to tickle a mule behind the ear (either ear will do) one is adjudged proficient in interpreting the æsthetic aspirations of the beast; and all mule-skinners are exhorted to apply the ear-tickling proposition as a sort of acid test both as to the tractability of their charges and their own ability as mule-tamers. The application of this test, it is held, will keep the mule-skinners too fully occupied to be able to cuss or to care a cuss about cussing.

This Stuff is Out o' Date.

But, men of the Old Army, particularly those who have trained with mountain batteries, think of what is passing! Think of what the younger and more efete generation of mules is missing! No more beneath the starry flag will be heard such he-language as this:—

"Come on, Maud, you —— Hoosier ——! Get a wiggle on your —— good-for-nothing carcass! GIDDAP, Bill! You long-eared, flea-bitten, hay-demolishing, muddy-flanked, rock-ribbed ——, ——I said it! GIDDAP!"

Or with the native product: "Dépêchez-vous, vous ——. Oh, h—l, I'm out of French! Say, Jimmy! What's the word for ——? Never mind; all mules understand ——! Hey there, you ——! Make tracks!"

Now, all is changed and such dulcet appeals to His Muleship as this are the order of the day:

"Get a gait on, Sapphira, you ——! Oh, hell, I forgot! Aw, c'me on now, old girl! We ain't got the whole morning t' waste! Be a sport, old lady! Forward——hoh!

"Say, for ——. Oh, hell—I mean Heaven! Dammit, I forgot again! You, Ananias, will you do me the esteemed favor to start the process? Will you condescend to lift at least one leg?"

But This Stuff Does the Job.

Ananias puts one hoof forward in experimental manner, then stops. About this time a brother mule-skinner enters, mouthing a corncob pipe. Says he to the first mule-skinner:

"Whattamatter, Jerry? Don't they budge? Livin' up to orders, be yeh? Aw, wee; way to talk to'm is third person—get me?—third person. None o' this crude 'you' and 'yeze' stuff—same as talking' to the Skipper, y'know."

Jerry gets his mouth all fixed to say, "Aw, hell," recovers himself, and then begins: "Will the off animile kindly step at least two paces to the front?" (The mule starts to comply.) "I thank the off mule! Now, will the near mule kindly follow suit?" (It also starts to comply.) "Now, will both the near mule and the off mule be so good as to repeat the process, both pulling together, until requested to desist? Fine; off we go. Good Gawd—good Gawd!"

HOW GEORGE ADE SEES WAR.

Many Old Adages Must Be Revised if Germany Wins.

As his contribution to the National Security League's campaign of patriotism, George Ade has written a message to our young fighting men. "We must win this war," he contends, "or else revise all moral codes, rewrite all proverbs and adopt a brand new set of rules to govern conduct. If Germany is not licked to a standstill, we might as well begin to memorize and humbly accept the following:

"Dishonesty is the best policy.—

"Be as mean as a skunk and you will be happy.

"Blessed are the child murderers, for they shall inherit the earth.

"Be sure you are right handy with fire-arms, then go ahead.

"An evil reputation is better than riches.

"Truth crushed to earth will not rise again if the crushing is done in a superior and efficient manner.

"Be virtuous and you will be miserable.

"Thrice armed is he who goes around picking quarrels.

"Might makes right.

"Hell on earth and hatred for all men.

"Do unto others as you suspect that they might do unto you if they ever got to be as disreputable as you are.

"God helps the man who helps himself to his neighbor's house and his field and his unprotected women.

"These don't sound right, do they?

"The old ones that we learned first of all are not yet out of date.

"Suppose we don't revise them."

GLORIFIED.

(With apologies to the late Sir W. S. Gilbert.)

When I was a lad I served a term
In a military school—how it made me squirm!
I wore a shako, and a lot of braid,
And I startled fire horses when on dress parade;
But they took all glory away from me
As a second lieut. a-wearing of my plain O. D.

When I went to college, I was gayly clad
In a sporty costume made of shepherd's plaid;
I tried pink neckties and vermillion socks,
And when I went out walking, I set back the clocks.
But when I took Uncle Sam's degree
I was nothing but a second lieut. in plain O. D.

In business, too, I made quite a splurge
In a nobby garment made of ultra-serge;
With rings and watchfob and a stick-pin, too,
I could show all the dandies of the town a few—
So think what a comedown 'twas for me
As a second lieut. a-wearing of my plain O. D.

