

TATERS AND SUCHLIKE TO BE GROWN BY A.E.F.

New Service Established by General Order Requires Gardens for Every Division—Calls for Details Will Soon Go Out

The man with the hoe is going to become a reality in the A.E.F., which is a body of soldiers in which the man with the pickaxe and the spade has long been a painful actuality.

Animals will be drafted, too—horses, mules and Fords—to help haul the garden truck to market, and to drag the plows through the rich loam land.

The spud-spading industry will flourish in far greater proportions back of the lines than up front, for obvious reasons. The Service of the Rear and the divisional training area will have a large share of the glory of raising potatoes for the Army.

Chance for Glass-House Men

At this establishment just outside Paris, there will be work—yes, work—for 100 selected men, in the experimental gardens. These gardens will be quite near those which a former queen of France, fascinating but ill-fated, used to till just for the fun of it.

AMERICAN HEAVIES BLAST OUT BOCHES Foreign News Dominates Quiet and Uneventful Week Back Home

The American heavy artillery assisted at a sensational French communique three weeks ago. There was just that mere, simple statement, but the five words marked an epochal event—the first participation of American big guns in this war.

It is now permissible to tell, for the first time, how these American guns assisted in demoralizing the German defenses at Butte du Mesnil, enabling the French infantry to invade the enemy's lines to a depth of 1200 yards on a 1500-yard front, and then helped in maintaining a barrage which prevented a Boche counter attack until the new positions were consolidated.

The first shots from the American "heavies" were fired on February 13, from a French made 220 centimeter gun, the largest weapon ever used by the United States against an enemy on land.

Jersey votes for boxing. NEW YORK, March 7.—The New Jersey legislature has passed a boxing bill. It is now up to Governor Edge. The bill requires the use of eight ounce gloves.

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ON THE NATION'S ROLL OF HONOR

Six more names are added to America's roll of honor as a result of the repulse of the German raid on our positions north of Toul on Friday of last week. They have also been added to France's roll of honor, for each one has been decorated, at the hands of Premier Clemenceau, with the Croix de Guerre.

- These are the men; these are their records: LIEUTENANT JOSEPH C. CANBY—Chicago, Ill. Single-handed he captured a German who was tangled in the barbed wire, and shot another who was resisting. LIEUTENANT WILLIAM COLEMAN—Charleston, S.C. He raced through the German bombardment and the barrage and ordered the batteries into action. SERGEANT WILLIAM NORTON—Jonesville, Ark.; 45 years old. He took command of his company after the captain had been killed, organizing the defense and counter attacks that finally drove off the Germans. SERGEANT PATRICK WALSH—Detroit, Mich.; 47 years old. The German captain commanding the raiders ordered him to come out of his dugout. He shot the captain dead with his automatic, called out to a companion in time for him to make away with a second German entering the dugout, and by so doing saved his company's log-book from the enemy's hands. PRIVATE PITTMAN—An infantry despatch bearer, he carried a message to an adjoining company in the midst of the bombardment. PRIVATE DAVID ALVIN SMILEY—St. Louis, Mo. He carried dispatches twice through the barrage, and went back to notify the artillery during the gas barrage. On Sunday the troops that took part in the encounter were drawn up to receive M. Clemenceau and the two French generals who accompanied him. They still wore their muddy clothing, their steel helmets and gas masks, just as in the raid. Without ceremony, the honor men were called forward one by one to have the war crosses pinned on them. For each man M. Clemenceau had a word of commendation. "That's the way to do it!" he told one of them, at the same time slapping him on the shoulder. Private Smiley, who had been detained, came up late for the presentation. His captain directed him to go to the Premier's automobile. M. Clemenceau stepped out and presented him with the medal. "Never mind being late," one of the generals told him, with a smile. "You were on time the other morning; that's enough."

YES, THE KAISER'S SURE WE'RE ON THE WESTERN FRONT NOW

Would-be Visitors to Chemin des Dames Get Only Part Way

So over which the working party was scattered out, just laying down their wire and stakes. He gathered them into groups of five or six, and stuck each group in a shell hole. Then he went back to the village whence he had started and reported to the French officer in command. He was ordered to give up his work for the night, and to bring his party in.

Blasting Way Through Germans

He passed through the barrage for the second time, and found his men still lying doggo. The Boches had jessed them on one side, and were making a feint to the American left. Meanwhile, the American barrage led also began, and the place was exploding every five yards. The lieutenant went from party to party, as long as he could find them, ordering them to fall back towards their own lines. One party was practically surrounded by Boches, and with this party the lieutenant began to fight. They shot their way through the Germans, who by this time had made a hot contact on our right with the American line and got in.

Shower on His Roof

One man had a strange experience. He got lost from his own squad, and wandered along the line, eventually getting up against a low stone wall where he lay, listening to the shells exploding all round him. He said that shell fragments and shrapnel drummed on his tin hat like rain on a roof.

Fritz Gets Irritated

There had been four days of comparative quiet in the sector. An American party, raiding in conjunction with a much larger French party, had brought in a big grist of German prisoners—several of them with black eyes testifying to the South Boston fighting man's favorite weapon. A second raid, in which the French alone got 15 prisoners, tended to irritate Fritz, and a counter of some sort was confidently expected.

On the fourth night it came, beginning with the most intense barrage yet seen by our troops. The guns started in promptly at nine o'clock in the evening, and kept up for 20 minutes. Then three companies of Germans, in two columns—about 500 men altogether—debouched across two temporary bridges over the canal, and spread out on the No Man's Land in the American front.

WEEK'S THIRD RAID ALSO REPULSED

In another portion of Lorraine a German raid on the trenches held by our troops in training with French troops was repulsed with losses to the Germans. The general in command of the French Army in this sector has sent to the American field command his congratulations on the behavior of our troops.

Americans Along Lorraine Line Break Up Big Boche Raid

HUN BARRAGE STIFFEST YET Volunteers for Attack Against Doughboys Admit They Wish They Hadn't

"They came at us, and we got 'em." Such, in the words of a doughboy, was among these present, in the story of last Friday morning's big raid which the Boches attempted on our front north-west of Toul, and the receipt of which that raid met. We got them in the trenches, with automatics, bayonets and rifles; we got them with our counter-barrage, and kept some of the raiders for souvenirs.

A Typical American

A young captain from Idaho, graduated from West Point only last June, was in a dugout when the German barrage began. Without a moment's hesitation, he stepped out, in that rain of fire and steel, to look after his men. He was shot down while in the act of going to them.

Shouts Bring Plenty of Help

Two men in a shell hole were buried by the dirt thrown up by an exploding shell. Their calls for help brought a number of their comrades, who left their shelters to come to their aid. While they were digging the men out, amid a shower of stones, mud, earth, tree splinters, and sand kicked up by the German barrage, a section of the enemy's force came on them. They disposed of the Germans with their automatics.

Both Take Long Chances

The second round began with a quick clinch and break, with each sending lefts to the other's face. They held and tried to hit. Fulton steadied suddenly and popped three lefts to Moran's jaw, causing Moran to clinch again. Fulton tore loose and hooked a hard right.

NELSON HOLDS MAT TITLE

NEW YORK, March 7.—Louis Nelson, the Brooklyn welterweight wrestling champion, maintained his title against Gus Peterson, Columbia University wrestling instructor, after a two hour match of terrific work.

First Full Account of Moran-Fulton Go

Detailed Cabled Story Shows Plasterer Won Fast New Orleans Fight by Terrific Hitting and Masterly Ring Tactics

[Editorial Note—The following account of the Moran-Fulton fight at New Orleans is a detailed story of the big boxing event of the winter in America to reach this side.]

Smashing Bout from Outset

Moran climbed into the ring at 9:30 o'clock and Fulton followed a minute later. Sammy Goldman refereed. Both men lay as soon as they got into the center of the ring and instantly mixed furiously. Moran getting the jump by landing a stiff blow with his famous right, getting straight to Fulton's jaw. Moran then landed a stinging left to Fulton's face, followed by a hard left to the jaw, and let go another hard right an instant later, cracking Fulton on the chin.

Plasterer's Record of Victories

Billy Miske is the only man who has stayed ten rounds with Fulton. The plasterer knocked out Tom Cowley in one round, Porky Evans in four rounds, Jack Moran in three rounds, B. Devere in five rounds, McComb Smith in seven rounds, Tom McMahon in six rounds, Charles Weinhold in two rounds, Frank Farmer in six rounds, Ben Temple in two rounds, and Bill Clark in two rounds.

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The men mixed furiously, taking long chances, until Moran clinched again, getting Fulton's right deep into his body and making him grunt. Moran now realized that he must hammer Fulton down, and bore in, evi-

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ARMY HAS STOOD TEST, SAYS G.H.Q. STATEMENT

Official Account Commends Gallantry and Spirit of Troops in Repelling Three German Raids on American Sectors

SUCCESSES PROVE FITNESS FOR BIGGER JOB Boche in One Attempt Attacked in Six Groups—French General Order Praises "Superb Courage and Coolness" of Our Men

The following is an official statement from G.H.Q., A.E.F., on the past week's activities of the American Army: The baptism of fire has come to several detachments of the American Expeditionary Forces during the last week. On Friday, March 7, the Boche artillery opened a destructive fire on the trenches and dugouts of an American regiment on the sector north of Toul.

Demolition work was followed by a rolling barrage, under cover of which the Boches attempted a raid, attacking in six groups. The American troops received the attack with rifle and artillery fire and drove back the enemy, forcing him to leave on the field 15 dead, including two officers, and four prisoners. At about the same time the Boche tried out another American post not far from Soissons with much the same preparation, and from there again was forced to withdraw with losses to himself and without capturing any of the American combat troops, in search of whom he had started the raid.

There was a short intermission free from raiding, and then on Monday morning of this week the Boche tried still another sector in Lorraine, from which again he was forced to withdraw after sustaining losses and again without prisoners. None of these engagements has been of the major variety, but each has served as a good test of American fighting spirit, and the test has been stood with a gallantry and efficiency by the boys from overseas

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which in two cases has brought commendation from French army corps commanders and a general order from a French commanding general, from which the following is taken: "The troops of the Army Corps, proud to be fighting by the side of the generous sons of the great Republic who have hastened to support France, and with her to save the freedom of the world, will understand by this example of superb courage and coolness the meaning of the promises made by the entry into the conflict of their brothers in arms. The general commanding the Army Corps heartily congratulates the American Division, and in particular the American Battalion, as well as the American artillery, whose precise and opportune action contributed to the success."

From the day that America entered the war, no American felt doubt as to how our troops would conduct themselves once they got into action. Their training has been thorough, and the present combat work simply serves as training for the bigger job still ahead. The job will come, and the hope of the American troops is that it may come soon. The baptism of fire which has already been given a few of the Americans will come to all, and there can be no doubt that the test through which these first troops came with such signal success will be encountered and passed with the same success by their brothers in arms in the divisions still to reach the front.

definitely aiming to put some of his hammer blows on Fulton's jaw. Fulton blocked, but got one straight on the jaw that made the crowd gasp. Fulton took it without wincing, though, and the round ended with Fulton sending in a procession of stiff left jabs, making Moran give ground and sending him to his corner with blood pouring from the cut over his eye.

Seconds Toss Up Sponge

Moran clinched at the top of the bell in the third round. Fulton tore himself loose with savage right and left up-pennants. As Moran was punched loose, Fulton saw he was dazed and shot over a sunshiner right, dropping his opponent to all fours, where he sprawled until his seconds tossed up the sponge. The bleeding cut over his eye handicapped Moran undoubtedly, but Fulton proved himself a better man without question.

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COLORS FROM FRANCE FOR A.E.F. REGIMENTS

Five Units Honored by Descendants of Rochambeau's Troops

MEN OF '70 IN HONOR GUARD

Ceremony at Invalides Reaffirms Affection Manifested in American Revolution

The descendants of those Frenchmen who, under the leadership of Lafayette and the Comte de Rochambeau, helped the 13 original American colonies to achieve their independence, have just as much love for the land their forefathers aided in saving as did those gallant pioneers themselves. They gave touching evidence of that affection when, on Sunday, they presented to the American Ambassador ten richly embroidered flags—five National colors and five regimental—for each of the five American regiments designated by the War Department to receive them.

