

FRESH FROM TRENCHES TO DELIGHTS OF AIX

First American Permissionnaires Given Rousing Welcome on Arrival in Famous Savoy Watering Place

MAYOR EXTENDS GREETINGS FOR TOWNSFOLK

Colored Band Leads Troops Through Streets—Seventy Hotels Ready to House Thousands Who Will Soon Flock to Resort

They didn't have time to change their clothes. Thursday night they were in the trenches, Friday they were on their 24-hour journey, with a hot meal served en route by the Red Cross, and Saturday they landed in Aix-les-Bains, somewhere around half a thousand of them, still roofered over with Uncle Sam's latest patent eavesdropper and still muddy with the mud of the front.

They had come for seven days of blessed rest, but it was not to be—at least not right away. The good folk of the Department of Savoy, that little wedge of pure beauty that keeps the Alps from slipping down into the broad plains of northern Italy, had to show their good will first, and so the fun started with a regulation parade led by a colored American band, escorted by all the police in the neighborhood and the clerics of 1918, and surrounded on every side by the available Aix-les-Bainsians with the power to stand up and yell.

Aix-les-Bains, let it be explained, is a resort not unknown to fame as the sanctuary of the great. Such notables as J. P. Moran, Queen Victoria and others who couldn't afford to compromise their respectability by going to Monte Carlo used to go to Aix, and famous personages—diplomatic, military, or just plain rich—were such customary sights before the war that Aix received them, bathed them and let them go their way without any thought of oblige and abing.

Never Such Greeting as This But Saturday it was different. Aix has seen plenty of Americans, most of whom were good for a little more than 188 francs a month, but never such Americans as these. Old inhabitants declared that the town had never celebrated anybody's arrival with so much fervor and enthusiasm. They waited at the station, thousands of them, for many hours, and when the train finally pulled in they raved and raved again, while the begrimed Americans, first members of the A.E.F. to enjoy a vacation in the great playground selected by the Army authorities, got down, stretched their legs and shouldered their rifles. What if they were begrimed. Bains means baths, doesn't it?

The whole town, and, as disbanded at the registration place set apart for them and the thousands who are to follow. They were assigned to their hotels, ate luncheon there, and then went to the big casino, which is the town's closest approach to Monte Carlo, and a pretty close approach too, so far as magificence goes, where a mammoth reception was held, with light refreshments served by American ladies and a speech by the mayor, M. Albert Marty.

Seventy Hotels Ready The first permissionnaires arrived just a month after G.O. No. 6 was sent out by the Army, designating Savoy as a territory for leave purposes, with Aix as the uniformed and the first command. A baseball nine in white trousers, red jerseys, bare heads and knees and American flags tied about their arms stood with chattering teeth and trembling legs for two hours. Every house had a cluster of American flags, and the whole town the cleanest in France—was so spick and span that you could have eaten your dinner off any floor. The seventy and more hotels were ready for their guests and that means something here where the food is wholesome, plentiful and of the best, for Savoy is a rich province, rich in cattle, in vegetables and fruits.

The English and the town theater that the free evening performance took place. The leave man was on hand early and stayed late, disclaiming with a hearty laugh the idea of being tired. A first class vaudeville from London and Paris furnished the novelties. The hit of the evening was made by E. H. Sothorn, who, in the uniform of the Y.M.C.A., recited two poems, "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes, and "You Shall Not Pass," by Harold Begbie. The colored band, almost at full strength, and led by Europe, repeated its Broadway successes.

Winthrop Ames of the Booth and Little Theaters of New York is accompanying Mr. Sothorn on a tour to the different camps and the two will return to America soon with the intention of organizing dramatic programs for the soldiers.

All Sorts of Recreation The same style of entertainments, varied by amateur talent, are to be regular features of the Casino evenings, and in all respects except that of the parade and welcome at the train, the Americans who follow will have the same hearty welcome. Hikes on the mountains, motor boat trips on the magnificent lakes, auto trips and in the Casino billiards and other games, a library, reading, and lounge rooms are provided, and other supplies are sold will also contribute to the men's well being. As warm weather comes there will be added outdoor recreations—golf, tennis, squash—for the advantages of courses and courts are included in the contracts made for the soldiers.

Amex Officers to Celebrate Feb. 22 With a Housewarming A new clubhouse in Paris for officers of the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps is to be opened Friday evening, Feb. 22, at 7 o'clock with a dinner, a housewarming and certain other unannounced lively features more or less appropriate to a Washington's Birthday celebration. Lt. W. J. Morrow, 10 Rue St. Anne, who has charge of the arrangements, requests that all officers who wish to attend send him ten francs—necessary to cover the expense of the dinner—and in the same envelope give the name of the State from which they hail.

place be found which would give the soldier sufficient distraction, house him successfully, have natural advantages sufficient to interest him at all seasons of the year? It is a problem that has presented a thousand details, many of them annoying, many of them by reason of military exigencies not yet determined, but so far as human presence can go, with the absolute success of the opening days, there seems no reason to believe that a happier choice could possibly have been made, particularly if soldiers' health and recreation are to be the determining factors.

Plenty of Room Outside Aix While the first few contingents are to be stowed away in the hotels of Aix, those following will be divided into such numbers as can be well taken care of in other places, Chambery and Challes-les-Eaux being the first selections. Like Aix these places have a "season," but are delightful at all times, winter recreations following on the summer and fall ones.

When the Y.M.C.A. accepted the responsibility of assisting in the welfare of the leave men, the secretaries certainly never dreamed that a task of this magnitude would be a part of that duty. They have risen to the occasion in spite of almost insuperable handicaps, not the least of which has been a shortage of experienced help.

CHIEF'S EAGLE GOES TO BRONX General Pershing's Pet Moves From Governor's Island

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—General Pershing's golden eagle has moved from Governor's Island to the Bronx Zoo. The burning question is, what is the bird's real name? The newspapers differ, some claiming his title is "Uncle Sam," others holding out for "General Pershing," and still others dubbing him "Golden Jack." All agree, however, that he is a fine bird, and New York is willing that he shall eat at all the other eagles in Bronx Park if he so desires.

WOMEN PREPARING TO VOTE New York City Congressional Election Gives First Chance

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—New York City women are greatly delighted over their first chance to vote in New York state on March 5. Four city congressional elections are to be held, and the women are preparing to make a big campaign.

ORCHESTRA JOINS 'APPLAUSE Soprano's "Home, Sweet Home" Wins the Whole House

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—Galli Curci, the Italian soprano whose success in New York this winter has been so sensational, scored another triumph the other night when she sang "Home Sweet Home" at the Hippodrome, which was crowded to the doors. The audience went wild, and even the staid and calloused orchestra, which long ago ceased to laugh at Marceline, dropped its instruments to join in the applause.

TO OPEN PARIS CLUBHOUSE Amex Officers to Celebrate Feb. 22 With a Housewarming

A new clubhouse in Paris for officers of the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps is to be opened Friday evening, Feb. 22, at 7 o'clock with a dinner, a housewarming and certain other unannounced lively features more or less appropriate to a Washington's Birthday celebration. Lt. W. J. Morrow, 10 Rue St. Anne, who has charge of the arrangements, requests that all officers who wish to attend send him ten francs—necessary to cover the expense of the dinner—and in the same envelope give the name of the State from which they hail.

WORLD'S SERIES OPENED—BATTER UP!



The outfield is a-creepin' in to catch the Kaiser's pop, and here's a southpaw twirler with a lot of vim and hop!

He's tossed the horsehide far away to plug the hand grenade! What matter if on muddy grounds this game of war is played? He'll last through extra innings and he'll hit as well as pitch! His smoking Texas Leaguers'll make the Fritziess seek the ditch!

He's just about to groove it toward a ducking Fritz's bean. His cross-fire is the puzzlingest that ever yet was seen, His splitter is a deadly thing; his little in-shoot curve Will graze some Heinle's heaving ribs and make him lose his nerve.

Up in the air he never goes; he always cuts the plate, No matter if the bleachers rise and start "The Hymn of Hate"; And pacifistic coaching never once has got his goat— Just watch him heave across the top the latest Yankee note!

The Boches claim the Empire is a-sidin' with their ain, But we ain't no boobs to fall for such a phony line; We know the game is fair and square, decisions on the level; The only boost the Kaiser gets is from his pal, the Devil!

The series now is opened, and the band begins to play. The batteries are warming up; the crowd shouts, "Hip Hurray!" The catcher is a-wingin' 'em to second, third and first. And if a Heinle tries to steal, he's sure to get the worst.

So watch the southpaw twirler in his uniform O.D. Retire to the players' bench the Boches—one, two, three! He'll never walk a bloomin' one, nor let 'em hit it!

Just watch him make 'em fan the air and put the Hun to rout!

MORE TIME GIVEN ON WAR RISK PLAN

Congress Makes April 12 Final Date for Taking Out Protection

CHANCE TO RAISE POLICIES Total of \$888,000,000 Already Underwritten in A.E.F.—Automatic Insurance Ceases

One more chance—that is Uncle Sam's latest message to the men in the A.E.F. who have not yet availed themselves of the opportunity to take out what the president of a great insurance company, now an American Army officer, has declared to be the best and cheapest insurance in the world.

President Wilson has just approved a joint resolution of Congress extending the time for which applications for policies can be made until April 12. Sixty days of grace are thus provided for men who have not yet taken advantage of the offer, which was to have expired February 12. The automatic insurance actuary 12. The automatic insurance actuary 12. The automatic insurance actuary 12.

An Insurance Agent's Paradise The new ruling extending the time will undoubtedly have a greater effect in camps in America than among the A. E. F., because the campaign has been pushed so vigorously on this side that no American soldier in France is ignorant of the benefits to be derived from the plan.

Just how much of a paradise the A.E.F. camps would provide for a back-home insurance agent working on his customary commission basis may be gained from the following instance. A company clerk who hails from one of the greatest eastern insurance centers computed, just for the fun of doing it, the profits that would fall to the agent who wrote the policies for this one company alone. He found that they would total \$15,000, which even in America is considered a pretty fair day's work.

Push Campaign with New Vigor Now that the 60 additional days have been provided, the War Risk Insurance Bureau will push the campaign with renewed vigor in order to impress upon every American soldier the importance of boosting his policy to the limit, \$10,000. The average policy taken out in France to date is about \$9,000, showing that by far the greater number of men have insured themselves for the five-figure amount.

The terms of the policies and the amount of the premiums remain as heretofore; that is, a monthly payment of from \$6.50 for 21 years of age to \$8.10 for 40 years of age for the maximum amount of insurance will yield the beneficiary \$67.50 a month for 20 years, and a like sum to the policy holder himself in case of total disability. The phrase "total disability" is interpreted by the Government as it is by the large insurance companies, and includes complete loss of sight, the loss of both hands, both feet, or a hand and a foot. The beneficiary receives by these 20 year payments

TUSCANIA LOSS IS STERLING TEST OF NATION'S MIND

News of Transport's Sinking Taken Quietly and Resolutely

WEATHER TURNS PRO-ALLY Freight Trains Again in Motion and Congestion at Seaports is Greatly Reduced

LABOR LOOKS TO GOVERNMENT Mediation Commission Wins Favor by Impartial Handling of Vexing Problems

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The Tuscania news was received by the nation with great grief, but no perturbation or meaningless excitement. It is the long-expected first big loss, and it finds the country ready to face bad news as well as good. It was taken quietly and resolutely, with no flaunting or passion, but a steady matter of course determination to redouble our efforts.

A gratifying quality in the national attitude is the utter absence of even a suggestion anywhere of seeking to declare anybody to blame. It proves the nation is facing the war in a big way with temper too sound to be shaken easily. It shows a decided growth in the national mental stature.

The biggest material phase the past week was the splendid weather everywhere in the land. Nature apparently determined to make up for the recent record bad weather and gave a magnificent week for moving freight. Indications are that the Government and individuals concerned in the war used the opportunity to its full advantage.

FARMING BOOM ON EVERYWHERE IN U.S.

Plan Under Way to Have Returned Soldiers Till Land in South

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—Brought prominently to the fore by the world food problem, much comprehensive work of an educational nature is being done all over the United States in agriculture. Practically every State in the Union has adopted, in some form or another, plans to aid its farmers in increasing their output, and in many instances counties and even cities and towns are co-operating.

New Jersey has set aside the next four weeks as a period in which trained experts will teach farmers the latest wrinkles in scientific and practical farming methods, and New York State has bought a squadron of steam tractors which, upon the first softening of the ground, will be put to plowing. In the meantime the tractors are not idle. They are out over the State towing portable sawmill outfits. These are cutting wood, at a nominal fee, for all who want it. They are an appreciable factor in alleviating the present fuel situation. Concrete steps are also being taken toward caring for returned soldiers. An association has been formed to investigate and report to the Government on the plan to colonize 1,000,000 acres of cut-over timber lands in the South. It is said that this acreage is highly fertile and ideally adapted for the production of several varieties of foodstuffs.

NEW VALOR CROSS AND MEDAL FOR A.E.F.

President Approves Awards to Be Made for Bravery and Meritorious Conduct of Men and Women in War Service

OAK LEAF AND STAR FOR LATER CITATIONS

Gold Chevron for Every Six Months in Zone of Advance—Similar Decoration on Right Sleeve for Each Wound

A Distinguished Service Cross, a Distinguished Service Medal, a bronze oak leaf and a silver star for additional citations in War Department orders, war service chevrons, and wound chevrons have been authorized for the A.E.F. by the President as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. New regulations regarding the award of the Medal of Honor during the present emergency, have also been approved by the President.

The Distinguished Service Cross is to be a bronze cross of appropriate design, and a ribbon to be worn in lieu thereof, to be awarded by the President, or in the name of the President, by the Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces, to any person who, while serving in any capacity with the Army, shall hereafter distinguish himself or herself, or who, since April 6, 1917, has distinguished himself or herself, by extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy of the United States under circumstances which do not justify the award of the Medal of Honor.

The Distinguished Service Medal is to be a bronze medal of appropriate design, and a ribbon to be worn in lieu thereof, to be awarded by the President to any person who, while serving in any capacity with the Army, shall hereafter distinguish himself or herself, or who, since April 6, 1917, has distinguished himself or herself, by exceptionally meritorious service to the Government in a duty of great responsibility in time of war or in connection with military operations against an armed enemy of the United States.

The war service chevron, of gold and standard material and design, is to be worn on the lower half of the left sleeve of all uniform coats except fatigue coats by each officer and enlisted man who has served six months in the Zone of the Advance in the war, and an additional chevron will be worn for each six months of similar service thereafter. Officers and enlisted men of the Aviation Service on combat flying duty in Europe will be credited for the war service chevron with the time they may be on that duty.

Chevron For Every Wound A gold chevron, of pattern identical with that of the war service chevron, is to be worn on the lower half of the right sleeve of all uniform coats except fatigue coats by each officer and enlisted man who has received, or who may hereafter receive, a wound in action with the enemy which necessitates treatment by a medical officer, and an additional chevron will be worn for each additional wound. Not more than one chevron will be worn for two or more wounds received at the same time. Disability by a medical officer shall be considered to be a wound.

The Distinguished Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal will be awarded posthumously to persons killed in the performance of acts meriting such additional or to persons whose death from any cause may have occurred prior to such award. The medal so awarded will be issued to the nearest relative of the deceased person. No individual will be entitled to more than one Distinguished Service Cross or one Distinguished Service Medal, but each additional citation in War Department orders for conduct or service which would warrant the award of either of these decorations will entitle the person so cited to wear upon the ribband of the decoration, and upon the corresponding ribband, a bronze oak leaf of approved design, and the right to wear such oak leaf will be announced as a part of the citation.

Other citations for gallantry in action published in orders issued from the headquarters of a force commanded by a general officer will be indicated in each case by a silver star three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, worn upon the ribband of the Distinguished Service Cross and upon the corresponding ribband. Recommendations for the award of the Distinguished Service Medal will be forwarded to the adjutant general of the Army through regular channels.

Name Must Be on Certified Lists When an officer or enlisted man is admitted to a hospital for treatment of a wound, or when an officer or enlisted man is treated for a wound without being admitted to a hospital, the commanding officer of the hospital, or, in the latter case, the medical officer, shall treat the wound, will furnish the commanding officer of the wounded person with a certificate describing briefly the nature of the wound and certifying to the necessity of the treatment. This information may be furnished to commanders of higher units in the form of certified lists, and will be transmitted by them to the commanding officers concerned.

Commanding officers will forward to the adjutant general of the Army, through military channels, lists in duplicate of those officers and enlisted men of their commands who have been honorably wounded in action, with a statement in the case of each individual, showing time and place wounds were received, and organization in which they were then serving. Whenever a report is made of an action it will be accompanied by the medical officers' statements of wounds.

Upon receipt of lists of wounded, the Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe is authorized to grant the right to wear the wound chevron to the persons concerned. The right to wear the wound chevron shall be confined to those who are authorized to do so by letter from the adjutant general of the Army or from the Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe.

Request for authority to wear the wound chevron on account of wounds received prior to the present war will be forwarded with all available evidence to the adjutant general of the Army for verification through the War Department records and appropriate action. How to Get the Biggest One During the present emergency, when over a recommendation for the award of the Medal of Honor reaches the Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces, he is authorized to cable his recommendation for immediate action and to hold the papers until a reply is received. In the event that his recommendation is approved, he will note the action taken in his indorsement when forwarding the papers in the case, and will present the medal to the recipient as the representative of the President, or will delegate a suitable officer to act in that capacity. In case where the person recommended for the award of the Medal of Honor is at the time of recommendation apparently fatally wounded, or so ill as to endanger his life, the Commanding General of the Expeditionary Forces in Europe is authorized to act immediately upon the recommendation as the representative of the President, afterwards reporting his action by cable. Whenever a recommendation for the award of the Medal of Honor is approved by cable, and whenever a report is received announcing the award of the Distinguished Service Cross by the Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe, and whenever the Distinguished Service Medal is awarded, such award, with a statement of the circumstances in each case, will be announced in general orders of the War Department by the adjutant general of the Army without unnecessary delay. The Medal of Honor may be awarded posthumously under the rules governing posthumous award of the Distinguished Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal.