But now, however, they have gone so far
As to place on my shoulderstrap a neat gold bar,
And they've sewn a dido on my overcoat,
Which, while it lends distinction, nearly gets my goat;
So now, at last, you can plainly see
I'm a second lieut. no longer clad in plain O. D.!

I'm proud, believe me, of those new gold bars—
I wouldn't swap 'em for the General's stars;
And the little stripe upon my blouse's sleeve
Means that nevermore for splendor shall my young soul grieve,—
For bars and braid, you can plainly see,
Make an awful lot of difference on plain O. D.!

THE PASSING OF THE CAMPAIGN HAT.

"The campaign hat is going; 'twill soon be *tres passé*—
The winds of war got under it and blew it far away;
The General (he who owned it) cussed, as Generals sometimes do:
"Get us," he cried, "a hat to stick; with this blank kind I'm through!"
His orderly picked up the hat, all battered, torn and frayed,
"Quite right," he ruminated, "you won't do for parade;
Yet, good old lid, you've got your place—perhaps not over here,
But there are regions in the States that hold your memory dear.

"The shadow of your ugly shape has blacked the Western plains;
It brought relief to border towns all soaked with tropic rains;
The sight of you, at column's head, made redskins turn and flee,—
O'er barren land you've led the van that fights for Liberty.
The Filipino knows you; his protection you have meant,
And the wily Pancho Villa never dared to try and dent
The contour of your homely crown or chip your wobbly brim,—
You, old chapeau, spelt business; and that left no room for him!

"From far Alaska's ice-bound coast to Porto Rico's strand,
You've kept the sun and rain and sleet from Uncle Sam'yal's band;
You've stood for no blame nonsense, and you've brooked no talking back,
And cleaner towns and cities fair have sprung up in your track.
You—what's the use?—you've been there since the days of 'Ninety-Eight—
You've weathered twenty years of squalls—and now you get the gate!
But you're too good a soldier, old dip, to cuss or cry;
So—(there he heaved it into space)—goodby, old hat; godby!"

OVER THE TOP THREE WAYS.

Feet, Tank and Plane Tried by this U. S. Officer—Ready for Next.

If they ever invent a new way of going over the top, there's one American officer who will probably be on hand to try the new wrinkle. The French Government has decorated him with the Croix de Guerre for going over the sacks in every way known to date.

First, he went over with the French infantry in an attack last spring. Though detailed as an observer, and not required to take too many chances, the officer was one of the first wave to cross No Man's Land. He stayed with his unit until the objective was gained, and when it had to fall back before a heavy counter-attack he fell back fighting with it.

Some weeks later he went over the top in a tank. He followed that trip a few days later by an aeroplane observation flight. For the greater part of an afternoon the plane cruised up and down a German sector watching the effect of big French shells on concrete defences.

The Boche anti-aircraft guns made it warm for the American flier, but he was still an enthusiastic aviator when the plane came to a successful landing on its own field at dusk.

WHERE HE GETS OFF.

(A sample letter).

France, January, 1918.

I. Rookum, Gents' Tailor, U. S. A.

"Dear Sir:—

"Your interesting advertisement of spring styles for young men, knobby clothes for business wear, and so forth, just received.

"While I appreciate your thinking of me, I am glad to say I have changed my tailor, and will not require your services until peace is declared.

U. S. & Co. are now supplying me with some very nifty suitings of khaki, which I find best adapted to my present line of business. They don't get shiny in the seat of the trousers—for the reason that I never have time to sit down.

"They are also supplying me with headwear, their latest in that line being a derby-like affair with a stiff steel crown, which affords me better protection against the elements and the shrapnel than anything any civilian hatter has furnished me.

"Thanking you for past favors, and hoping to see you on the dock when the transport pulls in a couple of years from now, I remain,

"Yours truly,

"I. Don't Needum, Pvt., A. E. F."

TWO SAMARITANS IN SKIRTS.

In the Modern Parable, They Aid a Pollu Chauffeur.

The woman motorcar driver has made her appearance in the zone of the army. A few of them are driving big motor trucks for the Y.M.C.A. and are making good at the job.