The ceremony took place in the room which may properly be called the military Valhalla of France—the hall of honor of the Army Museum in the Hotel des Invalides. On one side of the brilliant audience gathered to witness the presentation was the great picture of Napoleon's shining Marshal Ney, one of whose descendants is now in the Army of the United States launched upon its task of fighting in France. On the other side was the new painting of the late General Gallieni, known and loved as the savior of Paris.

Old Soldiers Bear Standards

Portraits of soldiers of the present war, of past wars, lined the walls all about. In the rear of the speakers' table was a great sheaf of standards captured from the common enemy in the battle of the Marne. Below, in the courtyard, rested the aeroplane of the ill-fated ace, Capt. Guynemer, festooned with wreaths and banked with flowers.

The guard of honor was composed of veterans of the war of 1870, the last struggle between France and Prussia before the opening of the present conflict. The old soldier turned aloft the pennants of General Niox, the governor

of the Invalides, of General des Garets, and of General Pau, the French general who, with the possible exception of Marshal Joffre, has been more intimately connected with the American forces in France than any other man.

The three generals, with General Lewis of the A.E.F. as General Pershing's representative; Ambassador Sharp, and the Marquis de Dampierre and the Baron de Conteson, representing the descendants of the members of the French expedition to America, entered the hall of honor while the band of the 230th Territorial Regiment, stationed on the balcony outside, was playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Once the distinguished party had taken the stand, the band shifted to "Marschallise." The anthem concluded, General Niox welcomed the audience to the Invalides.

Baron de Conteson, in a brief speech, outlined the steps that had been taken toward securing the standards for the American regiments. Not only had the descendants of those who took part in the War of Independence contributed to the project, but the students at the military school at St. Cyr and those at the Ecole Polytechnique, the Alliance Americaine, the Society of Remembrance of Alsace-Lorraine, and the ladies of the French Red Cross had insisted on representation in the fund. The embroidery on the flags had been wrought entirely by the hands of Frenchwomen.

Ambassador Sharp Speaks

The formal presentation of the ten flags was made by the Marquis de Dampierre, who recalled the traditional friendship between the two nations and paid eloquent tribute to the American soldiers now helping to defeat the frontiers of France. In reply Ambassador Sharp likened the occasion, in its augury of victory, to the great celebration held in Paris on last Fourth of July. The few thousand Americans then in France had grown, he pointed out, to hundreds of thousands, thereby evoking great applause.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the audience had an opportunity to view the flags, which were massed on either side of the speakers' table. There are five national standards, heavily tasseled and fringed with gold thread, and five regimental standards, four in blue for infantry regiments and one in red for an artillery regiment. The regimental standards bear the seal of the United States, with a scroll inscribed with the organization's name below the eagle.

MAKE MINE PINK!

They may haul about their leaves to Alexander-Bals.

They may flash their nice white tickets for Savoy.

They may work the song and dance about other parts of France.

But they rouse in me no feeling kin to joy.

They may prate of climbing mountains for a change.

They may hint of dufest bathing in the sea.

But the only thing I crave for, in the line of leave-time favor,

Is the little old pink ticket to PARIS!

Oh, Gee!

That little old pink ticket to PARIS!

For it's there the air is rare; every passing face is fair,

And the boulevards with uniforms are gay.

There are theaters and shows—and amuse-musems, goodness knows,

For to keep a man a-trotting 'round all day.

There are galleries of art, there are hats and dresses smart.

There are places famed in history to see—

And they are at the beck of the luck; guy, by heck,

Who cops the old pink ticket to PARIS!

After swallowing in sloughs of endless mud,

After lolling with a pack upon my spine,

All the privilege I ask is in Paris sun to bask.

And, perhaps, to take a little sip of wine.

After walking post from midnight until dawn.

After being wet and hungry as can be,

After standing sergeants' boundings I want civilized surroundings.

And that little old pink ticket to PARIS!

Ba-BEE!

That little old pink ticket to PARIS!

For 'tis there I'd cease to care 'bout the coolies in my hair.

'Tis there I'd get shampooing and a bath.

'Tis there I'd buy a dinner that would surely be a winner—

And I'd always walk the straight and narrow path!

I'd get presents for my mother, for my sister, girl and brother,

And the Louvre and Tuileries I'd surely see.

I'd do double duty gladly when my leave was up—so badly

Do I want that old pink ticket to PARIS!

PAR-EE!

BOCHE GUNS PROVIDE COLOR FOR HAMLET

E. H. Sothern Describes Performance Within Range of Enemy Artillery

CUE IN AIR RAID WARNING

"Rash and Bloody Deed" Announced Strictly on Time—Tommyes Abandon Show for Tea

"Air raid alarms and excursions. Salvo of seventy-fives off stage. Enter Hamlet, carrying tin helmet, and with gas mask ready for adjustment."

It isn't written that way in the prompt book, but that is the cue for the project, but the students at the military school at St. Cyr and those at the Ecole Polytechnique, the Alliance Americaine, the Society of Remembrance of Alsace-Lorraine, and the ladies of the French Red Cross had insisted on representation in the fund. The embroidery on the flags had been wrought entirely by the hands of Frenchwomen.

Nor, according to Mr. Sothern, are air raid alarms and gas masks chief among the horrors of war for a transplanted American actor. When you have been accustomed to all the paraphernalia of the stage, the support of an able company, and a darkened and decorous house, and then are called upon to appear—when the applause bestowed on a troupe of trained dogs has died out—before a handful of doughboys who are crowded within a range of the smoke-enriched platform from which you are to speak—well, it gives you a sensation very much akin to stage fright. Your only support is your own hardihood to go ahead with the program, and if a third of the audience insists on reading newspapers and rattling their under noses during most of the performance, you mustn't take it for lack of appreciation.

Gas Masks and Helmet Handy

In a dugout on the American front Mr. Sothern appeared before a group of officers with two kinds of gas masks slung over his shoulder and his tin helmet handy. This time the theater was the cellar of a shell-blasted stone building, and the subterranean path to the stage was illumined by an orderly who proceeded the actor with a guttering candle.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL

3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

I LOVED AN AMAZON

The drums rolled long, the trumpets blared. As to my General's tent I fared: Said I, "You've heard that orders blurt. Dispatch us straightway to the front." The General looked up, somewhat sad, And said, Oh yes! he thought he had. He granted leave for which I bid To say farewell to wife and kid.

A Timely Cue

You may or may not remember the scene in "Hamlet" in which the Prince finally has the argument out with his mother and, in the course of it runs his sword through the curtain where Polonius is hiding. This is Polonius's last appearance on any stage, and when, stricken to death, he falls into view before the horrified Queen, she exclaims: "O what rash and bloody deed is this!"

Mr. Sothern, in one camp, had just reached this dramatic point when an M.P., who meant well, opened the door and shouted: "Lights out—air raid!"

The lights went out, but Mr. Sothern kept on. When he had done with the Queen, she giving "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," a warning siren went bellowing madly past the door just as he reached the line: "He has sounded forth the trumpet which shall never call retreat."

"When, shortly afterward, I dined with General Pershing," said Mr. Sothern, "I thanked him for these especially apt cues."

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HOTEL CONTINENTAL

3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

GRANDE MAISON de BLANC

LONDON PARIS CANNES
No Branch in New York
GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT, HOSIERY, Ladies' Lingerie
LOUVET BROS., Props. O. BOYER, Manager

SLEATOR & CARTER

PARIS 39 Avenue de l'Opera PARIS
English & American Civil & Military Tailors
Olive Drab Uniforms and American Insignia a Speciality

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

OF ALL STATIONERS IN FRANCE

SAM BROWNE BELTS TRENCH COATS WRAP PUTTEES AMERICAN OVERSEAS FATIGUE CAP (To Measure)

AMERICANS BREAK UP BIG BOCHE RAID

Continued from Page 1

trench, they stumbled on the bodies of their targets.

The Germans had prepared for their raid for several weeks. For use in the artillery preparation, they brought up heavy guns of 150 caliber, by means of caterpillar tractors. When their artillery preparation actually came, it proved to be the most terrific barrage that has ever been visited upon the Americans since their first occupation of the sector.

The spot the Hunns selected for the attack is only 100 yards away from their own trenches. A tangled wood, in between the lines, aided their work, by giving them cover behind which they could stand up on the Americans and surprise them. Moreover, at that point, the American trenches made a right-angle turn.

The Germans employed 220 men, 180 infantrymen and 40 pioneers. The infantry were partly volunteers, and partly the *sturmtruppen*, or storm troops, especially reserved for attacks of the kind that was contemplated.

The job of the pioneers was to lay heavy charges beneath the American barbed wire. Right after they had blown their caps, a box barrage was laid down, with the object of isolating the spot they had picked out for the assault, and of cutting off any attempts to reinforce it. At the same time heavy shell-fire swept all the approaches to the rear of the position, and more *Fenton*-hardware, including some gas shells, was dumped on other portions of the American lines, to create confusion and divert attention.

The explosions came at 5:35 a.m. The raiders made their way around through a narrow ravine, with the object of taking the Americans in the rear. They found their hosts ready for them, however, and the fight was a hand-to-hand conflict, waged all over an area of half a square mile, in the trenches, along the top of the parapet, through the dug-outs, everywhere. Bombs, revolvers, trench knives and rifles were freely used on both sides for a space of time lasting from 20 minutes to half an hour.

At the end of that period, what Germans there were left in the American trench were either prisoners or dead.

The fire of the American artillery continued until it was established beyond doubt that the remnant of the raiding party had gotten back to its own wire. Besides creating a barrage designed to catch the raiders, the American guns engaged the German artillery, to diminish the strength of the fire.

One of the prisoners, a lanky and intelligent-looking German of about 28 years, though slightly wounded, was able to sit up and be cross-examined. His ailment consisted of a blow on the head received during the fight in the trenches.

"You were too ready for us," he said. "Six men jumped on me, so I threw up my hands and yelled 'Kamerad.' I never had a chance to throw a grenade."

He added that the *Tout* sector had become unhealthy since the Americans came into it. "You're all the time shooting," he continued. "I'm glad it's over for me," he remarked, wearily.

A Lucky Slip

One of the Americans concerned in the raid has the muddy going under foot to thank for his life. Pistol in hand he was rounding the corner of a trench looking for the invading Germans. One of the raiders saw him first and fired at him.

The American slipped at the very same moment and fell flat on his face. The German, thinking he had got his man, turned about to go back. He dropped in his tracks, the American drawing a bead on him from the bottom of the trench.

The German machine gun which was captured during the attack has been brought in to headquarters. It will be suitably inscribed and sent to Washington as a trophy.

After it was all over the general commanding the American front went into a ward of the hospital where the men who were gassed before the attack in force came off are now recuperating.

"I have come down here," he said "to tell you that we have spared things up for that gas attack. The boys did finely. They whalloped the tar out of the Hunns."

Every man able to do so sat right up in his cot and cheered. And there was a suspicion—just a suspicion—of moisture about the general's eyes as they twinkled in response to that yell.

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AMERICANS BREAK UP BIG BOCHE RAID

Continued from Page 1

trench, they stumbled on the bodies of their targets.

The Germans had prepared for their raid for several weeks. For use in the artillery preparation, they brought up heavy guns of 150 caliber, by means of caterpillar tractors. When their artillery preparation actually came, it proved to be the most terrific barrage that has ever been visited upon the Americans since their first occupation of the sector.

The spot the Hunns selected for the attack is only 100 yards away from their own trenches. A tangled wood, in between the lines, aided their work, by giving them cover behind which they could stand up on the Americans and surprise them. Moreover, at that point, the American trenches made a right-angle turn.

The Germans employed 220 men, 180 infantrymen and 40 pioneers. The infantry were partly volunteers, and partly the *sturmtruppen*, or storm troops, especially reserved for attacks of the kind that was contemplated.

The job of the pioneers was to lay heavy charges beneath the American barbed wire. Right after they had blown their caps, a box barrage was laid down, with the object of isolating the spot they had picked out for the assault, and of cutting off any attempts to reinforce it. At the same time heavy shell-fire swept all the approaches to the rear of the position, and more *Fenton*-hardware, including some gas shells, was dumped on other portions of the American lines, to create confusion and divert attention.