OLD GOTHAM CHURCHES UNITE Presbyterian Consolidation Will Represent \$1,200,000 Endowment

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—Three famous New York Presbyterian churches are to be consolidated. It was announced here today that the old First, Second and Third Presbyterian Churches, which were merged by the Rev. Howard Duffield, the University Place Church, of which the Rev. George Alexander is pastor, and the Madison Square Church, whose pulpit has long been occupied by the famous Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. The consolidated pastorate probably will use the old First Church, and institutional buildings probably will be erected north of the village of Greenwich. One result of the merger will be unified control of the missions at present maintained by the three churches. The endowments of the three churches give the new church a fund of \$1,200,000, which will be utilized. It is announced, for the maintenance of a big constructive church and institutional activity. The three pastors will be co-pastors of the new church.

STACK O' WHEATS RUNS LOW Griddle Cake is Frowned On by Food Administration

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The Great American Griddle Cake has been put on a war basis. Hereafter it must contain a proportion of "cheatless wheat." This latest dictum of the Food Administration is interpreted by optimists as a move in the interest of digestion as well as of democracy.

The killjoys, however, do not look at it that way. With sugar banned for all millionaires, and butter nearly as scarce as gold, maple syrup slow in filtering down from the hotel kitchens of the freight congestion, and all the corn syrup unloaded on to an unoffending army abroad, and the old molasses jug in the corner cupboard converted into a war thrift savings bank for baby's pennies, they see nothing in sight but the doom of the national breakfast dish. Thus another typical American institution is threatened with extinction.

PRINCE CHARLES ESCAPES New York Chimpanzee Apparently Not a Hohenzollern

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The New York police have a unique prisoner. They have arrested a chimpanzee wandering about in male garb in the Hotel Knickerbocker. His name is Prince Charles, but he is not believed to be a Hohenzollern. His trainer says that the prince escaped from his room. Both trainer and chimpanzee have been booked on a charge of disorderly conduct.

BREAKS OLD ICE RECORDS

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—Bobby McLean, champion professional skater of the world, lowered the heat mile record to 1:15 at Lake Placid, which is two-fifths seconds lower than John Johnson's mark, which has been standing since 1896. He also skated 100 yards in 9:10 seconds, beating Johnson's record by two-fifths of a second. This mark was made in 1893 by Johnson. The record, however, was one-tenth of a second slower than Morris Woods' amateur mark.

NONE DARE EVADE SALUTE IN LONDON

Weary Arms No Excuse for Those Failing to Render Courtesy

INSPECTORS DOG TRAIL

Even Lieutenant-Colonels Given Sharp Call For Ignoring Men's Salutes

GREAT INTEREST IN OUR ARMY

Everyone Trying to Guess How Many Americans Are Now In France

By GEORGE T. BYE

London Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, Feb. 20.—Heaven preserve us! What can all that riot of arms mean? Wrists, elbows, fingers, and palms are whizzing in the air everywhere. Ah, *voilà*. 'Tis only the boys on Piccadilly saluting. That reminds me of something to write about.

This is the greatest town for saluting I ever struck. I was up to our Embassy today—an edifice of lofty ceilings and a thick atmosphere of thought—and who did I find there but an old newspaper friend of mine from Chicago, a busy man who used to sit up half the night figuring out mathematical and astronomical problems just for the fun of it. And here he was thinking hard and jiggling his pencil out in the high-domed waiting room of our Embassy. And what was his latest cogitation?

"You here," he chortled, after bashfully coming from out of the spell. "I've got something interesting on tap. I've nearly reached a conclusion about the variable weather of England this winter. It's due to all this saluting. Say that the average man expends four pounds of energy on each salute and that the average fighting man's arm has a wind resistance area of 190 square inches. Now there are for the purposes of this problem twenty thousand army men of all nationalities, of saluting capacity, here in London every day. And let's say that each man meets 25 officers a day, making a hypothetical total of 1,700,000 going salutes and 1,700,000 return salutes, a grand total of—"

Not having my gas mask with me, and as the lofty hall was becoming unbearably stuffy, I rushed out to fresh air just in time. But my friend, though he is getting all crack-brained, had made a rational observation. This is the saluting dynamo of the Allied universe.

A party of Tommies and Yanks was sitting quietly on the streets the other day and I followed them. Can you beat it? They were out dodging officers because "the poor boys are getting Charles-horse in their arms, getting saluted all as week-ends." They claimed to have heard that the osteopaths of London were working day and night restoring officers' arms. And they had heard, too, as I know, that there are inspection officers walking about London to see that every officer returns every salute. A British general tells me that in the early days of progress toward the present magnificent discipline of the British armies (due, in large measure to rigid observance of the salute), officers as high in rank as lieutenant-colonels were severely reprimanded by the War Office for evading or ignoring men's salutes.

The Great American Puzzle

In another direction all London is given over to mathematical meditation. The problem briefly stated is: If a nation of 100,000,000 population determines to make war on a brutal autocracy 3,000 miles distant, and rises with furious energy to get its fighters across the sea in action, how many men can it have in the battle zone between April 4, 1917, and February 22, 1918?

Well, I have heard estimates ranging from 25,000 to 983,720, and the reports are still coming in. Some take a sporting chance and make a flat guess. Others quote friends with whom Y.M.C.A. workers roomed when stopping in London on route for the front. Quite a few get down to what is known in U.S.A. real estate lingo as "cold, hard rock figures." Among all these plain and fancy guesses and calculations, Americans as business or resident in London are by no means the least ardent. Indeed, the chief pastime of the Americans just now is comparing their guesses with their friends' and arguing at length over which guess or calculation comes nearest to being right.

Where Americans Fit Strong

There are some very fine English and American ladies who are giving parties every Wednesday afternoon in the home of Mrs. Leverton-Harris to Americans of all callings, naval and military preferred. It is not often possible for a warrior on active duty to get away for afternoon teas and consequently Mrs. Leverton-Harris's hospitality has been enjoyed chiefly by embassy officials and newspaper folk. There was a fair sprinkling of army and navy people one Wednesday when William J. Locke, celebrated English author, was there to meet and be met. It was Locke, you will remember, who wrote, "Septimus," "The Beloved Vagabond," and a host of bully stories that are among the most popular of contemporaneous novels in America.

Well, this wasn't one of those affairs where you fight on one toe at a time and wait for somebody to start something. There was a workup of that "boarding house sociability" to which I alluded in my last epistle. Somebody wanted me to meet somebody else who had a big garden out in the woods where I just must come and give it the once over in the near future. And I shall, even if she is a Lady. In my half year in London I have found that a person can be a human being, title or no title, and that the title amounts to nothing more than a bit of distinction given to that person or his or her ancestors for doing a good job at battling or nursing or painting or writing.

Finally I got around to general Mr. Page, our ambassador, and he and I had just decided that the West of America was doing fully as much or more than the East in this war in spite of all the pessimism of New York newspapers last year. Then he was hustled off, and I found myself with a most amiable lady who inquired if I were an American. After thanking her for this compliment to the parity of my enunciation, I asked, "And so you happen to be an American?" She beamed at me and

nodded. "Yes." We were just starting out for a good chat when there was an interruption by a lady who wanted Captain Fowler of the American Army to meet Mrs. Page! I had asked the wife of the American ambassador if she were American! Ho-hum.

A Yankee Husky

There's nobody complaining around these parts. I had a kick for a while. Whenever I went to Navy headquarters I found a British commissionaire as doorkeeper. A British commissionaire is an old soldier, wearing medals of old campaigns and as polite and useful as you could want. But it did seem to me that we could spare at least one American husky for the entrance to Admiral Slim's H.Q. I went up today and lo, there glared at me one of our most formidable marines. I would have embraced him in good Paris style if he hadn't been for the way his jaw stuck out.

No I am square with the world. I do hear wails now and then from the correspondents here. When there is little news bubbling up in this source-spring of Allied effort, the men get cables from their editors sitting in comfortable chairs back home. To this purport: "Would you mind postponing your European sista until the seashore season opens up? We understand there is a war on, and it would oblige us if you can spare the time to trace down this rumor."

But who gives a hang about newspaper fellows? It's the man with the bayonet who counts!

TUSCANIA LOSS IS STERLING TEST OF NATION'S MIND

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a more serious aspect of the situation was the fear that the strike indicated possibly greater labor disputes.

The President's personal handling of the matter relieved the public mind. His telegram on Sunday to William Hutchinson, president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, in New York, strongly declaring that the men should return to work pending an adjustment of the difficulties by the Shipbuilding Wage Adjustment Board, greatly cleared the situation. The public liked his firm question: "Will you cooperate or will you obstruct?"

Labor Looks to Government

Hutcheson immediately urged the men to return to work, and the trouble now seems decisively ended. I believe labor is fast coming to look toward the government as a big, strong, fair arbiter.

I think a great improvement in the mental attitude of labor and the working classes generally has been created by the recent work of the government mediation commission which investigated conditions in the California oil regions, the Arizona copper districts, and the Pacific Coast Telephone System, and the Pacific Northwest lumber regions. Rarely has there been a more illuminating and scrupulously just government investigation of a more courageous finding.

The commission was notably impartial and did not hesitate to lay blame in neither direction. Favoring neither labor nor employers, the findings show a fine, big sense of national justice. The report charged labor almost wholly from wild charges of disloyalty and showed conditions that must be changed. The result is that much bitterness of feeling among men who felt that they were abused and held up to the scorn of their country has been eliminated because they see that the nation wants to do the right thing.

The outstanding point in the American labor situation now is that the questions between labor and employers are in process of being taken out of private hands—in spirit if not in fact. The public is beginning to feel clearly that the nation is bigger than any class and that national interest and honor demand a just dealing between classes. The sentiment of the workers, on the whole, seems to be that, if assured of a hearing and of justice, they are satisfied to lay their case before the country.

Partisan Activities Lacking

Politically, I see an extremely satisfactory course of public discussion and trend of public opinion. The old narrow partisan interest is wonderfully lacking, at least temporarily. Republicans, Democrats and Socialists everywhere are looking at the larger issues. Even extreme radicals show a decided trend to broad views. The slogan, "Make the world safe for democracy," is noticeably making men of many minds unite in forming a coherent front to make democracy fine in America.

This does not indicate a political love feast by any means, but does mean less strife over ephemeral politics. And thus it gives promise of the direction of America's undoubted political talent in a united effort for big results, with plenty of room remaining for sturdy differences of opinion and individual thought and action. One sign of this is a general return to the old American tolerance of opinion everywhere and a simultaneous elimination to a large degree of those who abused free speech.

Public discussion now, in a large sense, is very much in the same temper as before the war, and men are earnestly willing to hear each other and seek for an understanding of all issues.

Uniformed Men Still Citizens

Another fine thing for the American morale is a realization, after months of observation, that our men in uniform remain plain American citizens. Big cities, of course, are full of soldiers from the cantonments. There has been ample opportunity for all people to find out what effect a uniform had on them. The experience throughout the country is that neither officers nor men show the least inclination to swagger or demand privileges beyond those of other citizens.

It is impossible to exaggerate the splendid behavior of the American troops at home. They must inevitably make all men be proud of the country that produces such a simple, self-respecting multitude as our drafted men. They are well behaved throughout. Physically, they are better than students of national health and stamina expected. Big stature is noticeable, and they are not so much "smart" as husky and active. There is a pleasant absence of public gush, due, not to indifference, but to the realization that they are citizens doing a citizen's duty.

EASY TO SPOT IT

"What town did you come from, Jim?" "Er, I can't pronounce the name of it, but it had a lot of houses with red tiled roofs, and a couple of fountains. You could spot it easy."

One of the horrors of war. When your platoon is taken out for a nice little breather at double time by a lieutenant who used to run on a cross country team,

HUN'S BRUTAL POLICY MATTER OF RECORD

Legal Proof of Outrages to Be Brought Forward at Settlement

CAMERA PROVES FACTS

Slaughter of Innocents Shown in Mass of Incontrovertible Evidence

BOY OF 14 A FLAMING TORCH

Youth Set on Fire While Helpless Mother Looks On When Attempt to Hang Him Falls

It is doubtful whether any peoples of antiquity have so besmeared the record of the human race as have the modern Germans. Their catalogue of crimes is so complete that it would seem impossible to add one that might have been forgotten. Yet each day brings in new charges based on incontrovertible evidence.

When the representatives of the nations assemble for the final settlement, there will be laid before the representatives of Germany affidavits, photographs, and other legal proofs that make German atrocities far better established than the scalping of the Sioux Indians on the Western frontiers, the murders of the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the crimes of the Spanish Inquisition. On a battle line three hundred miles long, in every village the retreating Germans passed, the following morning accreted men hurried to the scene to make the record against the day of judgment.

The photographs of dead and mutilated women, girls, children, and old men tell no lies. Two forms of testimony are esteemed by jurists—the testimony of mature men, who have seen and heard, and the testimony of children too innocent to invent their statements, but old enough to tell what they saw. From such sources, more than 10,000 separate atrocities committed by the German armies have been documented and are on file in the chancelleries of the Allied nations for the use when the terms of peace are to be discussed.

When the German army in Lorraine was defeated by one-half its number, it fell northward, passing through French towns and villages where there were no Frenchmen, no guns, and where no shots were fired. During July and August men went slowly from one ruined town to another, talking with the women and the children, comparing the photographs and the full official records made at the time with the statements of the poor, wretched survivors who lived in cellars, where once there had been beautiful houses, orchards, and vineyards.

No Yards to Kill, So Old Men Die

In Berthelmer, they took the photograph of the bodies of fifteen old men whom the Germans had lined up and shot because there were no young soldiers to kill; heard the detailed story of a woman whose boy of 14, being nearest the age of a soldier, was first hanged to a pear tree in the garden, and when the officer and soldier had left him and were busy setting fire to the next house, she cut the rope, revived the strangled boy, only to find the soldiers had returned, and while the officer held her hands behind her back, his assistants poured petrol on the boy's head and clothes, set fire to him, and while he staggered about, a flaming torch, they shrieked with laughter.

When the Germans burned all the houses and retreated the next morning, the Perfect of Lorraine photographed the bodies of thirty aged men lying as they fell, the bodies of women stripped and at last slain, while in the next village stood the ruined square belfry into which the Germans had lifted machine-guns, then forced every woman and child—275 in number—into the little church, and notified the French soldiers that if they fired upon the machine-guns they would kill their own women and children.

After several days' hunger and thirst, at midnight these brave women slipped a little boy through the church window and bade their husbands fire upon the Germans in the belfry, saying the preferred death to the indignities they were suffering. And so these Frenchmen turned their guns, and in blowing these machine-guns out of the belfry killed twenty of their own women and children.

Further indisputable proof of the heartlessness of the Germans is to be found in the letters and diaries taken from the bodies of dead German soldiers.

Their Own Written Testimony

Here is the diary, on August 22, of Private Max Thomas: "Our soldiers are so excited we are like wild beasts. Destroyed eight houses, with their inmates. Bayoneted two men with their wives and a girl of 18."

In the diary of Eitel Anders occurred this: "In Vendres all the inhabitants without exception were brought out and shot. This shooting was heartbreaking, as they all knelt down and prayed. It was real sport, yet it was terrible to watch. At Hecht, I saw the dead body of a young girl nailed to the outside door of a cottage by her hands. She was about 14 or 16 years old."

Finally, I quote from one of the thousands of affidavits in the possession of the French authorities which tell of Germany's insensate brutality. Affidavit D-59 reads: "After passing Weerde, we met a woman covered with blood, with her breasts cut off. She was delirious. "Standing in the village of Herimont, a boy of 10, and his mother showed me twelve bullet marks against the stone wall where a mother, aged 23, with a babe on her breast, with her young sister and sister-in-law of 16 and 17, were shot by twelve German soldiers. On a little board in one ruined village we can read these words: "Marie, Aged 16, Dead August 24, 1915. Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

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THE BELLY-BAND

Free advice I hate to hand Out to any man alive: "How to live and how to thrive. And have comfort over here!" "Makes me this one bit advance. Even though men think you queer: Wear a belly-band in France!"

'Tis protection from the chills Brought by snow and misty air; 'Tis insurance against the ills Caused by poor or meager fare; 'Tis a guarantee of sleep. Sound, secure—so, 'neath your pants Have it always, to be sure: Wear a belly-band in France!

Weak of stomach? Play the game. Else you agony will taste; Strong of stomach? All the same, Wind the worsted 'round your waist: From an old campaigner swipe Just this thought: To 'scape the dance Caused by wracking, fearsome gripe. Wear a belly-band in France!

Red Cross knitters—may you get All the favors Heaven grants! For you taught me one sure bet: Wear a belly-band in France!

