

TRENCH SHOWMEN PUT ON A MUSICAL NIGHT

Program in Their Rest Camp Features Mouth Organ and Trench Fiddle Numbers—Also a Prize Recitation

By W. J. PEGLER Correspondent of the United Press With the A. E. F.

The men of L Company had a "musical evening" back in the rest camp on the night before they went back into the trenches.

The big Swedish supply sergeant played every thing he knew on his trench-made fiddle—whittled out of ration boxes during olden moments of the previous week's leisure.

Willie, the sixteen-year-old corporal whose age shows "21" in the orderly room, sang "Cavavava" the rollicking Villista song which many an Amex soldier learned on the border.

Machine Gun Joins In The camp is not far from the front—not as far as from your home to the office if you live in a big town.

Johnson, to do the dance for the boys, there fell a bill in the entertainment and you could plainly hear some machine gun down in the trenches probably spraying at a Boche working party or patrol.

Johnson is an accomplished lad. Born in Ireland nineteen years ago, he sailed for America five years ago and joined the American Army when it wasn't much of an army as European nations measure their armies.

Little Mike Francis, from the hills of North Carolina, told how he d-diced the reverends when he was distilling illicit corn-jobs on the acres willed to him by his old dad.

Two kinds of Mike replied readily, "great big ones and little bits of ones." However, Mike showed by his further discourse on carriers that he really knew something about pigeons, so he got the job.

A sergeant from Anadarko (Okla.) won the Y.M.C.A.'s first prize just before the regiment went into the trenches in a contest to advertise the atrocities of the Boche and perk up the regiment's fighting spirit.

One lad submitted a photograph of a girl, clipped from a back home newspaper. She is a very pretty young woman. He wrote below the photograph: "Protect Your Sister from the Boche."

This got second prize, but the attempt that copped the five bucks was the poem from the Anadarko sergeant, printed in the first issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES and here repeated for the purposes of this story:

By the rifle on my back, By the old and well-worn pack, By the bayonets we sharpened in the billets down below,

When we're holding to a sector, By the Holy Jumping Hector, Colonel, we'll be Gott-strafed if the Blanketeer let it go.

And the Boches big and small, Runtzy runtzy and Boche tall, Won't keep your boys a-squinting in the ditches very long.

For we'll soon be busting through, God help Fritzle when we do, sir, Let's be going, Colonel Blank, because we're feeling mighty strong.

The sergeant recited his poem and brought down the house. There was a lot of yelling and the captain had to lift his hand in a gesture of restraint on the noisy cheering.

But the damage had been done. There was a vigorous and angry knocking on the door, and in the silence that followed the machine guns were heard again.

The captain went to answer the summons and stepped outside to talk with a second lieutenant of an engineer company stationed near the front to build a light railway.

Just One More Song! "Captain, don't you think your men ought to be made to consider someone else?"

NO TALKING IN RANKS!



Jock: "What's the difference between a collic dog and a classy boulevardier sucking a cane?"

Bock: "You've got me; spring it." Jock: "One is a model collic and the other is a mollycoddile."

Two Ways to Fuss a Nurse Not long ago a witty private attached to a base hospital was confined in a ward by illness for several days.

In this particular hospital privates and nurses were not permitted to associate with one another and promenades were taboo within the hospital grounds elsewhere.

"We had some time on that moonlight promenade the other evening—didn't we, nurse?" said Mac in a loud voice. This impertinent question raised sixty heads from their pillows and sixty pairs of eyes were gazing at friend nurse.

She looked puzzled, blushed several times and then, without a word, she quietly, observing the effect of his intimate question on said nurse, He hesitated long enough to temper his joke, and, seeing that the nurse was smiling it off, said:

"Oh! That's all right, all right; but you're not any more ashamed of it than I am."

The Wrist Watch Speaks I am the wrist watch. Before the war I was worn by women. Rejuvenated and fragile, I hung about their dainty wrists, looked at more for the gems that adorned me than for the time I kept.

I was also worn by lounge-lizards, the boys who had their handkerchiefs tucked up their sleeves, who would be soon seen without their highly-polished canes as without their trousers, the little lads who tried to sport monocles and endeavored in vain to grow mustaches and to cultivate un-American accents.

But now—behold me, revived, reglorified, part and parcel of the practical equipment for the most practical of wars!

Tuned to the minute, I give the time for the marching millions from the base ports to the front.

From the general down to the newly-arrived buck private, they all wear me, they all swear my me instead of at me.

On the wrist of every line officer in the front line trenches, I point to the hour, minute and second at which the waiting men spring from the trenches to the attack.

I, the once-despised, am the final arbiter as to when the barrage shall be laid down, when it shall be advanced, when it shall cease, when it shall resume. I need not point with my tiny hands and the signal is given that means life or death to thousands upon thousands.

My phosphorous glow soothes and charms the chilled sentry, as the steady, witness of every act of the chonclier of every second that the war ticks on its way.

I go where I please without passes. Perched above the deft and delicate fingers of surgeons, I am present at all operations. On the hairy forearms of the husky artillerymen, I am there with every tug of the lanyard, and can feel the firm biceps tighten from below.

I am in all and of all, at the heart of every move in this man's war. I am the witness of every act of the chonclier of every second that the war ticks on its way.

COMPANY FUNDS PROFIT THROUGH A. E. F. NEWSPAPER

Every Soldier Subscription Means Immediate Luxury Money

CHANCE TO CORRAL GOLD Company with 100 Per Cent Subscription List Will Make \$200 for Year

BULLETIN No. 10 GIVES PLAN All Profits From Publication of THE STARS AND STRIPES Also to Go to Companies

How company funds can be swelled materially through subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official publication of the A. E. F., is made clear in Bulletin No. 10 which has been sent by G. H. Q., A. E. F., to all unit and detachment commanders of the American over-seas command.

The price of a three months' subscription for soldiers is four francs. If the number of subscriptions in a company totals 150 or over, one franc of each individual subscription price is added to the company fund.

If the total number of unit subscriptions is 100 or over, but less than 150, seventy-five centimes of each individual subscription price go into the company fund. Sixty-five centimes will mean that fifty centimes of each individual subscription price go immediately into the company fund, while a total of six centimes will be given to the company fund twenty-five centimes of each subscription price.

Thus, no matter what the number of subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES in a company organization, the company fund will benefit, and every soldier knows the luxury-buying power of every additional penny in a well handled company fund.

In addition to benefiting immediately through receiving a share of every three months' subscription price to THE STARS AND STRIPES, the company funds will also participate in the profits accruing from the publication of the paper, profits that are confidently expected to result from civilian subscriptions and advertising.

Besides setting forth how company funds will profit from the publication

NOT IN THE AERO CORPS



—Merely A Mess Sergeant Going Marketing

of THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official bulletin also tells the easiest method for members of the A. E. F. to get subscriptions for the paper. The bulletin follows:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, France, February 8, 1918. BULLETIN No. 10.

1. The Commander-in-Chief has authorized the publication of a weekly newspaper by and solely in the interests of the personnel of the A. E. F.

2. This newspaper—the only official publication of the A. E. F.—has been named THE STARS AND STRIPES. It will be published every Friday, beginning February 8, 1918, for the duration of the war.

3. THE STARS AND STRIPES will give the A. E. F. the latest news from home by cable, through its American staff correspondent, a life-long newspaper man of national reputation. He will not only cable over and explain the important happenings of each week—he will also cable the A. E. F. the latest news of sports at home.

4. THE STARS AND STRIPES will give the A. E. F. news about itself, keeping every unit fully informed as possible as to what the entire A. E. F. is doing. The folks back home have been getting this news all along; now it will be given every week to the members of the A. E. F.

5. In addition, THE STARS AND STRIPES will serve as a medium of publication for poems, stories, articles, caricatures and cartoons of army life produced by members of the A. E. F.

6. In brief, THE STARS AND STRIPES will be strictly and solely an A. E. F. newspaper, bringing to its members regularly every week the news which up to now it has received at best irregularly and in an unsatisfactory manner. In addition to this, THE STARS AND STRIPES will be an excellent medium through which you may keep relatives and friends at home informed of such interesting information as they can obtain in no other way.

It is hoped that there may be a large subscription for THE STARS AND STRIPES in every company or corresponding unit of the A. E. F.

between the amount charged the organization of the individual subscription price of four francs.

9. Regimental and similar unit commanders will designate an officer to consolidate and handle the subscriptions and funds for the regiment or unit, and also to see that the weekly bundles for each company or detachment are promptly delivered. Company and detachment commanders will make a settlement every three months with the officer mentioned above. The list of subscribers will be kept in the company and not forwarded.

10. When all subscriptions are paid, the officer designated in each regiment will forward the funds with a statement showing number of subscriptions per company, through the Division Adjutant, to the Treasurer, STARS AND STRIPES, G. H. Q., A. E. F.

11. As soon as the number of subscriptions in each unit has been approximately determined, it will be reported to the Division Adjutant, who is authorized to use the telegraph to notify THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division, G. H. Q., A. E. F., at the earliest possible moment of the total number of subscriptions in the division, giving these figures by company units, so that the necessary number of copies to fill the subscriptions may be printed and forwarded each week.

12. The required number of papers to fill subscriptions will be delivered each week through regulating stations along with other supplies for organizations. Station commanders will take the necessary steps to have these papers delivered promptly to company offices for distribution to individual subscribers.

13. Individual subscriptions for officers and men not attached to organizations will be received and handled by the nearest officer designated by a regimental or similar commander as outlined in paragraph 9.

14. Members of the A. E. F. wishing copies sent by mail to friends can pay for such subscriptions at the base rate, four francs for three months. Designated regimental officers (see paragraph 9) will forward such names and addresses, to the Treasurer, STARS AND STRIPES, G. H. Q., A. E. F.

15. The heartiest and promptest cooperation of all organization commanders is desired in order that THE STARS AND STRIPES may reflect the greatest possible credit on the A. E. F.

By COMMAND OF GENERAL PERSHING: JAMES G. HARBORD, Brigadier General, Chief of Staff. OFFICIAL: BENJ. ALVORD, Adjutant General.

AMERICA DROPS POLITICAL GAME TO WIN THE WAR

Continued from Page 1 news usually effective in scaring the stock market had practically no effect on it. Even the bad news about the sinking of the Tuscania caused no flurry. The steadiness appears to indicate an extremely strong general confidence.

Whole Nation Tested NEW YORK, Feb. 7 (delayed in transmission).—During the month just past the whole nation has been decidedly tested. The unexampled weather and the fuel scarcity put a severe strain upon all classes of the population. The entire country, with all its teeming cities and mixed populations, withstood the situation in perfect order. Admirable conduct was in evidence everywhere.

The American people proved that self-government works. There was no occasion anywhere for the authorities to suppress disorder; there was no need for appeals to patriotism. The people faced the problem quietly, resolutely, patiently.

One of the extraordinary aspects of the situation was the unexpectedly great efficiency under sudden strain of American local government, city and state. Excellent cooperation was afforded in meeting the needs of the Federal Government. Municipal machineries everywhere worked wonderfully well, and a general willingness to subordinate personal and sectional interests was everywhere to be observed. In other words, the communal spirit was universally exhibited.

A Splendid Answer The five-day factory suspension order afforded another drastic test of the national spirit and good sense. It was met with a response which was inspiring. An intelligent, broad view of the situation was general, and the order was obeyed in spirit as well as in letter. Violations of the order were astonishingly few. Thus the first actual demand on the American people for some sacrifice and some actual privation for the furtherance of a great purpose has been answered splendidly.

The people's attitude toward the present discussion in Congress on war mater has also been good up to date. There is no indication anywhere of an inclination on the part of the nation to be carried off its feet. The public attitude is earnest, but patient. An intelligent desire to know all the facts is preponderating any display of temper.

American Principle Works The people have shown, in a big, dignified way, their determination to know the whole truth, and to give a fair, calm hearing to all. They have made it clear that no man with a good case need fear the verdict of his country. They have created a court of public opinion before which any man might be glad and proud to appear.

I believe the Army in France may rest its full faith on the big fact that the American principle does work. We must doubtless expect other events affecting the nation's courage, and cannot expect a continuously perfect reaction, but the past month has assuredly proved the soundness of the whole body of the people, and has given an example of surprising solidarity without loss of the typical American independence of thought.