During a recent heavy snowstorm, two trucks driven by young women were sliding along a winding road carrying supplies to a hut from a depot when they came upon a big French lorry stalled in a ditch. The French soldier in charge was tinkering with the engine, having stalled it while trying to pull into the road again. He wasn't having much success.

Both the women, garbed in short skirts, high and heavy leather boots, and woolen caps that pulled down well over their ears, climbed down from their seats and between them first managed to get the engine in the stalled lorry started, and then one of them took her place behind the wheel and by skilful manœuvring brought all four wheels to the road.

The Frenchman stood to one side during the whole of the operation and watched the women with astonishment.

TO FLASH THE HOUR BY ARMY WIRES.

New A. E. F. Lines Will Insure U. S. Well-Set Time Pieces.

Correct time is now being transmitted to the A. E. F. over its own system of telegraph lines. Formerly field wireless stations each day at a certain hour picked from the air figures flashed from Paris by which the clocks of the army were synchronized. This method did not insure absolute accuracy.

Each day at eleven o'clock a simultaneous signal is sent to every station so that through the existing zone, and at the front as well, clocks and watches show the same time. This synchronization is desirable under present conditions and it is an absolute necessity with troops at the front when, for instance, orders may specify that some operation is to be carried out at one point at a certain time and another operation at another point at another time. The success of both operations may depend upon whether they are launched on the second.

Miles upon miles of telegraph wires strung on poles labeled "U. S. A." now stretch through France. They may be found running to base ports, zigzagging through the instruction zone over hills, through a valley, along a roadside. On some of the poles there are double cross-beams supporting in many cases as many as ten wires. There is a complete system of operators and central exchanges as well as a considerable force of linemen and repairmen, quite a number of whom worked for telephone and telegraph companies in the United States before the war began. The "service" leaves little, if anything, to be desired.

HOW THEY SPOT US.

"Madame, where in this town can one get a drink, *s'il vous plait?*"

"Ah! I can see that M. l'Americain comes from the State of Maine!"

TRY POTATO BUGS IN BOMBS.

An Ohio Man's Suggestion on How to Win the War.

The war will soon be over. An Ohio man will end it. He has suggested to U.S. Marine Corps officials in Washington that they direct their aviators to drop potato bugs over Germany. He declares there are no potato bugs in the Kaiser's realm, and since the "spud" is absolutely essential to Germany's economic welfare, the dropping of "Murphy destroyers" over the Rhine country would quickly terminate hostilities. Simple, isn't it? Marine Corps officials think so.

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8, RUE DE RICHELIEU, PARIS
(Royal Palace Hotel)

OBJECTS—The general object of the Union is to meet the needs of American university and college men and their friends who are in Europe for military or other service in the cause of the Allies.

It provides at moderate cost a home with the privileges of a simple club for these men when passing through Paris on a furlough.

It aids institutions, parents or friends to secure information about college men, reporting on casualties, visiting the sick and wounded, giving advice, and in general serving as means of communication between those at home and their relatives in service.

MEMBERSHIP—The Union is supported by annual fees paid by the colleges and universities of America, all the students and alumni of which, whether graduates or not, are thereby entitled, WITHOUT PAYMENT OF ANY DUES, to the general privileges of the Union, and may call upon the Union in person or by mail to render them any reasonable service.

HEADQUARTERS—On October 20, 1917, the Union took over as its Paris headquarters the Royal Palace Hotel, of which it has the exclusive use. This centrally located hotel is one block from the Louvre and the Palais Royal station of the Metro., from which all parts of the city may be reached quickly and cheaply.

PRIVILEGES—The Union offers at reasonable rates both single and double bed-rooms, with or without bath. There is hot and cold running water in all rooms, which are well heated. Room reservations should be made in advance whenever possible, as only 100 men can be accommodated. The restaurant serves excellent meals both to roomers and to transients.

The Lounge Room is supplied with all the leading American newspapers, magazines and college publications. The rapidly growing Library on the first floor provides fiction and serious reading, both French and English, as well as a large number of valuable reference books on the war and other subjects.

Stationery is provided in the Writing Room on the ground floor. A Canteen in the Lobby carries cigarettes and tobacco, toilet articles, candies, and a variety of other useful things. An Information Bureau is maintained in the Union Offices on the Entresol.

Frequent entertainments and concerts are given. Afternoon tea is served every Saturday, at which some American lady acts as hostess.