FITNESS MAIN POINT IN RAISING RANK

Seniority Not Sole Factor to Recommend Officers for Promotion

Seniority is not the only factor to be taken into consideration when the recommendation of officers for promotion is undertaken. New orders on the subject put fitness for command, as shown by demonstrated efficiency, at the head of the list, and place special emphasis also on physical fitness. Character, loyalty, general ability and trustworthiness, and unselfish self-sacrifice to duty are mentioned as the other cardinal points to be considered. It is laid down that a man shall not be recommended for promotion, no matter how talented he may be, if he is known to be weak and vacillating. All other things being equal, it is stated that seniority may be taken into account—unless the officer's age is such that it would impair his usefulness.

Prompt reporting on the cases of officers of the National Army, National Guard and Officers' Reserve Corps who have demonstrated their unfitness is required of all commanders. The report in each case is required to state clearly in detail the reasons why the officer is regarded as inefficient, whether due to incompetency, to neglect of duty or other continued course of misconduct or want of effort, or any other cause. In cases of serious misconduct, it is stipulated that court-martial trials, with a view to dishonorable dismissal be instituted.

NO INTEREST IN AIR RAIDS

But a Londoner Finds Bugle Calls Worth a Brief Comment

Air raids meant nothing to him; he was an Englishman. Calmly he stood on the unprotected sidewalk of a boulevard in a certain French city and gazed at the phenomena in the sky, which for splendor and interest had "the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air" beaten to a frazzle. Boom of big guns, splitters of machine-guns, red and blue lights twinkling in and out among the clouds, aviators with their planes scudding across the face of the moon like the traditional witches riding their broomsticks—all failed to move him to exclamation of surprise.

At last the recall note came humming through the streets. The bugler stood up in the car and sounded the "all clear." Then, and only then, did the Englishman speak. "Ah," he remarked, half apologetically to himself, "really, I think our London Boy Scouts blow it a bit better."

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

The average American high school girl, who must have her ukulele, would not feel at home in France, for the ukulele is unknown here. A ukulele hunt through the biggest stores of Paris failed to bring to light one of these instruments, even with the use of English, bad French, eloquent arms, a dictionary, and an illustrated catalogue from a music dealer. For the French people who are learning American English, here is a definition: UKULELE.—A petite guitar imported from Honolulu, Hawaii, and firmly established in the land of its adoption, America; played like a mandolin, principally on front porches and in automobiles; regarded by some as an instrument of torture instead of an instrument of music.

BASEBALL DEAL HANGS FIRE

Because Eddie Plank has refused to accept terms with the New York Yanks, the proposed deal whereby Fritz Malsb, Infielder Gedeon, Pitchers Shocker and Cullop and Catcher Nunnamaker were to go to the Yanks in exchange for Second Baseman Pratt and Pitcher Plank of the Browns, is still hanging fire. Pratt is delighted at the proposed change. If this deal goes through, the \$100,000 damage suit started by Pratt and Lavan against Owner Ball of the Browns, may be dropped. Lavan is to be traded to the Washington club.

SET DATE FOR BIG SHOOT

The Grand American handicap, the United States' big shooting meet, will be held at Chicago, August 5-9.

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TOMMIES' LEADER GREET'S AMEX MAN

Sir Douglas Haig Keeps Staff Waiting to Talk With Lone Captain

How the Field Marshal of England went out of his way to welcome an American line officer on observation duty with the British Army is told by an A.E.F. captain, just returned from the Flanders front.

"I was in a little village not far from the lines," says the captain, "when I heard from the British officers with whom I had been quartered that Sir Douglas Haig was coming through that section very shortly on an inspection tour.

"My British friends, excusing themselves on the ground that they had to look over their commands before inspection further down the line, went away. Seating myself on a pile of brick and mortar, the remnants of a shell-ruined house, I waited, all alone, to see the General and his escort pass through.

"Pretty soon, sure enough, they came along, having left their cars to look over that part of the sector more closely on foot. Sir Douglas was in the lead, surrounded by a number of 'red caps'—as the Tommies call their general officers. "I saw the Field Marshal look over my way, then turn and say something to one of his aides. Then, before I knew it, he was coming right over toward me, over the debris of brick and mortar.

"Of course, I arose at once and saluted; but, instead of formally returning the salute General Haig came up, extended his hand, and with the kindest of smiles, inquired, 'You're an American officer, I see? Come to look us over, no doubt? I am delighted; we are very glad to have you here.' "Sir Douglas inquired with interest about our preparations and about the situation in our part of the western front. He asked, among other things, what I thought of the things I had seen with the British; and before I could expostulate against his wasting his valuable time in going over things with me, he had told me much that I was keenly interested to know about, and had gone quite deeply indeed into the subjects that had been my particular hobbies.

"At length, he extended his hand, and remarked: 'Well, good-bye, sir, I'm sorry I must be "making my rounds." I am delighted to have met you here, and hope that you and your brother officers will come up frequently.' "He returned my salute, rejoined his staff, and walked on."

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# EARFUL OF SUGGESTIONS FOR BOYS BACK HOME

## Fifty-two Baths Will Prepare You For a Year of Life Over Here—Stock Up Now On Smokes and Sweets

### DEAR FELLOW SCRAPPERS:

Some of us have been over here a good eight months and more. Most of us have been over for at least half that time. The rest of us have been over here for varying amounts of time, and all of us long enough to be in a position to hand you a little friendly advice about how to prepare for the trip, what to expect over here, and what not to expect. Here, then, are a few hunches from some old and seasoned campaigners:

Throw away your "parley-vo" books and forget all the French the Y.M. has been teaching you in your cautionment huts this winter. You won't need it. We have got the natives so well acquainted with United States now that they understand everything we say—even when we go unduly accurate on one another's ancestry. Even if you do get stuck, there's only one way to learn French; that is to talk it, and make it up as you go along. In the course of time you'll get at least half of what you want.

Begin to take baths right now. If you've got about six weeks before sailing time, start in to take one bath every day and two on Sunday, and manage to ring in four extra ones between times. That will equip you with a good 52 baths, giving you an average of one a week for a year, which is the minimum prescribed by regulations. Baths in France are as hard to find as celebrators of Yom Kippur in an A.O.H. convention; so bathe while the bathing is good and handy.

### Write Those Letters Now

Another time-saving device. Start in writing letters now—now, while you've got time. Date them all well ahead and pack them neatly in your haversack. Then, when you get over here, your correspondence won't interfere with your touring. Just reach into your haversack and pick out one when the date on it comes around; shoot it in and have it censored, and it's done. The descriptions of France, and so forth, you can get out of any of our old letters, or out of the stuff the war correspondents send over. Don't try to be original; people don't like it. Besides, in the army individuality is a sin.

Along the same line as letters: Have your post card photos of yourself taken before you sail. You can borrow the makeup—tin hat, gas masks and all the rest—from the guy in your regiment who's had them issued to him, or from

cocktail-time ready to start the night's labors.

Have your feet, teeth and eyes thoroughly looked after before you come over. If any one of the three sets is not satisfactory, don't bring it. Turn it to the quartermaster and get a new one. This applies particularly to teeth.

See your last-musical comedy, dance your last dance and eat your last pie and doughnuts. You won't run across any of those commodities while you're over here, and it may be pleasant to look back on them. Enjoy them, then, while you can; but enjoy them lingeringly, and bring the last bit of pleasure out of them all. But don't, when you come over here, start to tell us about them, or we'll have you!

### Don't Forget Playing Cards

Put one deck of cards in every pocket you possess and one up each elbow. In that way you will be sure to have at least one full deck to use on the ride over. There is nothing else to do, except to stand ship's guard every other day and bob for whales.

Get the wrist watch habit, if you haven't already.

Start in now to play three or four games, picking them not for looks or dancing, but for knitting capacity and ability to direct parcels in a neat, clear round hand that can't be misunderstood. In that way, and that way only, can you be sure of sweaters, socks, wrist-knives, mufflers and tummy bands sufficient to last out the war.

Come on over: the going is fine!

Yours till the Boche bust,  
THOSE WHO KNOW.

## A BOX FROM HOME

"John Jones" called the top sergeant standing over a mail bag filled with belated Christmas packages, with the boys of the company packed around like a scrimmage in the old football days.

"HERE!" yelled Jones, loud enough to be heard in the barracks across the way. The package was passed over the heads of the men to Jones, who grabbed the much-traveled package with a beaming face and carried it triumphantly to his bunk. His comrades passed remarks like these:

"Lucky dog."

"Kind world."

"Good for you."

### Event in Soldier's Life

The arrival of a box from home is always an event in Jones' life as a

## ANOTHER NEW ALLY

A new ally has joined the ranks—He's United States from head to toe. Has a bushy tail, an' big strong jaw. Two darned long ears an' a loud he-haw; Most likely he's Missouri born. Raised on blue grass and bottom corn—Way down in Pike, or in old Clay—On Monroe farm, or "State of Ray."

His flank is branded "U.S.A." And when he pulls things go his way? He'll haul big trucks thro' mud in France—His day's work done, he'll bray and prance; Bite you darn quick if you don't mind. But does most his fightin' from behind—If he gets one kick at Bill, the Hun, This great big war will sure be won.

Take off your hats to the long eared cuss. He'll stick all through the blamed big fuss—He doesn't kick to any rule. From ears to hocks he's just plain mule! It's comfort, too, that he's in France. To pull the trucks when our boys advance; Our vict'ry won, he'll spread his jaws, An' give Kaiser Hill some loud he-haws.

WILLIAM ELLSWORTH FOWLER, in the "Kansas City Star."

turns back to the box. Look at those things to eat! There's everything! Old-fashioned Christmas candy—brightly colored, the kind the children like. It goes fine in camp, and keeps so much better than bonbons. Then there are California figs and raisins, nuts, American chocolate bars, made with real milk and sugar, ginger-snaps, cookies, and some of those fancy cookies or biscuits in tin boxes which they are making now to send to the soldiers.

It's a regular feast. The folks certainly thought of everything.

"Have one—they are from God's country," says Jones, and the cookies and fried fruit go the rounds just like the cigarettes.

Munching a cookie, Jones dives into the box again. A set of toilet articles—soap, toothbrush, toothpaste (just ran short of that), a trench mirror (had one already but they won't break and will come in handy), a wash rag, towels (had thought of buying some, but is broke; somehow or other towels always seem to vanish).

Jones puts aside the toilet articles. He knows he will have use for every one of them; it is not now, eventually.

He empties the remaining mysteries out on the bunk—a tablet and a couple of pencils, a pipe, some pipe cleaners wrapped up in fancy paper and tied with fancy ribbons. One is broken, but the other is O. K. and immediately goes into Jones' mouth. To cap the climax, out roll some handkerchiefs. Khaki for Great! Wish they had sent a whole dozen.

There goes the call for drill—

### Call For Drill Interrupts

Jones grabs his blouse and hat, sticks a package of favorite cigarettes into one pocket and a couple of bars of chocolates in another pocket, throws his blanket over the goodies on the bunk; which now appears like a "young" department store, and rushes madly out to be on time for the drill.

Jones is a different man and a better soldier. The box from home cheered him up and he goes about his work cheerfully and gaily. The box was a bond of union with the home folks. It restored his personality and he feels that he is doing something "Over Here" and is not a mere colorless nonentity—one among a million men. He goes to his work with his chest out, re-awakened to the realization that the home folks expect him to do his bit and are not forgetting him.

### A MEDLEY OF NATIONALITIES

He was an Irishman, like many another—in the Infantry and he was leading against the rail of the transport, now safe in a French harbor, gazing at honest-to-goodness green hillsides for the first time in many weary days. The transport was not originally intended for that purpose, at least not for American troops; it had been built for a German line whose business has been pretty much on the rocks for some three and a half years. The Irishman was fresh from a mess that had consisted of frankfurters and sauerkraut, probably concocted on the principle that you can learn something even from your enemy, and as he leaned against the rail digesting it he remarked to the man who happened to be at his side:

"It's a funny world—an Irishman in the American Army eatin' a German supper on a German boat in a French port."

## MADE IN FRANCE BY THE U. S. ARMY

### Articles Difficult to Ship Are Milled in Overseas Shops

### PLAN SAVES CARGO SPACE

### Worked Well With Kettles and Splints—New Industries May Be Established

"Why not make them over here?" The question popped up, all of a sudden, in the midst of a discussion about how in time the A.E.F. was going to get kettles—not the kind you wear on your head, but the kind in which they cook things for your stomach.

"Somebody in the Q.M.C. had just wailed, loud and long, for kettles. Somebody else, in some other department, had replied by saying, 'All right, let's send over for some.' But then somebody else, who knew something about shipping, had butted in with, 'Can't be done; they take up too much room on shipboard needed for other things'—both literally and figuratively spragging the army's beans.

"Why not make them over here?" persisted the putter of the question. "Of course, it would take up too much room to bring them over. They're as hard to stack as a bunch of old maids—all elbows. But send the raw material over here—it'll pack flat enough—and if we can find a factory that isn't turning out shells and things, we'll tell them to hop to the contract of kettle building. If we can't find a factory, why we can put up one of our own."

It listened well to the other sitters-in on the conversation. Having the necessary authority, they scouted out around to find a factory that could turn out kettles, and wasn't tied up with other work. They found one, but it wasn't big enough to handle the quantity wanted. Nothing daunted, they scouted out around some more, and found another. And another. And another. Pretty soon they were all fixed for kettles.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? Also, it sounds practical. Sure! Well, that is the way you'll Uncle Sam has gone into the manufacturing business over here on behalf of his army.

Take another example. The medicos set up a holler for splints. Splints there had to be, splints there have to be wherever there is action. But splints don't tell any more than do kettles or sawhorses.

### Get Splints Quickly

The same trick was worked. The metal, packed in nice, thin, flat sheets was brought overseas, and transported by rail to the factories that could turn it into splints. They not only could, but they did, in right good time. Result: The medical department got its splints, or, rather, the wounded who needed them got theirs—and a lot of good cargo space was saved.

The idea began to look better and better. If it worked for metals, thought some one, why wouldn't it work for chocolate? There was a case in point. Chocolate is as useful as hard-tack, as an emergency ration. Why not ship the cocoa beans direct to France, where there are more chocolate factories than there are Democrats in Texas, and have the cute little cakes of it turned out here? "Now you're talking!" said some one who was both in authority and hungry—and the scheme went through.

The "make it over here" idea for things that would clutter up a ship overmuch, grew and grew. It saved, every way you looked at it—saved cargo space for things that could be made over here, saved time in getting the finished product to the concern that need it most—that concern being the A.E.F. When wasn't it in the line of any French factory to make it over here, or any factory in a fairly nearby allied country, recourse was had to the neutrals. And the neutrals were usually willing to try it for an accommodation.

### Furnishes Extra Hands

By this time the manufacture-on-the-spot principle is pretty well settled on wherever it can be made to work. If the factories are not already available for the particular job, Uncle Sam sets up one of his own, just as he sets up an auto repair shop almost over night. In that case, besides furnishing the raw material, he furnishes the labor too, unless he can hire it here.

The importation of labor into France is not, however, as easy as the importation of raw material. For one thing—to take the case of the coal mines—the French miners are against the importation of foreign operators, and say so through their unions. There are other objections to the bringing in of, for example, Spanish labor for the farm-lands, largely undermined on account of the drain of war, although the women of France have been bravely caring for the crops in many instances. The bringing over of American laborers to work the farms has also been debated, but it will, of course, have to take second place

to the more pressing problem of bringing over American troops.

Not only is Uncle Sam utilizing the factories devoted to well-established industries in France; he is even contemplating introducing new industries. Fruit canning, for one thing, has never been taken up over here to any large extent; and yet it is only by canning fruit in season that an army gets fruit of any kind during the off season. There's an opening for a new job for lots of women workers right in that. It would give them a chance to earn good wages, and at the same time would leave a lot of cargo space that had hitherto been devoted to the housing of canned goods. And economizing on cargo space is one of the means by which this war is going to be won.

### A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

Mess Kit—A collapsible contrivance designed to convey beans from the mess line to the table.

Mess Tools—A collection of implements designed to convey beans from the mess kit to the human face.

Buttons—The molten counterparts of the sword of Damocles—"You hold them but by a single hair."

Muffler—Something wished on you by the dear ones at home which you would like past anything to wish on to the bugler's mouth.

Mule—A hardy and thick-skinned quadruped which must be approached with which one approaches a dud bomb.

Socks—Foot coverings composed of a substance represented to the Government or the Red Cross as being wool, and possessed of the same capacity for "contracting holes as is a machine gun target at fifty yards.

Canvas Leggin—A venerable mud collector possessed of one solitary virtue: namely, speed in adjusting to the human form. Now classed as belonging to the early flintlock and pitchfork period of American warfare.

### HE BROKE UP THE PARTY

### Airman's Mates Are Much Peeved By Unbidden Visit

They're a callous bunch, those airmen. This is the story one of them tells: "I've had been out on practice flights on an empty cold day, and had just landed. As we were chilled to the bone, we hustled some firewood from some nearby underbrush, cut it up, and after wasting about eight boxes of matches we finally had a good roaring fire going. But, just as we were getting ready to gather round it and thaw out our feet and hands, whoops!

"Right out of the sky tumbles down a guy in a machine, right on top of our perfectly good fire, scattering snow all over it and putting it out of business for keeps! Damn inconsiderate of him, I call it, with ten miles all around in every direction for him to take his spill on to. Hurt? Sure he was hurt; who wouldn't have been? All the same, I call it damn inconsiderate, so I do!"

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## ENTRANCE TO LOBBY, HOTEL DU FRONT



The palatial plate-glass swinging doors of this de luxe establishment have been removed to afford a better view of the sumptuous interior. The name of the hostelry is withheld, but it is enough to say that no accommodations are left at present, and intending patrons (of whom there are quite a number) must await their turn. In fact, even the most expensive suites are tenanted, in addition to their registered occupants, by more or less transient residents. No extra charge is made for the sport of pursuing these latter along the corridors.