BEATING THE BLUE PENCIL Here's one way correspondents have of gently evading the censorship and still staying in the good graces of the censors:

"I visited today a unit that is commanded by a major who is still in his early thirties," a correspondent will write. "This young major is the son of a former President of the United States, who has very prominent teeth, who occasionally, mind you, will drink a milk punch just before retiring if he has had a particularly strenuous day, and who is the inventor of numerous phrases, such as the shorter and uglier word, 'you and I are practical men,' 'the strenuous life,' etc., etc."

A CHANT OF ARMY COOKS

We never were made to be seen on parade When sweethearts and such line the streets, When the band starts to blare, look for us—we ain't there. We're musing around with the eats. It's fun to step out to the echoing shout Of a crowd that forgets how you're fed, While we're slogging our duds hacking eyes out of spuds— You know what Napoleon said.

When the mess sergeant's gay, you can bet hell's to pay For the boys who are standing in line; When the boys get a square, then the sergeant is there With your death warrant ready to sign.

If you're long on the grub, then you're damned for a dub, If you're short, you're a miser instead, But, however you feel, you must get the next meal— You know what Napoleon said.

You think it's a cinch when it comes to the clinch For the man who is grinding the meat; In the heat of the fight, why, the cook's out of sight With plenty of room to retreat. But a plump of a shell in a kitchen is hell When the roof scatters over your head, And you crawl on your knees to pick up the K. P.'s— You know what Napoleon said.

If the war ever ends, we'll go back to our friends— In the army we're nary a one— We'll list to the prattle of this or that battle, And then, when the story is done, We'll say when they ask, "now what was your task, And what is the glory you shed?" "You see how they thrive—well, we kept 'em alive!" You know what Napoleon said.

NO RECIPE REQUIRED Hash is a staple dish in the American home, but not in the Army. Therefore, when a mess sergeant repeated the hash diet several days, one of the privates made several remarks about the food to his pals.

"How do they make that 'ere hash?" he asked innocently. An ebony-hued lad who had been second cook on a Mississippi packet looked at the questioner and smiled. "They don't make hash; it jus' accumulates."

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A. E. F. UNIVERSITY GIVES GRADS DEGREE OF B. A. F.

2000 Bachelors of Art of Fighting Have Been Turned Out of Army's Schools in France

FIVE WEEKS' COURSE IS STIFF ONE TO BUCK

"What We're Here For," Say Students as They Buckle Down to Big Job

By W. S. BALL
Correspondent of the Providence Journal With the American Army in France

America's educational system is expanding, as perhaps you realize. Perhaps, also, you know that it is bulging heavily in this direction. But it is developing more than you might believe. I suspect, along formal and elaborate lines.

I have just returned from a visit to one of our newest and busiest American universities. There are, of course, special training schools of many sorts in all the armies. But this one is a real university, a group of post-graduate schools; so far as I know it was the first of its kind.

And scribbling here by dubious candle light in the office of the "Hague" tavern, where French and American uniforms and accents are mingling curiously around the room, I want, while the picture of what I have seen is fresh in mind, to emphasize the fact that it is a splendidly American addition to our chain of educational institutions.

The universities back home have, for the duration of the war, a lively rival here. And yet not merely a rival. It supplements their work as well. Within the day I have talked with Brown graduates and those of other colleges, now studying side by side with men to have seen no schooling since eighth grade days.

This university, whose name is a number and whose address is the familiar alphabetical trilogy "A. E. F.," has for its campus a few thousand acres of mud.

Its lecture halls are squatly shacks about as impressive as those in a typical street-widening scene in downtown Providence. Its dormitories can be distinguished from the lecture halls by the numbers over the doors, and nohow else. Its laboratory apparatus would make the sternest showing of the engineering department of any university back home look like a Rebooth sewing circle.

College Yell Is Untamed

Its college yell exists only in the form of a general shout of glee at grub time. Its favorite song is "Rosie O'Grady," or something equally antique. Whatever old ditty happens to be running in any man's mind at the moment will serve.

Its official bell is a bugle. Its campus is a two-by-three renty box. Every physical phase of it is raw and primitive.

It is equipped to graduate 8,000 super-fighters a year. More than 2,000 of them already cherish its diplomas.

And every man it sends out from any one of its departments is not merely a super-fighter, but the teacher of a company of fighters. For it is a normal school as well.

It was said that Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other made a college. Here, too, it is the instructors and the students, rather than the physical equipment, that make the university. The spirit of the men creates the place.

I mentioned that 2,000 already cherish its diplomas. "Cherish" is right. For a diploma from this school is a tribute to hard-won knowledge—knowledge of how to "get" the Kaiser's cohorts.

The man who passes his exams here has learned much. He has learned the goods—the strange goods that this war demands. He can teach others to deliver them. He can help America put on its "show." (I like that phrase from the British front. It says so much so casually.)

The man who flunks—but not many of them have flunked so far. They take it too earnestly. They are studying to beat the Boche.

They are of all sorts and all degrees of previous education, products of college and high school and store and bank and factory. But they are all men in khaki, which means that they are all men of one sort. They are here for business.

Exams Are Good Stiff Ones

For they are men who have been in France long enough to realize—to feel in their muscle and marrow as well as in their minds—that we are facing a job to test the mettle of the biggest of Republics. This school is here to teach them to do their share. And they are not dawdling.

"We had our first written exam a couple of days ago," one of the students told me. A man, by the way, whose name used to figure in the headlines after certain intercollegiate meets, not many years since. "And believe me, I never ran up against a tougher test in all my four years at ———." He named a famous university.

"Did you pass it?"

"You bet your life I passed it. That's what I'm here for."

That's the spirit of the place. It is the spirit not alone of this particular school, but of khaki-America in France. Give the men here a reasonable chance with supplies and all, and "you can bet your life" on them. Which, as a matter of fact, is the gamble you can't dodge in this affair.

The geography of the university in question is difficult to describe without undue precision. The easiest way to get to it is to don Uncle Sam's uniform and make good in your company until Friend Captain asks you to make better by sending you here. If Friend Colonel and Friend General endorse the Captain's guess about you, then welcome to our village.

"To Make Better Than Good"

"To make better than good" is the real motto of the institution. It takes, by a careful system of selection and assignment, men from different commands in many branches of the service. These are given a vigorous course in the intricacies of the newest arts of modern war, and then return to their commands to pass along what they have learned.

such schools. This is the American plan for economy of administration. It has the added and important advantage of permitting the easy co-ordination of courses that fit into each other.

As now constituted, the schools in this group can care for nearly 11,000 students. Each school takes commissioned and non-commissioned officers alike, and the enrollment is about equally divided between them.

The lengths of the courses differ slightly in the various affiliated schools, but five weeks is the general period of a term. The longest, aerial observation, is six weeks. There's one course which practically all the students of all the schools are required to take, that lasts three days.

"And an equally important course it is, too," declared the President of the university as he outlined for me the work of the institution. One would say so. It is the course in defense against gas attacks.

With terms of five weeks each for the majority students, and a necessary interval of a week between outgoing and incoming classes, the university is prepared to graduate eight classes a year, of a thousand or more men each. It was established last September, definitely expanded about the middle of October, and has been steadily increasing its capacity ever since.

All Branches But Two

There are now ten departments or schools, all but two of which are conducted on the main campus. These two are not far away, and are under the same presidency and general direction.

To pass through all ten, absorbing everything that they have to offer, would be to learn practically everything that is known, up to the latest tick of the watch, of the art of modern warfare in every branch except heavy artillery and flying. These are taught elsewhere.

Here, for example, infantry officers are taught the latest angles of their many-sided jobs, from setting up drills to sniping, from trench routine to liaison with the artillery. For the infantry officer must know an amazingly number of things, and the number is increasing with every day of war experience. He must be the expert of his command in every branch of its work.

He must know the surest way to land a hand grenade in the enemy trenches at the particular quarter-second when it will do the most good. He must know machine guns and automatic rifles as if he had invented them. He must know the meaning of every highlight and every shadow in an aerial photograph of the enemy trenches opposite him. He must know to the ultimate detail how to follow the barrage fire when his men go over the top.

He must know these and a hundred other things, all in addition to the supreme art of commanding men. Of seeing that they have the regulation allowance of socks when they take to the trenches. Of insisting that they grease their feet properly. Of making sure that their rations are well cooked. Of keeping them cheered up when tobacco runs low or when the mailman doesn't come around with letters from home.

"Real Dope" Is Taught Here

Much of the work of the infantry school, of course, is similar to that of Plattsburg and other officer training camps at home. But it gains intensity here, and sees the constant introduction of new tricks fresh from the fighting lines, by the fact of being in the very heart of the war zone.

The instructor who tells the class what to look out for in a trench raid, either ours or theirs, may be a British or a French or an American officer who within the week has been in a trench raid himself. To be in intimate touch like this with the actual fighting from day to day and to work within inspiration of its sound, is one of the privileges of the university.

Most of the instructors are American colonels and majors and captains who have supplemented their previous training by study of their specialties in the English and French training schools, and in their lines as well. But the lecturers include officers from the other armies who have won prominence as authorities in different branches of war.

Each student of the infantry school is expected before he receives his diploma to be a master of the art of withstanding a gas attack. This has a department to itself, but its course fits into the courses of the other schools. Which is one of the advantages of the university system our army has adopted.

In the gas school the men are taught to put their own masks on in a hurry. Then they are given descriptions of the various types that have been introduced by the kindly Germans, and the ways in which these are most quickly and surely detected. They are told some of the results of gas attacks from the experiences of the English and French, and the permanent effect on individuals who are gassed.

Speed Tests in Gas Mask Work

Next they are given masks and taught to put them on quickly. Speed counts. With certain kinds of gas it counts so much that "do it quick or don't bother to do it at all" is the axiom. Quickness in getting the masks adjusted becomes a point of rivalry among the men, and they tell of the various records that have been made as they might talk of a hundred yard dash.

Then come the gas chambers. These and open-air demonstrations supplement the theory of the class room. For the school is nothing if not practical.

Down the road from the campus, as I drove toward it in the morning, there came a platoon of queer looking individuals walking heavily through the mud. At a distance they might have been the mythical men from Mars that Wells used to write about. As we came closer, the individuals resolved themselves into students out for a practice hike wearing their anti-gas regalia. They were learning to advance through a gas zone, and there was no make-believe about the thoroughness with which they were fitting themselves for the front.

Different types of masks and respirators which experience has shown to be the most useful, methods of "spotting"

AN ODE TO MY WINTERFIELD UNIFORM

By G. M. SERGEANT PERCY WEBB

O Winterfield, my Winterfield, I really must confess, You quite surpass most any class Of uniform or dress!

And yet the shades of coat and pants, Oh, uniform of mine, Are brown and green, while in between, There is a color line!

There's class to your patch pockets; still, I've reason to suppose They call them "patch" because they match

Some other fellow's clothes. And while across my tightened chest

I feel your buttons bind, How could I fail to know the tail

Is flaring out behind!

Then when I'm walking through the town, I hear the people say, While giving me the "up and down," "What is he, anyway?"

"Is he one of the flying corps, A home-guard, engineer— A Belgian or a Britisher On furlough over here?"

O Winterfield, my Winterfield! Whatever your merits be, You're good enough for Uncle Sam,

And good enough for me. For though your pants we're salmon pink, Your coat were emerald green,

The man inside could say with pride, "I'm a U. S. MARINE!"



gas when it first comes over, ways of anticipating attacks and preparations for meeting them—all these are included in the brief but intensive course.

I have dealt at some length with the infantry and gas because of the schools because these can be described less technically than some of the others, and I am not here trying to give even a casual imitation of a military treatise. Our university teaches also engineering in most of its war branches, many forms of camouflage, rifle and pistol and automatic gun fire, grenade throwing, bayonet work, army sanitation from the medical expert and company commander point of view, and aerial observation. Every one of them deserves a description to itself as a part of the description but this is a story of the institution as a whole.

Schools Like Mushrooms

Not the least interesting phase of the whole big enterprise has been the way in which it has grown from nothing and tried on its teaching at the same time. Which is typical of much that our army already in France has been through.