The explosions came at 5:35 a.m. The raiders made their way around through a narrow ravine, with the object of taking the Americans in the rear. They found their hosts ready for them, however, and the fight was a hand-to-hand conflict, waged all over an area of half a square mile, in the trenches, along the top of the parapet, through the dug-outs, everywhere. Bombs, revolvers, trench knives and rifles were freely used on both sides for a space of time lasting from 20 minutes to half an hour.

At the end of that period, what Germans there were left in the American trench were either prisoners or dead.

The fire of the American artillery continued until it was established beyond doubt that the remnant of the raiding party had gotten back to its own wire. Besides creating a barrage designed to catch the raiders, the American guns engaged the German artillery, to diminish the strength of the fire.

One of the prisoners, a lanky and intelligent-looking German of about 28 years, though slightly wounded, was able to sit up and be cross-examined. His ailment consisted of a blow on the head received during the fight in the trenches.

"You were too ready for us," he said. "Six men jumped on me, so I threw up my hands and yelled 'Kamerad.' I never had a chance to throw a grenade."

He added that the *Tout* sector had become unhealthy since the Americans came into it. "You're all the time shooting," he continued. "I'm glad it's over for me," he remarked, wearily.

AMERICAN HEAVIES BLAST OUT BOCHES

Continued from Page 1

until it is pointing directly toward the object to be fired upon.

Somewhere back of the front is an American heavy artillery base. There are stored and assembled, assembled and repaired, some of the big guns of the American Army. Most of them are mounted on specially made railroad trucks. After the artillery officers had made their reconnoiter and staked out the "spots," a train pulled out from here one night bearing several hundred husky artillerymen going, enthusiastically, to their first "job."

Some time later, the train pulled up to the chosen site and the crew started to work. They unloaded rail and ties, laid the sidetracks, and ballasted and braced them to support the shock strain of the "heavies" in action, which is infinitely greater, for instance, than the weight of the biggest American locomotive.

First "Barrel" Off on Trip

They did not do it all in one night. It was a four night job and, as the German aviators have a habit of bombing stray cars behind the lines when they see them, the train and men were pulled away each morning before daylight and stayed during the day in a cut several miles away.

On the morning of February 13 the work was completed and the guns were brought up and "spotted" on the new tracks. They were shoring up by the morning and at 2 p.m. as the French began their attack, they began to fire.

As each gun was fired, the 16-wheel truck upon which it was mounted bounded backward several feet and a sheen of smoke covered the gun. As this happened, the artillerymen watched something resembling a barrel soar and eventually disappear to be followed in a

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ONE SPILLED STEW NET RESULT GAINED BY BOCHE SHELLING

Correspondent Describes a "Quiet Night" in Sector Northwest of Toul

SENTRIES RIGHT ON JOB

Second General Order is First Law of Life With Hun Just Over Way

DAYLIGHT LACKS EXCITEMENT

Occasional Gun Boom or Hum of Plane Motor Sole Diversion, But After Dark—

[Editorial Note.—Mr. Junius B. Wood, correspondent of the Chicago Daily News with the A.E.F., recently spent a week in the sector held by the American Army northwest of Toul. He lived the life of a doughboy, slept a little and saw a lot. He spent his days in and near the front line and some of his nights in No Man's Land. Here is the first installment of his story (told by days), depicting life at the front as it actually is. The second and concluding installment will be published in the next issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

By JUNIUS B. WOOD Correspondent of the "Chicago Daily News" with the A.E.F.

Sunday.—An ascending crescendo whistle, flashing the warning of an approaching shell, was drowned in a deafening crash a couple of hundred yards away. Striking so close, the glare in the darkness and the sound of the explosion were simultaneous.

The Germans had started shelling a battery just off the road down which a soldier and I were approaching battalion headquarters. For that reason traveling in pairs had been ordered on the possibility that if one were hit, the other could get help.

An artillery officer had a field telephone at his ear as we entered headquarters. His static helmet clattered against the railroad rails supporting the roof of the low ceilinged room.

"Tell our batteries to give them a retaliatory bombardment," said the major commanding the battalion, and in less than half a minute a salvo of all eight guns let us know that the Germans were getting a taste of the same medicine and were seeking dugouts.

"Just starting my night inspection of the sector," said the major, pulling on his rubber boots, strapping a revolver around his waist, and hanging two gas masks around his neck.

"The battery reports Fritz has stopped firing," said the artillery officer, looking up the receiver.

Mocha for Men Up Front

As we stepped outside the ruined town, with its gaunt, battered, roofless walls, silent in the clear, frosty moonlight, seemed a strange setting. An automatic rifle started spitting spitefully in the front trenches a few hundred yards beyond as the first sentry challenged the major, who stepped forward to whisper the pass word. It was close to midnight as we edged down the narrow communicating trench, passing carrying parties, each pair of soldiers with a stick over their shoulders from which was swinging a can. "They were going to the kitchens in the rear, to return with coffee to be served to the men in the trenches. For a stretch of more than a hundred yards we waded through water above our knees, a German shell having filled in a drainage trench. Everywhere we scraped the sticky sides of the trench. Dirt oozed through the revetments, whether of twigs, wire netting or sandbags.

"Halt!" The tense whisper stopped us at almost every turn in the front trenches. The major would step forward and whisper the password.

"That's right, stop everybody," he cautioned several. "I don't want the Boches slipping in here some night and surprising you."

What a Quiet Night Is

"Everything quiet tonight?" the major always asked.

"Yes sir," the soldier invariably replied although an automatic rifle might be popping at the next post and the batteries on the hillside exchanging compliments over his head. The American soldier's idea of quiet is not being shot at at that particular moment.

"Have a patrol out now examining the German wire," reported a captain we met sloshing through the mud of one trench.

"Any others out?" asked the major. "Mine is the only one. If company's patrol just reported. I believe they found a German sniper's hideout."

"Any sniping tonight?" asked the major.

"There was a little off to the left early tonight. It has stopped in the last hour. Our men must have got him," said the captain.

We had a variation of our own in this nightly routine. We reached one swampy stretch where it was impossible to dig trenches and the path became narrow duckboards protected only by flimsy gabions of twigs. Suddenly and without warning, our artillery started to roar on the hillside back of us, laying a barrage in front of the German trenches.

Right Through the Target

There was an answering bang and glow, Fritz's artillery on the opposite hill starting a counter barrage, apparently picking the particular spot which we were passing as his target. The first shell blew a ten foot gap through the stretch of gabionage we had just passed. The next whistled directly over our heads, lifting into the air a section of the swamp, which descended in a shower of sticks, stones, mud, and water.

The flashes on the German hill were continuous and each was followed by an approaching siren and nearby hum. One concussion knocked us off the slippery duckboard flat into the mud, making a harmonious coating from ears to toes of the previous splashes of clay we had accumulated. We finally reached the mouth of a trench, where we were safe from anything but a direct hit.

The barrage stopped as suddenly as it started.

"Be on watch that they don't critical" over gas after those sudden sea-soldiers



THE DAY BEFORE SKINNY RAFFLED OFF HIS KNITS

ments," the major warned the captain in the next dugout we reached.

"We stopped in the dugout long enough to smoke a pipe, a dissipation not permitted in the trenches after sundown. After that we prowled several more miles through the trenches before again emerging into the ruined town where battalion headquarters is located.

It was three o'clock in the morning when we arrived. Wet wood had been piled in the fireplace and had become a glowing bed of coals. The major, an old campaigner, rustled a pile of bread in a corner and started making toast. He also put on a tin pail of coffee and dug up a can of jam and served luncheon.

"I have reports to write and am going to stay up myself," he said. "You lie down on my blankets in the corner and get a couple hours' sleep."

Little Doing by Daylight

Monday.—The trenches at night are filled. Shallow, muffled soldiers, underground warfare and darkness go together. In the daylight, the trenches seem deserted, there being only an occasional guard or working party repairing the damage of the previous night's shells or building new shelters. The boom of a single gun here and there on the hillsides and the hum of distant aeroplanes are the only discordant sounds.

For two hours this morning, the major and I had been tramping through the trenches. Less than three kilometers away was Mont Sec, the German observatory, fortified like Gibraltar, dominating the sector. The nearest lumbering village at its side looked down on the trenches and their hundred turrets.

Suddenly, a fusillade like firecrackers at a Chinese wedding broke loose. Men in the trenches began firing their rifles; others, running for the dugouts, emptied their revolvers; automatic rifles and trench mortars barked, and "flying pigs" shrieked into the air. Everybody began craning his neck upward. There, less than two hundred feet above, with black crosses on its wings, circled a German aeroplane. The observer struck his head over the side and waved a hand desperately.

"Hug the shady side of the trench," the major advised. "He's taking photographs."

The observer apparently had used his last plate, for with a final wave of his hand and undisturbed by the shower of missiles, he continued homeward.

A Sentry's Close Call

Three hours later I was sitting in headquarters when there came a crash which split the oiled linen windows and shook the squat building with its railroad iron ceiling and four-foot stone roof so hard that it started a clock which hadn't run since the French family of the house fled four years ago.

"Put on your steel helmets!" shouted the major.

Everybody rushed to the little door to see what had happened. Fifty yards away was a sentry, stubbornly sticking to his post, and gazing at a jagged hole almost at his feet in the center of the macadam road.

"What did that shell do?" demanded the major.

"Blew me into the sentry box and made that hole, sir," replied the soldier.

"Here comes—" started an artillery officer, but before he could finish another shrill whistle through the air and flying stones from a remnant of a building across the road told that another shell had landed. A dozen soldiers who had been basking in the sun dashed inside the ruin so fast that they met the shell striking the opposite wall and then dashed out again. Fortunately, the shell did not explode, but crept inside a threatening souvenir in a side wall.

The German aviator's photographs

Next week, in the concluding installment of his story, Mr. Wood will tell of night patrolling in No Man's Land.

More Business Than Usual

"Why don't you ask for a retaliatory fire?" demanded the major of a young lieutenant, commander of the platoon where the shells were falling fastest.

"Oh, they do this every day. I guess they know we're eating, though, today, for they have thrown over 20 where they usually put only four or five," replied the lieutenant.

The men were lined up in the trenches in front of steaming marmite cans, getting stew and coffee, standing in groups and eating as unconcernedly as if passing through a summer shower instead of a rain of shrapnel.

"Tell them to get into dugouts when they see more than two men together in a trench," ordered the major.

The lieutenant gave the order, but too late to save all. From one soldier started a stream of language, unexpurgated and horrible, defying the entire German nation, its ancestry and descendants.

The major turned away his head to conceal a grin. The last shell, bursting closer than usual, had caused the soldier a sudden start, and at his feet in the muddy trench lay the savory stew and scalding coffee dripped from his fingers.

"Soldiers are more careful of their chow than lives," observed the major.

During the day the Germans threw over several tons of shells and spent several thousands of hungry Germany's dollars. The most serious damage accomplished was one spilled stew and one soldier's breakfast gone.

Next week, in the concluding installment of his story, Mr. Wood will tell of night patrolling in No Man's Land.

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AS WE KNOW THEM

THE CHAPLAIN

He doesn't wear a Sunday suit nor yet a Sunday face; He wears khaki the same as we, and goes from place to place A-visiting the hospitals and cheerin' up each lad That for any sort o' reason is laid up and feelin' bad.

He doesn't pull no highbrow stuff, or talk of Kingdom Come, But any "cits' clothes" parson he can sure make out a bun; He doesn't mind mild cussin', and he'll smoke a cigarette, And doesn't say you'll go to hell for swiggin' somethin' wet.

Still, if you ask him for it, he will tell you 'bout the Lord, The First and bravest Christian, Who would never sheathe the sword Until all wrongs were righted; how He set His people free Although the Romans nailed Him to the Cross o' Calvary.

He doesn't force his preachin' down a helpless feller's trap, But if a feller wants it, he has 'ot it right on tap; He'll send the folks a letter if your arm's too sore to write, And if you feel like prayin' he'll sit up with you all night.

He'll do the things your folks would do if they were only here; He'll jolly you and brace you up and tell you not to fear; 'Rout gettin' by the sentry, old Saint Peter, 'way up there If you only do your duty. On the level, he's a bear!

M. P. IS REASSIGNED HIS HOME TOWN JOB

American Traffic Cops Just as Good Here as They Were Back Home

"Hey you!" shouted Military Policeman—call him O'Connor—and when the offending truck driver had brought his vehicle to a stop continued. "Say, what do you think this is, a Florida straight-away? Haven't you read that new order that no American vehicles are to travel faster than 12 miles an hour in this city?"