REGISTRATION—The Union keeps an accurate index of all men who register at its Paris headquarters or at its London Branch, 16, Pall Mall East, S. W. I. It is anxious to get in touch with all college and university men in Europe, who are therefore urged to register by MAIL, giving name, college, class, European address and name and address of nearest relative at home.

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Circulars giving full explanation of WELLS FARGO'S Banking Facilities in France may be obtained at the Branches of the Société Générale.

AMERICA'S BEST MEDICOS AT WORK FOR THE A. E. F.

Incomes of Specialists in the Overseas Command Would Total Enough to Pay off the National Debt.

If the incomes of all the well-known American specialists who have come to France to look after the health of the A.E.F. troops were lumped together they would be enough to pay off the national debt of the country and then leave sufficient to satisfy a camp store-keeper.

This is no pipe dream or a simple newspaper yarn, but the plain truth. Some of the medicos from the United States have given up earnings of such big figures they should only be mentioned kneeling. Where they gathered in half a million at home yearly, they are accepting a major's three thousand and, service allowance, in order to see that Bill Jones from Kankakee or Sam Smith from Pleasantville has the proper treatment for warts in his stomach or barnacles on his thinking apparatus.

In addition to separating themselves from large wads of coin and all the comforts of home, they have brought over the staffs of their various hospitals, who know all their funny ways of operating, from how best to cut a man loose from his appendix to painless extraction of the bankroll. They have also brought along all their collections of patent knives and scissors, the only thing they left behind being the doctors' bills that would take a year's service as a doughboy to meet the first instalment.

A Fear to Forget.

Nearly everyone has an ingrowing objection to going to a hospital, or acknowledging he must take the count for an illness, because of fear as to what treatment he may draw.

Forget it!

The Amexforce hospitals are not built along those lines, nor are the nurses sweet young things of fifty odd summers who hand out tracts with the morning's milk or make kittenish love to a lad who may be tied down to a bed or too weak to run away. And the doctors are not owlish-looking creatures with whiskers that would make a goat die of envy and sick-room manners that would scare a Mental Scientist into catalepsy. They are real human beings who understand the troubles of mankind from nostalgia (professional name for homesickness) down to enlargement of the coco (unprofessional name for the swelled head) and are doing everything in their power to make a little easier the big game we are playing to a showdown with the Kaiser.

It's human nature to hate to go to the doctor. But if the boys would only realize that if they would take their smaller troubles to the "docs" they could easily prevent them from becoming more serious ones, it would save a lot of useless suffering. Of course, that doesn't apply to treatment for the wounded, but the Army Chief Surgeon is trying his darndest to make that as perfect as possible.

A Hospital of 20,000 Beds.

In the first place, adequate hospital facilities have been arranged for. One hospital alone has a capacity for 20,000 beds. At an emergency call, the hospitals can handle twenty per cent. of the whole Amexforce. To begin with the trenches, the Medical Department has introduced a sort of folding litter that can go around corners without having to make a man who's hit get out and walk around the bends. When he gets to the dressing station or collecting hospital, motor ambulances are ready to take him back to the evacuating hospital, where the women nurses take their chances with the men, eight to ten miles behind the line.

Once his case is looked into there, he continues under the charge of that hospital chief until he gets well or is sent home. If he's moved to another hospital his record and register go with him, so that the new hospital knows immediately he was invalided for a piece of shell in his leg, and no flurried or overworked surgeon tries to operate on him for inflammation of the intestines.

From beginning to end, the best specialists in the whole of the Union are at the disposal of any one who's unfortunate enough to get hurt. If it's eyes, ears, throat, abdomen, shell shock, mental derangement, or no matter what, one of the biggest men from home is on the job. They are not correspondence school surgeons, either.

Some of the Experts.

Maybe one of these is from your own home town and you know him by name or reputation: George E. Brewer, New York; George W. Crile, Cleveland; Henry Cushing, Boston, the brain specialist, who knows every cell in the think tank and just how it works and operates; F. A. Washburn, Boston; Samuel Lloyd, New York; C. L. Gibson, New York; R. H. Harte, Philadelphia; F. A. Besley, Chicago; Angus McLean, Detroit; Charles H. Peck, New York; John M. T. Finney, of Johns Hopkins, Baltimore; F. T. Murphy, St. Louis; M. Clinton, Buffalo; R. T. Miller, Pittsburgh; C. R. Clark, Youngstown, O.; E. D. Clark, Indianapolis; B. R. Shurley, Detroit; Joseph E. Flynn, Yale Medical.