We are just at the threshold of our part in the affair. Our officers have been working out the problems not merely of the untold thousands who are here, but of the untold hundreds of thousands to follow.

Hardly more than three months ago the site of this sprawling establishment was a rural French landscape and nothing more. Fields of grain and vegetables occupied it. A farm building or two, and the village in the distance were the only signs of life. Then it was chosen as the location for the first of our military universities, and America moved in.

Construction work was barely under way when the work of instruction began. Classes were formed almost before there were barracks to house all the students. Artillery ranges and practice trenches were still to be provided. The executive officers and instructors evolved their systems of teaching while they built roads and planned barracks. And building still goes on as fast as resources at hand will allow.

Today the President of the university, whose real title is Commandant of the schools, took me to the summit of a little hill not far from the administration building and pointed out the various features of the institution.

"There," said he, indicating, "is the—I mean will be—indicated. "There will be, I mean is—" "There is, or will be, or partly is. —" "One really does not know how much per cent of the university is on earth and how much is still on paper till one has consulted the construction records of the previous half day.

'Tis a Hard Day's Work

But there is enough of it done to furnish plenty of opportunity for work for the thousand students. And, as I have hinted, the take opportunity by the hand and sortle roughly through the snow or the mud or over the frozen hummocks.

To tell the truth, there is not much incentive to do anything else, and little desire. The school day's schedule of classes and lectures and drills runs from 8 in the morning to 5:30 in the afternoon. After that hour, in addition to getting supper and attending to personal equipment, the remaining time goes into study for the next day. Of text books there are not many. But there are notes on the lectures, given out in the form of typewritten sheets, and there is plenty of laboratory study of the various weapons and devices.

"Where do you do your studying?" I asked one of the men.

For answer he pointed to the two-story bunks that stretched down the hundred-foot barracks in which we stood.

"Lying in those, with candles for light," he said, "or else go to the Y.M.C.A. but, Or else—see our recitation and lecture hall? We use that for a study room a good deal of the time."

So he led me by narrow board walks stretching across seas of mud to another barracks, outwardly exactly like the one from which we had come. But inside, in place of bunks, it had rude tables and benches, of a sort that would make a country district schoolroom seem palatial by contrast.

Around the sides were guns of the particular type with which this particular department dealt. In front was a blackboard covered with diagrams from that day's lecture.

In such a college hall are being learned, day after day and night after night, the lessons that will be carrying our men over the top and on toward the Rhine.

Brisk Beginning Helps

But they start the day by playing tag. Whatever department the student may be in, the first routine of his forenoon schedule, immediately after breakfast, is known as "close order drill." This, primarily, is an infantry drill, designed to teach precision, quick response to command, and discipline. It is varied, however, with games that seem ludicrously incongruous when their relation to the business of war is considered. For the most part they are games after the general pattern of "Fussy wants a corner" and other forms of systematized tag.

This is a feature of our training that has been adopted from the British military schools, where they are enthusiastic

about it. It brisks up the start of the day's proceedings, it quickens the blood, it teaches alertness and it furnishes a laugh now and then.

"When we first tackled these kid stunts," explained one of the students, "we felt more or less foolish. But soon we got to see the value of them, and then to enjoy them. Now we go in for them for all we are worth."

It is a diverting "tag" to see a group of husky men in khaki, who the day before were "tagging" with rapid-fire guns and hand-grenades, and who a few minutes later will turn to jabbing bayonets through dummies and tackling barbed wire entanglements, chase each other floundering through the mud in a desperate attempt to "tag" each other.

But it is a part of the training whose value grim experience has taught. And the contrasts of war are strange in other ways than this.

As the five weeks' course nears its end, the men spend more and more of their time putting into actual practice in the field what they have been learning. The final week brings a general liaison test of the various departments, each section contributing its special branch of the fighting to a miniature battle, which is as realistic as anything to be seen back of the actual front.

The Term's "Big Show"

This is the "big show" of the term. It furnishes a climax that fixes many things in mind as the men return to their barracks and pack their belongings in preparation for their return to their several commands, scattered through Somewhere.

Once upon a time we heard a phrase about a million men springing into action between sunrise and sunset—or was it between sunset and sunrise? Long ago we learned the primitiveness of that notion. But for a full and perfect answer one must visit such a school for warriors as this that Uncle Sam has planted in the fields of France.

Here one sees demonstrated the futility of going into modern battle without knowing what a modern battle is. Here one sees the myriad details of it—each detail of which means lives thrown away or lives saved.

Here one sees the intricacies of preparation that range all the way from washing mess tins to the most rigid application of higher mathematics. Here one sees officers toiling to make up for long years of military inexperience. And here one sees the slight of sights—young Americans by the thousands tackling their task with the sureness of grim good nature that answers questions about their work by saying: "You bet your life! That's what we're here for."

A "DUD" IS JUST A FIZZLE

Tommy Atkins Coins Us a New Bit of Handy Lingo

LONDON.—Now that "camouflage" has definitely rooted itself in the English language as a synonym for deception and bunk of any kind, American slauguists should be ready to take "dud."

DUD, adj.; totally defective; zero in degree; of no account; worthless.—Dictionary of 1918.

Some ready witted Tommy addressed himself one day to a huge German shell that had fallen near him but failed to explode. "You dear old dud," beamed the Tommy. Since then all harmless shells, bombs or cartridges have been known as "duds."

From explosives that do not explode, the word soon extended itself to fighters' vocabularies until it became the thing to describe idle parts of the front as "dud sectors," war weary Boches as "dud Fritzies," and battles that fail to develop into expected big actions as "dud shows."

The British front passed the word along to the American front, and now, by these tokens, "dud" is officially sent home as one of the first of the American souvenirs.

STORIES OF THE LORRAINE LINE

CUSSING TO A GOOD PURPOSE

Someone had just remarked that the American soldier sweats. "But he sweats for a d— good cause," said the bayonet instructor. "You start your bayonet practice feeling kind of passive toward the Boches. By the time you've been jabbing and cussing for fifteen minutes you find you've cussed yourself into a hot rage against the dirty murderers."

The bayonet school is in a hollow. There are about thirty dummies dressed like Huns swinging in the breeze in the posture which Sammy thinks would be most appropriate for the Kaiser and the Crown Prince—ropes around their necks and feet clear of the ground. In shell-holes on the ground there are more dummies with a tag stuck on each vital part. Beyond, where the floor of the hollow starts sloping upward, is a line of trench and still further, midway up the slope, is a row of sticks with jam cans perched on top of them.

Thirty rangy militiamen lined up in the snow at the start of the "track." The instructor signaled and they crouched. "Go!" he shouted. "Get the ———. Cut their ——— hearts out."

With fierce yells the men sprang at the swinging rows of Huns. "See-oo-oo, you dirty ———," screamed the quick little bantam on the end as he threw himself at the Hun. His bayonet did its dirty work and he slammed the Boche with his rifle-butt just to make the job a certainty. "Eep-yeep, Yaheewee! I am, am I?" yelled the next man, and his face was a picture of rage. "You lousy, lousy, killing ———!"

All down the line bayonets were flashing and thirty American boys cursed like madmen. They swept on to the shell-holes, still howling their profane warcry and skewering the prostrate Huns. They dropped into the trench and commenced sniping the jam tins. Every tin dropped.

"Guts and discipline and give 'em h—," said the instructor. "That's our motto."

BOUND HE'D EAT IN COMFORT

"Hey, Lieutenant, better not run on that road. Fritzie can see it plain as day and he's been dropping shells on it all morning."

The warning came from a mud-spattered doughboy, seated on the tumbled bricks of a destroyed farmhouse with his mess-tin full of beans held between his knees. Mud and khaki make a perfect camouflage. You wouldn't have noticed him if he hadn't yelled.

The staff lieutenant on the way back from brigade headquarters stopped his car. The shouted warning was supplemented by the unmistakable "racket" of traveling shells—that invisible express train sound. Two "H.E." shells slammed the surface of the road just ahead and tore holes in the crushed rock, hurling stones and chunks of steel in five directions.

The lieutenant and his driver got out. It was right on the edge of a crushed farm village. A seven-work netting camouflage was supposed to hide the road, but in eighteen months of stationary fighting thereabouts the Boche has obtained accurate registry of the town and road both, despite camouflage.

"Come back in town here, Lieutenant," called the soldier from his rockpile luncheon. "Most of them hit the road or go clean over into the Rue de Victory. It's safe here."

The Boche was starting up again. He tossed ten shells on the road and about thirty more into town.

With each shell the lieutenant, the driver and the infantryman ducked their heads and after each duck they looked up with sheepish grin at one another. One high-explosive missile went low over their heads and poked another hole in the Swiss-cheese front wall of a destroyed dwelling across the street. It struck square in the middle of the "Chocolate Mummy" sign. "Bull's-eye," said Sammy, looking up from his hopeless search for a morsel of pork among the beans. "Say," he demanded, turning to the driver, "what do you guys get to eat? Last night we had slum and I couldn't

find any potatoes in it. Today we get pork and beans—only it's theoretical pork."

The shelling became fairly hot. Several hundred shrapnel and high explosive shells broke over the town, in the ruins and in a row along the road. "Yanks" and Pollus appeared in twos and three from unobservable nooks in the ruins and hurried to the dugouts down under the masonry.

In these towns you'll notice that all the emergency dugouts have their entrance facing toward interior France, away from the direction of enemy shells. They are placed in the lee of a standing wall whenever there's a wall standing.

"Wonder where that one went," said the driver after one loud burst. He ran through a hole in the wall to investigate a fresh shell-hole at close range.

The lieutenant was under fire for the first time. However he felt about it he maintained an outward calm—almost unconcern—for the benefit of the gallery of enlisted men.

A head poked out of the nearest dug-out.

"Hey Fat," yelled the man in the dug-out. "Come on in here. You'll get hurt if you stick out there."

"Well, a man's got to eat, hasn't he?" Fat called back. "That dugout stinks so a fellow can't enjoy his chow down there."

The lieutenant called his driver. They climbed back into the machine and began a two mile run parallel to the front, under enemy observation all the way.

"Well, I've done my part—I warned 'em," said Fat, spearing the ultimate bean.

COOKS TO DOLE THE SUGAR

CAMP FUNSTON, KAS.—Food conservation here and in other camps throughout the country has even gone to the bottom of the soldiers' coffee cup. No longer will he please his "sweet tooth" by digging into the sugar bowl and dipping out two, or perhaps three, spoonfuls of sugar to make his black java more palatable. Hereafter the cook will dole it out to him.

EDUCATES THE OFFICERS

Maneuvers, Says Southerner, Serve a Useful Purpose

How eager the soldiers of a certain American unit were to get into action is demonstrated in a story told by a commanding officer who was watching a maneuver just before the troops went to the front.

Six doughboys were resting on the side of a hill after spending a hard day climbing through mud to capture "Hindenburg," a "d" "Mackensen" trenches that existed only on maps prepared for that particular problem. They had done the same thing many times before.

"Well, boys," drawled one lanky Southerner, "we're all anxious to quit this playin' and go up. And I suppose we'll get up some day when we get through educating these officers!"

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1918.

TEAM MATES

The United States is in this war for good and sufficient reasons of its own. Its aim is to lick Germany. To lick Germany quickly and thoroughly it must work in complete harmony with its Allies. Therefore, any man who, by word or thought or implication, seeks to destroy that harmony is doing his part in marring the job of the United States and therefore in prolonging the war.

England's purpose in this war is sincere and honorable. So is France's. So is Japan's. So is Italy's. So—God knows—is Belgium's. So it is with all our other Allies.

We know all this, but there will be those who will come amongst us and hint in an underhanded way that such is not the case. They will tell us that we are fighting England's battle, France's battle, Siam's battle, Liberia's battle—any battle but our own. They will ask us, for example, why we, who fought two wars against England, are found on her side today. They will ask us why we are over here in Europe at all, butting in on a fight that doesn't concern us.

The answer to all such questions and insinuations is this: We are over here to fight the battle of the United States, first, last and all the time. If, in fighting that battle, we help other nations to fight theirs, all right; for they in their turn will help us—as they have helped us in the past—to fight ours. We are here as members of a team, and it is only by team work with our Allies, the other members of that team, that we shall win out. Anybody who, by open word or insinuation, questions the integrity of our Allies thereby questions our own. If he is their enemy, he is ours, and should be dealt with as such.