The specially-posed portrait of the doorman is added to give life to the picture. The pouch suspended over his chest, it is hardly necessary to state, is a receptacle for such honorariums as delectable and arriving guests may care to bestow upon him. The weapon in his right hand is obviously the property of the house detective, shown as proof of the complete protection afforded patrons. The hotel here shown is only one of a chain now being operated in this and neighboring localities by the same management.

one of the British or French instructors at your camp. Don't be photographed with an Ambesler-Busch sign for a background, or the people you send the cards to will think you've been taken prisoner. If you wait till you get over before getting mugged in your war togs, they won't let soldiers take pictures in the first place, and in the second place you'd have trouble in getting them censored.

Pack all the chocolate, American cigarettes, smoking and eating tobacco into your barrack bag that you can muster. Those commodities are rarer over here than minor league kings with steady jobs. If there are any good matches left in the States, throw them in, too. The matches you buy over here hit on two cylinders only, at best.

### Make Friends With Mud

Get used to mud. Go out and roll over in it; wallow in it, stir it into your coffee and drink it, smear your face with it, line your ears with it, use it on your meat in place of mustard, slip some of it down inside your shirt by way of the back of your neck, and plaster your hair with it. Do this once a day until you can't skip a day without feeling uncomfortable without it. Then you will be thoroughly acclimatized.

Once up front you will live for the most part in dugouts. Dugouts are designed to keep the air of the trenches pure; all the bad air up front is collected by fatigue squads and dumped into them. To get used to dugout air, spend as much of your leave time as possible in packed movie houses, subways, Bohemian restaurants and Hoboken saloons. A combination of all of them will inoculate you pretty securely against the essence of the dugout.

In connection with dugouts, another good thing to get used to is small space and poor light. To practice, hire a Harlem flat for at least a week before departure. In that way you will learn to use your shoulders instead of a mantel-piece when you want to put anything down, and to sleep standing up. Get used to night shifts. Holding a sector isn't a day job, because daylight is too public for the work you have to do. Get the habit of sleeping in the afternoon, and of getting up about

These boxes, even more than letters, cheer him up in spite of hardships and bind him to the home folks. "Christmas in the trenches" as the yuletide season is humorously called by the boys even if they are two or three hundred miles from the front, is not like Christmas at home, but it has two advantages—it lasts longer, for the parcels keep coming through the winter, and the presents are appreciated more than they ever could have been in the midst of the comforts of home.

Do the boys appreciate the parcels? Just watch their faces and hear them say, "God bless 'em." The kiddies at home are not half as tickled over a train of tin cars as the soldier boys are over a box from home.

### Ceremony of Opening Parcel

With his comrades clustered about him Jones proceeds to open the box, which is a ceremony to be done slowly and thoroughly enjoyed. First the box is thoroughly examined. Aha, thinks Jones, the box has been two months on the way; in pretty good shape in spite of that; corners breaking.

He cuts the strings and throws the wrapping recklessly on the floor. Plenty of time to police up afterwards. Then he delves into the mysteries of the box. Cigarettes! Good! his favorite brand! Funny how the folks back home remember his favorite brand. They did not like to see him smoke cigarettes anyway, but somehow they have forgotten all about that now. The cigarettes are passed around to everybody in the room and the event becomes a small sized holiday.

Ah! there is that sweater he has been looking for for two months. His sweetheart, who that she had knitted one and that it was on the way. Jones had been half afraid that the sweater had been lost.

And mittens to match—they must be tried on immediately. Jones jerks off his blouse (technical army word for come) and dons the sweater and mittens. Fine! Just what he had wanted, especially while standing guard the last few cold nights. Sleeveless, neckless and light, the sweater fits nicely under his blouse. After admiring the sweater, Jones

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ENJOYING OUR LEAVES

"Oo-la-la! This is France!" That is the impression which altogether too many men have had in mind upon their first arrival here. They have come over expecting to find a sort of international Coney Island, a universal pleasure resort. Because of the fame attached to Paris, because of the celebrity of certain watering places in the south, they have had the belief forced upon them that if a man does not make merry in France, and make merry loud, he is "missing something."

To be sure, France, with good weather permitting, is one of the finest holiday countries in the world. Also, France, undisturbed by war, is one of the most hospitable spots to be found anywhere for vacational purposes. But this "Oo-la-la" idea of France, if we may call it that, is distinctly erroneous. The American soldier about to go on leave in France cannot get it too quickly erased from his mind.

France is not now in the merry-making mood. France has been in mourning—mourning the loss of her bravest and wisest and best for the last three years and a half. She greets, with her brave smile of fortitude, each and every stranger that comes to her shores these days, but under hilarity, under familiarity, under roisterousness, wears the soul of France, which has these many months been fed on tragedy. She hopes that all who are here will enjoy themselves to the full in their leisure time. But they must not expect too much of her, must not think of her (as her enemies would have us think of her) as a "daughter of joy."

It has been said of foreign travel that a man gets out of it only as much as he puts into it. If he puts into it an earnest desire to learn the ways of other people, a sincere effort to get at the best of their civilization, he is repaid in kind. If he puts into it only his grosser animal self, he remains just the same gross animal that he was before. For the man anxious to build up treasure for the future—treasures of the mind and spirit which no one can take away—France holds out innumerable advantages. One may not be this way again in the course of a lifetime, so it is well to take advantage of such opportunities while they are near at hand.

Nobody, of course, expects the American soldier on leave to go about with a prayer-book neatly folded between his hands and a milestone hung about his neck. Far from it. He will be a better fighting man after his leave if he gives his body and mind a holiday and seeks the things such as outdoor exercise, reading and sight-seeing that interest him without impairing his efficiency. The things that are expected of the A.E.F. man on leave are: That he conduct himself as a gentleman. That, like the knights of King Arthur's Round Table—whose spiritual successor, from the nature of his task, he most certainly is—he consider himself bound "to hold all women as sacred." That he allow himself to indulge in no excesses that will impair his efficiency as a member of one of Uncle Sam's combat units. One can have a bully good time in France—or anywhere else, for that matter—and still live up to those three cardinal principles.

France is not only one of the finest pleasure grounds on this planet—it is also holy ground. France has more than once—at Chalons, at Tours, at the Marne—"saved the soul of the world." The man who lets his vacation time go by without visiting some of the famous spots in France where world history has been made (and the history of his own country thereby materially altered) is certainly missing one of the most splendid opportunities of his life. And, from now on forever, the man who does not know France, "the best beloved of nations," is sure to be set down as a "lowbrow" indeed!

"DO YOUR DAMNEST"

Our British Allies, when they talk of "doing their bit," mean "doing the best that is in them"—giving their all. The traditional reticence and modesty of the Anglo-Saxon (so hard for many Americans to understand) makes them refer to it as "their bit." Unfortunately, too many people on the other side of the Atlantic we fear, taking that word "bit" at its literal value, have boasted of "doing their bit," giving their mite, when they ought to have been ashamed of its tininess.

This war cannot be won by peoples "doing their bit" if they mean only

"bit" when they say "bit." It cannot be won by half measures of any sort. This war is not a nickel-in-the-plate-on-Sunday affair, nor a \$5-for-residents-\$3-for-non-residents affair, nor a sewing-class-twice-a-week affair. It is a war that demands every ounce of everyone's energy, every cent of everyone's surplus, every second of everyone's available time. Thinking of it in any other way is little less than stabbing in the back those men of ours who are lining the trenches in Lorraine, who are keeping the perilous vigil far out at sea. "Do your bit"—with "bit" meaning "all"—is Britain's war slogan. America's should be: "DO YOUR DAMNEST!"

NOT ALL ARE SLACKERS

The men of the A.E.F. have no use for slackers. The creatures (we cannot call them men) that deliberately shirk their obvious duty at this time are beneath our collective contempt. But, because we feel so strongly on the subject, we do not think it fair to brand as slackers those men who have honestly made the effort to be accepted for active service, and who, for physical or other reasons, have been denied the privilege of such service.

There are many such men back in the States, men who even went under the surgeon's knife that they might pass the Army or Navy tests, men who volunteered to give up all they had—business, leisure, home—only to be refused. The sight of khaki or navy blue on more fortunate men makes them wince to think that they, too, cannot wear it. Uncomplainingly they have set about the drudgery of raising money, of speeding supplies, of providing recreation for us, giving lavishly of their time and funds. It is unjust to call such men slackers.

Over here, too, there are many men in the allied non-combatant services who have been rejected for the Army itself, but who are putting all they have into their activity for the cause, the same cause as ours. Such men did not don their present uniform from first choice, but from second choice. They wanted to be where we are; but, being told they could not, they cheerfully took on what is oftentimes just as hazardous employment for the sheer desire of being somehow "in the game," of helping us somehow to win out in that game. They certainly cannot be classed as slackers.

Why cannot some sort of identifying badge, not too ornate or conspicuous, be granted to such men, upon their submission of proofs that they have actually tried to enter active service? It would free those of them in civilians' clothes from the slacker stigma; it would free those in non-combatant uniforms from the suspicion that they desired to "play safe." It would give honor to whom honor is due, and, if generally worn by those entitled to it, would do a great deal toward awakening the half-slackers to the obligations that their American citizenship demands that they fulfil.

PROUD AND GRATEFUL

Someday we will try to tell—not boastfully, but with pride and gratitude—the story of how team work and cheerful sacrifices in the way of time and elbow grease have set our little newspaper going along the road to success. We have called upon many in the A.E.F. to lend us a hand; not once have we been turned down. Everyone is overworked in these days, but from the Commander-in-Chief himself (the busiest of all—who found time to write us our first communication) down to Private No. 3, Rear Rank, everybody we have called upon has put his shoulder to the wheel. Our new Sporting Editor gives us his Sundays and such spare time after hours as is allotted to a Red Cross camion driver. M.P.s have turned to and trucked big rolls of paper after standing a night of guard duty. Couriers—but what's the use? All we have to say is, you're real sports, all of you, and THE STARS AND STRIPES is proud and grateful.

WAR'S UNKINDEST CUT

That great summer sport of rural American youth, known as "getting up early to see the circus come in," seems destined to go the way of all flesh. Railroad transportation in the States is being largely devoted to rushing supplies for the Army from the interior to the Atlantic seaboard, and, to conserve coal, many passenger trains have been severed from the schedules. The big shows, therefore, the big three ring affairs with the "gorgeous, glittering, gurgitating galaxy of exquisitely efficacious equestriennes" (as Tody Hamilton used to paint it), seem doomed to discontinuance, perhaps to demise. Under present traffic conditions, none but the little one ring affairs, capable of being compressed into a caravan of Henry Fords, dare venture abroad in the land.

Poor youngsters! Already the war has made heavy demands on them. They have "hooved" religiously on sweets, forgone the purchase of beaefic marbles in order to buy thrift savings stamps and Liberty Bonds, and will be compelled to go to school this summer because there has been no coal for the schoolhouse stove this winter. In desperation, many of the boys have taken to knitting, and greater love for his country could no short-trousered kid exhibit than to devote himself to the pastime of the despised feminine gender.

And, now, no chance to get in free by lugging water for the elephants! An arid summer—pink lemonadeless, peanutless and pink tightless—stares young America in the face. Buffalo Bill has gone to his long rest; his compunchers have enlisted in the cavalry; his Indians have forsaken the tomahawk for the trench knife; his Cossacks have turned Bolshhevik. War with Austria-Hungary makes it treason to cross a gypsy's palm with silver. How is young America—and old America, which always used to go to the circus "just for the children's sake"—going to bear up under this, "the most unkindest cut of all"?

A FRIEND OF AMERICA

In the recent death of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice at Ottawa, Canada, while on his way back to England after arduous duties well performed in the United States, America loses a real friend and an understanding admirer. First as Secretary of the British Embassy at Washington, and later as Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, he learned to know us and like us, and we to know and like him. Simple in his tastes, democratic in his views and bearing, possessed to an infinite degree of tact and of quiet humor, he was an ideal diplomat and gentleman. His work in aiding to bring about a sympathetic understanding between America and England will bear fruit for many years to come.

"TAISEZ-VOUS"

It means, "Keep your mouth shut." Always good advice, it is particularly good in time of war, especially when one considers that kind of enemy we are up against. "The night," write the poet, "has a thousand eyes." He might well have added, "and the Boche has a million ears."

Keep your knowledge of musketry, of signaling, of the contents of orders, of the location of units where it belongs—under your hat. Don't lose it. Not all the people who say "je ne comprends pas" so earnestly are telling the truth. Nor, to be on the safe side, are all the people who say, "I won't let it go any further."

If you were in a football team, and possessed of its code of signals, would you want that code to get into the hands of a rival eleven? Not much. If they had your signals, they could smear every play you started, provided they were anywhere near your equals in beef and speed. It's the same way in this war game. So, for the good of the only "All-American" team worthy of the name—"taisez-vous!"

"GAS—ALERT!"

America's war objects are perfectly clear. She is solidly united to Britain in opposition to the Continental policy in Europe and in Asia.—"Die Vossische Zeitung." If by "Continental policy" you mean the policy of slaughtering babies by wholesale in Europe and in Asia, then, Herr Editor, you are absolutely right.

If the standardized suit becomes a burden to civilians, we can assure them that, if they are seeking variety, they will find plenty of it in the Army's socks.

Warm weather in the States speeds up the moving of supplies for the Army. Warm weather in France slows up the moving of the army on account of the mud. Given enough warm weather, therefore, the supplies and the Army ought to meet on some one of these fine days.

In 1916 we were down on the Mexican border sabering the rattler; in 1918 we are up on the Lorraine border after the sabre rattler.

Camp Grant and Camp Dodge Hold Big Boxing Bout.—Headline.

We bet Camp Dodge was mighty spry on its feet. We might forgive Sweden for her alleged banding over of steel to the Boche if she would only furnish us with some sure-light Swedish matches. If we had them, we could just light our pipes and sit back in comfort while that Swedish steel went whizzing by.

The way the Marines kick about having to wear the Army uniform, you'd think that the uniform consisted of boiled shirt, white vest, and clawhammer coat.

To judge from reports emanating from the States, it costs a man more to keep up his coal cellar than his wine cellar.

Mr. Baker also stated that the Navy plans to send over two tons of food and munitions for each man sent to France.—"News Dispatch."

With those frozen spuds counting as munitions, no doubt.

"It's our cowboys and your East Enders who are the real pals. You'll see a Cockney with his arm around a man from Michigan or Tennessee." Irvin Cobb, as reported by a British Journalist. Irv was probably referring to our cowboys from Battle Creek. Up there they ride vibratory horses. Or did he mean our Memphis steamboat busters?

... and she comes to see him in the camp and finds him a proud American with a big chest, a sergeant saluting and saluted.—Mr. Cobb again.

We love our sergeants, Mr. Cobb; oh, yes, we do! But we save up our salutes for commissioned officers.

Lloyd George, the British premier, has become a grandfather. Our congratulations! By the way, what has become of good Dr. Osler and his pet theory?

There is a shortage of British and French tobacco, and the British and French are grumbling in consequence. Really, some people don't know when they're well off. Do you hear us complaining about that shortage?

Nothing like that in army reporting... there are no graft assignments, no dinners, no art exhibits, dog shows, pink tees, no wonder of wonders—no Allied Bazaars.—From THE STARS AND STRIPES.

No, but there's a big show up front being staged for the benefit of the whole world.

THE LORD OF VILLAINY

Captain Kidd played the pirate game, but he played it on the square; He never sunk ships with babes on board and let them founder there; He did some hefty robbing, and his acting sure was crass, But he never once resorted to the use of poison gas.

Robin Hood played the robber game, but he played it handsome, too; He bled the fat and wealthy, but he let the poor right through; He never took indemnities from those who were in need, But rustic Robin had no chance to learn the Teuton creed.

Henry Morgan roamed the Main as a downright buccaneer, He guzzled on Jamaica rum, and never stooped to beer; He was a downright lowbrow, a roughneck, Heaven knows, But history doesn't say that Hank e'er crucified his foes.

Alexander (called the Great) set out to rule the world; Against each peaceful nation his phalanxes were hurled; "He saw and took"; but when he'd got the thing he most desired, He didn't lie about it, and make honest people tired.

Villains they were of ancient days, each in his separate line, But it remains for Wilhelm all their vices to combine; And add some new ones of his own—his crimes on land and sea; Have branded him forever as the Lord of Villainy.

WILL HE SEE IT?

—By Rollin Kirby



IN THE LAND OF ADOPTION

By the time the legions of the National Army arrive in France and make their way from the base ports to the training areas, and from thence to the front, the portion of France over which they travel will have become pretty thoroughly Americanized. If they stick to the beaten highway and patronize the shops that flaunt signs in near and very painstaking English setting forth what they have to sell: if they rely on the Y.M. canteens and Q.M. stores for their tobacco and other necessities; if they frequent any restaurants in towns where American troops have been quartered before, they will find but little use for the high school French they brushed up on, the eat-and-drink French they picked up from fashionable menus, the French-in-twenty-lessons they found time to sandwich in at their training camps. In fact, their first "vouliez-vous me donner des oeufs?" uttered with a broad Missouri accent after careful rehearsal with a phrase book, will nine times out of ten elicit the brisk reply: "Very well, mister! And how many eggs do you want?"

Ice cream parlors will face the new arrival on every hand. The ice cream, to be sure, will be more of the sherbert variety than the more oleaginous American kind, for milk is scarce in France and is supposed to be reserved for nursing children and for sick people. Still, it will be ice cream, selling at "twenty cents, please," instead of "un franc"; and that, in the newly arrived and homesick, is something indeed.