If that isn't enough, associated with each of these men are other doctors whose ability is pretty well known all over the States. For instance, Dr. Lloyd, of New York, has with him Dr. McKernon, also of the big town, one of the best ear specialists in the country. If a shell goes off too near you and the eardrum suffers, Dr. McKernon will be on the job to find out if he can't make a new one.

A man who has just come over from Baltimore said the Army had practically cleaned out Johns Hopkins University there, which produces more good doctors to the square inch than France does fleas. So when it comes to sorting out the cases, the men with the bad listeners won't be sent to the throat specialist, nor the chap with a wounded eye made a candidate for the brainstorm man.

The Army's Big Eye Man.

Cases of eye wounds or troubles are handled by a doctor who probably knows more about the eye than any one man in America, Dr. George de Schweinitz, of Philadelphia, who has transplanted his whole sanitarium to France in order that no man of the Amexforce may be deprived of his sight where there is one chance in a million of saving it. With that in view, the chances of coming out of this mess with both eyes are exceptionally good. Statistics from both French and British armies show that of all the wounded they have had, only one man in 1,200 is blinded. If they had had the organization of the American medical force, the chance would probably have been reduced to one man in 2,500.

No one pretends to say that our hospitals make sickness or wounds a pleasure, but be assured of one thing. If anything happens to you, you'll be well looked after in them by the world's leading medical and surgical authorities.

Ward in an A.E.F. Hospital, Showing Some of the First to Pay a Visit to "Blighty."

A PLEA TO THE CENSOR.

"Say," said a short, bow-legged corporal the other day, "I wanta send three pictures home to the folks, but I dunnoo how I can get it across. These censorship rules say all you can send is pictures of yourself without background that might indicate the whereabouts of the studio or other strategic information. These ain't pictures of myself, nothing like it. Wait till I tell you.

"I'm going to entitle this series 'Rapid Transit in France.' I took 'em with a little pocket camera. There's one I took up at the port where we landed—first picture I took in France, it was. It shows one of these two-wheeled carts, with three animals hitched to it. One is a horse, one is a dog, and in the middle there's a great big old cow, and an old French feller in a blue nightshirt sittin' in the road milkin' the cow.

"Then there's another I took over at —— (the town where general headquarters are situated) of the 'bus that goes down to the station to meet trains. You won't believe this unless you've seen it, but that 'bus is hitched up to a horse an' a camel, a regular camel like you see in a circus—come from Morocco, they tell me, and looks as if he had gone as long as it is camels can go without a drink, or chow, either.

"The last one's a prize. I took it in one of those villages up the line. It's a young kid in a soldier's coat down to his knees walking down the main street with a stick in his hand driving a sled, and what do you guess is hitched to the sled? By gosh, a big fat goose, and nothing else. The kid's steerin' the goose with the stick, and the goose's lookin' around with that fool goose look, just like the picture you see of that Crown Prince.

"Say, what do you think those folks with their automobiles and subways and everything would make of that? It sure would open their eyes. Travel's a great thing for a man," said the corporal.

WHAT SAILOR INGRAM DID.

Neither Casabianca nor Horatius at the bridge surpassed in heroism young Osmond Kelly Ingram, who threw overboard the explosives on the American destroyer Cassin in order that the German submarine's torpedo should not detonate them and destroy his ship—and gave his life for his comrades and his country in doing so. Ingram sought danger instead of fleeing it. He might have saved his life without discredit. But he did not think of his life—or if he thought of it, he knew that he was deliberately sacrificing it. And he acted with instant resolution.

To his courage and his quickness is due the fact that Ingram's was the only life lost in the German attack on the Cassin. That result he foresaw and welcomed. He knew how to take death as his portion without an instant's hesitation. He was of the breed of heroes, and his name will be borne forever on the nation's roll of honor.—Boston Transcript.

THE ROAD WAS OPEN.

France's wonderful highways which saved her in this war are as crooked as a jig saw puzzle, but there are excellent maps which show every road in the country. Up near the fighting front, however, the new military roads are as broad and as good as some of the old highways which have survived since the days of the Romans and more than a map is needed if you want to remain in France.