"Yes," said M.P. O'Connor, resuming the conversation after dismissing the chauffeur with a reprimand. "Yes, here I am sergeant of the guard. And in Paris, too. Say, I wonder what the boys on the force would say back in Pittsburgh? Funny, isn't it. Here I give up my badge and come over here to take a crack at the Kaiser and they make me a cop again. On the traffic squad at that." He chuckled and repeated "I wonder what they would say back home."

Sergeant O'Connor is one of the gradarines americains of Paris. There are others scattered over France in every town and village where there are American troops.

"This business of being a policeman over here is a lot different from what it is in the States," continued Sergeant O'Connor. "It is easier for one thing. Of course we don't have anything to do with anybody but American soldiers and American motor cars. We keep a man at this corner to keep the traffic clear so they can get to the warehouse up the rue there."

"We have instructions to arrest all in-

toxicated soldiers, pick up all men but after taps without a pass, and see that the officers and men are directed where they want to go. I'll tell you, though, the soldiers are as orderly a bunch as I ever saw anywhere. Would you believe it? We go many a day here without making an arrest. Mostly we're just information bureaux. Most of the boys don't drink anything at all, and mighty few of them take more than they should. A fellow who gets drunk usually gets 60 or 90 days' confinement back in the companies now, and that keeps down the fellows who would get drunk anyhow, whether they're soldiers or not."

The record of arrests by military police throughout France is surprisingly low. It substantiates the opinion of Sergeant O'Connor and is just one more proof of the efficiency of that part of the American Army already in France.

American troops, ever since their arrival, as a matter of fact, have been practically self-governed.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1918.

"RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG"

It occasioned quite a good deal of surprise, a little while ago, when it was started up by the band during the ceremony of presenting the regiment with its colors, just before the outfit left for the front. It was appropriate, of course, but nobody ever heard it played as part of a military ceremony before. Yet every man in the line, and every man on the staff, snapped right up to attention or to salute as the band boomed it out, just as though he had been trained to do it from boyhood.

The old song is well worth a salute, at that. Next to "John Brown's Body" (or, to be highbrow, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic") and the inimitable "Dixie," it is perhaps the best of the war songs that have come down to us from the days of '61 and '65; best both in "singableness" and in the appropriateness of its wording to the conditions of "the present emergency." Who can resist the swing of the old piece: "We will rally 'round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again, shouting the battle cry of Freedom! We will rally from the hillside, rally from the plain, shouting the battle cry of Freedom! The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah! Down with the traitor and up with the star. While we rally 'round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again, shouting the battle cry of Freedom!"

With the Union referring to the union of the civilized nations of the world, banded together to crush the Teutonic menace, the words fit to perfection: Can't we resurrect some more of the songs our Dads and Granddads sang, and try them out? "There were soldiers on earth in those days"—and the songs they sang helped in no small measure to make them the soldiers they proved to be.

ARE YOU WORTH IT?

It costs the United States \$50 a week to maintain each soldier in France. This is the estimate of Lord Northcliffe, through intimate association with the war and a comprehensive knowledge of America, should speak authoritatively. At any rate it is certain that the United States Army is going to be a mighty expensive one, the most expensive, undoubtedly, in the field. We are better paid, better fed, and clothed at least as well as any other troops. And we are three thousand miles from our base.

Assuming the figure correct, are you, as a soldier, worth \$50 a week?—one Liberty Bond representing, possibly, a widow's savings, a school boy's hoard.

War changes the value of everything, money included. That you may not have been a "850 a week man" at home does not indicate that you are not worth that over here.

The answer is that you are worth it if you are doing all that is expected of you—doing your duty. And this holds whether you're doing "squad" right into line, peeling potatoes on K.P. or helping hold a stretch of front line trench.

The American soldier's duty just now is principally to learn how to fight, to get in trim, and stay in trim. And to do this he must put his mind and his soul into the job and he must not endanger his physical fitness by excesses.

In the final analysis it is a personal proposition. It's up to you. Ask yourself, "Am I worth \$50 a week?" and if you can conscientiously answer yes, you are.

THE OPEN FIELD

"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of baseball," as Lord Tennyson so ably expressed it. The mere fact that the young man is apt to be found in khaki with the approach of this particular spring should not prevent his fancy from turning to baseball, as of yore. In fact, that is all the more reason why he should keep on, as far as his duties will permit him, with his devotion to the national game.

Not only with baseball, but with track athletics—with every kind of outdoor sport, in fact, for good athletes and good sportsmen stand a better chance of being good soldiers than do those who are unversed in the arts of exercise. The good old Iron Duke knew what he was talking about when he said that the battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing fields of Eton. Similarly it may be said in time that the battle of — was won upon the diamonds and cinder tracks of America.

Baseball makes for self-reliance, for quick thinking and quick and sound judgments. It develops speed, endurance, strength of arms and backs and legs—in

short, all the physical attributes of the really effective soldier. As a recreation for both player and spectator it cannot be beaten.

So, when the ground gets dry enough for a man to slide bases without being drowned, get that company team a-going, and get other companies' teams to get a-going so that you can have somebody to lick. See to it that your company team wins the battalion championship, the regimental championship, the divisional championship, the corps championship, the army championship, the A.E.F. championship. Then, having won that, it might look around and see if our Canadian Allies, who have not been entirely converted to cricket and footer, have a nine to put in the field. With them disposed of, it might coax some of our other Allies to take up the game of games.

It will be good for all of us if we can get out in the open back of the lines this spring, line them out, and spear the fast ones. It will be good for all of us when we go back into the lines, refreshed and toughened by that best of recreation and exercise. Also it will be very hard for the Boche to face an army of baseball-trained, grenade and bomb-tossers; and, in playing with the Boche, spiking, too, is perfectly within the rules!

THE HONOR AND THE GLORY

A distinction ceases to be a distinction when anyone can gain it. If we were all equal to writing Hamlet, the world would not look on the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey as a hallowed spot. If the German Iron Cross had not been distributed wholesale at the beginning of the war and ever since, until neutrals themselves have grown weary of the joke about handing it around from bushel baskets, even that decoration might at least retain the virtue of being hard to win and, therefore, well worth winning.

The Legion of Honor and the Victoria Cross have not been similarly cheapened, and the very fact that in spite of three and a half years of war they still remain guardians difficult of attainment increases immeasurably the prestige of their honored wearers. It has been said that the American Congressional Medal of Honor is the most difficult of all to secure. This, perhaps, is because America, since the establishment of the decoration, has not provided many opportunities for winning it. But whatever the reason for the infrequency of its bestowal in the past, there will be plenty of opportunities for gaining it during the accomplishment of the task on which we are now engaged.

Herein lies the difficulty. Can bravery be graded? If a man risks his life for his country, is there really anything more to be said? If a soldier does his duty, darts every peril without flinching, is it possible to say that another who has acted in exactly the same way displayed greater or less valor? Much, of course, depends on the emergency provided. The young Lancashireman who, during the battle of the Somme, dropped a box of Mills bombs so that the safety pin dropped out of one and exploded the whole box in his own trench might have been court-martialed if he had acted otherwise than he did. But what he did covers his memory with the highest glory. Foreseeing the impending disaster, he flung himself instantly on the burning fuse, and when the grenades exploded, blowing him to bits, only two of his comrades were slightly wounded.

The list of rewards for valor announced in the latest War Department orders on the subject shows that there is ample opportunity for any man in the service to win at least one coveted distinction. The man who does not flinch will be honored. But the Medal of Honor still remains the loftiest goal of the American soldier's endeavor. It will not be bestowed at random. It will be the reward not merely for courage under fire, but like the V.C. for courage shown where the man acts, not impetuously, but with every knowledge that his life is in the balance—or rather that something more precious than life is in the balance for which the risk of losing life must readily be run.

RUMORS

You know what you call them. You hear them all the time. The folks back home hear them, but they don't call them by the same name. Perhaps, on the whole, they're more susceptible to their influence than you are, being farther away from the realities with which they purport to deal. Therefore, don't pass on to them anything of the truth of which you are not absolutely sure.

There are all sorts of rumors. There are ugly ones, which are usually enemy lies or bogies made up out of whole cloth by the same kind of people that rock boats and scare children. There are dangerous ones—such as speculation on the time the unit is going to move, where it's going to, and so forth. Then there are purely harmless and recreational rumors, such as those that deal with the probability of a not too far distant pay day, with the likelihood of the "Top" being transferred somewhere else, with the age of the new second lieutenant. The last named kind are excellent for the exercise of the inventive faculties, and constitute the bases for many bets.

Of the uselessness of paying any heed to the first two classes of rumors, the great majority of men in the A.E.F. do not need to be warned. They "know that they'll know when they know it," and refuse to be influenced by any wild yarns that do not bear the earmarks of authenticity. As for the third class—ah, that's where the fun comes in! Rumors, rumors, rumors; what would this Army life be without them?

AS THE FIRST WINTER ENDS

The French Government knew what it was about when, early in December, it forbade the publication of weather forecasts. There were rough days ahead, and weather forecasting would have been about as unpopular a job as handling a leaky gas shell. In the interests of Allied unity, it was the part of wisdom temporarily to suppress the forecaster and let the weather take its own course.

It did. For a few weeks near-blizzards followed one another with relentless regu-

larity, and the natives protested in vain that such a winter was considered un-usually rough in these parts. It might be so, but we had had no previous French winters to judge by. It was too much like the variety we were accustomed to in New England, Minnesota and Montana.

But even at the time some of us knew we were getting the better sort of winter after all. News came from America of a coal shortage made even shorter by impenetrable snow blockades, of an ice-choked North River where barges should have been plying with the freedom of summer, of National Army camps where the thermometer dropped to minus 34 degrees—not on the Centigrade scale either. And, now that it's over, we realize that it isn't for us to write its "hardships" into our own histories. For that part of the history belongs to the folks back home.

THE REAL THRILL

For most of us the thrills of soldiering have thus far been little ones. We had our first pleasant shiver the day we took the oath of allegiance. Then came the memorable morning when we first donned uniform, the first time we paraded down the avenue in ranks with colors flying at the head of the column and the band a-blare, and the first time we set foot on foreign shores with the A.E.F.

But "the thrill that comes but once in a lifetime" is our first sight of the front. The actual entrance to the trenches is, oddly enough, not nearly as inspiring as that first glimpse from afar. Away off you see the guns flashing. The whole sky is vibrant. The weird light of the star shells stirs the imagination. You have a sensation much like that just before you go into a football game—the same nervous tension, the same doubts about whether you will be able to hold your bit of the line.

Then you go down into the muddy ditches and, once on the job, you have so many other things to think about that you forget your uneasiness. After all, these trenches are just like the ones back home in the training camp. The only difference is that the Boches are shooting at you. Once in a while you shoot back. The game is on! All you have to do now is to watch your opponent and keep your ears open for the quarterback's signals. Remember how it used to be in football games?—once you mixed into a scrimmage and got roughed up a bit your dander was up and all stage fright was forgotten.

And so it is in this game of war.

CAN YOU FILL HIS SHOES?

The man who wears a uniform in war times never knows what duty he may be called upon to perform. He is a private today, but tomorrow morning he may be a corporal; and if he hasn't learned how to lead a squad, he will bitterly regret that he failed to prepare for the emergency.

Do you know what a guide does? If you don't, now is the time to be learning—you may be the man picked for that job tomorrow morning.

Something may happen to your platoon sergeant. Whoever steps out to fill his place had better be all set for it.

Somebody in your shack is going up from the ranks pretty quick to a warrant or a commission. If the non-com who draws those gold bars hasn't watched what a second lieutenant's work is like, he is going to be the joke of the company until he learns it.

Are you already a second lieutenant? You are content, perhaps, to know how to handle a platoon. But tomorrow morning every officer in the company but yourself may be packed off to a corps school and then you'll find your self *pro tem* with 250 men on your hands—a whole company to drill and discipline and ration and a baffling lot of "paper work" to tackle.

So all up and down the line. You who now are captains may, before spring sets in, be wearing gold or silver leaves. You who are majors may be leading regiments—either your own, or organizing new outfits of National Army men overseas.