Clothing stores will be found to be carrying everything American, from socks up to toothbrushes. Military outfitters will be discovered to have laid in a stock of everything, from Sam Browne belts down to extra collar ornaments. Not a few tobacco stores, supplementing the canteens and the Q.M., will have cigarette dispensers that may be smoked without danger of rupturing the great American palate. So it will be along the line.

The little boys one almost topples over as they run on their way to school (children always wait until the last minute, before visiting the dreadful structure, just as they do at home) will call out "How do you do?" as they trot past, instead of the "Bon jour" of former days. Little girls will slide up bashfully, curtsy, and ask, with wonderful precision, "Have you got any gum, if you please?" The pollux one passes along the road will holler out a friendly "Hello," thinking that it means "How are you, old top?"—as, uttered in the right mood and with a smiling countenance, it most assuredly does.

Musique, in whose loft one is billeted, will tell one where to get "straw," not "paille. Monsieur will offer fragments of mighty good English, out of his own experience while fighting the Boche in 1870. Mademoiselle, sitting down at "Au Claire de la Lune," "Sur le Pont d'Avignon," and "Les Cloches de Corneville" but with "Over Three," "Oh, Johnny," and "Where Do We Go From Here?"

The French officers assigned to give one the latest in twentieth century warfare will not have to call loudly for the "Interpète" away at the other end of the line. They will tell the newcomer what's what, in good United States, and enable him to get on the job right from the start. The railroad people, when the newcomer finally achieves the dignity of a pass, will tell him, in a way that he can understand, just how to master the intricacies of the French time table.

What has brought about this astounding change in the customs and speech of the natives of the American occupied regions? Save in a few isolated instances along the coast, it is not due to the previous advent of the British and Canadians, for the American Army area is pretty well removed from that of his Majesty's forces. The slang one encounters is real middle West, or real New York, or a highly entertaining mixture of the two. It is not Cockney, or Scotch, or any other Britanic patois: it is Americanese, put on solely for the Americans.

This change, this Americanization is due first of all, to the marvelous adaptability of the French, their eagerness to be of service, their innate, national sense of hospitality, their unfeigned delight at having us here. Old text books, relics of college and other days, have been hauled out of attics, and the owners, with bent brows, have set to work to master the English of Queen Victoria's day and to make it fit in with the lingo of the perplexing Americans. Children have been switched overnight from the study of Latin

and Greek to take up the jougue of the more recent warriors, to be able to discourse of General Pershing instead of Caesar, of Mr. Wilson rather than of Demosthenes.

Secondly, it is due, O you newcomers, to hard work on our part—work after hours of drill, in teaching little Pierre to count up to "twenty-five" in English, in coaxing little Babette to say "Thank you" instead of merci, in answering Friend Pollux's "How you say 'fusil' en Engleeseh?" Not all of us have done it, for not all of us have had time, nor have all of us had enough French to start on; but those of us who have worked at it have worked well and hard, if we do say it ourselves; and even those of us (meaning a good many of us), who have simply blundered around, voicing our wants in plain United States and nothing else, have played no humble part in the missionary campaign; for, after we'd said a thing over often enough, the good and patient people we tried it on began to get our drift.

Take it all in all, the French met us more than half way, and we did our level best to come the rest of the way. In short, we find we have been Frenchified almost as much as our friends have become Americanized. We catch ourselves telling one another to "aliez tout suite" instead of "get a gait on." We compute (though this is not for the captain's eyes) all our poker debts in francs and centimes.

At mess time, without thinking of it, we ask someone to shove along the sel, instead of the salt, the beurre instead of the butter—and we don't do it to show off, either. Did you ever hear of party manners in a mess shack? No; neither did we. It's just beginning to come natural to us, this language. We may be ragged at yet on the irregular verbs, which constitute the only known French atrocity, and we may be a bit uncertain on genders and declensions, but almost every one of us has a vocabulary that is a bear. You might say it's a baby bear, for it's growing every day.

Not only that, but when we seek restaurants as an alleviation against too much of the Army's grub—there can be too much of a good thing, you know—we don't hesitate a minute, but promptly proceed to carve up the hunk of bread handed to us as if we'd been doing it all our lives. We have learned to eat snails and like them—yes, and frog's legs! We are quite accustomed to having our vegetables served as a separate course, and we get no thrill of the unusual from slipping coffee out of a glass. Really, we fear that when we get home and start in to order a regular meal in a place where the waiter never heard of Lorraine (he thinks it's some kind of a drink, no doubt), we won't know how to act.

OPINIONS OF THE JUDGE ADVOCATE

COMPETING AGAINST CIVILIANS

By the act of May 11, 1908, and the act of June 8, 1916, enlisted men, Army bands, and members thereof are forbidden from engaging in any competitive civilian employment. The implication is that they may engage in such employment if it does not interfere with the customary and regular engagement of local civilians in the respective arts, trades, or professions. Whether such interference will or does result is a question of fact, which is not to be settled by reference either to union labor alone or to non-union labor alone.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST CHAPLAINS

First Readers of the Christian Science Church are eligible to appointments as chaplains at large under the act of October 6, 1917, authorizing appointment from religious sects not recognized in the apportionment of chaplains now recognized by law.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY

There is but one Army of the United States, and every organization, bureau, officer, and man in the military service is part of it. The Inspector General's Department, as well as all other staff corps and departments, are to be reorganized out of the Army

at large so that such departments may properly perform their ever increasing functions. The primary authority for providing the necessary staff officers in the increased establishment is not to be found in the use of reserve officers as such, but in the power to appoint necessary officers under the National Army act.

DEPOSITIONS IN COURTS MARTIAL

In trials for desertion in time of war the use of depositions on the part of the Government is not allowed. Hence trial judge advocates and convening authorities should, in determining the place of trial, bear in mind the expense of procuring witnesses; and the trial judge advocates should make careful investigation to determine whether a plea of guilty is to be entered and whether testimony of witnesses is reasonably necessary.

SOLDIERS AND CIVIL COURTS

In time of war the military authorities are not required to surrender to the civil authorities one subject to military jurisdiction and charged with a civil offense. It is recommended as a matter of policy that such surrender be not made, unless the offense charged is a most serious one and the charge is shown not to be without proper foundation and it appears that the accused will be accorded a fair trial without prejudice on account of his military status.

APPREHENDING DESERTERS

No greater sum than \$50 can be paid for the apprehension and return of a deserter, although the expense of his return may exceed that amount. But there is no objection to the designation of a convenient place for receipt of deserters apprehended and delivered by civil authorities, and a detail may be stationed at the designated place to receive such deserters or a guard sent there to receive and return them.

UNIFORM FOR HOME GUARDS

Home Guards may not, without authority therefore from the Secretary of War, wear any uniform which bears a prohibited similarity to the uniform of the United States, but the Secretary of War has power to grant such authority on condition that the uniform bear some mark of insignia distinguishing it from the uniform prescribed for the United States Army.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

Members of well-recognized religious sects whose creed of principles forbid the participation in war are exempted only from combatant service, not from non-combatant military service. Service with the American Red Cross or manual labor performed upon farms or gardens operated for the benefit of the Army on land leased or occupied for military purposes is not military service, and can not be designated by the President as non-combatant military service, assignment to which will relieve conscientious objectors from military service.

REPATRIATION

American citizens who have heretofore enlisted in armies of powers at war with any country with which the United States is at war may have their American citizenship restored under the act of October 5, 1917. Citizenship is not necessary for enlistment in the United States Army in time of war.

STATUS OF HOME GUARDS

During the present war a State may lawfully raise and maintain troops which resemble in all or almost all respects the well-known militia of the several States as it hitherto existed, for service within its own boundaries exclusively. These forces are capable of being called by the Nation into the service of the United States for the usual constitutional purposes, and the members as individuals can be drafted by the Federal Government, but are not subject to draft under Paragraph 2 of Section 1 of the National Defense Act as members of the National Guard.

RESERVE OFFICERS IN UNIFORMS

A reserve officer not called into active duty is not authorized to wear the uniform of the United States Army.

# WOOD CHOPPING CODE LAID DOWN FOR A.E.F.

## An Axe Swinger Explains the Fuel Problem and Why It Pays in the End to Play Under All the Rules

"Say nothing but saw wood." It's a good motto, all right, and, like most mottoes, it means awfully well. But if you're a member of an A.E.F. woodchopper's contingent, you can't live up to it. You can't saw wood—French wood, wet wood, brain wood, fire wood, every blooming kind of wood, without saying a great deal.

You have to say your great deal not only in English, but in French, for no wood is chopped in this country unless under the personal supervision of a French forest officer, who is a sort of game warden, tree warden, headman and universal Gifford Pinchot combined. He is a necessary officer, for people have been cutting wood in France for a long, long time. Even before Mr. Columbus, the first Italian immigrant to our shores, set sail because he knew the world was round—O, they were never nothing but sawing wood in France. So, because France is only about as large as New York plus about half of Pennsylvania, and in spite of the fact that certain hardy trees have fooled the cutters by growing up again, it can be seen that, unless someone looked out for the wood supply, there wouldn't be any wood in France—except, of course, that which certain American outfits brought with them under their hats.

But you can't burn wood in your dome without burning your hair, too; and hair, even the best grade of it, makes a most unsatisfactory fire. You can't go out and cut down trees as if they were Boche, promiscuously like, because the French law prohibits it. Even if you fouted the law—which you wouldn't—you'd only be cheating yourself, because if everybody did it then everybody, within a short space of time, would be out of luck for wood. There's no two ways about it.

### How Wood Beats the Boche

Consequently, arrangements have been made for the taking over of the forests (and in France every pine grove is considered a forest), located in divisional areas and in various other points of France, for cutting by the A.E.F. These will be, in a sense, private preserves—subject, of course, to the supervision of the French forest authorities. Once they are backed up in proper style, there will be no cause for any company cook to serve out undone beans, to the undoing of the doughboy. Chopped wood makes for hot victuals, and hot victuals makes it hot for the Boche.

In case, however, that there is a lack of transportation for the wood cut in these areas, or that supply officers are unable to secure fuel wood from them through regular channels, or that the supply of wood already cut from the designated district is short, local cutting, as it is called in orders, may be resorted to. The proper step to take before cutting wood in your own vicinity is to find out from the Chief Quartermaster, what is the nearest tract authorized for cutting. If that cannot be done, the French Zone Major, the Town Major, or the nearest forest officer may be resorted to; and they, being human persons and knowing what it is to spend a cold and gasless winter, will probably help you.

Now comes the problem that hits everybody. Of course, there are forestry regiments and forestry regiments, but they can't be everywhere all of the time. They are employed for the most part on the big tracts, engaged in preparing fuel for the entire army. They are, more often than not, unavailable for your own little piece of backwoods, on the contents of which your shivering soul has set covetous eyes. That means that you—some of you—must do it yourselves.

### Should You Sit Tight?

There's an order out about this, so pay close attention: "Men with previous experience in woodcutting will be selected for detail for this work so far as is practicable." Wow! If you've ever cut wood before, now's the time to say nothing, you say? Wait—if everybody who has ever cut wood shuts up the same way, they'll pick out a detail anyway, whether they've ever been woodsman before or not. So after all, it is best to own up.

"It should always be possible," says the order, "to indicate at least two men experienced in the use of the axe with every squad of eight or ten." Heads of large firms are thereby picked at once for woodcutting details—don't they know how to use the axe? These axe-men should be assigned to fell the trees, the order continues, and the less experienced men employed in chopping up the trees when felled." In other words, the fellows who have played the wood-hacking game before get the trees down, and the rest of the gang do the mean trick of hitting the poor things when they're down.

### Interpreter Has It Soft

The only graft job in a woodchopping detail is that of official interpreter, for there has to be somebody along with the axe-bearers for the French forest officer's instructions to filter through. French forest officers have by this time a fair knowledge of American army slang but have not progressed to the point where they can read the deaf and dumb alphabet like the Ginep notes. Consequently, orders distinctly state that "an officer or soldier who understands French should accompany each woodcutting detail in order to make sure that the instructions are fully understood."

It is further specified that only the trees indicated by the French officer will be cut, and that the greatest of care must be taken to cut no trees marked or otherwise indicated for reservation. In most cases it will be found that the wood available for cutting is small copices or saplings—as every detail that has been there knows—since the larger trees are almost invariably reserved for saw timber or other use.

In case there are men on woodchopping assignment who do not know how to save themselves work, the order directs that every effort should be made to keep the axes, hatchets, brush hooks, and buck saws well sharpened, particularly the axes and hatchets, for they are used in the heavy work of felling trees. The regulations of the French prescribe that trees must be cleanly cut close to the ground and that the surfaces of the stumps be left smooth.

### Then a Ray of Hope

Wood, it is directed by both French and American authority, is to be cut into meter lengths, and stacked and measured in cubic meters. Branches less than one inch in diameter, being too small to pile, are to be bundled tightly into fagots about 1 1/2 feet in diameter and not more than four yards long. These fagots as every present or past kitchen mechanic knows, are for kindling, and the order directs that

they "be used for kindling as close to the cutting area as possible, since it is not worth while to transport them long distances." Amen!

### Hot Food Helps Cure

Since the lack of nourishment in general, and hot foods in particular, strongly predisposes to trench foot, the responsible commanders will make suitable arrangements for the supply of hot food to the men. Food containers for bringing up hot food will be provided, and cookers and kitchens will be placed in localities suitable for supplying food and drinks. There will be served each day to all men in the forward areas not less than two hot meals, preferably at midday and one between midnight and 5 a. m.

### Care for Doves of War

Pigeon Specialists of A.E.F. Send Out No Olive Branches as a Boy Back Home on the Farm is in High Demand in the Infantry.

Headquarters of a certain division recently sent out a call for soldiers who knew about pigeons. There had been previous calls for men who knew foreign languages, from a medical Department. The pigeon specialists' call would have sounded like a joke if the soldiers had not known that division headquarters never jokes.

### Trenchfoot

The timely topic of how to prevent— if not to cure—trench foot is the subject of a new A.E.F. official paper. Trench foot, says the bulletin, belongs to the class of preventable diseases, and its occurrence among the troops of a command is an indication of a lack of good sanitary discipline therein. Experience has shown that the prevalence of this disease can be precluded by providing proper facilities to units for the drying, cleaning and treatment of the feet, and by a strict daily routine within organizations. Organization commanders are directly responsible, and by constant personal observation and supervision will satisfy themselves that these facilities are available, and that the members of the command are making full use of the opportunities afforded thereby.

The chief predisposing and exciting causes of trench foot are the existence of systematic diseases; insufficient nourishment, particularly hot foods, and lack of sleep and comfort; too frequent changes of shoes and socks, allowing accumulations of bacteria-laden secretions, with a consequent maceration of the skin of the feet; wearing of tight shoes, socks, leggings, puttees, or breeches; long continued standing or sitting without exercise, and with the feet and legs in constrained positions; prolonged exposures of the feet to the effects of wet and cold.

The commanding officers of all units will be held personally responsible that the following instructions are carried out under the personal supervision of a commissioned officer:

### Pin Up Your Socks

That there is available a sufficient supply of dry, clean, well fitting, woolen socks. All men will be instructed to habitually wear socks without zarters. The tendency of the sock to creep down is prevented by fastening to the breeches by means of safety pins.

That there is available for each man present not less than one change of shoes or boots; and that all boots and shoes are in serviceable condition, well fitted, thoroughly greased, and of sufficient size to permit of wearing woolen socks.

That the wearing of rubber boots for periods longer than a few hours be discouraged. Troops should be warned of the disadvantage of this form of footwear. Rubber boots always ventilate badly and remain moist after removal. In drying, they should be wiped out upon the inside after removal of the inner sole, and then hung by the inside straps suspended with the feet down. Neither puttees nor leggings will be worn under rubber boots.

That there are available at all times suitable rooms set aside for use as drying chambers, and that this space be of such arrangement and size as to adequately provide for the drying of all footwear or other clothing.

### Oil the Feet Daily

That the feet of all are vigorously rubbed at least once each day, and preferably with some animal fat such as tallow or whale oil.

That foot exercises be indulged in at frequent intervals, and from time to time that this be supplemented by removal of shoes and socks, with subsequent drying and massaging of the feet.

That special efforts be made to discover men who are suffering from corns, ingrown nails, blistered or inflamed feet. Any one of these conditions alters the gait and thereby decreases efficiency and increases the tendency to trench foot. All such cases should be placed under the surgeon's care without delay.

That every effort be made to reduce to the lowest possible minimum the necessity of the men performing duty with their feet in mud or water; this is frequently only a question of trench drainage and the elevation of duck boards.

Since an ample supply of woolen socks is a primary need, arrangements will be made for the delivery of dry socks to the men at the front, and for the

return of wet ones to the drying room, thereby insuring to each man at least one change a day.

Before marching into a forward area, company commanders will make the necessary inspections of their command to see that all shoes are well fitting, in good repair, and properly dubbined, and that each man has at least three pairs of serviceable woolen socks upon his person. At this time all members of the command will be warned against too tightly applied puttees. This danger is particularly prominent during wet weather, since dry puttees properly applied, which subsequently become wet, shrink three per cent of their length.

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Plans for improving and constructing field cookers, kitchens, clothes driers, or other special arrangements necessary to properly carry this order into effect will be furnished upon application to Headquarters.

Powders and the various oils, greases, or ointment to be used in the prevention and treatment of trench foot and other diseases of the foot will be furnished by the Medical Department. The necessary supplies for application to boots, shoes, etc., will be supplied by the Quartermaster Corps.