A few days ago two American newspaper correspondents were travelling from one French city to another, the shortest course, according to the same excellent maps, taking them close back of the French lines. All day there had been a blinding snow, it was deep and loose on the ground, and the car was going as fast as possible for safety.

Temporary wooden signs at cross roads showed the direction of different camps. The road plunged through a forest, occasionally they passed a soldier plodding through the snow, then emerged along the base of a ridge honeycombed with dug-outs and bomboproofs on its sheltered side. It was plain that they were close to the front. Soldiers peered from doorways at the car skidding through the swirling snow; then the huts ceased. For a mile the correspondents ran behind a flapping wall of canvas camouflage, with barbwire entanglements on the other side of the road. The map indicated they were on the right road.

Then they came to a barbwire affair like a turnstile lying on its side in the middle of the road, and stopped. They could not see a hundred feet through the fog and snow, but could hear the muffled boom of nearby cannon. The map showed only three kilometers ahead the main highway to the city they were headed for. They did not know that the German trenches were only two kilometers ahead and that the snow was the only reason the Boche had not see them and favored them with a shot. Two French officers came along and in his best French one of the correspondents asked if they could get through on that road.

"Yes, if you speak German," was the answer with a laugh and in excellent English.

THERE'S A REASON.

"For Pete's sake, Ed, quit tryin' to pick your teeth with your fork! Mind your manners, man!"

"Aw, go easy, Mike; how'n'ell am I goin' to buy a toothpick, with wood so expensive in France?"

HOW THEY LOOK IN THE TRENCHES.

This New Official Photograph Shows Some of Our Over-seas Troops in their Ringside Costume.

SEA SLANG PUZZLES POILU.

Trips on an Idiom and His Pride Takes a Fall.

Among the idiomatic terms adopted by United States Marines everywhere, the expression "shove off" is used more frequently than any other. In the sea-soldier lingo, if a Marine goes home on furlough, leaves his camp or garrison or goes anywhere, he "shoves off."

A story comes from France of a Marine who had been acting as orderly for a lieutenant. The officer sent him on an errand, and when he returned the lieutenant was nowhere about. A poilu, who happened to be loitering in the vicinity, was questioned by the Marine:

"Have you seen the lieutenant?"

"Oui, monsieur, oui," replied the poilu, proud of his newly acquired Marine Corps English, "he have —what you call —pushed over."

HOW ABOUT THEM?

Things that make all the difference in the world:—

A letter from———(fill in name to suit yourself.)

A real soap-and-hot-water bath.

A real shave.

Dry feet.

American tobacco.

"Good work!" from the skipper.

A home-town paper less than a month old.

"Seconds" on coffee—when it's made right.

Pay-day.

YANKEE AVIATORS PLAY IN LUCK

Dead Engine Sneezes and Picks Up after a 2,000 Meter Drop.

SKY FULL OF CREAM-PUFFS.

Observer Who Fails to Surround Something Hot Faints. From the Cold.

Those were American boys who dodged Boche air patrols, laughed at anti-aircraft guns and spattered bombs upon Rombach and Ludwigshafen far behind the Boche lines.

One of them used to be a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Joseph Wilson, of Wheeling, W. Va., another is Bud Lehr, of Albion, Neb., who played center on a basketball team that won the State championship. The others are Charles Kinsolving and Charles Kerwood, of Philadelphia, and George Kyle, of Portland, Ore. They are corporals in a French flying squadron situated within an hour's flight of an American infantry training camp.

Seated around the rough mess table in their popotte—a tiny building stuck away on a ledge of rock under a cliff—they told all about the bombing of the railroad stations and ammunition factories at Rombach and Ludwigshafen.

"The old Boche almost got me that time," said Lehr, lifting the oil cloth table cover to knock wood. "The engine of my boat died on me just over Rombach. I pulled everything in sight and kicked every lever I couldn't see. Nothing doing; anti-aircraft shells bursting right on a level with me. We began to drop. I turned around to the observer and pulled a sea-sick grin.

A Sneeze Spelled Joy.

"'It's all off, kid,' he said. 'Looks like we're through.'

"We dropped from 5,000 meters to 3,000. Then the engine sneezed, coughed and took up again. My heart and the boat came up 2,000 meters in one jump. The rest of the formation had gone on, dropped their bombs on Rombach and were beating it for Ludwigshafen. By the time I got back to my right altitude I could see the effect of their bombs. The railroad station was burning like a haystack and smoke was coming from the munitions plant. I circled the town and the observer released the bombs.