Trying to promote dissension among the Allies is the main object of German propaganda today, as it has been for some time. Germany knows well the motto of one of our own States, "United we stand, divided we fall," and is therefore seeking to divide us. The only way to meet that propaganda is to nail, and nail hard and quick, the spreader of it. Whether he is sowing it of his own accord or repeating it second hand makes no difference, for he is thereby playing our enemy's game. And there is an ugly word of two syllables coined expressly to describe such a man.

OUR FIRST "C. O."

He knew no compromise with tyranny. He knew there could be no peace for his country based on such a compromise. He had pacifists to bother him in his day, did George Washington. He had to contend—as we have not—with traitors in high military place. He had to deal with those whose love of a foreign country was greater than that they owed to the land of their birth and upbringing. But he steered his course, he kept the faith in democracy that was his, and he saw his fight through, for seven long years and more—because he knew his cause was just and righteous.

He was a stern man, a cold man in his military dealings, a strict disciplinarian. Roused, he was one of the most human, one of the most simple and unassuming Christian gentlemen that has ever graced our country's roll of honor. He never spared himself when danger or fatigue was to be encountered. He was just, and humane. That is why men followed him over icy roads, with bleeding feet, with scanty rations and scantier ammunition—to victory!

He sought nothing for himself. Had he but nodded his head, he might have been military dictator—king—of the country he had saved and the nation he had helped to establish. But, his two terms of the presidency concluded, he returned to his beloved Mt. Vernon, beside the banks of the Potomac. And there, less than a year ago, the spiritual descendant of the Tory statesmen who had sought to subdue him came, with bared head, to pay tribute to his zeal for liberty, his devotion to its championing.

He is with us today, in spirit, is George Washington, for we are fighting the self-same fight that he fought, defending human liberty against military tyranny, helping to make the world sweeter and fairer to live in and work in. We are his army just as much as was that tattered band of Continentals, clad in motley uniforms, carrying motley weapons, which he transformed from a mob into an instrument of victory. The United States Army, like the United States Senate, is a body of con-

tinuous existence; and the army of which we are members is the same, in spirit and purpose and continuity, as that which Washington commanded. It has never gone to war save on behalf of human liberty, and it has never been defeated. It has therefore the proudest heritage—and cleanest record—of any army in the world.

From the Abode of all good and clean fighting-men who have departed from this world, we may be sure that, as we celebrate the anniversary of his birth this year, George Washington looks down and is well pleased. He sees the infant nation of his day transformed into a mighty force for the betterment of the world and the furtherance of the ideals to which he dedicated his great life. He sees that nation lined up in battle array side by side with his ancient ally, France, endeavoring to its utmost to repay France for the precious aid which La Fayette and the Comte de Rochambeau rendered him in his struggle.

But, even beyond that, he sees, in the same line of battle, the forces of the new England, the democratized England, the liberty-loving England which we may now hail with pride and affection as our Mother-Country. And because he knows that his struggle and that of his compatriots was one of the most vital factors in the upbuilding of that new and democratized and enlightened England—that in fighting America's fight he was also fighting the battle for English liberalism—he beholds with joy the reunion of the race. He glories in the realization that time and mutual understanding have healed the wounds of the old war. And he exults in every fibre of his fine old liberty-loving soul to see the two nations carrying on his work in concert. For George Washington, before he became commander-in-chief of the Continental army, was an officer of British colonial forces, and helped in clearing the pathway of civilization for the white men in the new land. Now he sees the two armies he served presenting a united front against the common enemy of civilization, the savage-at-large of today.

There is much to think of, much to be thankful for, upon this anniversary of the birth of the man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"—as he was, is, and always will be!

THE URGE TO POESY

Not so very long ago an American poet who really ought to be better known (his name is Richard Hovey and he died in 1900) summed it up this way: "Three secrets that never were said: The stir of the moth in the spring, The desire of a man for a maid, The urge-of the poet to sing."

With the first three we are not particularly concerned. The spring isn't here yet, for one thing, and the authorities differ as to when it will be. The second needs no explanation. The third—ah, that's the one that puzzles us! Why is it that a man who was a paying teller or a housepainter or a dog-catcher in civilian life becomes, the minute he dons khaki, a fervent would-be poet possessed of a highly irrepressible urge?

To be sure, an American soldier, if inclined to take serious thought, has about the most wonderful theme in the world to adorn with real poetic treatment—a nation, seeking no material advantage for itself, going to war that the world may be forever rid of tyranny and the consequent menace of future wars. But it's seldom he tackles so lofty a theme. Usually he contents himself with putting into verse the new and interesting thoughts that come to him from his contact with a country and a civilization which have hitherto been a closed book to him: in jutting down rhymes about his bunkmates, his officers, his chow, his drill,—in short, all about this great life of soldiering. Usually, he is said, he does a pretty good job of it, for the poetry that gets close to the everyday realities of existence is far more apt to live and thrive than is the poetry which deals with abstract virtues and principles.

For our own part, we hope the American soldier will not hold in his poetic urge as closely as he holds in his chin at "Ten-Shun!" It's nothing to be ashamed of, that desire to "bust into song," everybody's felt it at some time or another, and has felt better for giving in to it. And, the chances are, if a man feels strongly about what he writes he will also want to have other people feel strongly, too; so he seeks to have his work printed.

Send 'em along then, you Amex versifiers! THE STARS AND STRIPES wants to see your warbles.

THAT LETTER BACK HOME

Too many chaplains, too many company commanders have had tearfully phrased letters sent to them by parents (and others) asking how and where their sons or friends are, and asking why they do not write home. Of course, it is commendable if a man is too busy, in preparation for the biggest task of his life, to write overmuch, but a man ought to be able to write something, at least once a week, to the good people back home who are backing him and the whole army of which he is a part with their hopes and prayers and taxes and voluntary contributions. Even if it is only the stereotyped "I am well," scrawled on the reverse of a Y. M. or K. of C. postcard, it is something. And that something makes all the difference in the world to the anxious watchers in the States.

A man has not discharged his whole duty to the nation by allowing the nation to feed, clothe and arm him and transport him to France. One of his most important duties, once he is landed here, is to keep the people nearest and dearest to him informed of his well-being, of his progress, of his will to win out and to help others to win out. Newspaper correspondents help greatly in keeping the people back home in-

formed, but they cannot cover every unit, they cannot relate the particulars of every individual case. Every man must be the correspondent—the press-agent, if need be—for his own family circle. No newspaper story, however complete, accurate or thrilling, will ever take the place of his own, personal account of the things he encounters. Those people at home have made many sacrifices in order to keep us on the line here. They should be rewarded by being kept as well informed as possible of the service their representatives are rendering the Cause.

HOW DO YOU SALUTE?

It is an old story, which most of us of the A. E. F. have heard from everybody over us the "top" up or down, as our rank may be. It is this business of saluting—this very necessary business of saluting. There have been talks about it, and things written about it, but the best thing on the subject that has yet come to the attention of THE STARS AND STRIPES is this, by Lieut. Col. Andrew J. Dougherty, formerly of the Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., and now of the 357th Infantry, National Army:

"When an enlisted man, a lieutenant, a captain, a colonel, a general salutes his superior, he says by this act, 'I will obey you'; and the smartness with which the salute is made is an exact measure of the way we will obey. When an officer returns the salute of an inferior in rank, he says: 'I will strive to the limit to prepare myself to lead you to victory.' A soldier will fight as he salutes. This act, repeated scores of times daily, forms a habit which neither fear nor sickness, nor physical weakness can break."

"A soldier will fight as he salutes." How many of us ever thought of it in that way before? And how many of us, with that thought in mind, want to put ourselves down before the public as sloppy fighters!

The moral is plain.

"GAS-ALERT!"

Guiltily people are always superstitious. Look at the Germans—how they knock on Wood!

It is to be hoped that the Government weather stations soon to be installed here will not be manned by any of those "prophets" of the 1916 Presidential election.

Artists back home who draw pictures of us (as we are supposed to look) are doing rather better these days. The last portrait of a "Sammy" (yes, they still call us that!) to come into THE STARS AND STRIPES office had every detail of the uniform right except the buttons, the pockets, the collar ornaments, the belt, the putts, and the hat. The trousers, at least, were correct. That is some improvement.

The more one sees and hears of the American troops over here, the more one is inclined to believe that the United States would surely be up against it if Ireland were to make a separate peace.

That A.E.F. cold storage plant somewhere in France is, to our minds, the proper place to put the company bugler who always is late on blowing recall from drill and always early on blowing reveille.

"You will realize, as I think statesmen on both sides of the water realize, that the culminating crisis in the struggle has come, and that the achievements of this year on one side or the other must determine the issue."—President Wilson to the Farmers' Congress at Urbana, Ill.

The farmers will do their part, we feel sure. Meanwhile it is up to us, also, to make hay.

Now that second-lieutenants are wearing gold bars on their shoulders it is up to someone in authority to propose mahogany bars for sergeants! Yes, and ivory bars for certain corporals! And—yes, again!—reinforced concrete bars for some privates that we know! And—oh, yes—bars of soap for all of us!

The National Guard of Hawaii is the only portion of that once famous organization not now mobilized. We Americans are far too tender-hearted. Think of turning loose all those ukelele players on the Boche!

"How are the Americans off for officers? Mr. Baker says they had 9,000 officers of all ranks in April of last year, but that they now have 110,000. That is truly an American masterpiece of accomplishment—to see parades on a hundred thousand men and call them "leaders!"—Colonel Gaedke, in the Bremerzeitung.

It is not perfectly conceivable, Herr Oberst, that America may have had 110,000 men fit to be officers in April, in addition to the 9,000 already commissioned? You may remember what Napoleon the Great had to say about Marshals' batons in knapsacks!

On the whole, the announcement that Mr. Henry Ford is about to build a fleet of anti-submarine craft has not occasioned very much surprise among A.E.F. chauffeurs. They have piloted some of the flivver craft under veritable submarine conditions on top of what once were roads.

Sieves are reported to be very scarce in the Scandinavian countries. To relieve the shortage, we might send the good people some of the roofing from the barracks which the engineers put up for us.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE GENERAL

He wears a cord of shining gold, a collar decked with stars.
To show he is the favorite son of Mister J. H. Mars.
We tumble out the guard for him, and snap up to salute!
Because he's been a Dad to us, we all swear he's a beauty!
He rolls around the country in a big, high-powered car.
And chins with other Generals, who come from near and far;
Then he goes back to his office, where he works till late at night.
A-planning and a-planning how he's going to make his fight.
He never has to walk a post, or scrub the cookshack pans.
But he has won a harder job than any other man's!
He may not have to tote a pack and wallow through the muck,
But if his plans go woosy, why we all are out of luck!
He doesn't work with bayonet, or gun or hand grenade.
But all the same, his life is not one grand, long dress parade;
He has to lie awake at night, and fuss with maps all day.
And that's the reason why his thatch is prematurely gray.
It takes all kinds of fighting men to give the Boche the pip.
From doughboys up to colonels; but the General has the grip.
On all the whole darn shooting-match; and, since he knows his game,
We'll follow him through hell and back, and never mind the flame!

PEACE PRELIMINARIES —By Charles Dana Gibson



Reproduced by courtesy of "Life."

A DOUGHBOY'S LETTER TO KAISER WILHELM

To Wilhelm Hohenzollern, of Potsdam, Pless, Berlin, and other places:

The other day I came across a reported speech of yours in one of a bunch of papers from back home, in which you inquired—as if you really wanted to know—why we Americans were over here. In this speech you said you didn't see what business it was of ours to be over here at all, and you intimated that you didn't think that any of us knew why we were pitted against you and your kind.

But, although I suspect you know pretty well what brought us here, I am going to do what very few people nowadays care to do—take you at your word, and give you the information you say you want. A cat may look at a king, and I rather guess an American doughboy may write to an emperor.

So, here goes.
We are against you and your kind because—

You planned and plotted and worked for this war for a quarter of a century and more, knowing full well what misery it would bring, knowing full well how many lives it would sacrifice, and caring not a bit as long as it brought you and your kind the power you sought.