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# ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS MESS MANNERS

BY BRAN MASH

Rules for table department in the army are far different from those in civilian life. As anyone who has ever heard a company at mess' will readily recognize. To begin with, it is impossible for a man to drink out of the saucer, for the simple reason that there are no such pieces of crockery. Thus one of the cardinal principles of correct behavior at table has got to be abandoned from the start.

Leaving the spoon in the canteen cup, and thereby deflecting some of the undue heat from the cup's interior to the surface of the spoon, is perfectly permissible and should be practiced on all occasions when the coffee is actually hot; that is, when the drinker happens to be pretty well up forward in the mess line. Warning one's chilled hands on the exterior of the cup, meanwhile exclaiming, "Oh, boy!" is also condoned in army usage. The grand old indoor sport of blowing into the coffee to cool it is likewise *rigueur*, and also excellent for developing the lungs. In the most select army circles it is customary to save a little of the coffee to loosen up the goo in the mess tin when cleaning it.

The bread slab may with perfect propriety be used as an auxiliary plate. The necessary supplies for application to boots, shoes, etc., will be supplied by the Quartermaster Corps.

The large and only spoon may be used for any viand that lends itself to the shoveling process, regardless of the etiquette dictates already learned by the doughboy. That means that the large spoon does not need to be washed from the table at the conclusion of the soup course. It remains in action all the way through the engagement, from oysters to recall. In case the fork becomes a casualty, or is missing, or is detached from active service for use as a candlestick supporter, the spoon may with perfect propriety be employed as a meat stealer while the knife does the uglier cutting work. In general it may be set down that, for eating purposes, the spoon is far easier on the inside of the face than is the knife.

Eating with the knife, however, is perfectly *au fait* in exclusive army circles, as, owing to quick shifts of base, both spoon and fork may become missing, or loaned to other units for purposes of food control. French peas, when available, should be thoroughly mashed before an attempt is made to elevate them with the knife blade. When used in this way the knife blade should be kept parallel with the surface of the table for in open field eating, with the surface of the terrain, and the elbow of the knife elevator should not be extended more than forty-five degrees. Extreme care should be

taken when conducting stews, and other open order dishes to the face by the knife route, for landscape decoration in France is in sole charge of the camouflage branch of the Signal Corps.

The O.D. napkin, or blouse sleeve, is about the only article left for face cleaning purposes at the conclusion of the meal, though it is understood that the Red Cross has on the way a large supply of hand embroidered napkins bearing the usee's monogram, regimental and company or battery designation. Pending the arrival of the Red Cross serviettes, the O.D. napkin should be used sparingly inasmuch as faces are much easier to clean than blouses.

As to the minor points of table deportment, it may be said that not only is sopping the hardtack in the coffee untenable; it is actually required, if the hardtack is to be eaten at all. Bacon, stray slices of pork that may (by great courage) find their way in between beans, and stray chunks of meat that may, when the cook is not looking, find their way into the meat stew are to be taken in the fingers whenever the spirit moves. It is also perfectly permissible (as it is not at home) to ask for a second helping of soup, for soup as often the he-all and the end-all of an army meal. Neither should anyone refrain from asking for seconds just because there is company at table. In fact, the man who does not consistently and persistently ask for seconds is to be rated a distinct ignoramus.

When one is a guest at a British mess, one should not comment audibly on the substitution of tea for coffee or of cheese for meat. It is best to accept the tea with good grace, and to try to drink it; remembering all the while that one's British hosts not only can't help it, but consider it a delicacy. The same rule applies to the cheese, save that the cheese may, without giving offense, be transported to the neighboring canteen and there consumed with the pleasing accompaniment of the canteen's staple liquid product.

In open field eating, such as informal luncheon parties back of the lines or informal war dinners in the lines themselves, all rules of table deportment are suspended, all etiquette is relaxed. In fact so far many this dictum be carried that it is not only excusable, but to be expected, if one swears aloud when a burst of shrapnel, seeking its mate, lands kerplunk in the middle of one's pan of beans.

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Where are the lads who led the line  
On order from the Spring first twinkled,  
Those stars we knew of old long since,  
In childhood dreams they twinkled.

# HOOVER WORKS SQUEEZE PLAY ON YANKS

Ah, well we knew they could not lag  
When duty's siren sounded—never.  
On Freedom's silken service flag  
They shine as stars forever.

## FRENCH RING BOUTS ARE FULL OF ACTION

### Boxers Are Weak in Defensive Work, But Willing Mixers

#### STYLE DIFFERS FROM OURS

#### Victor Klasses His Conquered Foe After Administering Severe Bating to Him in the Ring

By B. F. STEINEL  
Real boxing bouts in France! Well, a majority of the fight bugs back home used to sit back and laugh quietly to themselves whenever they read about ring battles in France between real Frenchmen. I will admit that I was one of those sceptical fans before I landed over here. But I was agreeably surprised the other night when I attended one of the private shows of the National Sporting Club at the gymnasium up at Rue Daru.

During these strenuous war times public boxing shows are prohibited. If being figured, undoubtedly, that the boys up in the trenches would be envious of the stay-at-homes should they be allowed all the before-the-war pleasures. The National Sporting Club conducts weekly shows at its sumptuous quarters every Thursday night, and if you want to see some real fighting, that's the place to go. At the last exhibition there were five novice bouts, two professional prelims, and then the *pièce de résistance*. And for real action this show had most of the exhibitions at home backed off the boards. There was no stalling, and each bout was interesting and exciting.

Although the Frenchmen are really new at the sport, they have made wonderful progress. Of course you always imagined that when two Frenchmen entered the ring they went to it "à la Savate" style. But such is not the case. You see the real kind of boxing, or fighting, whatever you might wish to call it. The French boxers are about the most willing set of mitt-wielders that I have seen in action. They keep going all the time and are high-class boxers. It is at the defensive work that they are shy of the mark. Their footwork also is poor, and that probably is the main reason our shifty boxers from across the pond have been able to win a majority of their bouts here. But the fact that the Frenchmen are poor defensive fighters and lack footwork does not detract any from the battles fought here. As a matter of fact it makes the bouts more lively. The fighters keep going all the time, and it is one continual fight.

#### Difference in the Sport Here

Now to point out a few differences between the game over here and at home. The shows here are attended about equally by men and women. At the National Sporting Club, where only members and their guests are permitted to attend, only small purses are offered to the fighters, as these are war times and the boxers do not expect as much, especially as no admission is charged. But the French promoters have solved this problem and know how to get real results. Whenever two boxers start off poorly or even if the fight is a hot one, some liberal fan informs the announcer that he will donate, say, 20 francs, to the winner. This announcement is made public, and then the fighters proceed to try for the big stakes. In one or two bouts the other night over 500 francs in side money was offered, and you should have seen the boys go to it. This same method is used in almost all of the bouts, and this gives the spectators a real run for their money. As a matter of fact you see one bout after another, all brim full of action.

#### Judges Render All Verdicts

The referee over here is merely a figurehead. He breaks the boys and sees that they fight fairly, but the three judges on the outside decide the outcome of the bout. The judges sit at a table and decide the winner. The French language is without some of the prize ring expressions, and you hear the "time," "break," "you're out," etc., in English, but the counting is done in French, as are the announcements of the rounds. One excellent feature used here is the warning to the seconds ten seconds before the time is up, and they must then retire from the ring, leaving the two boxers free to continue the instant time is called.

With the present friendly relations between the French and Americans I look for some great international matches at the conclusion of the war. Boxing is bound to receive a big boost during the war, and at its conclusion there should be many interesting conflicts. American boxers who participated in the war will certainly find a warm spot for them over here.

#### American boxers are to make their appearance at some of the future shows, and some interesting matches are bound to ensue. Eddie Nugent, the U. S. middleweight, is among the first to be employed. He is in the Naval Aviation Service here, and will be used shortly.

#### JACK JOHNSON HEARD FROM

Bob Scanlon, former American colored heavyweight boxer, who has been making his home here for some time, has cleaned up all the heavies and is without opponents just at present. Scanlon recently received word from Jack Johnson, who is located in Barcelona, Spain. Johnson is conducting a big café and restaurant in the Spanish city, and also takes part in bull fights occasionally.

#### FOUND—A SPORTING EDITOR

Our recent call for a sporting editor to take charge of the sporting page has borne fruit. B. F. Steinel, with twenty years' experience as sporting editor on the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin, the Sentinel, the Journal, the Free Press, and the Daily News, and on the Chicago Inter-Ocean, has volunteered to assume charge of the sporting page. He will write weekly articles of comment and give his views on sporting events. Mr. Steinel for eighteen years has been a promoter of ring bouts in Milwaukee, and is considered an authority in this sport.

#### Mr. Steinel is connected with the American Red Cross as an ambulance and camion driver. He formerly was with the American Field Service. He has been in France since last summer.

#### STAR SHELLS

By SGT. STUART CARROLL, Q.M.C.

#### THE SPORTSMAN

A sportsman is the one who plays On sunny and on rainy days:  
Who doesn't care  
If Jupie nicks the water spout  
And turns the heavens inside out  
To give 'em air.

A sportsman smiles if something slips  
When he falls out or when he zips;  
He grins a bit,  
If, after lifting one from view,  
It soars, then gently drops into  
A feller's mitt.

A sportsman fights from first to last,  
And, when his game of life is past,  
He knows there waits  
A ticket of celestial hue,  
On which he gains admittance through  
The pearly gates.

It appears that Bolo Pasha took too long a lead and was caught napping. But then the Germans never were good coaches.

The splitter is declared *fini* by the managers of the American Association. Simultaneously, the excuse of the tobacco chewing twirlers to the gold wife will become *de trop*.

And the home paper headlines thus:  
"Gertrude Hoffman to Buy a Circus."  
O' Fourth Estate, lay off that stuff.  
And do not from our hob-nails jerk us;  
We know that sometimes Gertie's rough,  
But never would she buy a circus.

On the other hand, ain't it a belavante when, on the 19th of February, you get a paw-kaze marked, "Don't open until a post-kaze?"

Eddie Plank also has joined the United Union of Contract Refusers and still asserts that the Yanks will have to hew in other forests for their pitching staff.

MESS SERGEANTS—MOST OF 'EM  
(Apologies to J. P. McEvoy, who doesn't cuss, but who knows all the words.)

I've studied these mess sergeants  
For nigh on months and more;  
I know their ways, their waggish ways,  
From A to Zingapore.

Their cultured conversation  
When you sit on their show;  
Consists of five three-erle words,  
And one is "Hebedamd."

You ask 'em for a handout,  
On bended knee you gaze  
Before their throne within the zone  
Of slum from better days;

They slip you one expression,  
But full of pep it's jammed;  
The words you get are with you yet,  
And one is "Hebedamd."

You say the old man told you  
That you should eat right now,  
Instead of when the other men  
Begin to show their show;

The mess boss looks you over,  
Then with a fork you're rammed;  
You wait until he rolls a pill,  
And he says "Hebedamd."

I wonder who'll explain it,  
Why mess non-coms should cuss  
On every day from June to May—  
Oh, why is thisly thus?

I never heard men say them—  
'Ere I was Uncle Sammed—  
These Hebedamd and Hebedamd  
And Hebedamd and Therbedamd and also Hebedamd.

#### MARTY McCUE WANTS BOXING

Martin McCue, former well known boxer, is striving hard to put boxing back on the map in New York. He has introduced a measure which will permit ten round no decision bouts. He proposes a license of \$5,000 on clubs operating in Greater New York and \$2,500 in the rest of the State. Not more than seven clubs are to operate in New York City, no boxers under 18 years of age are to be permitted to spar and promoters must be residents of the State for at least one year. No intoxicating drinks may be sold at clubs where shows are conducted and gloves weighing at least four ounces must be worn. One commissioner, appointed by the governor, who is to receive a salary of \$5,000 per year, will control the sport.

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## NEW YORK YANKS ARE AFTER COBB

### Big Sensation Caused in Baseball by Announcement Back Home

#### TIGERS MAY AGREE TO DEAL

#### Hugh Jennings Seeks Star Twirler —Rumors Galore Afloat About Pending Deals

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The big sensation in baseball circles right now is the announcement that the New York Yanks will try to secure the famous Ty Cobb from the Detroit Tigers. Manager Miller Huggins of the Yankees says the success of his team depends upon the size of Colonel Ruppert's bank roll.

Detroit is willing to trade, but wants some high class twirlers in exchange for Cobb, and if Ruppert is able to land the twirlers wanted by Detroit, the Tigers may transfer Cobb to the Yanks.

There is a whirl of trades and deals and dickers, despite the recent announcements of economy by some of the owners. Harry Frazee of the Red Sox, Connie Mack of the Athletics, Hugh Jennings of the Tigers and Bobby Quinn of the Browns are all out for players and most of the major leagues are making bids for star players.

#### Huggins Seeks Many Stars

Miller Huggins wants Bobby Yeach or Harry Heilmann of the Tigers in case he cannot land Cobb, and if he is unable to get these men he may try to make a raid upon the White Sox.

Red Faber, star twirler for the Sox in the world's series, has been drafted and says he is glad to do his bit. This forces Manager Rowland to go after another star twirler. He has offered to trade outfielder Joe Jackson or John Collins, but hangs on to Happy Felsch, who is sought by many clubs in the trades.

The New York Giants are short of outfielders. Of the four men in the outfield last year only Benny Kauff has signed his contract. Robertson, Jim Thorpe and George Burns remain unsigned. The three leading Giant twirlers, Schupp, Salloo and Perritt, also remain unsigned. McGraw is particularly anxious to sign up Robertson.

#### Catcher Henry Is Sold

All American league clubs have waived on Catcher Henry of the Washington club. Henry was the leader in the Players' Fraternity and led in the salary strike. Despite his marked skill as a backstop, all clubs at last week's meeting of the American league refused to sign him up and he was purchased for practically nothing by the Boston Braves.

Pitcher John Euzman, formerly with Newark, N.J., has been sold to the Cleveland club. The Yanks have sold Pitcher Sam Ross and infielder Everett to Memphis. Norman Pitt, purchased last fall from the Portland club of the Pacific Coast league, has signed his contract with the Brooklyn club. Pitcher Fred Walker, of the Utica, New York State league, has been sold to the St. Louis Nationals.

Rankin Johnson, formerly with the Red Sox, who refused to sign with the Milwaukee club last year and played independent ball, has accepted terms with the Brewers.

#### Ed Barrow Leads Red Sox

Edward Barrow, for years president of the International league, has succeeded Jack Barry as manager of the Red Sox. Barrow was one of the big leaders in the fight against the Federal league. Until recently the Red Sox looked to be all shot to pieces owing to the enlistment of Manager Jack Barry and other stars, but when Frazee has acquired Bush, Schanz, Strunk and McInnis from Connie Mack and has bolstered up the weak spots.

Manager Fred Mitchell of the Cubs is after a crack pitcher to replace Phil Douglas, who is laid up with appendicitis. Branch Rickey of the St. Louis Cardinals proclaims a great find in Bobby Larmer, a high school infielder and all around athlete, whose best assets are said to be batting and base running. He is a big fellow and weighs 170 pounds.

#### SCHEDULE FAVORS GIANTS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The New York Giants are greatly favored by the National league's schedule for the season of 1918.

McGraw's team opens the season at home with four games with Brooklyn. Boston then comes for three games, after which the Giants jump over to Brooklyn for four games, and then follows a three game series with the Phillies and Boston.

The Giants then return to the Polo grounds for a series with the Phillies, giving the Giants twenty games in the east before starting on the initial western trip, ten being on their home grounds.

The Giants will begin their spring training at Hot Springs on March 3. They will stop on their way north, playing ten exhibition games with the Cleveland Indians.

The New York Yanks will open the American league schedule at Washington and then jump to Boston. The American league opens its eastern schedule on April 15, one day before the National league.

#### PUT IT UP TO US

THE STARS AND STRIPES being the official paper of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, it will be the aim of the Sporting Department to make the sporting page the official page of the soldiers over here. We will willingly answer all queries, and we would also like to have contributions from anyone who may have something of interest to write about.

Come on—mail in accounts of your games and any other items of interest. Remember, this is your paper and your page, so hop to it.

#### CARPENTIER NOT IN SHAPE FOR RING GO

### Famous French Champion Will Be Unable to Get Back Into Trim

According to reports from the States, Jess Willard has offered to meet Georges Carpentier in a big international match for the benefit of the American Red Cross. But a match of this kind appears to be absolutely out of the question. Carpentier, the idol of the French boxing fraternity, appears to be only a shadow of his former self, and it is a question if he will ever be able to regain his oldtime form.

Carpentier has been a member of the Defence of Paris Flying Squadron since the beginning of the war, and according to reports has not been taking care of himself. This job in the fact that he has been out of the ring almost four years, will raise havoc with any efforts to get back into shape. Carpentier refereed some bouts at the National Sporting Club several weeks ago, and he certainly appeared to be in poor trim. He is underweight, due to illness, and at present is at New recuperating. Carpentier's friends claim he has been hitting the high spots, as is so common among aviators, and Jess Willard certainly is trying to pick out something soft for himself.

#### WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

Terry McGovern, who will be 38 years of age in March, is figuring on a comeback. He says with three months' training he will be able to get into shape. He wants to meet Jimmy Britt in a benefit show for the Red Cross.

Danny Goodman, well-known former light-weight boxer, is an operator in a machine-gun company back in the States. Jess Willard's stepfather, E. L. Stalker, died at Topeka, Kas., recently.