So don't let your evenings all slip by in pleasant gossip around the Q.M. stove. Wake up to what you may have to face tomorrow morning—the chance to make good in new and bigger jobs. How about it? Can you climb, or are you a hopeless fixture?

Everything a man can learn about the Army game will come in handy. Don't lose any more time about it. Get busy!

DRESS UP THAT LINE!

It wasn't long ago that we issued in these same columns what might be construed as either a challenge or an appeal to the versifiers of the A.E.F. to favor us with their contributions. Some of them have, up to date; some of them haven't.

Most of those who have sent in verse have dressed up their ranks neatly, with all the rhyme-words covering off in file, as good soldiers should. But others have had their lines bowed out, bowed in, with the rhyme words wandering all around through the verses and even straying into the line of the file closers. These we have had to doctor; and doctoring another man's poetry is twice as hard as prescribing treatment for another man's stomach, for the simple reason that the man whose poetry is doctoring lives to come back—the other doesn't.

We're always glad to get verse, as we are to get all sorts of contributions. But we like to have it—like the new guard—turned over in good order and well dressed up, ready to be marched to its posts in the paper. If it doesn't read right, if it doesn't scan right when it gets to us, we've just got to pull it around so it does. And we don't like to do that because, no matter how hard we may try, we can never quite satisfy the man who wrote it.

So read over your stanzas before you shoot them along to us, will you? Thanks!

The descendants of those Frenchmen who, under Lafayette and Rochambeau, helped America to achieve her independence, have presented a set of national and regimental colors to each of five American regiments as an earnest of their continued affection for us, and their remembrance of the last great struggle in which their nation was allied with ours. Such an evidence of friendship cannot fail to spur on the regiments thus honored to new and greater achievements.

YOU CAN'T FOOL FATHER!



After a cartoon by Carter, in the "Philadelphia Press."

"GAS—ALERT!"

"Reval is occupied by German Forces."—Headline. And, no doubt, "there was a sound of revelry by night."

Mars, according to the astronomers, as quoted in the *Headline*, "will be in opposition on March 14." Somehow or other we had a sneaking idea that Mars had been in opposition since August, 1914.

"If President Wilson suggests that the German chancellor speak before the supreme tribunal of the world, I decline to accept such tribunal as impartial."—Count Hertling. No criminal ever considers impartial the tribunal before which he stands accused.

"It has been stated that we intend to keep Belgium, a country with which in future we wish to live on friendly terms."—Count Hertling again.

Belgium, Herr Chancellor, has already had her taste of German friendship. She is not likely to cure for a second dose.

"Patrols advanced within ten miles of Hit."—From the British Mesopotamian communiqué.

From which we gather that Patrols probably got a base on balls.

"Lone Vancouver fishman attacked Prussian Guard."—Headline. Not only attacked, but surrounded them.

A press censorship is to be instituted over all newspapers printed in Greece and her islands. Wonder what Old Man Homer, whose work was syndicated in seven cities, would have said about that?

German recruits at the Beverloo camp are said to have refused to sing "Die Wacht am Rhein." What they probably wanted to sing was, "Ach, du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin!"

"Most Democrats are far more interested in fighting Germany than in fighting the Republican party, and most Republicans are far more interested in fighting Germany than in fighting the Democratic party."—New York "World."

Democrats? Republicans? We haven't heard those words for an awfully long while!

Christy Mathewson has had himself vaccinated and his tonsils removed, so as to be in shape for the season. Now, an antityphoid "bug" in your old arm, Matty—

"Already football is becoming popular in America."—From the works of a certain English writer.

Shades of Lon Stagg, Walter Camp, Pudge Hefflinger, Charlie Brickley, Ed Mahan, Walter Eckersall, Bill Edwards and Vance McCracken! Becoming popular? Why, it's as popular as cricket!

The French papers refer to Major Raoul Laffery in fondest affection as "L'Américain" (the American one); but we think a more appropriate title—and one that wouldn't lend itself quite so much to typographical errors—would be "high, low, Jack and the game."

To judge from the number of prisoners one of our patrols recently took in, "The Ladies' Way" must be a peculiarly fetching one.

"Mr. Roosevelt has so far recovered as to be able to hold political conferences while in bed."—Daily Mail.

The Colonel's recovery may be pronounced complete.

"The entire world is convinced that terrible days are at hand."—Colonel Gaedke, in the "Schwabische Tagwacht."

Still worrying about that beer shortage, Herr Oberst?

They tell us that the Browning machine gun is being turned out in large quantities back in the States. If it is as puzzling as the late Mr. Browning's poetry Fritz is certainly going to be up against a tough proposition.

THE WAR'S GREATEST LESSON

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Every American in France who sees this paper has a clearer understanding than ever before of what war is, what a catastrophe to an unprepared nation.

Even now we cannot have an understanding as clear as that of the English, French and Belgians, who have been seeing the bitterest evidence since August 1, 1914.

Certainly the people at home can't see, even as we do. Our mission is to make them see.

If the war ends before America is one hundred per cent awake to the needs of universal service as a defensive measure, then we will have lost the great lesson of the war.

I have seen shell-torn fields where once was growing grain; deserted churches where once a happy people worshipped God; wasted villages once as calm and lovely as my own home in the Adirondacks. I have seen pitiful little mounds beneath which lie men—like myself; and women—like my wife and little sister; and babies—like my own and your own.

I have seen ruin and misery which even time can never heal, even I think that this anguish, which now is scattered in eternal bloodstains over Europe, will some day be spread over my own homeland, unless America, partially awake, becomes fully awake.

It takes no imagination to picture my wife, my babies, my gray-haired parents, trod under foot by the Boer, just as, home my very eyes, I've seen these tragedies endured by my French comrades.

If, the war over, the pacifist succeeds in diminishing by one iota our land's determination that never again will we, unprepared, be plunged into war—before God that pacifist is accessory before the fact and is guilty of murder and rape and arson of the slaughter of a nation, of the effacement of civilization.

Today I have written my wife and my sister and my mother (all are voters now). I have told them that this is the greatest lesson of the war. I have told them that, however eager I may be to see them again, I literally do not wish to see them with two things have come to pass—first, the victory of the Allies; second,

the realization by America that as a surety against such a war ever coming to our own soil, we must prepare.

We must keep our Army strong. We must keep our Army officers and many of our men in annual service, training the million youths who each year reach 18—training them to be better citizens than any of us, were until a few months before; training them to realize not only their privilege as citizens of our great western democracy, but their duty to uphold it; making of them men daring all, willing to sacrifice for their own beloved land and to stand as the perpetual monument of freedom and justice and democracy.

We must with eternal vigilance throttle the idea of nonresistance, of unpreparedness. We have seen how German propaganda has dared to use as catpaws the pacifist dwellers of a fool's paradise.

We must keep our Army and Navy at the top point of efficiency. We must stand back of the former's General Staff and the latter's General Board. We must see that every man in the Senate and in the House does the same, and if one falters in his duty to you and to me and to the ten million eligible soldiers of the first line, he must be replaced by a patriot.

Our votes are few. It is up to us to see that every relative, every friend, sees as we see. Begin it now and keep it up. God knows we do not want war as a pastime. But God knows that unless we prepare, unless we are strong enough to stand for our rights, we will get war whether we want it or not, and the next time on OUR OWN SOIL, around our own homes.

Write home today, and keep on writing home, and when we get back there some day, keep up the work. Damn the pacifist, damn the quitter. Damn the fool who will not see, unless we rid our land of their influence, we will get exactly what Belgium got. But there will be one difference. We will deserve it all as a punishment for our folly.

ONE WHO ENLISTED THE FIRST DAY OF WAR.
March 4, 1918.

MENTIONED IN ORDERS

NO FRANKING FOR CIVILIANS
In a report furnished to the War Department by the Postmaster General, the rule is laid down that the privilege of franking mail is extended to the military men of the A.E.F., but not to agents and secretaries of the Y.M.C.A., to postal secretaries, etc.

TO MEN ON LEAVE
All men departing on leave from points within the Zone of the Advance are, in accordance with previously issued orders, to deposit their rifles, pistols and bayonets at the regulating station or some other designated point, and to have their leave orders stamped to that effect. Until further orders, "designated points" will be those fixed by the corps, division, or independent commanders so much of the previous orders as provided for leaving those arms at the regulating station is suspended.

CONSERVING BEEF TALLOW
Beef tallow is valuable. An order just issued directs all division and other quartermasters to collect with care all beef tallow not absolutely necessary for the use of their troops, put it in empty vinegar, oil or similar barrels, and to send it to the nearest quartermaster depot, where arrangements will be made for its storage. The tallow thus collected is to be used for making dubbin for the preservation of shoes.

COURTESY TO ALLIES
Officers, non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the Allied Armies attached to our forces for any purpose will be furnished necessary transportation to enable them to properly perform their duties in the organization with which they are attached.

TRAVEL ORDERS FOR STUDENTS
The commandant, Army Schools, American Expeditionary Forces, will issue travel orders, directing return to proper station of any student of the Army Schools who may have completed his course, or whom he may be authorized to relieve pursuant to instructions from general headquarters.

PRIOR SERVICE CREDIT
Officers and enlisted men of the National Guard are, when drafted into the Federal service, under the Act of June 3, 1916, entitled to credit for their prior service, both State and Federal, in the National Guard, for purposes of longevity and continuous-service pay. But this right is limited to those actually in the service as National Guards-

THE WAR'S GREATEST LESSON

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ONE WHO ENLISTED THE FIRST DAY OF WAR.
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mentioned in orders changing station will see to it that any officer, non-commissioned officer or enlisted man of the Allied Armies attached to their commands is furnished transportation for himself and baggage appropriate to his grade in each case.

In this connection attention is invited to the fact that these attachments of officers or enlisted men, when acting as instructors, may be obliged to carry additional equipment to enable them to properly perform their particular duty, and suitable transportation should be furnished in each case.

TO SCHOOL FOR COMMISSIONS
A policy has been put into effect requiring all non-commissioned officers to pass through the Army Candidates' Schools before being commissioned in the line.

HEADLIGHTS AND ALERTS
All automobiles belonging to the American Army are forbidden to use their large headlights between the time that first warning against aeroplanes is received and the time of notice that the danger is past. During this time only dimmers or oil lamps may be used.

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MORE DOUGHBOY HINTS FOR BROTHERS TO COME

Bring Along a Cake of Soap to Look at, Buy Your Souvenirs Now, and As For Razor Blades—!

DEAR FELLOW SCRAPPERS:

As our last letter had to be stopped in order that we might go out and stop a few Boches that were getting a bit too nosy around our wire, we didn't get a chance to tell you all that we wanted to tell you about how to prepare for your trip over here. We find, on reading over the part of it that got into THE STARS AND STRIPES (a good deal of it was cut out by the censor) that we didn't put you wise to quite a number of important things. Therefore, here goes the second installment; you can take it or leave it just as you like—but remember, we've been through it and are only trying to help you out.

First of all, don't buy any sea-sick remedies. They are no good. The only sea-sick remedy known in the Army is a rejection by a recruiting officer. When you've got that you are pretty well immune against *mal de mer*, as the French call it. We call it that, and then some more.

So don't bring any pills aboard your transport. And, when that feeling comes, and the ship is going up and down like the old sea-saw out in the back yard, and the sky looks like the upper side of a speckled trout, and the waves are lashing higher than the Woolworth building—just give in. Everybody will be doing it from the C.O. down. In fact, if you don't give in you will not be playing the game; you will be missing a real experience. What were deck rails made for, anyway?

Interesting Tour of Guard Duty

If it is just your luck to go on guard on the day when the *mal de mer* first hits you, don't be sore. It will be the most interesting tour of guard duty you ever put in. If you are a corporal in charge of a guard detail, march it up and dress it and tell the sergeant major that the detail is correct as hell, whether it is or not. He'll be too sick himself to care about checking up on you. And as for the officer of the day and the adjutant—you have a right to insist that they stand at least ten paces in front of your front rank. Otherwise your care in having all those bully boys slobber up so pretty for general mount will go for nothing. To be doubly sure, have them all turn out in sickers, unless otherwise ordered. Don't try to recover too soon. Don't

skip any meals. Keep right after your little old stomach, giving it something to do so as to take its mind off itself, let you. After a while your stomach will get it through its beam that the chow was meant for it to keep, and will say "Thank you" and hold its peace. The process of education, though, is apt to be a pretty long one. Don't try to hasten it.