You had it within your power to arbitrate the Serbian-Austrian controversy at the outbreak of this war, and thus preserve the people of Europe; and you passed it up.

You held the insufferable Austrian reply to Serbia, which Serbia could not have complied with except by giving up her nationality, for fourteen hours, with power to change or modify it so that Serbia might accept, and war be averted; then you let it be released, and backed it up.

You invaded, with fire, sword, and iron heel, a country whose neutrality you were sworn to respect—Belgium.

In Belgium and Northern France you visited upon the natives such crimes as would make the tortures practiced by savage tribesmen seem tame by comparison.

By your orders fathers of families were lined up against walls and shot in the sight of their offspring.
Nursing mothers were hacked about the body, and their children impaled on bayonets.

Young girls were forced into a condition worse than slavery, worse than death—and then branded with the red cross of Prussian shame.

Young men and old were deported from their native land, to work for you as no better than slaves, at miserable wages, while fed on insufficient food.

Children in arms were left to perish without nourishment, and those of less tender age were left to shift for themselves, in a shell-wrecked, flame-ridden country.

Property of individuals was seized without compensation, and turned over to you and yours for use in continuing your warfare.

On the high seas you instituted the practice of sinking without warning the vessels of non-combatants, sending to a watery grave both little children and

their mothers—as in the case of the Lusitania.

You instructed the commanders of your submarines even to fire upon the crews and passengers of torpedoed ships while they were in open boats, in heavy seas.

On land, you revived the horrible practice of crucifixion, and applied it to prisoners of war.

You practiced other mutilation and disfigurement upon prisoners.

You incited your non-Christian allies, the Turks, to massacre thousands upon thousands of helpless Armenian and Syrian Christians.

You lent yourself to a deliberate campaign of murder, rape and pillage in Serbia, the better to handicap that invaded country in rehabilitating itself.

In diplomacy, you, through your foreign minister, openly urged Mexico and Japan, two countries with which our nation was at peace, to make war upon us.

You tried to poison our press, our Congress, our public men with your lies about our present Allies. You set up a corruption fund of \$50,000,000 for the subversion of the legislative department of our government.

You organized strikes, forerented plots, tried in every way to cripple peaceful industry in our own country. You attempted, on a large scale, to incite a

considerable proportion of our population to rise against the rest of us.

You ordered us to keep off the high seas under pain of being torpedoed—unless we followed your degrading and ridiculous instructions as to the manner of marking and sending our ships.

In short, you have, for the last three years and a half, spared neither men, women nor innocent children in your scheme of making war—you have preached "frightfulness" everywhere and everywhere you have practiced what you have preached.

You have blasphemously proclaimed God to be your ally, and have exhorted your troops to main, burn, rape and kill "in the name of the good old German God." You have made God out to be a god of cruelty and oppression, even as the savages have—whereas, we know that our God is a God of love and of freedom.

You have poisoned wells indeed, in the occupied districts of Northern France; but, even worse than that, you have poisoned the wells of truth for the entire world.

That, in brief, is why we are over here—that is why we are against you. That is why we will, in concert with the other civilized nations of the world have at you until your power to work such woe is no more. And not until that has been done will we go home.

AN AMERICAN DOUGHBOY.

MENTIONED IN ORDERS

RATIONS FOR THE TRENCHES

An increase in the ration allowance of troops actually serving in the front line is authorized, up to the end of March, as follows: Coffee, 50 per cent; sugar, 33 1/3 per cent; meat, 25 per cent; candles, 100 per cent; matches, 50 per cent.

It is also stipulated that canned soups be substituted for the meat component of the ration, when practicable, on a basis of two ounces of soup for one ounce of meat. These regulations hold good for the months from November to March, inclusive, in future.

SAVING OIL AND GASOLINE

Chauffeurs and others engaged in caring for the automobiles of the A.E.F. are warned that necessity exists for the strictest economy in the use of gasoline and oil. Accordingly, the strictest observance of the following rules is enjoined upon all persons responsible for the operation and maintenance of motor vehicles:

- Under no circumstances will gasoline be used to clean motors or vehicles.
- The use of motor transportation for other than military purposes is strictly forbidden.
- Carburetors will be kept adjusted so that the maximum efficiency is derived from the minimum expenditure of fuel.
- Motors of vehicles not running will not be allowed to run longer than one minute.
- Drastic disciplinary action will be taken in every case of violation of this order.

LIBERTY BOND PAYMENTS

An allotter may transfer Liberty Bonds before payment of full purchase price, but remains liable to the Government for the full purchase price, unless the Government accepts the assignee as debtor.

All persons who subscribed to the Second Liberty Loan under the allotment plan, and who are paid on individual pay accounts, are advised that the amount of the allotment to be charged on the pay accounts for the month ending July 31, 1918, should be \$4.75 for each \$50 bond, instead of \$6.75, as previously announced. All organization commanders are

directed to make the necessary notation on the retained form of allotments made by members of their organization for the purchase of Second Liberty Loan bonds, and on which the tenth allotment is given \$6.75, to show that such tenth allotment is \$4.75. In addition, all disbursing officers who make payment of accounts on which are entered charges for allotment due for the purchase of Second Liberty Loan bonds will exercise care that the tenth allotment provides for a deduction of \$4.75 for each \$50 bond. It will not be necessary that a new allotment form be made out to cover this change.

COURT-MARTIAL FORFEITS

That portion of an enlisted man's pay required to be allotted to dependents is beyond the power of courts-martial to forfeit, because it has been otherwise disposed of by Congress. The remaining portion, being subject absolutely to disposition by the enlisted man, is subject also to forfeiture by sentence of courts-martial. Consequently the enlisted man's pay must be disposed of so as to satisfy:

- The compulsory allotment
- Obligations to the Government, including fines and forfeitures.
- Voluntary allotments.

The only exception to the foregoing rules is that men absent from duty under the provisions of General Orders 45, War Department, 1914, forfeit all pay, including compulsory allotments, whether allotted or not, for such absences.

TO OWNERS OF HORSES

Although the War Department has been requested to stop the shipment of private mounts abroad, it is provided that all private mounts now in France may be retained by their owners as long as the circumstances of the service permit. It is further stipulated that, upon change of station, private mounts will be sent overland.

MORE FUEL ALLOWED

On account of the inclement weather, and the fact that the majority of the troops of the A.E.F. are quartered in temporary barracks which are difficult to heat, the allowance of fuel previously specified is increased 50 per cent for the months of February and March, 1918.

RUSSIA BENCHED; NO MORE WEAK HITTERS

For those who hit home runs each day That baseball stories might make a story, Have joined the greater sporting fray— Pinch hitting now for glory.

And faithful fans who always came Once more shall seek their favored places; But they shall miss, throughout the game, Those old familiar faces.

BASEBALL HEARS A CLINK OF SILVER

War Gives Everybody but the Fans a Cause for Jubilation

BUSHERS LIKE NEW RULINGS

Tax on Tickets Allows Managers a Chance to Make Fans Foot all Bills

Back home the baseball war is raging. It is all about money. Sitting here in our Sanctum Adrian 3,000 miles away from the swat-festers' Brest Litovsk, some of the terms in our cable correspondents' communique puzzled us a bit. But one note is clear throughout—and that's the clink of silver. The players are grasping for their share and the managers are not behindhand. Meanwhile, the fans suik—for they must foot the bill.

The big leaguers have admitted a delegation of bushers to the high conference, and certain constitutional rights demanded by ball players—particularly among the minors—have been conceded after much hot parley. Major league players are to have ten days' notice when unconditionally released. When minor leaguers are given their walking papers, they are to have five days' notice. Major leaguers are to be paid all expenses from their homes to the training camps.

Bushers Sure of a Home

Players purchased from Class AA leagues may remain with minor clubs until the end of the season, thus preventing the down-trodden bushers from suffering financial loss while the championship season is open. All this, of course, is heralded by ball players as a long sought victory.

How to make the price of admission tickets cover the war tax without riots at the gates is another matter of great concern to the much-harassed high commissioners. On big days the fractional sum required by the tax bids fair to cause large difficulties in making change to purchasers. The plan to raise the price to a "round sum" suits the managers but isn't so popular with the fans.

Ebbets Sticks the Fans

Charlie Ebbets of Brooklyn, who never is slow in the matter of hiking the ante, comes out with the announcement that the best way, as he sees it, is to stick the ticket purchaser ten percent.

Along with all this discussion, the conferees of the National Commission are trying to find time to revise the rules again, and to settle the old debate about the spit ball.

PENN BANS BEAR STORIES

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 14.—The days of the training camp "bear" stories are ended, at least at the University of Pennsylvania, where Graduate Manager Pickering has established an athletic censorship bureau through which all correspondents must submit their stories before sending them to the press. The reason given for adopting the censorship of athletic press was that in the past the impressions given by the stories had not been accurate and had injured rather than aided the athletic organizations.

Most of the large universities in the United States have encountered this difficulty, and it is believed that others will follow the lead of the University of Pennsylvania and allow the manager or coach to see the sport stories before they are published.

TRACK PROSPECTS BRIGHT

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Latest developments in inter-collegiate athletics show that prospects for a good year in track, rowing and baseball are far brighter than a few weeks ago. It will be remembered that when America entered the war and the first training camps depleted the athletic organizations, only a few of the big universities stood fast and decided that so far as it was possible athletic schedules should be maintained. A little later when President Wilson's message to the college presidents urged that athletics be kept up, other colleges joined the few which from the beginning had voted for the continuation of athletics, and, at the exception of Harvard, all of the larger universities and colleges have arranged inter-collegiate schedules.

PROMISE OF BOAT RACING

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The water in the first inter-collegiate dual race on May 11. The event will take place on the new Housatonic River course, which is recognized as the ideal two-mile stretch of America. Princeton, Columbia, and the Navy are the other entries in the events for the coming season. Cornell has not yet announced if she will compete. The Navy program of races has been completed and Yale will row against all colleges.

U. S. A.
Fighting Carol of Heds. Co., 320 Inf., N.A. (Tune of "Tannenberg")
U.S.A., U.S.A.
With bayonet and shot and shell,
We will give the Kaiser hell;
U.S.A., U.S.A.
Jab 'em, jab 'em,
Shoot and stab 'em;
U.S.A.
U.S.A., U.S.A.
With rifle bullets flying fast,
We'll nail the Kaiser to the mast;
U.S.A., U.S.A.
Stick 'em, stick 'em,
We can lick 'em;
U.S.A.
G. H. H. B.

JOHN L.

So, John L., they've done you in! One more champion is past; One more standby of the ring Gathered to his peers at last! One more going to two-fisted men Pays the toll of waning years, One more sporting gentleman Quits this mortal vale of tears!

Well you fought, and honestly, Always hit above the belt Square and handsome—as shall be Aye the glory of the Celt? Had you younger been, we know You could surely have been here. Dealing out your valiant blows— For you know not breath of fear!

When you scrapped, you scrapped by rule, Scrapped for glory and for prize: Those we fight with know no law Save a madman monarch's cry— Hit in clinches, send them foul, Hit a man when down—in sooth, Nought they know of sportsmanship. 'Naught have they of reck nor truth!

Called you cruel, did they? Why? Thought your sport a brutal thing? All our vict'ries, by the bye, Come by training in the ring: Sport it is for fighting men, Sport to train them for the fray— Sport that you made what it is, Sport that mourns your loss today!

Rest you, fighting gentleman, From your life of battles fierce: May no discord from below Your well-earned repose e'er pierce! May we, with our battles done, Meet you in Valhalla, when 'Front we'll be to be acclaimed Kin to you—clean fighting men!

STAR SHELLS

By Sgt. Stuart Carroll, of G.M.C. A PLEA.

A homely versifier, I, An honest journalistic gay, And born in old Mizou: I'd like to dip my pen and write From milky morn till naughty night Such stuff as this for you.

But when ye autocratic ed With ancient military, said: "I need some sporting chat," What could I do except salute, For 'm a buck and he's a lieutenant. A delectable lieutenant.

So here we go, and you who read May see that we don't go to seed By making it your biz To send us all the sport you know— Then watch the wicked wrinkles go! Forever from my pliz!