Battling Reddy, of New York, has put in a claim for Johnny Kilbane's feather-weight title.

Fred Fulton and Frank Moran are slated for a bout at New Orleans on February 22. This should prove a big card back home. Moran won the prize several years ago, and it is doubtful if he will be able to get back into his oldtime form. But he has been training at a military camp for several months and should be in fairly good trim.

Mike O'Dowd and Harry Greb are slated for a bout at St. Paul on Washington birthday. This will be a no-decision affair.

Puckey McFarland has succeeded Jimmy Dunn as boxing instructor at Camp Zachary Taylor, near Louisville, Ky. Puckey says he likes his new job.

Harry Greb won from Angle Rafter in ten rounds at New Orleans. Greb having the better of it throughout.

Eddie McAndrews and Jack Perry fought a ten-round draw at Pittsburgh. Kid Herman stopped Bobby Burns in three rounds at Peoria, Ill.

Low Tandler was awarded the news-paper verdict over Frankie Callahan in a six-round go at Philadelphia.

Assemblyman Hazler has introduced a boxing bill in the New Jersey legislature. He proposes eight-round bouts with eight-ounce gloves, with 10 per cent. going to the State.

Jack Butler was awarded the decision over Tommy Robson at Providence, R.I. Joe Stecher won over Louis Hossane and Wladek Zbyszko threw John Olin in a big double bill at New York.

Joe Lynch, the New York bantam-weight, stopped Kid Williams, former champion, in four rounds at Philadelphia. This was Williams' first knockout.

Charley Weinert was awarded the decision over Tom Cowler in the second round of their bout at Boston. Cowler persisting in hitting low.

#### CABLE FLASHES

Boxing bouts at Birmingham, Ala., between representatives of the Blue and Gray divisions, at Camp McClellan, and the Ohio National Guard, at Camp Sheridan, proved interesting. Kurpinsky, of Sheridan, got the decision over Kelly, of McClellan, in six rounds. Camp McClellan boxers won three of the five bouts.

Harry Wills, American negro heavy-weight, knocked out Sam McVey in five rounds at Panama. Although McVey took the count, he claimed he was fouled, but the referee disallowed his claim.

The Wisconsin Boxing Commission is after fake fighters and has suspended one boxer for taking it too easy.

The Naval Academy won all the laurels and gymnastic and gymnastic meet with Pennsylvania, wrestling by a score of 27 to 4 and gymnastics, 40 to 14.

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## ORGANIZED BASEBALL SETTLES WITH FEDS

### Millions To Be Paid To the Former Outlaw League Promoters

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—Organized baseball has settled with the Federal league in the big suit started by the outlaw organization and it will cost the various leagues a tidy sum to pay for the withdrawal of the Feds.

The Wards of Brooklyn, who advanced most of the money when the fight was being waged against the major leagues several years ago, will collect \$10,000 annually for the next twenty years.

Harry Sinclair, owner of the Federal league franchise at Newark, New Jersey, will receive \$10,000 annual rental on his grounds for ten years.

Edward Gwinn, the Pittsburgh magnate, will get \$10,000 annually for five years.

Organized baseball also is obliged to buy back the star players captured in the Federal raids. Benny Kauff, now with the Giants, brings nearly \$40,000, and Lee Magee \$22,000, in addition to fancy prices for some of the other players. It is figured that it will cost organized baseball well up in the millions to include this settlement.

#### BASEBALL WAR TAX RESULTS IN WRANGLE

### Fans Want Extra Pennies to be Turned Over to War Purposes

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The new war tax placed upon baseball has already resulted in quite a mixup. The American league has decided that it will be impossible to handle the penalties in change and has set the prices of tickets at round figures.

Twenty-five cent tickets will sell at 20 cents and 75 cent tickets at 85. This gives two cents over the war tax on each ticket and fans are demanding that this extra money be turned over to the Red Cross or some other war purpose.

So far, the league has made no announcement what is to be done with this extra money, leaving the disposition to the individual clubs. Some owners have promised to give the difference to war purposes, while others are silent on the subject.

Experts have figured that just with the New York club there will be a daily gain of \$150 on the 85 cent raise alone.

The National league has taken no action in the matter thus far.

#### DIAMOND FLASHES

Al Pardee, former Kansas City, Toledo, Wheeling, Pittsburgh and Newark twirler, was killed in a fall downstairs at his home in Columbus, Ohio.

"Pep" Hornsby, the St. Louis Cardinals star slugger, has been placed in Class 3 in the selective draft, and the Mound City fans are happy as a result, as it would make a big hole in their team should "Pep" be lost.

James Breton, former University of Illinois star, and later with the White Sox and Kansas City Blues, has been accepted as a pilot in the aviation camp at Champaign, Ill.

Arthur (Tully) Shafer, former New York Giant third baseman, who claimed he quit the national pastime because he received too many perfumed notes from

#### YES!

Americans, you will find torches and bulbs at "LA LUMIERE pour Tous" 8, Rue St. Laurent, Paris (18e).

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1, Old Bond St. 3, Rue Scribe.

#### IS THIS PROFESSIONALISM?

Aviation is now admittedly the greatest sport going. Only the other day two American aviators in French squadrons were each awarded \$100 prize money by the Lafayette Flying Corps Committee for bringing down German planes. And yet, to date, no one has arisen to holler "professionalism!"

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REASONABLE PRICES.  
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LANGRES—Magasin Modernes, Rue Diderot.  
NANCY—La Belle Jardinière  
NANTES—Delplanq, 15, Rue Crebillon  
La Belle Jardinière.  
RENNES—Gerard, 1, Rue Le Bastard.  
SAUMUR—Dépot Burberry, 1, Rue Beaufort.  
TOURS—Edwin, 10, Ave. de Grammont.

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AFTER YOU HAVE FINISHED IT  
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. Let The Stars and Stripes be a weekly letter from you to the folks back home. In one issue it will tell them more about your life "Somewhere" in France than you could write in a year of letters. Take out your subscription through your company organization and thereby help to increase your company fund. Address all communications to THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division, G.H.Q., A.E.F., France.

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# GENERAL ORDERS IN SUNNY FRANCE

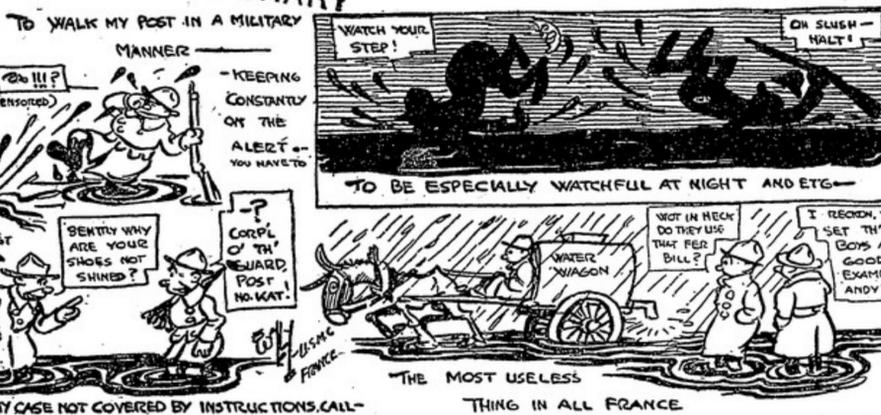
—By WALLGREN



TO TAKE CHARGE OF THIS POST AND ALL GOVT. PROPERTY IN VIEW.



TO QUIT MY POST ONLY WHEN PROPERLY RELIEVED.



THE MOST USELESS THING IN ALL FRANCE



THIS WARNING PERTAINS PARTICULARLY TO PRIVATES; NEVER SLAP AN OFFICER ON THE BACK, (ESPECIALLY WHEN ON DUTY) AS THE ENSUING EVENTS WILL MOST NATURALLY RESULT IN A SUDDEN ATTACK OF INCARCERATE BRIGLIUM WITH ATTENDING PAINFUL DEPRECIATION IN THE REGION OF THE FRANK ROCKET. BESIDES, IT IS NOT BEING DONE IN THE BEST ARMIES.

## LO BROW, YELLOW MAN, SCATTERS WHITE HOPES

### Fifteen Americans Overcome in One Two Three Order by Coolie Laborer Who Knows Not Graeco-Roman Style

It was little Lo Brow, champion wrestler, Chinese style, who turned the trick. Little Lo Brow, smiling Annamite laborer, looking so innocent and kindly in his suit of over-faded horizon blue, literally took them all off their feet and brought down not the house but the welkin under which the proceedings were staged. For little Lo Brow (sure, that's his real name—hon-est!) took on, one after another, fifteen—count 'em!—fifteen genuine honest-to-goodness men's size white men hailing from the United States of America, and laid them low.

Low, say you? They literally didn't have a Chinaman's chance! He bounded them off their pins as if they'd been ducks and he'd been bowling the big ones at them. That half-porting Chink just waltzed them around—again. Willie to a fare-you-well. He took 'em all ways—first, arms first, domes first, guts first—and he spilled 'em. And as for catching him? He was as slippery as an eel doing the hootch-a-ma-cootch in a pall of axle grease!

Old Mr. Bret Harte, the Robert W. Service of his day, far understated the facts when he remarked that "for ways that are dark the Heathen Chinese is peculiar." He's a whole Edison laboratory of inventive genius all by himself. In short, he's a bear. And today, quite some time after the accident happened, fifteen bonesore Americans are using their air pillows as chair cushions and repeating in hopeful chorus those inspired lines of Mr. Kipling's: "The things that you'll learn from the Yellow and Brown They'll help you a lot with the White!"

### A Tri-Race Field Meet

They learned a good deal about the yellow man and the brown mud, did those 15 who went up against little Lo Brow in the course of the wrestling matches, Chinese style, that were far and away the features of the first international Canton-African-Mongolian track and field meet over run on French soil. They learned that it doesn't take a Julius Caesar or a Napoleon or a Fred Funston or a U. S. Grant to prove that a little man can be there with the goods. Little Lo Brow proved that to their entire satisfaction; and he wasn't an emperor or a general or anything—just a common or garden variety of coolie laborer imported from the French provinces in near China to do his part, under American engineers' direction, toward nailing the Kaiser's lie about the Yellow Peril.

For one thing, the Yanks got wise to the fact that a diet of rice and decayed fish and sour bread can produce as good a fighting man as a diet of beefsteak and boiled spuds and Boston Frides and real whole wheat. But the principal thing they gleaned from that memorable afternoon's encounter was that, in basic principles, Chinese and American wrestling are as different as William J. Bryan is from Admiral von Tirpitz.

In American wrestling, so-called for the sake of convenience, you have got to get your man down so that his two shoulder blades touch the ground or the mat, whichever happens to be under him when he topples. In Chinese wrestling you've got to do no such thing. All you've got to do is to get him off his feet somehow, somewhere—and the minute you've done that, the decision is yours.

### Wising Up to New Style

The Americans who thought it a crime to take the yen for rubbing a four-by-three Chinaman's fat little kidneys in the dirt didn't know that. They weren't wise at all. They started in old style, to let little Lo Brow do the heavy work of throwing them, trusting to their superior reach and strength to roll him over and flop him proper once he had got them down. But they got fooled—fooled as regularly as Uncle Silas gets fooled by that gold-derra shell game every year at the county fair.

Then, it is greatly to be feared, some of the boys started in to play rough. They tried to grab little Lo Brow by the hair; but since queues have been forbidden ever since China was made safe for republicans, not so very long ago, they were out of luck, also out of hair. Lo Brow's dome was as minus on the outside as his name might imply it was on the inside—which latter condition is decidedly not the case.

Rushing Things Helps Yellow Man About half way down the list of American victims the boys began to get cagey. They started to rush things, instead of letting Lo Brow do the hard work. The result was soup and nuts to the Chinaman; the minute they started to rush he dived deftly in under them, and spilled them all over the lovely French landscape.

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Push On His Ribs They tried jabbing him in the ribs—but found his ribs were well plushed with blubber and they couldn't get at 'em through those human shock absorbers. They tried rushing him low, but since Lo is of an ultra dachshund build they just slipped and slid on their faces for their pains. They tried feinting, waving their arms and legs around in the air, but little Lo only feinted back, to the great amusement of his backers. They tried to grab him by the ears, but after they found his didn't have any lobes, they gave that up.

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Nothing daunted, the Annamites furnished a champion, little Ah Hell (sure, that's his real name, or as near as our reporter could get it), about the same size and caliber as Lo Brow, and apparently just as husky. To be fair to him, the Yanks had the interpreter tell him all about the American rules and even demonstrated, with two of their number, just how they were lived up to. Ah Hell looked on interestedly, smiled the inscrutable smile of the Orient, showed his Irish blood by spitting on his hands, and strode into the arena.

Ah Hell Can't Pin 'em Down But there was nothing doing. The American game is a waiting game, and Ah Hell was not aware of it. He got his men down all right, just as Cousin Lo had done; but he couldn't get them on their backs. Instead, his antagonists just flopped him over with the same ease which the gentlemen in Child's window exhibited when transposing flapjacks.

Not once, but fifteen times they did it, no matter how much he wriggled and squirmed and grunted and twisted. They simply pinned him to the ground every time. And thus was American honor vindicated.

In the boxing event on the program though, the Americans more than held their own. In that their champion was billed not against an Annamite of low visibility, but a big hulking lascar from the docks of Vancouver, who loomed up like the Statue of Liberty out of a fog on the harbor in early dawn. The American, who was a little cuss, let the coolie overreach himself and get uncovered, and then just stilled up alongside and poured blows into his stabs like machine gun pellets. At the end of the second round the little Yank looked the coolie through the air and out of the ring, bowling over two whole rows of spectators.

The one thing in which the Chinese had no competition, however, was the musical event. Their band was the sole

entry, and everybody who heard it was glad it was the only one on the field. Recruited for the celebration of the Chinese New Year, that band was a fearful and a wonderful thing, capable of starting anything, even so auspicious a thing as the year 1918.

Accompanying the band in its march around the parade ground were paper dragons, paper airplanes, paper boats, paper horses, paper everything. In fact, the Annamite and affiliated Chinese labor unions treated their Franco-American guests to a regular New Year's party—all but the champagne.

By the time the boxing and the wrestling and the preliminary heats in the dashes and the sack race—the track events having French, American, Chinese and Algerian contestants—had been run off, it was pretty near dark. Consequently, the football game had to be put over until the next day. When the gridiron rush did come, though, it was not the success that had been anticipated, for the simple reason that the Chinese seemed under the impression that it was to be played sitting down, not crouching or standing up. As their punters had never kicked a football before, they were the principal offenders in the gentle art of seeking the earth. But some of the American soldiers, against whom they were pitted had similar difficulty, owing to the muddy field, so the contest, at last reports, was more or less of a draw.

### Now Want Footballs

The Chinese are keen for the game though, and before the visiting team of American engineers—under whose tutelage they are doing their work—left their compound, they fairly begged to have some footballs sent them, along with some boxing gloves and other sporting equipment that they might practice up and try to beat the white man at his own pastimes. This the engineers promised to look after, for they know a good laugh when they see one, and are fairly counting the days until the next encounter comes around.

But as for their sentiments toward little Lo Brow, who snaked fifteen of their huskies off their feet, in succession, they are the same as those which Mr. Thomas Atkins, Gent., entertained toward Fuzzy Wuzzy, namely— "You're a poor benighted 'eathen, but a fust class fightin' man!"

### PUTS BAN ON GODMOTHERS

The American Expeditionary Force wishes to discourage the budding practice of American women in "adopting" individual soldiers in France for the period of the war. The practice already threatens to choke the congested mail service and the result is delay in the transmission of important matter. Moreover, the censorship regulations forbid the men to correspond with strangers and as this rule is being enforced rigidly it is desired that the people at home refrain from putting men here in an embarrassing position, as they feel under obligations to answer such communications of an important matter. In an example of the interest certain women at home are taking in "adopting" is an advertisement which reached headquarters, showing the picture of a pretty girl and urging soldiers without godmothers to write to a given address.

## 225 IN REGIMENT WEAR GRIDIRON TOGS

### National Army Team Not Afraid to Tackle Famed Pittsburgh Eleven

### POKER PROFITS SWELL FUND Self-entertainment Plan Worked Out by Companies Proves Fine Factor For Morale

Here is some interesting gossip news from the 320th Infantry, one of the National Army regiments in training back home. It has just been received in a letter from the regimental adjutant to a detached member of the regiment, and it tells how at least one of the new army units employs its off hours. Incidentally, this particular regiment has worked out a systematic self-entertainment plan by the men, by companies, and all reports are to the effect that it has been a great factor in building up a fine morale within the regiment.

"I suppose you will be interested in learning of the football season, and some incidents of the results of your efforts in behalf of the regimental recreation fund. (This particular fund totalled more than \$10,000 in October.) After a time all of the football equipment arrived, and we had 225 uniformed men. (This regiment has a football team of fifteen men per company.) Teams of Companies B and M beat all companies, but the final games between these companies were not played, as we were obliged to discontinue company games in order to devote our time to the development of a regimental team.

Play Pittsburgh Team "Captain McGraw and Lieutenant Miller and Franzheim were the chief coaches, and they turned out a first rate regimental team. They journeyed to Pittsburgh and were licked 39 to 0 by the University of Pittsburgh team. This was tough luck, but we were up against the best team in the country and, while we had a number of high grade individual players, we lacked team work. It was the first game our team played.

"We had an inter-regimental schedule, but we played one game only. In that game we put the kibosh on the 305th Trains to the tune of 59-0. I am sure that we could have walked away with the Division championship; unfortunately very cold weather and quite a lot of snow broke up the schedule.