Another thing: Don't spend all your money on board ship, if the ship has a canteen or a barber-shop or any place where you can spend money. You will have lots of use over here for all the dough you have, and you will get twice the value for your kake over here that you will on the transport. Besides, if you start out with a neat pile, you can usually increase it on board. How? Guess!

Buy Your Souvenirs Now

Buy all your souvenirs of sunny France before you sail. Stuff them in your barracks bags and let them stay until you get over here, then show them to your censoring officer, do them up, and mail them. Also buy all your German helmets, German bayonets, Iron Crosses and the rest before coming over. You can pick them up dirt cheap on the lower East Side of New York for example—and at much less personal inconvenience than you can here. Over there the factories can turn them out by wholesale; over here you have to pick them up at retail, and must drive a pretty sharp bargain to get them.

Speaking of sharp bargains, bring your own razor. You have heard of course, a lot about English cutlery; but England isn't engaged in making that kind of cutlery now. Don't gamble on picking up a razor on this side. If you use one of the safety affairs, put a package of blades behind each ear, one in the sole of each shoe (a la Nathan Hale with the foot plans), one in every pocket, and the rest wherever you can stuff them. Good safety razor blades are as hard to find in France as Roches is Heaven.

Also soap: Soap is not as plentiful over here as soldiers are. Although you may not have much occasion to use it, the mere having it will give you a sort of righteous feeling. Taking out your cake of soap and looking at it every once in a while will give you almost as much comfort as looking at your girl's picture in the locker she gave you. That cake

of soap will remind you of many a happy Saturday night spent wallowing in the family sink. It will form one of your most potent links with home.

Our co-inhabitants of the dugouts are cute little fellows, but are rather pressing in their attentions at times. They like us a lot, and just dote on our underwear, which they think is good enough to eat. If, however, we have a cake of good, pungent tar soap around, they fight as shy of us as ministers fight shy of a corner saloon. Therefore, try to slip in a cake of it in addition to your other soap; it's as good as an anti-seed bag for keeping the shirt pounds on the wrong scent.

Choose Smokes for Quantity

As to the cigarettes you bring over, just remember that the cheaper and stronger they are, the more you will have and the longer they will last, for you won't want to smoke as many strong ones as you would mild ones. Over here there is no case in cigarettes. You may offer a nickel-for-twenty brand to a general, and he will fall on your neck in gratitude. Cork tips, gold tips, scented ones are tabooed. Even if you've got gold shoulder-bars, you shouldn't insist on having butt-tips to match.

Don't load yourself down with jewelry. Identification tags for your ankles and one for each toe, and all the rest of the junk. We can assure you that you'll have little or no use for a scarf pin over here, and the Government issues good dog-license tags which are perfectly O. K. for formal and informal wear. Rings are only in the way when wearing a helmet, and are apt to slip off and be lost in unfathomable depths of the light brown mud of the countryside. And ear-rings are reserved solely for the commandeurs of U-boat crews.

Bring along one good book for use on the trip over and on the long train rides that seem to prevail in this corner of the world. In case you've already got a book, look it well over to see whether it bears reading and re-reading. If it doesn't, get another one—almost any one that's written in English. You needn't bring a Bible, because somebody will be giving you one every time you turn around in England and in France. Take them all, with thanks, when they're handed out to you. If you collect enough of them to fill a trunk, that's some day you will read part of one; that's why they give you so many.

Well, a nos moutons, as the Pollux say. If we've forgotten anything, please excuse us, for we've been pretty busy recently. Write again if you have anything you want to know about how to get ready for coming over here, and what to bring and not to bring. We have had so much good advice given us that we can afford to give away some of it and still be well supplied ourselves. Yours till the Kaiser croaks.

THOSE WHO KNOW.

That a chaplain is a human guy.
That the fellow who went to so eastern a college that he can't pronounce his rrs is able to bang the Boche with the best of the cowpunchers.
That a lot of fun can be had on a small outlay of money.
That you get used mighty quick to being your own chambermaid—yes, and sometimes your own cook.
That you can go to a doctor or a dentist without having to worry about his bill.
That the bird who complains about having to lug his wife's bundles home in the subway doesn't know what real tugging is.
That the man who used to think it a hardship to have to take his sister to shows and things would be darn glad to be able to take her anywhere, now.
That a man can lead a perfectly healthy, normal, sane and happy kind of existence without trolley cars, movie shows, burlesque, cocktails, and other instruments of civilization.

HORRORS OF PEACE

I miss my three-dint neckties,
I miss my sliver hose,
I've really got to miss a lot
While I wear army clo'es.
But, when I think of garments,
A load slips off my mind—
I'm not bereft, for I have left
The sport-shirt far behind.

TITLE MISLEADING

"Wassamatter, Mike? You look sore."
"Well, why shouldn't I? I run into a French guide what wanted to show me the Bourbon Palace. I thought I was in for a drink, and whaddaya s'pose it turns out to be? The place where the French Senators pow-wow! Nary a drop of Bourbon in sight!"

'MODERN OPTICAL Co.'
(AMERICAN SYSTEM)
OPTICIENS SPÉCIALISTES pour la VUE
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New York

"You must not think me over-critical," she reported later, "but your sea-soldiers

"WELL I'LL BE----!"
THE PARENTAL WING

Dr. — wasn't particularly keen to have his son Billy join the army, since Billy was at best delicate and was only 19 years old. Besides, Billy was in college, and the doctor had fair theory that he ought to finish out his course, seeing that he had only a couple of years more to go. Furthermore, the doctor was coming over to France himself—joined up for the duration of the war for hospital service—and he thought it not more than fair to the rest of the family that Billy should stay at home.

Billy, though, had a mind of his own and a way of his own. He purposely flunked a couple of exams in June (after his father had safely left for the other side) and enlisted. He called his father to that effect, and in due time was for given.

Time went on. Billy wrote to his father in France as regularly as any kid of his age ever writes to his parents, and then came the long lapse that, to his father, meant the trip over, the delay in getting mail, and any number of things. But when the time stretched out far more than it ought to, the good doctor began to be worried. He made all sorts of inquiries as to the whereabouts of Billy's unit, but could get no satisfaction.

He was working off his uneasiness by pacing the hospital corridors one day when he was summoned to look at a new case—one of bronchitis, say—that had just come in. It looked like a bad one, said the assistant who summoned him. So the doctor made haste to go to the new patient's bedside and see what was up.

The patient had his head buried in the pillow when the doctor got there, but the doctor gently pulled him around, and then—

"Billy!" This very sternly. "What's happened to you? Why haven't you written before?"

"Dad!" This very faintly. "Couldn't write, Dad; been too damn— I mean darn—sick! How—are you?"

"Well," rejoined his father, with a touch of sarcasm that concealed a world of joy. "Now, young man, I guess I'll pull you through. But you've got to do

Just as I tell you about taking medicine."
"Hell!" ejaculated Billy in a hoarse bronchial whisper to his next-cot neighbor. "Isn't that just my luck? The old man'll make me toe the mark all the time I'm here and ship me out as soon as I'm well, without a chance to loaf a while! I was hoping for some easy doc I could put it over on!"

Then—"All the same, I'm glad I found the old man, even if I had to get sick to do it!"

NO MONOGRAM EITHER

"These new drawers," said the outraged private, "they come up to here. And this undershirt," he continued with heat, "it hits me just below the armpits!"

"Well," said the Supply Sergeant, "they meet, don't they?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, if they meet, what are you larking about—expect a tailor-made fit around here?"

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GOOD OLD FRIENDS
A LITTLE STORY ABOUT A BILLET

It wasn't my fault—I had nothing to do with the billeting arrangements—but every living creature in the old house, and everything inanimate, seemed to cry out that first day against my intrusion. The rusty hinges of the gate protested shrilly before I could set foot in the yard. The billeting sign, done in stencil on a piece of new packing board, seemed to be a desecration of the charm of the grey stone wall. Madame B— met me at the door and failed to accept my proffered handshake. (How could I know, then, the reason for her seeming coldness?) Grey-headed Monsieur, bent over his cane and shuffling along in wooden shoes, wearily led the way upstairs.

Once in my room, the little knick-knacks on the mantelpiece, the prayer chair and the rosary beside the bed and the shelf full of well-worn books smote my conscience again. Those books, in particular, I took one down—Montaigne! The man who had lived in this room and whose personality had colored it, the man who had gone out from here to die, perhaps, for la Patrie, had loved Montaigne! I am not ashamed to say it: as I closed that book and stealthily replaced it on the shelf the tears stood in my eyes.

How was I to know, then, that the Man of That Room was still alive and gallantly fighting for his country? How was I to know, then, that Madame B— did not take my hand because, through illness, her sight was nearly gone?

Next morning Madame and Monsieur invited me to their little cellar-like living room downstairs. It had a tiny stove, two chairs, a table covered with alcloth. An aged terrier, addressed as "Moose," hopped up to the shelf on the front of the stove, hugging the fire. All seemed so old, so wintry, so pitiful!

Little by little, we grew better acquainted. I gave Monsieur a package of American pipe tobacco. That did much to break down barriers. I told him it came from Virginia and he looked up the State in a tiny school geography which treated of the whole North America in a one-page colored map, with three-quarters of a page of text opposite.

Madame followed me to the door that morning and whispered: "He has not had tobacco to smoke these two months, Monsieur. Ah! He will now be bien content!"

And, truly, he was. It warmed one's heart to see him sit by the fire and puff at his old black briar pipe.

Soon I learned about Madame's illness and had one of our Navy medfocs pay her a professional visit. It was wonderful to see how she began at once to pluck up hope and spirits. The doctor's cheerful manners (bluff, old mariner) did as much as his medicine to effect the transformation. Within a week she declared her sight was clearer. Doubtless it was, too, for her attention was one which quickly affects the eyes.

My morning calls became an institution. I was shown through the other rooms of the house, closed since the war—the "company" kitchen, with copper pots and pans of every shape and size shining on the walls; the parlor, with a grand piano which had been mute since the first days of the war.

I learned, then, about the daughter in Paris—"you should hear her sing, Monsieur, and you would say, as all do, ravissant!" And, lastly, in a more hushed tone, Madame told me of the son away at the front; how hard he had worked, and how he had climbed, grade by grade, from the ranks to a lieutenant's commission.

Gradually, the place seemed to grow more friendly toward me. Aged Moose showed he could be taught new tricks; at least, he learned to bark a friendly greeting every morning when I came downstairs for a pitcher of hot water. The fragrance of Monsieur's pipe bade me daily welcome, too. Madame could smile, now—she could see so much more clearly, thanks to the good sea-doctor from America. One day she was even persuaded to put on her Sunday black silks and fare forth to hear our Marine band play in the village square.

"You must not think me over-critical," she reported later, "but your sea-soldiers

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Sore Feet Make Poor Hikers
Poor Hikers Never Get There

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New York

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The moonless and the sheathless days
Are tough for those across the sea;
'Tis they're even worse than sheathless days
That come for you and me.

MAKE EVERY DAY A BEATLESS DAY

And please remember, while you think
Of those whom often you may miss,
Those dayless days across the drink
Are simply hell for us.