When Grover Cleveland Alexander claimed that the Cubs weren't offering him a sufficient salary, he probably had the notion that his earnings in one year should equal the sum paid by Uncle Sam, in years gone by, to another Grover Cleveland for serving eight.

By Cab asked exemption from the draft, asserting that he had dependents. While it is universally understood that animals do not come under the head of dependents, the draft board no doubt has an unallotted spot in its heart for Tigers.

And the fans over in the States are worrying about the announcement that there may be a war tax on baseball tickets. Oh, well: The taxes that bloom in the Spring, tra-la, Will burn the Huns in the Fall.

Closing the pool halls for two days a week and every night at ten o'clock puts an awful crimp in home billiard circles. We can picture Benny Allen and Jawz Kling, way out in Kansas City, closing the shutters on Twelfth Street, and the former Cub catcher complaining to his partner, "But Benny, it's only the shank of the evening."

Is it a circus you're wantin'? Jess Willard is closing out his aggregation of living miracles. We suggest that the Tank Service purchase the elephants for mascots.

UNCLE SAMMY IN THE BOX
Oh, just watch me when it's Springtime and the sun shines on the bleachers. When the Big Game starts, my laddie, on the diamond Over Here— See the grin of joyous rapture sneaking o'er my classic features. As I'm thinking how Our Boys will win the baron and the beer, Tho' the Gotham play a savage game and lately they've been winning From some pitchers not in training and who couldn't stand the knocks, You will hear 'em shouting "Kamerad" about the second inning. When Uncle Sammy dances to the box.

Oh, I almost see the old horsehide as o'er the plate it's curving. To greet the chinless Kronprinz, who misses it a mile. And the Hun bench-warmers wonder, "Got der hell is dot he's serving?" But the pitcher slams 'em over with a tantalizing smile. He can give them any brand of ball and any place they want 'em. Around their neck one minute and the next around their socks— You can bet your mess-kit, bunkie, that I'll be right there to taunt 'em When Uncle Sammy dances to the box.

When it's over in the Springtime, there will be some gay parading: Through the laughing streets of Paris Uncle Sam will lead his band, And I shouldn't be surprised if there's a bit of serenading. Ere we say "adieu" to la belle France, the Tiger-lily land, They'll march aboard a transport for the jaunt across the ocean, And we'll tell 'em how to Kaiser Bill we swiftly set the blocks— Oh, I wish 'twere Spring to-morrow; there'll be doins—'I've a notion— Whee Uncle Sammy dances to the box.

With slender prospects in view for a good schedule during the coming season, the Montreal club of the International League is rapidly selling its high salaried players. Their action on the part of the Montreal club seems to indicate that the Northern league may be disbanded.

ARMY FIELD SPORTS; WHO WILL TRY THEM?

Track Meets of Military Events Should Uncover Real Hun Killers

Spring, the season for field sports, is slipping upon us. Back in the States the schoolboys are beginning to lumber up for track meets.

Why can't we of the A.E.F. plan some meets of our own—something in the line of military field sports? Every regiment certainly has the material for a team; or a regimental team might be organized by competition between company or troop, battalion or squadron teams.

Because of a variety of difficulties it is suggested that the old program of dashes, runs, jumps, vaulting, and weights be eliminated and that all of our track events be of a strictly military nature, events actually useful in

prove interesting and might lead to a satisfactory method of adjusting these articles to the American calf. Or, an "ante-reveille" dressing contest—from pajamas (?) and bed socks to blouse, overcoat, hat, boots, and putts, with blankets folded, too, would undoubtedly develop into a popular event, since every organization has its snappy dresser.

The pie-eating contest? Ah, qui, to be sure. But we suggest that gentlemen from certain parts of New England be heavily handicapped.

BILLY SUNDAY IN BATTLE

Has a Flat Fight and Describes It For the Papers

When a disturber with a gas mask sneaked over the top at a recent Billy Sunday meeting, intending to whip the evangelist, several things happened. Billy thus describes the ensuing fight in a wire to the New York Evening World: "It wasn't much of a battle. Those loyal, hot blooded Southerners took it out of my hands before I landed many times."

"I hadn't much more than gone into high on my sermon. Just happened to

Tex Rickard is out. Not knocked out by the over-ferid caresses of any of his former pug proteges, but just plain out of the fight-promoting game. Tex is going back to South America.

At first thought the possibilities of a fight promoter of Tex's undoubted ability being let loose in that vast area, which in its day has been shaken by so many revolutions, seem dire in the extreme. But not so. Tex isn't even going in for bull-fight boozing. He is going to leave South America fight-promoting to Old Clip Castro, the stormy petrel of Venezuela, and other people who care for that sort of recreation. Tex, like Cincinnatus, is going to retire to his farm.

Said farm, or rather ranch, has been in Tex's possession for quite some time. Why he bought it when he did Tex confesses he doesn't really know, unless it was a sort of base to retire to in case he was forced from his front line position at the ropes. But he hasn't been forced from the ropes—not by a jugful! His voluntary retirement is the real thing, and therefore not at all in the same class with the "forced" "voluntary withdrawal" in Belgium last autumn.

The Llama's Nature

As time wore on, that ranch of his, which is down Paraguay way, got on Tex's mind. Then it got on his nerves. It became a sort of "Now that you got it, wacha gonna do with it?" proposition. Finally, Tex, being hardly what you might call a passive soul, hitched up his gulluses, dug in his jeans for a steamer ticket and marine insurance, had himself mugged and the result pasted on to his passport, and made tracks for the regions below the equator.

So, amid the waving pampas grasses instead of amid the waving fight fans, Tex will take up his new abode, and start his new occupation as a llama herder of llamas instead of an abettor of lammers. Llamas are fuzzy things that are a sort of a cross between a goat, a sheep, a camel, and Lord knows what, and while they are usually easy to herd they are not infrequently as temperamental as champs. Tex, it can readily be seen, will be right in his element if they get frisky and want bigger guarantees or anything.

We'll All Eat Llama

Llamas can be fleeced, just like some humans; also shorn. Likewise they are good to eat, after they have been killed and cooked. It's a safe side bet that all of Tex's friends—which means a fair majority of the great American people, will be eating llama meat as regularly as an army eats beans, once Tex gets things going down there and properly organized. And llama meat, to judge from Mr. Hoover's reports, will be mighty welcome as a change from the whale blubber and corn pone diet upon which our great nation is now said to be subsisting.

KICKHEFER DEFEATS DE ORO

The new three cushion billiard champion of the world is August Kickhefer. In a match this week in Chicago, he smothered away Alfredo de Oro's rubber-tipped scepter—51 to 29 tells the story.

SOME COLLECTION

Here, according to one of the officers at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., is a list of the equipment an officer is now supposed to bring with him to France: Two typewriters. One mahogany bar. One kitchen range. One brassiere. One slot machine. One 1906 Ford. One manicule set. One chiffonier. One Morris chair. One saw horse. One 24-foot ladder. One chafing dish. One bass violin. One clothes dryer. One variety box. Two clothes bins. One fly ride. One 4-inch hawser. One paper hanger's outfit. One case of dominoes. One nice work bench. One Chicago directory. Four dozen pairs suspenders. Four good Persian rugs. One tooth brush with Evinrude motor attached.

Putt-Spinning a Fine Art

Then, too, there should be other events of a less martial character, so that the program may not become too technical for an average spectator. A race in winding spiral puttees should

A CROSS-COUNTRY EVENT

THE START

THESE LITTLE SAUNTERS AMUSE ME!
YOUR ATTENTION IS MOST GENTLY DIVERTED TO THE BACK WHICH YOU WILL NOTICE IS SCARCELY NOTICEABLE.

WE AGAIN DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO THE BACK WHICH UPON CLOSE SCOUTING IS REVEALED TO BE 6000 IN EXCESSIVE PROPORTIONS BEHIND THE HIND QUARTERS. THIS HIND QUARTER IS A COMMON DEFECT WHICH BEING IN THE NATURE OF A TUMOR, IT IS NOT TO BE MISTAKEN FOR A MAMMOTARY GROWTH.

AND I USED TO THINK SIX DAY BICYCLE RACING WAS A TUGGON PROPOSITION.

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TEX RICKARD NOW A LLAMA LLAMER

Famous Boss of Lammers Takes to Tall Grasses of Paraguay

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A FIGHTER'S GAME

"Our soldiers in France are the best bomb throwers among the Allies. Why? Because of their baseball training. I think we should do everything to encourage a game which makes good soldiers of our young men."

This is the introduction given a bill in New York by Assemblyman Owen Kiernan. The bill provides for Sunday baseball, both amateur and professional, the contests to be played after 2:30 in the afternoon.

"I don't think a man who goes to a baseball game after 2:30 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon is any less of a Christian," says Kiernan, "and I believe that enthusiasts over the state will give the bill their strongest support."

Among the prominent men to appear before the legislative committee in favor of the Kiernan measure is John J. McGraw, of the Giants.

CABLE FLASHES

The Harvard varsity hockey team broke even with the Boston Wanderers in an ice-scrap, each scoring one goal early in the game.

Boston College beat Boston University on the rink, its puck-propellers slamming home three goals to the loser's one.

Lehigh University was floored in basketball by the Crescent quintet recently, the tallies being 11 for Lehigh and 22 for the quarter-moon contingent.

A national Class C billiard champion is Ferdinand Unger of Montclair, N. J., who won his title after defeating Augustus Gardner by a score of 150 to 125. There was another game still to be played in the series at last reports, but its outcome cannot change the result of the match.

Syracuse University's crew coach opposes the cancelling of the inter-collegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie, as advocated by Pennsylvania and Cornell. Yale will keep to rowing this year, and plans for three varsity crew races with Penn, Princeton and Harvard, although the events have not yet been officially sanctioned by the Yale Athletic Council. That all-powerful body insists that the races must be without the old-time glances and expenditures—such as victrolas for the lady guests in the observation cars, and drinks for the gentlemen guests at the Griswold and "Moheike," no doubt.

Ted Lewis, the welterweight champion, got the decision in a six round go over Johnny Tillman of Philadelphia, scoring a knockdown with a left hook in the final round, and thus making the pugilist from the Sleeping City feel perfectly at home. Jack Britton, the former champion, will meet Lewis again in Providence on February 25, to get twelve rounds to a decision. They have

ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED.
I understand that some new field shoes have been bought, and that they have a polished outside that will shed water when they are oiled. So far, however, none of them have put in an appearance round this section of the country. Yours for dry feet.

DON'T WASTE GOOD FOOD
Reports have reached G.H.Q. that waste has been observed coming from messes of organizations of the A.E.F. Mention is especially made of waste of bread.

As a result, orders have been issued that organization commanders are responsible that messes under their control are operated so as to avoid any waste. "Waste of food materials," says the order, "is a very serious matter at a time when the people of the United States, as well as the Allied peoples, are reducing their food rations in order to economize food supply and tonnage."

Del Pratt, famous second baseman of the Browns, who was traded to the Yanks, still refuses to sign a contract at the sum offered by the Gotham magnates.

THOSE FIELD'S SHOES

Why doesn't our joint Uncle, by name Samuel, give his boys over here a better field shoe? If he could perfect one, he would save the lads a great many frozen toes and chilblains, and spare them some of the daily miseries of cold feet—literal cold feet, I mean, for they don't know "cold feet" in the figurative sense! Everybody who has to wear these field shoes, from chaplains down in the scale of piety, cusses them out. There is a lot of to cuss them out for. The only man I ever heard defend them was a lieutenant and he wasn't wearing them. He had on a pair of highly polished russet knee boots that must have set him back a good \$40.

Our army's shoes were made wrong wherever there was a chance to make a mistake. The worst error of all was in putting the smooth surface of the leather inside the shoes and exposing the spongy, porous surface to the weather. This surface just driks in moisture. A man wakes up in the morning to find his shoes frozen stiff. He is instructed to oil them so they'll shed moisture. He oils them: Result—the water and oil in the pores make the leather so soggy that it takes days to dry.

The soles are too thin for a hob-nailed boot for cold weather wear. If the soles were twice as thick there would be a fairly thick layer of leather between the soles of a man's foot and the top of the nails. As the boots are made now, you can feel the nail heads just under the insoles and the nails are quick and direct conductors of the cold.