"We continued with the shows, (two every week in the regimental Y.M.C.A., loaned for the purpose), and have had some very good ones. We gave one Divisional show at the Divisional Y.M.C.A. It was a great success.

### Donates Poker Winnings

"Your friend, Mr. McGilvray Shiras, continues his interest in the regiment, and has sent us contributions on a number of occasions, for instance, just before Thanksgiving we received \$40 for tobacco money which he and Mr. William Whigham (vice president of the Carnegie Steel Company) collected. I think at a poker game, to purchase cigarettes for the regiment. We distributed them at the Thanksgiving dinner. Just the other day he sent a check for \$80, which amount was collected from

some friends of his who spent the evening with him, and from another group of friends with whom he had a little gambling session, so he said in his letter.

"On several other occasions he sent us checks which he had collected from other Pittsburgh friends, and the day before Christmas he sent us \$100, being part of the annual Christmas contribution of the Carnegie Company, which he steered our way. I have just received a letter from him, stating that he expects to be with us about the middle of January on a visit. I have sent him and Mr. Whigham each a picture of our regimental football contingent—a great big picture about six feet long.

"Our Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners were very important functions. Each meal was preceded by a band concert and was followed by speeches. Far be it from me to say that the speeches were the worst part of the meal. We collected quite a number of Christmas presents for the men of the Headquarters Company, and really had some very nice things. Each man received his present just before the dinner.

### SHOTGUNS FOR OUR AIRMEN

One of the most novel features of the School of Aeronautics which the University of Texas is conducting at Austin for the government is the training of firing men in trapshooting, says an exchange. Clay pigeons are used as targets. A unique part of the trap equipment is a high tower from which the targets are thrown, thus giving the same effect as an airplane flying in its variable courses. Each student used a sawed-off pump shotgun in this target practice. The shells are loaded with buckshot. The establishment of the clay bird traps and the erection of the tower for the training of students in military aeronautics here was done under the direction of Adolph Topperwein and his wife. Mr. Topperwein is the greatest living fancy and flying target shot with rifle, pistol and shotgun in the world.

Mrs. Topperwein holds the record of all women shooters at the traps. She broke 1,052 out of two thousand clay birds in successive shots at Montgomery, Ala. On fourteen occasions Mr. Topperwein has broken the world's record of shooting flying targets with a rifle.

ALIEN IN TONGUE ONLY "So you were over in England for a month or more, were you, Jake? Get along all right with the Tommies?" "Yes, y'bet! Only trouble was I couldn't speak their language."

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### HEIRESS SCRUBS TUBS TO AID U. S.

#### Society Girl Wields Brush and Soap As Her War Weapons

### COOKS AND DRIVERS, TOO

#### Year May See 40,000 American Women Working For the Army in France

By C. C. LYON  
Correspondent of the Newspaper Enterprise  
Association with the A. E. F.

If this war keeps up another year there'll be some 40,000 American women in uniform in France doing their part for the Allied cause.

Of this number, approximately 30,000 will be Red Cross nurses. The balance will be Y.M.C.A. workers, civilian clerks in army offices, and workers in other activities of the Red Cross.

Already the call has gone out for thousands of additional nurses, preparatory for the day when Uncle Sam will have a million and a half of fighting men on the western front.

America's hospital plans alone call for 300,000 beds for an army of that size, or one bed for every five fighting men.

The day may come in the American Army, just as it has now arrived in the British Army, when no able-bodied man of military age will be holding any sort of clerical job, the work of which could be done just as well by a woman.

The British W.A.A.C.s, as one branch of women army workers style themselves, have made themselves well nigh indispensable. They not only hold the clerical positions, but they man the telephones, cook, launder, and drive many types of autos, from light trucks and ambulances to some of the cars in which officers flit from place to place.

#### Finding Out Realities

"It takes a big war like this one to give some women a proper sense of proportion of things," said an American woman who is already in France directing several hundreds of her fellow countrywomen. "Some of the most conscientious and hardest workers in my unit are girls who had done nothing all their lives but fritter away their time in society. The war woke them up. They were girls of good education, but they had never thought much about the stern realities of life until America got into the war and they started to see a chance to do something useful. They'll be better women for the experience they are receiving in France."

An American society girl who some day will have several millions in her own right was among a unit that came to France early in the war and attached itself to a certain large French hospital. This girl knew nothing about anything when it came to hard work.

"At first," said her chief, "I thought she was hopeless and that I would have to send her back home. So I said to her one day:

"You don't seem fitted for any work about this place. Why don't you go home for a discharge and go back to America?"

#### This Girl No Quitter

"Go back to America now? Never. I'd be disgraced in the eyes of my family and my friends. My father fought in the Spanish-American war, my grandfather in the Civil war, and all three of my brothers are in the service now. I've got good stuff in me even if I don't show it yet. Let me work in the kitchen or clean bath tubs. I'll show you I'm not a quitter."

"I never before saw such a look of determination in a girl's eyes. I decided then and there I'd keep her, but that I would test her mettle.

"There's plenty of work to be done on the bath tubs," I said.

"Then give me a scrub brush and some lye and hot water," she replied. "She looked herself in one of the bath rooms and went to work and when I peeked in a few hours later the tubs were spotless for the first time since our arrival.

"For months this girl took care of the bath tubs. In fact, she was so jealous of them she wouldn't let anyone else clean them. Her work was drudgery of the hardest kind, but she liked it because she knew she was doing her work well. Today she holds a very responsible position in the hospital, and I rely on her as much as on any other woman under me."

#### Love Laughs at U-Boats

A New England boy opened a Christmas box from his best girl and offered me some of the good things to eat.

"Poor girl," he said. "I'll bet she's good and homesome back there. We were engaged to be married in the summer of 1916, but I had to go to the Mexican border and now we can't get hitched up until after this big show is over."

A couple of weeks later he hailed me on the streets of a little French village.

"Say, what do you think?" he exclaimed, bubbling over with high spirits. "You know that girl of mine I was telling you about the other day? Well, I got a letter from her today and she's over here in France, working for the Y.M.C.A. She doesn't know where I'm stationed, but she's working in a canteen only five miles from here. I'm going to hoof it down there this evening and walk in on her."

"More power to you, my boy," I said. After leaving me, he hurried back with this question, strictly on the "Q.T." of course.

"Say, what would they do with a fellow in the service who got married over here?"

"The worst they could do would be to shoot you."

"I think I'll put it up to my colonel," he said.

I haven't seen him since.

### AS WE KNOW THEM

#### "COLONEL ON THE STAFF"

He doesn't warm up easy chairs as much as you might think; He does a lot of planning, and he wastes a lot of ink; But all the same he's right up front 'most every day to call, And the tricky German snipers love to plug him most of all.

He rides around in racing cars on roads all torn by shell. And when a big 'un hits his fliv, he usually gets hell; The bloomin' Boche can spot him, 'cause he seldom goes alone, But usually with visitors who want the trenches shown.

He dodges through the ditches, and he ducks from place to place, For if he dares to show his head, he's apt to spoil his face; The line commanders hate to have him wavin' round his cane A-pointin' at the landscape, for it brings a shrapnel rain.

No; he has won no cushy job, the Colonel on the Staff; He's little time to eat and sleep, and never time to laugh; And if there's any job on earth that never can be nice, It's just the job that he has got—the givin' of advice!

He may wear silver eagles, but a lot the Fritz cares; The howlin' Hun just dotes on Staffs to score his strikes and spares— And if, by any single chance, the colonel can't produce, He's hauled before the General and gets the very deuce!

### BOCHE WOULDN'T DO TOMMY A GOOD TURN

#### So Sniper Pays Penalty for Missing Shot at British Colonel

This one comes from the British lines. A colonel out in No Man's Land attracted the attention of a German sniper in a tree. He promptly fired at the Englishman, and missed him.

The colonel promptly threw himself down, rolled into a shell hole, and stayed quiet until four star shells had gone off. Then he crawled back into his own lines. He hunted up the lieutenant in charge of that length of trench and wrathfully demanded:

"What do you mean by letting a Boche sniper take a shot at me, with no reply?"

"We didn't see the thing at all," said the lieutenant. "Do you know where he was?"

"He's in that tree over there," said the colonel.

"I'll put my best shot on the job," said the lieutenant, and called up the man. Everybody watched the performance.

The rifleman got a comfortable position, hitched his elbow into the sling in the orthodox fashion, and waited. Presently another star shell went up.

"I see him," said the sharpshooter, and snuggled the butt down into his shoulder hollow. He waited for another star shell, and fired. "Pine!" The German came tumbling down out of his tree, and the English soldier, blowing the smoke out of his rifle barrel, remarked:

"Take that, you — word which we will omit — for missing our colonel!"

#### "WELL I'LL BE—!"

Private —, of a former National Guard outfit, vouches for the accuracy of this one:

"When I was in college, not so very long ago, the fraternities used to parcel off their 'candidates,' or pledged men, into act as valets and general men of all work—regular orderlies—for the upper-classmen. That is, during the initiation season of a week, the twenty Juniors in the crowd would each have a Sophomore to slave for him during that week. If the Soph didn't behave, the Junior in charge of him had the right to order certain portions of his anatomy with a good stout oaken paddle. And, whether the Sophomore behaved or not, he generally did it anyway.

"The fall of my Junior year I had assigned to me as candidate a nice little chap named Jimmy Bliss. He had the reputation of being a bit 'fresh,' so I was instructed to ply the paddle liberally, which I did at first. But Jimmy was so nice and obliging about bending over so I could whack him with ease, and always came back so smilingly for more that I gave it up after a while, and quit sending him on errands to wear out his legs.

"Well, when his week was up I took him through the last night's initiation mill good and proper, but we couldn't scare him a bit. He got his share and more of the rough-house that evening, but he never squealed. By the time we got the pin on him and taught him the grip he was pretty much all in, but he never let on to a soul except me.

"We were pretty good friends for the rest of his course and mine, meeting each other at the house off and on, and going on parties now and then. The man who 'ruins' a man for a fraternity is supposed to be a sort of a father-confessor to him during the rest of his course, and I tried to live up to my obligations, giving Jimmy all the fatherly advice I didn't follow myself. When I got my degree and beat it out into the cruel world I headed for the coast. I never expected to set eyes on Jimmy again, unless he got out on my way on business sometime.

"But the other day, as I was walking through one of the main streets of one of the more sizeable towns of this portion of the world, whom do I run into but a second lieutenant, who looked a bit—just a bit—familiar. I gave him the eyes right as I saluted him; then he looked over, and—

"'Wowie!' he bellowed, 'if-it isn't my old 'Dad!' Well, I'll be doggoned!"

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### INDUSTRY'S EXPERTS BUY FOR THE ARMY

#### Noted Business Men Aid in Job of Reducing Costs and Imports

Somebody has to buy a lot of things for this army. Not all of the things the army get are given to it free, like love and Christmas packages. Even at that, somebody had to buy the stuff that went into the Christmas packages. In fact, nothing given to an army is free but the affection.

The somebodies who buy all the stuff that is issued to the army—the things it has to fight with and to live on and to live under—do their buying of a scientific basis. They have to, or the good people back home wouldn't be getting a run for the money they sunk into Liberty bonds. Billions of iron men, when spent on millions of fighting men won't go as far as you might think. Therefore, somebody has to be on the lookout.

The somebodies in question are the best buyers that the old country (meaning the U.S.A.) produces. They're not the kind that have just gone into buying for their health, the way some men enlist in the army. They have made a business, a study, a scientific analysis of the art and craft of buying. If one were to string out their names here it would rob the American peepage, as listed in Dun's and Bradstreet's, of some of its most shining lights.

#### Real Captains of Industry

These captains of industry, clad in the uniforms of captains of industry or some other branch, have complete charge of the army buying. The purchasing agents of the eleven army departments work with them, meeting with them at stated times to state the needs of their branches of the service. These needs are thoroughly aired; the whole goods company decides which are the most pressing, finds out where the supplies to meet them with are to be had and gets reports on the prices of those supplies. Then, after this sifting process, the buying process begins.

The buying for the American Army is done largely in conjunction with the French Mission, so as to avoid any possible interference with the French plans. The French Mission aims to guard the American buyers and their own agents against unscrupulous bidders, by stepping in to regulate when the prices asked are too high. Naturally, the French do not want to have the Americans, by paying too much, boost the prices so that they in turn will have to pay more than before; and the Americans, being Americans, are not unduly anxious to be stung. So, between them, they keep prices, as far as they can control them, as fair as can be.

#### Franco-American Teamwork

The two nations' representatives work together when dealing with firms in neutral countries. Sometimes, these deals assume diplomatic proportions, in that an exchange of raw materials has to be effected, so to speak. One neutral country may be shy on a certain article of which an Allied country has plenty.

"You've got a helluva job," he told me. "You've got to share the cage with the major and do all his special work for him. 'Bissos?' I don't envy you. None of us can do it to suit him. You're the fourth little wife for old Bluebeard up to date. Good luck!"

"Wow! I straightened myself up and buttoned my coat and prepared to march into the major's office and report. Once I got inside I stood at attention, snapped up a salute and up from his desk looked — my old Boss!"

"'Jimmy!' he snorted. 'Well, for Heaven's sake! Now, at last, this office will begin to share the cage with me! Master James! Out with your shorthand notebook and let me rattle these off to you! I guess we'll see this job through between us now, won't we, eh?'"

"Can you beat it? Why, I'm the luckiest man in the army! He's going to take me up front with him when he goes. Great stuff; how 'bout it?"

and one Allied country may be equally shy on an article with which a neutral is glutted. By a give and take process, the thing is arranged.

For example: Remember that new lot of mules that came in not long ago? The muleskinners talked to them in English (both the King's and the other variety), and then in French; and, falling at that, tried the one other language they knew anything about—the one they picked up a couple of years ago on the border. Instanter the mules pricked up their ears, got a gait on, and made progress. That was one by-product of buying in a neutral country. Another by-product of the gentle art of making purchases is the Adrian barracks building, such as has housed a good many of us since coming to France.

But, when supplies are needed badly, for the comfort or the safety of our troops, and things come right down to a show-down, the buyers for this army don't let price stand in their way. They buy to save us—first—and then they buy to save tonnage space in the ships which are bringing over the bulk of our supplies and the rest of our army. They are on the job all the time, those buyers of ours, amply justifying the wishing on their part of the title of "captains of industry."

FOR LITTLE M.P. SHE LOVED  
Chestnut Stand Woman Puts La Patrie Ahead of Business  
Mme. —'s little roasted-chestnut stand occupied until recently a bit of roadside not far from G.H.Q., A.E.F. Her best customers, almost her only ones, were the American soldiers at Headquarters. Some of them she came to know very well, all of them she loved as only a Frenchwoman who husband has fallen for La Patrie can love the youth of a nation who have come overseas to avenge him.

One of them in particular, a little U.S. Marine, who was doing M.P. duty and passed her stand many times a day, she grew to know as a friend. Then one day he did not pass. She inquired of his mates, and learned that he was in hospital suffering from pneumonia.

One morning they brought her word that he was dead. The next day the Post Commandant received a fifty-franc note, accompanied by the following letter:

The Commandant,  
American Headquarters.  
Sir—Pardon me, Sir, for the liberty I take in writing to you. Permit me, Sir, to send you 50 francs in order to

place a wreath on the grave of the little American soldier who died so far away from his country, coming to the aid of France. I did not myself dare to carry it there, else I should already have done so. Do not refuse, Sir, the humble offering of a French woman who loves America above all things, who in memory of those dear dead who have died for their country is proud and happy to offer a wreath to the American soldier who died far away from his

mother, in order to come to the assistance of the children of France. I shall always remember, Sir, that you gave me permission to set up a little stand opposite the barracks. Thank you, Sir; I beg you, Sir, not to refuse to place a wreath for this little soldier. I believe it will bring happiness to my husband. I did not dare do it myself. Thanking you, Sir, accept my sincerest good wishes for America and for France. Mme. —

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Capital and Surplus : : : \$50,000,000  
Resources more than : : : \$600,000,000

AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS

### ADAMS EXPRESS CO.

28 rue du Quatre-Septembre, PARIS  
EXTENSION OF BANKING FACILITIES FOR  
AMERICAN AND BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

### CRÉDIT LYONNAIS

whose offices are established throughout France,  
CABLE AND MAIL REMITTANCES  
TO ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

will be accepted by any office of the Crédit Lyonnais for transmission by ADAMS EXPRESS CO., PARIS.

Among the Branches of the Crédit Lyonnais acting for the ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY are the following—

- |                |            |                |            |                    |
|----------------|------------|----------------|------------|--------------------|
| AIX-LES-BAINS. | BESANCON.  | DIJON.         | NANCY.     | ROCHFORD-SUR-MER.  |
| ALENCON.       | BORDEAUX.  | EPINAL.        | NEVES.     | SAUMUR.            |
| ANGERS.        | BREST.     | EPERNAY.       | ORLEANS.   | TOURS.             |
| ANGOULEME.     | CHAUMONT.  | FONTAINEBLEAU. | PERIGUEUX. | TROYES.            |
| BAR-LE-DUC.    | CHERBOURG. | LIMOGES.       | RENNES.    | TULLE.             |
| BELFORT.       |            | MARSEILLES.    |            | VIERZON.           |
|                |            |                |            | VITRY-LE-FRANCOIS. |

The ADAMS EXPRESS CO., PARIS, open Deposit Accounts subject to cheque free of charge, and funds may be handed to the Crédit Lyonnais branch offices with instructions to remit same to ADAMS EXPRESS, PARIS, for this purpose.

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