SCHUPP WITH GIANTS ON ONE YEAR BASIS

National League's Leading Twirler and Burns Sign Up

21 BRAVES BACK IN FOLD

Yanks and Athletics Still on Look- out for Material—Herzog After Bonus

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, March 7.—Ferdinand Schupp has signed with the Giants. The contract is for one year only. Schupp was the leading pitcher of the National League last year, winning 21 games and losing seven. George Burns, the great run-getter, also signed up.
Larry LaJole, former major league star, will play first base and manage the Indianapolis Association team if he can get his release from Toronto.
Twenty-one of the 27 Boston Braves have signed contracts, and 17 of them are to get higher salaries. Larry Cheney has signed with the Brooklyn club. Practically all the Red Sox have signed up.
The Yankees are still trying to sign up men. Manager Huggins says he has Ray Caldwell, Allan Russell and Slim Love, but many are holding out. Connie Mack has still much hounding up to do. Charley Herzog is keeping the Boston managers guessing. He is said to want a large bonus and an extension of one year on his \$10,000 contract.
There are few changes in the location of the major league teams. All but three of the 16 clubs in the National and American leagues will use the same camps as last year. Cincinnati will go to Montgomery instead of Shreveport, Pittsburgh to Jacksonville instead of Columbia, St. Louis (American League) to Shreveport instead of Palestine, Tex.
Almost all of the clubs will start training next week. There will be four in Florida, four in Texas, two in Louisiana, two in Georgia, two in Arkansas, one in Alabama, and one in California.
The American Baseball Association has adopted a program of games, to open May 1 and to close about September 22.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, March 7.—The flat-footed and flapping-batted entry composing the baseball team of the Boston Navy Yard—they were once nearly all members of the Boston Red Sox, but you couldn't tell it to look at them now—are going to have their first workout this week in the Harvard baseball cage.
That is, they will if their Uncle Sam doesn't order them out to sea in the meantime, as he is said to have a habit of doing, and if the Harvard training regiment isn't using the baseball cage too strenuously at its bomb-tossing practice.
The Wild Waves, as the ex-Red Sox call themselves, are going to play their first game against Tufts College, down Medford way, where the rum comes from, on April 13. At that, it isn't as bad as if they staged the game for April 1.
The committees of 21, the unfeeling faculties, and the Indignant Old Subscribers to the various alumni weeklies involved have gotten together at last, with the result that a baseball series between Trineville, Yale and Harvard has been arranged and assured for this spring. The universities, it is understood, will meet for the first time in athletic history without a long preliminary schedule of games—thus sparing them much unnecessary wallowing at the hands of colleges which are somewhat smaller, both in the number of their students and the size of their respective craniums.

SEA-GOING RED SOX PREPARE FOR ACTION

Navy Yard Nine Will Open Season With Tufts Next Month

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ELSIE JANIS HERE TO DELIGHT A. E. F.

Musical Comedy Star Has Already Set New Hand- spring Record

Miss Elsie Janis, first American musical comedy star to come to France to help furnish diversion for the A.E.F., soon will start her tour. She is booked for the Y.M.C.A. "candle light circuit," which will take her up near the front, where the aeroplane or gas alert is not uncommon.
Miss Janis brought over a repertoire of the latest American songs, most of which were produced after most of us left for France, and a few parodies of her own composition, and proceeded to gain such vociferous applause at her debut in a Paris Y.M.C.A. that the French neighbors thought a riot had started. Her premier hit was "Over Here," sung to the tune of "Over There," and after her first rendition, the whole audience joined in the chorus.
Miss Janis also brought the newest steps from lightest Broadway and presented them, concluding with a hand-spring. As the stage upon which she performed was only four feet deep and five feet wide, she established a record for comedienne.
It was an American performance, by an American girl, done in an American way, the first of its kind to be seen by most of the audience in many months, and the absence of stage artifice and embellishments added to rather than detracted from the effect.

PARIS M.P.s Enjoy Lunch- on and Track Meet at Versailles

American athletics promise to become a commonplace in the romantic spots of France. A few days ago the historic Tuilleries Gardens saw their first baseball exhibition when a few American soldiers held a spring limbering up to the wonderment of a Parisian crowd. This has been followed by a small scale field meet in what used to be Marie Antoinette's front yard at Versailles.
The detachment of marines comprising the military police force of Paris staged the meet. They were the guests of Frederick Moran, former consul-general of the United States to Egypt. They travelled from Paris by a special car, were entertained at luncheon, and visited the Versailles Palace and its environs.
They then repaired to the Petit Trianon, where the athletically inclined became participants—and the remainder onlookers—in a 100-yard dash, broad jump contest, relay race and other events. The French populace, stirred by the vociferous yelling of the marines at some close finishes, joined the audience and, after they learned what it was about, became interested spectators.

Q.M. SCRAPPER KEEPS BELT

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, March 7.—There was a rattling bout at the New York Athletic club when Robert Gleason, Quartermaster Corps, from the Spartansburg, S. C. camp, holder of the Metropolitan District Amateur boxing championship for 145 and 155 pounds, and Sam Lagonia, 155 pound New York State champion, went to it for three rounds.
The going was very even. Both men were aggressive and went in to murder each other, but Gleason, with superior strength and cleverness, took the offensive away from Lagonia in the first two rounds.
In the last round Lagonia made a game effort to overcome Gleason's lead and boxed furiously, but Gleason won the decision handsily.
Kid Lewis, in Philadelphia, defeated Soldier Bartfield in a fast and hard six round fight. There was little clinching. Kid Lewis jabbed with his left wickedly till the Soldier swung wild.

LEATHERNECKS ROMP IN QUEEN'S BACKYARD

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REAL HOCKEY STARS.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, March 7.—The wonderful Pittsburgh hockey team has won its 19th straight victory, beating the New York Wanderers in one of the greatest games ever seen in New York. Fast and furious play, coupled with wonderful team work, scored two goals in the first half. The score was 4 to 2. The Pittsburghers have not known a single defeat and are the national hockey champions—the most extraordinary team known in many years.
The Boston Navy Yard hockey team goes solidly to second place in the National league race by defeating the New York Wanderers, 7 to 0, the sailors getting four goals in the first half and three in the second.

STAR SHELLS

[BY SGT. STUART CARROLL, O. M. C.]
"YOU'RE NOT A FAN, 'PIERRETTE."
"I'll take you to the Folies, dear. If there you think you'd like to go; I'll buy you *beaucoup* wine and beer down at the Casino show; in short, I'll do whatever task your little heart desires to name. Save one: You must not ever ask To see another baseball game."
Your understanding is immense. At "compreing" the jokes they spring in vaudeville shows—and you're not deuse.
Because you like to hear me sing.
"But, *cherrie*, you will never be The one to set my heart aflame."
"Cause you simply cannot see The inside of a baseball game."
When you and I were watching while The Doughboys battled the Marines. Did *chérie* hitting make you smile?
Did you rejoice in home run scenes? Ah, no; when Meyer slammed the pill— They couldn't find it for a week— You turned to me and said, "Oh, Bill, I zink hees uniform es *chique*."
And did you holler, "Atta Boy?" When Powell zipped 'em, one, two, three.
And made the Doughboys dance with joy— Was yours the voice that rose in glee? Not so; you made your escort feel Like one big, foalish, roasted goose. When all the bleachers heard you squeal "But Bill, hees nose es so *retrousse*!"
So when you don your new *chapeau* Hereafter for a promenade. Remember that no more we'll go To sit beneath the grandstand shade. Your curtain calls are surely great. Where *Tie-plans* trod the boards of fame.
But you cannot appreciate A rousing Yankee baseball game!

[BY SGT. STUART CARROLL, O. M. C.]
REGIMENT OF IMMORTALS, A.E.F.
Sir,—If the job of Regimental Adjutant is still open may I nominate Lieut. H. H. Kicklighter?
E. W.
Most suitable, K. W., and the gentleman stands elected. Orderly Camel Trotter will dust off the new adjutant's desk.
Sir.—Guess we'll need a regimental Sgt.-Major—yes? How about Sgt. Knowles Weatherax? "Chummy."
Hop to it, Wither, ole boy, and let's have the morning reports in on time.
"900 Masks for the A.E.F." Navy gas masks, just part of the baseball equipment recently ordered.
Also 50,700 baseballs are to be in the first shipment from home. Gawd help the window panes of France!

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PATRIOTIC REGATTA FOR EAST'S OARSMAN

Annapolis Meet Will Com- bine All the Year's Big Rowing Events

I.A.A.A. CLASSIC SURVIVES

Grenade Throwing and Wall Scal- ing Features to Be Added as Exhibition

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, March 7.—The American Rowing Association is planning a huge national patriotic regatta, to be held at Annapolis. Every Eastern college has been invited to participate. The details are still to be fixed.
This regatta will take the place of the cancelled Poughkeepsie, New London, and American Henley races. A Chinese crew, training at Columbia under Jim Rice, will enter the annual spring regatta on the Hudson with the varsity, junior varsity, and freshmen crews.
The Navy has won its fencing bout with Columbia, five bouts to four. It was a close match, and not decided until the last bout.
The Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America has voted unanimously to resume the annual track and field meet at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, on May 1 and June 1. Hammer throwing has been attacked, but still remains on the list of events. Javelin, discus and grenade throwing and wall scaling have been added as exhibitions, but not as contests.
Williams College has lost, through enlistment, an all-around athlete. His name is Radley, and he is a football and hockey man, and the leading candidate for the baseball captaincy. Williams, however, may keep Billy Boynton, the all-American quarterback.
Yale made a clean sweep in her wrestling tournament with Princeton. In the heavy weight class, Carter Cell, the Yale football guard, threw Rothchild in three minutes. Captain Gus Avery threw Winn, the Princeton captain, in three minutes ten seconds, in the 175 pound class. Mead, of Yale, won over Lane in the 162 pound class, and Gray, of Yale, put Pentz down in five minutes 55 seconds, in the 145 pound class. Jones, of Yale, won the 135 pound bout from Hutchinson in four minutes 27 seconds.

105 RACING DAYS IN COMING SEASON

Jockey Club Announces In- creases in Many Well- Known Stakes

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, March 7.—The Jockey Club has announced its racing dates. It has increased the allotment of dates for the metropolitan tracks and for Saratoga. The local season will have 105 days of racing.
The season starts on April 1 at Bowie, Md., and lasts through to April 15, at that place. Other dates are:
Havre de Grace, April 16—20; Pimlico, May 1—17; Jamaica, May 16—25; Belmont, May 27—June 15; Jamaica, June 17—22; Aqueduct, June 24—July 12; Empire City, July 13—31; Saratoga, August 1—31; Belmont, September 2—14.
The Saratoga stakes have been increased to \$20,000; the Hopeful stakes, \$50,000; the Grand Union and United States Hotel stakes, \$10,000 each; the Spinaway filly stakes, \$7,500; the Grab-buz handicap, \$4,000; the Travers, \$10,000, and the Alabama, \$7,500.
A new stake for two-year-old fillies, the Schuytleville, is announced—purse, \$2,000; distance, five and a half furlongs.

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BOOT BLACK STAND

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Well made watches, Roscop stem wind system, patented, durable, accurate, novel, 36 hours without winding, 5-year guarantee. Sells for only 10fr. 50c.—3 watches at 25fr. 50c. BRACELET WATCH FOR GENTLEMEN, same quality, only 13fr. 50c.—25fr. 50c. BRACELET WATCH FOR LADIES, same quality, only 13fr. 50c.—25fr. 50c. BRACELET WATCH ONLY. Gentlemen or Ladies, luminous dial, superior quality, 19fr. 50c. Payment by money order or C.O.D. in case of holders by money order only. No risk, we make exchanges and even return the money.
HORLOGERIE-LUMIERE, 11 Rue du Pont-Louis-Philippe, 11, PARIS

THE MEN'S JUNIOR METROPOLITAN 100- YARD TITLE WAS WON BY LEEMING JELIFF, OF POLY PREP, BROOKLYN. IN ONE MINUTE AND TWO-FIFTHS OF A SECOND. JOE WHEATLEY, OF THE NAVAL TRAINING STATION, HAS CAP- TURED THE 50-YARD SWIM IN THE ARMY AND NAVY CHAMPIONSHIP MEET WITH THE TIME OF 28 SECONDS.

In the Carnegie pool at New Haven, the Yale freshmen won every event from Harvard, the final score being 49 to 10. Finney won the 50-yard swim in 25 seconds, and Thurston won the hundred in 58 seconds. Thompson won the 220-yard swim in two minutes and 54 seconds. O'Connell made away with the fancy dive, and Tyler won the plunge for distance, going 68 feet.
The Amherst swimmers beat Wesleyan by a score of 31 to 22.

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MIKE DEVANEY WINS TWO EVENTS AT NEWARK-UP- TON HARRIERS SHINE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, March 7.—Mike Devaney, the national half mile champion, won the 600-yard Army-Navy handicap at Newark, Devaney, representing the Boston Navy Yard, beat Lieut. Frank Lagay, the former Dartmouth star, by a yard. Finch, of Camp Dix, finished third.
Devaney also won the 1,000 yard Metropolitan championship, beating Willie Gordon, of the Pelham Naval Reserves, by over five yards.
Allan Swede, the national interscholastic cross country champion, won the one mile championship, his time being four minutes, 33 4/5 seconds.
The 305th Infantry, of Camp Upton, won the individual and team laurels in the cross country run from a field of 237 contestants. Private Michaels, with the aid of a five minute handicap, led the big pack home.
The 305th Infantry came in second, and the 306th Field Artillery third.
It was a tremendously difficult course, but the men showed the benefits of their training and came home in excellent style and condition.