The leather laces are also N.G. Oil makes them rotten and they are always breaking.

I understand that some new field shoes have been bought, and that they have a polished outside that will shed water when they are oiled. So far, however, none of them have put in an appearance round this section of the country. Yours for dry feet.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

OF ALL STATIONERS IN FRANCE

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This is just one of a hundred and one good reasons why you should subscribe at once for the official A.E.F. newspaper, published by and for the soldiers of the A. E. F.

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AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS

HOW AN ARMY CHAPLAIN ESCAPES FROM BOREDOM

Besides His Sermons and a Long Round of Calls He Looks After Mail, Statistics and the Officers' Mess

"What does a chaplain do, anyway?"

"It's an irrelevant question, perhaps; and yet, after all, it's rather a natural one, if one considers the source. The average soldier doesn't see half as much of his regimental chaplain as he does of his colonel, and not one quarter as much as he sees of his battalion commander. When he does see him the chaplain is engaged in the performance of his priestly functions, on one day a week. And, like the army doctor, the army chaplain doesn't go around prying into the personal life of the soldier; sole inspections and soul inspections are two very different things.

So the question of what a chaplain does is a perfectly natural, perfectly honest one to put. The soldier who knows something of the routine of ministers' and priests' lives at home doesn't see any particular job for them over here on their off days. The civilian population is pretty well cared for by its own clergy; and the army is too busy or—well, too army—to turn out for Thursday night prayer meetings, to organize discussion groups, to form dance societies, to give fairs, socials, and the like. Naturally, the man in the ranks wonders just what the chaplain, outside of composing his weekly straight-from-the-shoulder talk, finds to keep himself from boredom.

His Work At The Front

To be sure, the man who has been "up front," or who has been in hospital, knows the chaplain's work, and honors and respects him for it. Up front, when one wants a chaplain, one wants him in a hurry. Often there are more who need him than he can take care of conveniently; and the same holds true for the hospital. There is no question in the mind of the man who has availed himself of a chaplain's services in either of those two situations as to whether or not the good man has enough to do. The man who has been brought around, inwardly healed and consoled by the chaplain in his hour of need, would be perfectly willing to do that which a uniformed gentleman has to do and ease the rest of his life, with a yearly pension equal to John D. Rockefeller's entire capital.

Back of the lines, though, in the trailing areas, it is different. The chaplain appears at church time once a week, to be sure; always adds a few words of cheery greeting to the salute he gives in return for the one tendered him; is usually on deck when the Y.M. or the K. of C. is staging any thing out of the ordinary; is always interested if anyone seeks him out for conversation or advice, but is, well, rather unattached. He seems more like a salesman with a roving commission than a "regular home office man," as the colonel does, for example.

Many Personal Letters

But the chaplain is busy—far busier than the average man who doesn't seek him out or doesn't run into him often, would ever suspect. Just try to follow him around on one of his normally busy days, and see how quickly you'll tucker out. Or as a STARS AND STRIPES reporter recently did, just wlay one of his spies, and put that question to him: "What does a chaplain do?"

"Do?" repeated the good man, with a hearty laugh. "Oh, nothing! Every morning he has to make the rounds of about three hospitals about five miles apart, see that everything is up to snuff, and out if any of the men are in urgent need of—well, his professional services, and you want to call that, and jolly the doctors. Then he has to run back to headquarters and see about the officers' mess. That's just one of the side jobs wished on him, you know.

"Next, along in the afternoon, he's got to be on hand at the distribution of mail, and see that as far as possible every man gets at least one letter out of it. Then there's more ordering to do for the officers' mess, the laying out of a menu for the next day, the answering of a lot of personal letters (for a chaplain gets more mail than anybody else; I'm coming to that), a talk with the fellow who is down on his luck and who has come to the chaplain as a sort of last resort, and, more often than not, a hurried call to some one of the hospitals, or to a distant cantonment. That's only one day around headquarters.

"Then, the way troops are scattered around in this country, a chaplain has to do a lot of trotting round in his Henry, visiting outlying detachments of the organization to which he is accredited. He is official burial officer, you know." The chaplain's voice halted a bit. "Then, too, he's the official statistical officer, and has to get off all those reports the first of every month—reports on personnel, on strength, and all the rest. About the only books he has time to read are his own prayer book or breviary, the Bible (in bits), and that interesting but puzzling little volume on 'Army Paper Work.'

Troubles With The Mail

"About the mail? Oh, yes; it's quite a job over here, when, say, the Blank Truck Company isn't anywhere near the Blank Regiment, and the Blank Motor Truck company isn't anywhere near the Blank Machine Gun Battalion. Of course, the postal people help out all they can, and—considering the job they're up against—they do pretty well; still, there's an awful ball-up every time a heavy mail comes in. But the people at home don't understand that; they're always writing me personally, asking me to look up Jimmy C— in the Blank Auxiliary Tire Parts Company, say; since I'm attached to the Blank Regiment, they think Jimmy must be right around the corner. Usually the message is, 'Please find out why Jimmy isn't writing to me any more; so it's up to me to go around and prod Jimmy—gently, to be sure, but still to prod him—up to a sense of his duty to the folks back home.'

The chaplain chuckled.

"I had a funny one the other night. A girl who was in my old flock wrote to me and said: 'Will you please find out why Tom isn't writing to me any more? Has he got a French girl he likes better than he does me, or is some other girl over here sending him sweaters and Sox and things?' As I don't know Tom, and consequently can't familiar with his wardrobe, I couldn't tell her; but I finally looked up his address and had the letter forwarded to him by courier, with a note of my own on the bottom.

I said: 'It seems to be up to you to tell the young lady whether you still love her or not.' His name? Friend of yours? Oh, I'd never give it away!

"Yes, they've got me saddled with about every job in the army—clerk, cleric, cook and Cupid in khaki. And that, though, it isn't a great deal busier than it was at home. Marriages? No! The boys seem to be saving that up for the return trip, from what they tell me. I haven't had to officiate over here yet, and I don't expect to. "Baptism, though, has taken up quite a bit of our time. The other Sunday there were baptized twenty-six men out of one regiment, with the colonel as the sponsor for all of them, and proud to be so. It was a fine sight; you ought to have been there. To be sure—and he suppressed a grin—"we had to use a mess tin for a baptismal font, and, as it didn't hold enough water to care for the twenty-six, we had a reserve tank down below the motor truck upon which our temporary altar was placed. When we were about half through, and looked down for more water, we found some irreverent French dogs had gone to work and lapped it all up!

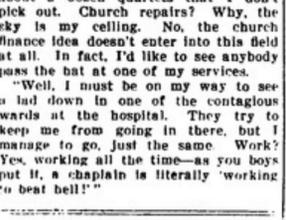
"But it was a great success, just the same. One of the boys was christened Theodore Roosevelt, and another Frank Leslie. And there isn't anything will please their mothers more than to know that those boys, without any urging on anybody's part came forward in the sight of their comrades and were baptized in the Christian faith.

Working To Beat Hell

"Hard work? Oh, don't talk about hard work, son; it's all part of the game and I never felt better or happier in my life. For one thing, my congregation can't go out motoring or playing golf on Sunday mornings. And I don't have to worry about church expenses. Music—there's the regimental band, and if I want a quartet, I have to offend about a dozen quartets that I don't pick out. Church repairs? Why, the sky is my ceiling. No, the church finance idea doesn't enter into this field at all. In fact, I'd like to see anybody pass the hat at one of my services.

"Well, I must be on my way to see a lad down in one of the contagious wards at the hospital. They try to keep me from going in there, but I manage to go, just the same. Work? Yes, working all the time—as you boys put it, a chaplain is literally 'working to beat hell!'

HOW YOU FEEL



When You Unslung Your Pack at the End Of A Twenty Mile Hike

BOMBS FAIL TO STOP SALES

Y. M. Huts Close to Lines Keep Going in Spite of Boche

Sh-b-b-Boom! Sh-b-b-Boom! "Gimme some of them cigars in the green box." Boom! Boom! "How much for the chocolates?" Boom! Boom!

In this fashion the first Y.M.C.A. huts established near the American trenches in France were opened. Four Y.M.C.A. workers were on the job five days after the doughboys went into the line.

One located within a few minutes' walk of the first line trenches. The other is farther to the rear. Both are within easy range of German guns. The inaugural ceremonies consisted solely of two simultaneous rushes by steel helmeted soldiers and the banging of German shells.

It seemed as if the Boche artillery had planned a little reception for the Y.M.C.A. Anyway, as the doors were swung open, the German gunners began pouring in an assortment of big and little shells—little shells that whizzed like Fourth of July fireworks and exploded with dull thuds, and big shells that came rushing through the air with the noise of an express train and burst with great roars.

The whistling and the roars broke in upon the clamor of the boys from Minnesota, California, Illinois, from every State in the Union, shouting for their favorite brands of cigars or for chocolates. And the noise of bursting shells affected them about as much as the rattling of a passing street car affects a mob of women in a bargain counter rush.

Two days later it was an old story. "We were a little nervous at first," admitted one Y.M.C.A. worker, "but now we turn on the phonograph when they start shelling and forget it. But right here under the counter is my gas mask. And when they seem to be getting close in I grab my tin hat."

Keeping plenty of tobacco and chocolate in stock is one of the problems confronting the Y.M.C.A. men down in the zone of fire. It is next to impossible to bring up supplies in the day time. It is necessary to move everything up at night.

YAPHANK MAY CLAIM CREDIT

Loyal ex-Yaphankers will be proud to see that Long Island girl, Florence Flower, has won the women's pocket billiard championship of the United States, defeating Mary Johnson 60 to 85.

STANDING IN LINE

We stand in line at reveille. We stand in line for mess; Just why we always stand in line I don't know, I confess. We stand in line for clothing. We stand in line for church. We stand—you bet!—in line for pay So's not to be in the lurch.

We stand in line at drill time. We stand in line at guard. And, when the weather's nippy, It surely does go hard. We stand in line for muster. And also for reviews; We stand in line for everything From helmets down to shoes.

When we get back to Homeburg, It surely will seem queer. The old commands, "Fall in! Right Dress!" And "Steady!" not to hear. But, though we grumble at—"A waste of time," we say—"You bet your pair of extra boots We'll miss 'em—sure—some day!"

CAMERAS BANNED FOR MOST OF A. E. F.

Orders Permit No One but Authorized Photographers to Take Pictures

So much doubt has existed in the minds of so many A.E.F. men as to whether or not they were to be allowed to take pictures to be sent home in letters that orders on the subject have been issued, definitely settling forth with may and may not take photographs. In general, the purport for military purposes may be permitted to use cameras in the zone of the American armies. "Hereafter," says the order, "no photographs will be taken in the zone of the American armies except by the official photographers of the Corps of Engineers, of the Air Service, and Signal Corps, by accredited or visiting correspondents, or members of photographic sections of Allied armies duly authorized by these headquarters."

A Picture Story of War

The order charges the Corps of Engineers with the duty of taking technical photographs connected with engineering construction, surveying and reproduction. The Air Service is charged with the photography pertaining to aerial reconnaissance, and the Signal Corps with the general photography of military operations and the obtaining of pictorial photographs to "form a pictorial history of the present war."

It is further provided that all photographs taken by the Signal Corps photographers, accredited and visiting newspaper correspondents, and members of photographic sections of Allied armies will be sent to the Signal Corps photographic base laboratory for development and for censorship under the direction of the Press Officer, Intelligence Section, General Staff. In case the films are developed at a Signal Corps field laboratory, they will be sent to the base laboratory for censorship; and no photographs, negatives or prints will be released unless so ordered by the censor.

All Prints Censored

All prints released by the censor will bear his stamp, and released negatives will be accompanied by suitable stamped identification slips, and a record of all released photographs will be kept by the Signal Corps laboratory. Negatives made by the photographers of that corps will be deposited in the base laboratory during the period of the war.

Prints that are suitable for reproduction, and duplicate negatives, when practicable and desirable, of all pictures taken by Signal Corps photographers will be forwarded to the Chief, Military Intelligence Section, War College, Washington, D. C. The Signal Corps laboratory will furnish, through its offices of the Allied, such photographs for purposes of publicity as may be directed by the Press Officer.