"Then I turned nose back towards Verdun and crossed the lines. A couple of miles behind the line the engine ran out of gas, so we came down in a field."

They circled several times on the French side of the lines before crossing in order to reach the necessary altitude. Kyle dropped eight bombs, most of them on the munition plant at Ludwigshafen.

"The sky was full of cream puffs," he said, "but it didn't bother us very much because most of the stuff was breaking above or below us. We took our time, aimed for the objective, and dropped the bombs.

Can't See Bomb's Results.

"You can't hear them explode or see the results unless you're flying quite a distance behind the squadron because we go so fast that by the time the fire gets under way we are miles off. Except for Lehr's machine, we maintained our formation and came out flying in the same position. If there were any Boche patrols out in our neighborhood they knew better than to tackle us.

"When we came down I found my observer unconscious. I thought he had been hit, but he had only fainted from the cold.

"You big rummy," turning to the observer and swiping one of his cigarettes from the open box on the table—"You big rummy, I told you you had better surround something hot before starting—a bowl of oatmeal or coffee.

"Gimme a light now."

All five are awaiting their transfer to the American flying corps.

STARS IN A HERO'S ROLE.

Movie Actor Plays Sapper in a Real Rescue.

Among the candidates for officers' commissions at the A. E. F.'s training schools is a former movie star who has served his apprenticeship with the British army. To see him now, few would recognize him as one of the high steppers under the bright night lights of Broadway as he was a year ago. Seized by a sudden impulse, he enlisted in the British army without waiting for America to get into the war and now in return for faithful service, has been given an opportunity by that government to fight under his own flag. Several other Americans who have also worn the British uniform, and who were sent to the school for the same purpose, tell this story of one of the former screen star's experiences:

In the darkness—locomotives, auto lights in the fighting zone—a heavily loaded truck was struck by a train. The truck was overturned down an embankment, imprisoning the two men on it, killing one almost instantly and seriously injuring the other. Spurred by the latter's groans and appeals for help an officer was directing a squad of men with crowbars and sticks in an effort to lift the truck when the former actor came up. The men were making no progress in budging the heavy wreck while there was a possibility, if they did, that it would crash down on the still living man.

"I think I can get the man out, sir if I may try," the New Yorker said saluting the officer.

"Who are you?" the officer asked surprised at the interruption.

"I'm a Yank, sir," he replied, using the popular designation for Americans in the British army.

"What's your rank?" continued the officer, determined that the man be rescued properly if at all.

"Master engineer, sir," the American answered.

Evidently that was sufficient for the officer, for he at once assented with:

"You may try. Lend him a hand men."

The "Yank" took a shovel and started tunnelling under the truck. As he wormed himself into the little hole, the shovel was abandoned for a bayonet and he pushed the dirt back with his hands to others, who threw it aside. After an hour's work, he had the dead man out. Another hour, and he had burrowed molelike, to the side of the other man, who still was conscious.

"Do you want to take a chance? It'll be torture getting out," he said to the truck driver.

"Anything to get from here to die outside," the man gasped.

A rope was shoved in and the American tied it around the man's legs. Slowly, while he guided the battered body of the now unconscious man, comrades pulled them both back through the narrow tunnel.

"I'll see that you're mentioned in regimental orders for your efforts," said the officer to the exhausted "Yank," and he did.

The truck driver had an arm broken, a shoulder crushed and a fractured skull. He was rushed to a hospital on a chance that his life might be saved after so much effort. The work was not in vain, for a few days ago a letter was received from him, well again at his home in England, saying to the former movie star:

"The latch string of this home in Leicester is always hanging out for you."

"WELL, I'LL BE—!"

THEY'RE ALL HERE.

"Fat Casey!"

"Well, I'll be—!"

After seven years Gabby and Fat Casey came face to face on a snow-covered country hillside in France. Gabby played right tackle on the football team out in Chicago in his sophomore year. Casey, a senior, was center and a bother to the trainer because he would surround two bits' worth of chocolate caramels every day, adding to the dimension that won him his nickname.

Somewhere in France Gabby swung his right mitt and clasped Casey's. They hung on in a kind of reminiscent grip, searching one another's face for changes.