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HANNIBAL ONCE PASSED ALONG SAVOY HIGHWAY

Land of Permission, on One of Two Main Roads to Rome and Close to Roof of Europe, Has Had Absorbing History

When you go down to Savoy to spend your first regular seven days of "permission" since you came to France you will probably wake up in the morning to find that your train is passing through a narrow valley between granite hills.

Down the narrow valley will run a tiny river (which you will probably call a creek) of chalky water, going at a speed which makes up for its lack of depth and breadth. The knobby hillsides will be planted with scrubby oaks and chestnuts; or, around the villages, they will have been cleared of trees by the painful effort of generations of hardy Savoyards, and lines of grapevines on trellises will run in layers across the steep slopes wherever the sun shines on them at noon.

Ragged little groups of houses will from time to time appear, clustering about the confluence of two of the tiny streams of chalky water; houses of stone, tall and red-roofed, and strung along the glaring white mountain road which leads to the station, also of stone and red-roofed, and marked with a blue sign bearing the name of some saint or other.

The hills will be like all hills, except for the lines of grapevines which mark them out, but the roads will be different. There will be mountain roads of course, muddy or rocky, with ox teams patiently hauling sledges or huge-wheeled carts up to the hill-top barnhouses; but there will also be the highways, the solid *routes nationales*, paralleling the road in places, and then winding off and up over rocky passes.

Where Hannibal's Elephants Passed

There will not be much traffic on these roads now, aside from the few patient ox teams which have come down from the hills, but there has been a "25" in the past, and that of the olden times. The main road through Savoy is the road to Italy over the Mont Cenis; and this needs a chapter to itself. There are only two main roads to Italy from France, this road and the road along the Mediterranean through Nice.

The first time Napoleon descended into the Italian plain and swept it clean of Austrian troops he went by way of Nice; later, he swept into Italy by way of Switzerland and the St. Bernard Pass; and when he came back from Elba for the last Hundred Days of his imperial rule he came through Nice, crossed the end of the Alps, due north from Nice over the pass of the Col du Lautaret, where the road runs 6,000 feet in the air, to Grenoble, in the next county to Savoy.

It was he who built the mountain highway which parallels the Savoy railway line to Italy over the Mont Cenis, built it to keep his communications with the Italian kingdom which he constructed flimsily, like a house of cards, to add to his empire over half of Europe. But the pass was always there, whether the road were good or bad, and Crusaders, and Roman legions, and Hannibal's elephants, before that, passed over it on their way to pillage the rich cities of Italy, or going north, to conquer the barbarian.

The Road to Rome

The main Savoy road is, in other words, the road to Rome which all western Europe has traveled; and Savoy is the Alpine wall which separates the valley of the Rhone from the valley of the Po, as Switzerland is the Alpine wall which separated Roman civilization from the barbarism of the north.

Whatever part Savoy has played in the past relationship of France and Italy, of Gaul and Rome, it is of particular interest in the very recent history of those countries, and particularly of Italy. When one remembers that a united Italy exists only since 1870, and that the royal house which unified Italy was, only a little more than a hundred years ago, supreme over only the mountain Duchy of Savoy and the mountain islands of Corsica and Sardinia, then one realizes that even in Europe, the home of settled things, the destinies of lands and peoples change as greatly, overnight as it were, as in the swiftly changing new countries on the other side of the Atlantic.

Savoy Becomes French

The dual house of Savoy became the royal house of the Sardinian islands; extended to include the Piedmont plain at the Italian foot of the Alpine wall; wrested from Austria, with France's help and England's approval, the whole northern end of the Italian peninsula—Milan and Venice—in 1796; consolidated the petty kingdoms and grand duchies

of central Italy; employed the potent hand of Garibaldi to snatch Naples and the south of Italy from their Spanish king; and entered Rome, its final capital, in 1870, to found the Italian kingdom. From Chambéry, its little Savoyard capital, to Turin, at the upper end of the plain of the Po, to Rome, is a long cry. Small wonder is it then that the royal house, come into the rich possession of Roman civilization, turned its back on the little mountain duchy where it had sprung, and signed away to France, in return for the help of France against the Austrian, the Savoy country and the county of Nice.

Mountains By the Dozen

Savoy, on the map, is heavily shaded with contour lines, cut by narrow valleys which mean that it is simply the country of the Alps. One can stop off at any little village, and find a dozen mountains convenient. There will not be much in the village itself; an Hotel de la Gare, or an Hotel des Postes, a store or two, and perhaps a market place; perhaps, too, a ruined convent, or a mountain fort, or a church of the twelfth century perched on an inconvenient peak. Most people prefer to go, however, where the common or garden variety of tourist goes, and plants hotels behind him. These places are Aix-les-Bains, Chambéry, Chamonix, and Annecy.

Chambéry can be easily dismissed. As Baedeker says, it is "not very lively"; but it is the ancient capital of Savoy, and it possesses a fine hill-top chateau. That tourists go there is shown by the fact that one can buy in the shops all kinds of curios except local ones; and that one can hire a team and a guide and go off, in regular tourist style, to visit chateaux, or the sulphur springs of Challes, or climb a convenient little peak of 5,000 feet. Chambéry is, moreover, the gate of Italy, as the streets built in arabesque show.

Climbing Mount Blanc

Chamonix is a little village nestled in a hollow at the foot of Mont Blanc, which the tourist calls the king of the Alps. Mont Blanc is the highest mountain in Europe outside of one peak in the Caucasus, boasting something like 15,000 feet, and it has probably been more thoroughly "touristed" than any other peak in the world. The ascent takes 12 hours. Six hours from the start there is a hotel, and five hours beyond that there is a refuge. Moreover, one does not stir a foot without three guides, and it is even planned to build a switch-back up to the very top of the 15,000 feet.

Baedeker must have seen the top in a snowstorm, for he is very doubtful. In spite of his German thoroughness, of the results attained by so much labor, "The view from the top," he says, "is not always such as to justify the pains

taken to get there, inasmuch as the view sometimes fails to materialize because of the great distances. When the weather is too good, it is possible to distinguish only the general outlines of the view, the Alps, the Jura Mountains, and the Apennines. As in the case of all long-distance panoramas, the view is complete only in case light clouds serve as a filter for the dazzling sun."

Staff Officer Was Just Trying It Out

Soldiers Take Gas Mask Experiment for Real Thing

It was a nice night, as nights at the front go. The staff officer who had been up to the front on an inspection tour all about the first line and everywhere thought it was a nice night, too. In fact, he thought it was nice enough, and just about dark enough, for him to get a little practice, on his walk back to brigade headquarters, in wearing that confounded gas mask.

He slipped it up, over and on. Then, wheezing and choking merrily into its cavernous maw, he strode on his way.

He hadn't gone far when he met a column of four mule teams, the first commanded by Private Paddy Whack. Paddy took one look at the officer, then made a dive for the mask on the seat beside him.

Carling for the Canaries

"Gas!" he gurgled, once he had the anti-chlorine contrivance adjusted. "Al—you back there—get on mask—dubbl-quick!" There's—staff officer—wearin' one—Must be—invisible gas! Get busy!"

Al, in the second mule team, needed no second warning. His mask was clamped down before Paddy was through talking.

Dinny, on the third mule coach-and-four, saw his two predecessors bind up their heads thus—in leather and rubber. Reaching for his own mask, he shouted ahead to them:

"Ye're fine muleskinners, so ye are! Protectin' yourselves and forgittin' the poor canaries!" With that, all three drivers got down and adjusted the nose-bag contraptions to their wondering steeds.

Everybody Following Suit

Well within the required six seconds every man in that section of the support had his face muffled out and on, and the gong had sounded, and everyone was on the alert.

From the interior of his cage the staff officer gradually became aware of the havoc he had wrought by his innocent little practice-promenade. Guiltily, he whipped off his mask and speared around to headquarters by a devious route.

Pretty soon, in stamped a young aide, just talking off his own protector. "Whew!" he exclaimed. "That was a funny one. Some boob pulled a fake gas alarm when there wasn't a whiff of it anywhere, and got the whole brigade up on its ear!"

The staff officer said never a word.

Billy Sunday is coming over here in the near future. Watch France go dry.

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This is not Baedeker's only grievance. "The ascent is, moreover, very expensive. According to the regulations, two guides, at 100 francs each, and one porter at 50 francs, are needed for each additional tourist. Then there must be added the cost of provisions, the hotel expenses at the six-hour hotel, and so on, so that the cost of the ascent is not less than 250 francs per head." To this tale of woe he adds, without a pause, the caution, "The warmest footwear is necessary for walking on the snow and ice."

About Those Snow Storms

Baedeker, in other words, thinks Mont Blanc not worth while; and there are many tourists who have scattered their 250 francs over the two or three days in which the trip is made who agree with him. The chances of hitting a snowstorm at the top are too overpowers.

One can do this, as I have said, anywhere in Savoy; and after a while one mountain is as good as another. The really wise person may like to drop himself down—or up, rather—into the encircled hollow of Chamonix; but he would do as well to make for one or other of the two towns of Savoy of which I have spoken—Aix-les-Bains and Annecy.

Some Tips for Tourists

At both these towns the mountain streams have widened out, to form lakes of deep blue water; about them stretch the only rolling country in Savoy, framed in distantly by the ever-present mountains. Aix-les-Bains is a "fashionable" watering place of the most fashionable, with casinos, and mineral springs, and clubs, and promenades, and countless hotels; and, as Baedeker says, "very fine" excursions are made to a picturesque twelfth-century abbey, and to smaller mineral-spring villages, all modeled on Aix.

It is a far cry from the dusty little hill villages, where the ox teams trail along the roads, or from the jagged granite peaks of the Mont Blanc range on the horizon, to the "elegant" resort of Aix with its casinos and villas. But it is all swept by the Southern sun. It is the gateway to the South.

STAFF OFFICER WAS JUST TRYING IT OUT

Soldiers Take Gas Mask Experiment for Real Thing

It was a nice night, as nights at the front go. The staff officer who had been up to the front on an inspection tour all about the first line and everywhere thought it was a nice night, too. In fact, he thought it was nice enough, and just about dark enough, for him to get a little practice, on his walk back to brigade headquarters, in wearing that confounded gas mask.

He slipped it up, over and on. Then, wheezing and choking merrily into its cavernous maw, he strode on his way.

He hadn't gone far when he met a column of four mule teams, the first commanded by Private Paddy Whack. Paddy took one look at the officer, then made a dive for the mask on the seat beside him.

Carling for the Canaries

"Gas!" he gurgled, once he had the anti-chlorine contrivance adjusted. "Al—you back there—get on mask—dubbl-quick!" There's—staff officer—wearin' one—Must be—invisible gas! Get busy!"

Al, in the second mule team, needed no second warning. His mask was clamped down before Paddy was through talking.

Dinny, on the third mule coach-and-four, saw his two predecessors bind up

their heads thus—in leather and rubber. Reaching for his own mask, he shouted ahead to them:

"Ye're fine muleskinners, so ye are! Protectin' yourselves and forgittin' the poor canaries!" With that, all three drivers got down and adjusted the nose-bag contraptions to their wondering steeds.

But George, the fourth driver, didn't stop for that. He pulled his team around so fast they thought they were doing the chariot race in "Ben Hur." Off they went at a gallop to the rear.

"Gas!" hollered George, to a passing sentry who tried to hold him up. "Gas, comin' down the pike hell bent for election! Get your mask on!"

Everybody Following Suit

Well within the required six seconds every man in that section of the support had his face muffled out and on, and the gong had sounded, and everyone was on the alert.

From the interior of his cage the staff officer gradually became aware of the havoc he had wrought by his innocent little practice-promenade. Guiltily, he whipped off his mask and speared around to headquarters by a devious route.

Pretty soon, in stamped a young aide, just talking off his own protector. "Whew!" he exclaimed. "That was a funny one. Some boob pulled a fake gas alarm when there wasn't a whiff of it anywhere, and got the whole brigade up on its ear!"

The staff officer said never a word.

Billy Sunday is coming over here in the near future. Watch France go dry.

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