Negatives developed for accredited and visiting newspaper correspondents and authorized Allied army photographers will, when released by the censor, be delivered to the owners thereof, but the United States reserves the right to make copies of all such negatives for official and historical purposes. All negatives and prints not released by the censor will become the property of the United States and will be disposed of as may be directed by the Commander-in-Chief.

HEARD AT THE CENSOR'S

"For the love of Mike, Lieutenant!" "A Lieutenant, he's perfectly harmless! Why, the President said that in Washington a month ago! Why can't I say it too?"

"Sure, Lieutenant, that's straight stuff! I got it from a corporal whose bunk mate knew a guy in the regiment that did it, and that guy told this corporal's bunk mate all about it! Of course it's official!"

"Why, Lieutenant, the Germans know that already. There's no use cutting that out. They know that when I went through Belgium with 'em in 1914!"

"All right, Lieutenant, if you must say it! But I will say you're slashing the daylight out of an imperishable story!"

"Aw—HELL!" "Say, Lieutenant, where's that car I ordered to take me up from here to the front today? It was supposed to get around at 8 o'clock, and I haven't seen hide nor hair of it. Oh, it's just 8 o'clock now, is it? I beg your pardon! All right!"

"Say, Jim, what day was it to go on this trip at all for? You're reporting for the Christian Science Monitor, aren't you? Well, what good will it do you to write up a hospital when they won't let you say anything about pain!"

"Lieutenant, I just got a cable from my home office, asking why I wasn't sending any news. Can't you get a general killed or something for me, so I can have something to send?"

"Lieutenant, I just want to be able to say in this story that—(business of whispering). Now, why can't I? That wouldn't do any harm, would it?"

"Well, Lieutenant, can't you put this some other way, so the Boche won't get wised up to it but so the people at home can get it? Remember, there's 90,000,000 readers with their tongues just a-hanging out of their mouths waiting to know that it was a red-headed guy that did it!"

"Aw, say, Lieutenant, that's one of the best sentences I ever turned out. The way you cut it up, there isn't any verb to it, and a sentence without a verb is as bad as a man without clothes."

"Aw—HELL!" And so on, and so on, ad infinitum.

"AMERICAN TOMMY" IS LONDON'S PET

Week-end House Parties Not Complete Without Yankee Guests

PALATIAL OFFICERS' CLUB

Run by Famous Pilgrims in Magnificent Place Loaned by Lord Leconfield

By GEO. T. BYE
LONDON STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, Feb. 14.—The entertainment of Americans in clubs in London has reached such proportions that there is almost basis for complaint that A.E.F. men and officers are being overdone with favors. When the American and British Governments joined together in comradesly embrace, a spontaneous movement seemed to animate the people of our "grandmotherland" in smiles and compliment and dinner parties for everybody and anybody wearing the glorious double eagle.

So that today there are grins that won't come off up and down Piccadilly and the Strand—thoroughfares that are most popular to our boys—American crims and English grins; and the old timer tourist from Boston in London polishes his eye-glasses to make certain that he is seeing right. For "boarding house" sociability of the kind you get in daily life in Emporia, Kansas, or Chicago, or Fort Worth was not common in Britain in pre-war days. Now there are none of the polite barriers to chumminess that formerly kept international contact at arm's length until introductory negotiations had been concluded.

"American Tommy"

It would never surprise me to eavesdrop on a London policeman and an American Tommy—as the bobby calls our fellows; see the cop bang our fighter on the back and hear him say "I say, old son, how's every little thing?"

The bobby came to my mind for the first time because he was among the illustration to the A.E.F. I have seen them time and again, chewing the rag on street corners with one of Columbia's grandsons, passing the time of day, or, as is usual, exhibiting their truncheon or night stick, which is the only weapon they carry.

Or you will hear the Yanks kidding a hobby when he has given them directions like "First turn to the right, then 'child turn to the left, then a sharp pull up." "Sing it again," say the Yanks, and the good-humored London policeman probably tells them to go back to their own country.

They are adopting our slang all in a bunch here. Also, practically every evening playing the English stage is saturated with Americanisms and compliments for Americans. American vaudeville performers are in such great demand in Britain that they command higher salaries here than at home.

But getting back to impromptu and organized hospitality, I know of many a case of English folk trying to get American soldiers in their homes to entertain them. I had a staff captain at my hotel at dinner a few days ago. After dinner he was practically taken away from me by the English folk living at the hotel, and I am sure if he accepts all the invitations that were given him, he will seriously disturb the food regulations of Lord Riddar.

Begging for Yankee Guests

There is a society in London organized to make more apparent the kinship which binds the fellow-people of Britain, America, and Canada. It is called the Atlantic Union, and was in existence long before the war. I was recently appealed to by the secretary to aid them in introducing American soldiers and sailors to their weekly parties. They lounge into a little cafe and sit down at a table. Up came the waiter, a young French soldier on leave. Jones, in his very best New Haven French, ordered the drinks—three mild and very light beers. "They don't grow Clover Clubs and Manhattan in France, and when if they did they couldn't get 'em."

In course of time the flock of beers blew in. "Not much like the beer we got at Rusty's," said Smith, sipping his casually.

"You know Butee's?" pliped up the waiter. "Ah, m'oi! J'etels a New York avant la guerre! Been feckt. I was a—what-you-call—omnibus—waiter at M'sieur Butee's for three years!"

"That so?" chorused Jones and Smith and Brown. "What's become of old Louis, who had the table over in the corner on the second floor? Who'd become of Henri—didn't he leave about the same time Louis did? Funny we don't remember you—why, sure! Bon jour, Jacques! Well, well, well!"

The end of it all was that Jacques, despite much protest on his part, simply had to sit down and demolish a beer of his own with his former patrons. They wouldn't let him go until he did. And thus is the world made safer for democracy.

OLD-TIMERS IN CONFERENCE

The first brigadier general to command an American brigade in action in the war on the Hun knows how to enforce discipline among his men and still preserve their love for "the old man." Many years of service in Cuba, the Philippines, and along the Mexican border have taught him how.

Two days after his troops went into the trenches, the general was making a tour of the trenches. He encountered a swarthy faced private, veteran of such a hard fight squatted against the side of a trench cleaning his rifle, with his belt tossed carelessly over one of the telephone wires that carries such precious information back to headquarters when things are happening in the first line.

"Good morning," said the general, "seems to me I've seen your face before. Been in the service a long time?"

"Yes, sir," responded the veteran, "nineteen years, sir."

"Well, I've been in longer than you," the brigadier commander remarked; "thirty-five years this month. And I was just thinking as I saw you sitting there that we old fellows have a lot of responsibilities in this war."

"Yes, sir, I suppose we have, sir," said the private with a puzzled expression. "Yes, sir, I suppose we have."

"We ought to set a good example to all these younger men," continued the general. "For instance, what if a lot of these new boys saw you sitting there cleaning your rifle with your belt thrown across that telephone wire. They'd say, 'Well, if old Bill Kelly does that, it must be right, because he's been soldiering

"WELL, I'LL BE—!"

THEN—AND NOW!

This is the way Private B. H. Empty-umpty tells the story. "Dee and I went to school together, at Exover. He was graduated, and went to Yeevard, and I—well, I wasn't graduated and have been bumming around the world ever since. 'Spouse you'll say that's why I'm in the army now, eh? Well, go ahead and say it; I've been in lots worse places!"

"Well, one day not long ago I was waddling over one of these artists' clouds through the fog, going back to my station from a town where I had been to see about the company's mail. I was plowing along with my head down, butting the fog, when—smack!—out of the fog looms up a lieutenant about six feet two in the air, just a foot away from me, coming in the opposite direction.

"I snap up to salute of course, quick, but, just as I get my hand up—'Binks!' hollers the Loot. 'How in the name of time did you get over here? I haven't seen you in an age! Shake!'"

"Dee! I holler back—then, correcting myself—I beg the lieutenant's pardon—"

"Can it, Binks," says he, laughing all over. "What's your outfit?"

"I tell him. One thing leads to another. We got talking about Exover. Neither of us had cared very much about reunions, and we hadn't seen each other since leaving there.

"The last time I saw you—the Lieutenant—Dee, I mean (oh, hell!) say I, 'You and I were sitting before a wood fire in Harmscot Hall, up at Exover, trying out our conversational German on a Boche exchange professor imported direct from Berlin!'"

"That's right," says he, 'stupid old beggar, wasn't he? If he's anywhere up front now, my battery has some guns that'll give him all the conversational United States he wants to hear. Drop around and look 'em over some one of these fine days, Binks. They're corkers! So long!"

"I salute. He salutes. Off we go. Funny, isn't it? Six years ago we were learning German together. Now we're out to get Germans together. It beats the devil the way this war turns the tables!"

WAR DIDN'T CHANGE THIS

Jones, Smith and Brown were New York clubmen before they enlisted, but they're good scouts for all that. They knew their Broadway as well as their social register, and had many acquaintances among the famous characters of that street of streets. One Saturday afternoon their outfit, for a wonder, didn't have a thing to do, so Jones, Smith and Brown strolled over to a neighboring city.

Being ex-New York clubmen, they lounged into a little cafe and sat down at a table. Up came the waiter, a young French soldier on leave. Jones, in his very best New Haven French, ordered the drinks—three mild and very light beers. "They don't grow Clover Clubs and Manhattan in France, and when if they did they couldn't get 'em."

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NAMES ARE STRICTLY TABOO

The major's wife back in Baltimore didn't get the cablegram. So she didn't sell the dogs. And the major figures he loses at least \$100 plus the price of the cablegram.

Back in his civilian days the major, a famous surgeon, was a dog fancier. He specialized in Chow dogs—the black furry boys.

Among the aristocrats in his kennel are a King Fang, King Joy Lo and Chin Choo.

When the dog show came along Mrs. Major was an exhibitor. By cable she

THE FREE BALLADE OF THE NAKED KNEE

A Tribute to a Hardy Race Dedicated to Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig

I've marvelled oft at sirmen's feats, I've wondered at the engineers, I've seen men thrive on measly eats, I've seen men conquer all their fears; But, when the pibroch sounds see shrill And Highland plaidies sweep the breeze, I get the highest sense of thrill At seeing Scots with naked knees!

WOMEN—TWO VARIETIES

Pvt. Hager Seeks Another Sort Than Ministering Angels

Private Hager of C Battery can understand some women and some he can't understand.

Take the little girl who waits on the canteen—American from the top of her golden head to the soles of her little hob-nailed field boots. Husband an officer, no children, and wants to be doing something for the soldiers. So she came out to this little mud-wallow of a town to put in nine hours a day standing on slippery duck-boards behind the counter.

"I can understand a girl like her," said Private Hager. "Between us, this is the third time I've come up to the counter this evening. Last time I bought chewing-gum—me who's been in the field artillery seven years. Now I'm going to have a cup of chocolate if it chokes me."

"It's so doggone fine to see her smile and hear her voice say 'Thank you'—as though I'd done something for her instead of she for me—that, I'll keep on remembering things I want to buy until the canteen closes."

"This isn't a stunt where she does two hours work every third Wednesday just for the fun of it. She's on the job every day and she lives right here in this village. The Colonel and the Town Major went around to the best room in the best house in town—but it isn't much of a house."

Private Hager got a letter last night from the kind of a woman he can't understand.

It was postmarked "New York," and was addressed to "An Orphan Soldier." Having had no parents for several years, Private Hager ranked as senior orphan of his battalion and so drew the lot.

"It's from a society girl," he said. "She says: 'I'm going to take a Red Cross course and come over to France and nurse the soldiers on the battlefields. Who knows,' she says, 'but what maybe some day I shall bandage your head with the dead and dying screaming all around us and the shells crashing everywhere and maybe save your life? Who knows, dear lonely Orphan.'"

Hager said any girl having that conception of what war is like after three years of it must be lonely upstairs.

He wrote her a polite reply, the kind of girl he can't understand, saying: "Please don't trouble about that Red Cross course. In the first place I'd rather be tended by a man on the battlefield, if I get wounded, which, in the second place I won't be. And in the third place I'd a lot rather ride with you on top of a Fifth Avenue bus and hold your hand than have you holding my head with the dead and dying screaming all around us."

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