Casey wore a smudge on his upper lip. Gabby's face was still un-hairy, but a little lined by the last few years of bucking the business line for a living. Casey has no cause for wrinkles, having a wealthy Dad. And, anyway, Fat's disposition proofed his map against the corrugations of money problems.

We find them shaking hands again.

Casey is driving a touring car over from Divisional Headquarters to call for the major of the Third Battalion. He falls on the hill from dirty distributor points and gets out to sand-paper them. That red-headed sentry, gazing skyward through field glasses on "aeroplane watch" against the Boches, can be none other than Gabby, the ex-right tackle.

Gabby is a little puzzled by Fat's moustache, but only for a second.

"Whatever became of Charley Rose," he asks, "and Bill Lyman, and all the rest of them?"

"For the love of Mike—meeting you in this forsaken spot after all this time! Where are you stationed? Can't we stage a reunion? Can't we, Fat?"

Well, Fat is a sergeant-chauffeur, Q.M.C. Gabby is a doughboy in an infantry regiment. They can't get together. They're at the War.

For the next ten minutes a whole battlefield of Boche fliers might have sneaked past the Chicago sentry and bombed the daylights out of Division Headquarters without any hindrance from Gabby.

Charley Rose, says Fat, is an infantry lieutenant. Maury Dunne's in the heavy artillery. Dan McCarthy, the hopeless but untiring "sub" of the 1911 squad, is in France in the Q.M.C.

"Well, doggone!" says Fat, in wonderment at the littleness of the world. "Well, gee whiz!" says Gabby, thinking the same thing.

You'll meet 'em all over here—your old rivals, your staunchest pals. You may find yourself top sergeant over the very kids you stole apples or milk bottles with back in the "good old days." Perhaps you'll be saluting the fellow who cut you out of your girl back in high school when an exchange of class pins with pretty Frances Black meant that you were engaged to her for that semester.

Somewhere in France, they're all here.

SO THIS IS FRANCE?

The first shift is coming out from the tables. White-haired plump Madame scurries over to her place at the door to collect the dinner toll. Silver clinks into her country, cash register, a cigar box with the lid knocked off.

The second shift edges toward the dining room where Suzanne and Angel and Joan are rushing about, clearing away the traces of the first service.

"How's the chewin'?" asks the Albany rifleman.

"Pretty good, pretty good," says the engineer boy from Los Angeles. "Good place to fill up on tan bread for a change."

Close your eyes and shut out the khaki. The buzzing voices, the scraping hob nails take you back to the Democratic convention of Pottewantamis County last Spring when the delegates came in through a sleet storm and dried their socks around the stove in the Chamber of Commerce. Or you're back in the locker room hearing the coach's final instructions for the county championship tussle with Lincoln High.

The second service is finishing. Four soldiers are rolling the old tin-throated piano into the middle of the floor. One of them used to be a rag-time "song-booster." Oh, baby, how he can torment those keys!

There they go, in a chorus of fifty roof-raising voices:

"Twice as nice as Paradise,
And they called it Dixie Land!"

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.

The American war zone recently was honored by a visit from several "lady journalists" who came out from Paris to see how "our boys" were faring.

One of these young women had been reared in luxurious surroundings in New York. Since coming to Paris she seldom went about wearing anything but slippers. These were all right because she always rode in a taxi.

A certain American captain, who thinks nothing of using a nice ten-foot snow bank for bathing purposes, was delegated to conduct the young women through the American war zone.

From the start, the horror of the New York society writer knew no bounds.

"What," she exclaimed, "no pillows for our men! And you say, Captain, they have no bathtubs, but have to bathe in the rivers and creeks? And I see, there are no table cloths or napkins? Captain, leave it to me! I'm going to tell the people of America all about the terrible living conditions of our soldiers over here. Something must be done, and something will be done by an aroused public opinion back home!"

The captain indulged an inward chuckle that racked his soul. Then his face became solemn.

"Please don't stir up any scandal in America over this," he entreated the young woman writer. "I'll tell you confidentially that feather beds are on the way from America for every soldier and there are whole boatloads of bathtubs coming, too. But what's sweetest of all in this—promise you'll keep it a secret until it happens?—our government is going to present every soldier in France with a beautiful manicure set!"

"That's more like it," said the lady, much mollified.

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