

WAR SECRETARY HERE TO STUDY NEEDS OF A. E. F.

Newton D. Baker Will Inspect All Departments of Army Activity

VISIT TO FRONT IS PLANNED

Air Raid on Paris Gives Cabinet Member Taste of Hun Idea of Modern Warfare

FORGETS WAR IN TOY SHOP

Round of Calls and Conferences Marks the First Days of Tour Extremely Busy Ones

Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, has come to France. He is here to confer with General Pershing. With General Pershing he is now engaged in a tour of inspection of the A. E. F., planning to see it from beginning to end with his own eyes so that when he returns to his desk in far-off Washington, he may be guided in all his acts by his first-hand knowledge of the things that are being done and the things that are being needed by the American Army in France.

Before he sets sail once more for America, he will, if his plans go through, have visited each of the ports at which our troops are landed, have examined the lines of communication, and have carried his inspection of the front itself even to the first line trenches. This tour began on Tuesday evening last when Mr. Baker moved out of Paris in a specially chartered train, made up of a parlor car, two sleeping cars, a dining car and a baggage car in which two high-powered automobiles were stowed away for the instant use of the inspecting party at each stopping place along the line. All this is to the end that the Secretary of War shall gather the greatest amount of information in the least possible time.

A Memorable Triumvirate The first news that Paris had of Mr. Baker's visit, which he has described as "a pilgrimage to the temple of heroism," was when his train pulled into Paris shortly after six o'clock on Monday morning. Stray visitors to the dimly-lighted station at that unpropitious hour would have carried away with them the memorable sight of Mr. Baker walking along the platform with General Pershing on one side and General Bliss on the other. Here, assembled before them were three men who, under President Wilson, constitute the triumvirate high command of the American Army, the Secretary of War, the Commander-in-Chief, and America's representative at the Allied Conference.

But the significance of the moment probably dawned on none of the on-lookers, except those who had come especially to meet Mr. Baker and possibly three enlisted Americans who had just climbed down from their own coach on the incoming train and who stood staring open-mouthed until the party had passed on out of the station. After a day of calls and business on his very first night in the French capital, Mr. Baker had his first taste of things as they are in Europe these days, or rather these nights. For it was on this night that the Germans once again invaded the fog-veiled heavens over Paris. When the alarm sounded and the guns began their play while the lights of the city went out, Mr. Baker was in his particularly unbecoming apartment on an upper floor of the Hotel Crillon, deeply engrossed in a conference with General Bliss.

A Sepulchral Spot When their lights had to be turned out, the conference was adjourned to an adjoining room that could be curtained off from the regulators, but this did not satisfy the solicitous management, and after a time, Mr. Baker consented to descend to the wine cellar. This secluded and sepulchral spot, with its casks and its inadequate lighting, was pulled up to the level of the luncheon of the evening could be carried on, so announcing that he thought quite enough attention had been paid to the safety of the Secretary of War, Mr. Baker returned to his quarters on high. To the unimpaired accompaniment of bombs and distant gunfire, the conference was carried placidly to its conclusion.

"It was my first contact with the actualities of war," he said next day, "and a revelation of the methods in use by the enemy which makes no distinction between war upon soldiers and upon women and children. If his aim is to damage property, the results are slight for his effort. If his aim is to weaken morale the answer is in the superb conduct of the people of Paris. Moreover, the air raid over cities, a counterpart of submarine ruthlessness with its assaults on alien rights, expresses the very cause which brought America into the war. We are sending our soldiers to Europe to fight on until the world shall be freed from such horrors."

Submarine—Alert So the Paris which Mr. Baker knew in other years proved in the year 1918 more eventful than the voyage across the Atlantic. That voyage was made not in any passenger ship, but in an American warship, a veteran cruiser that was acting at the time as part of the escort of a convoy which brought 10,000 American soldiers safe and sound to an American port. The journey overseas was not entirely without incident. It was made part way in weather so uncertain that the Secretary himself was one of the few who did not feel the worse for it. Then, once on the way, the monetary mistaking of an innocent floating spar for a sinister submarine led to a brief but lively demonstration of how our guns protect the convoys.

Later, as the group of soldier-laden ships approached the port, the warning was spread through the air that a real submarine had been sighted just outside. An imposing fleet of French hydroplanes and dirigibles came out at once to meet

TO THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I am glad to find in France a newspaper written and edited by and for our soldiers. Wisely managed, it can be a forum for their ideas, a means for each part of the American front to speak to all the others, a means for drawing closer together all the soldiers of the A. E. F. Good luck to THE STARS AND STRIPES!

(Signed) NEWTON D. BAKER. France, March 12.

NATION STEADY IN RESPONSE TO RUSSIAN CRISIS

American Markets Reflect Quiet Confidence of Whole People

WAR REGARDED AS BIG JOB

Week of Nation-Wide Good Weather Does Much to Aid General Industrial Drive

By J. W. MULLER American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 14.—It has been another quiet week, without a single sensational or even exciting domestic occurrence of any kind. The Russian and Japanese situation continues to overshadow everything else in public interest, but the public apparently watches developments tranquilly and with an open mind.

The general feeling among responsible men seems to be that the occasion demands extremely careful and dispassionate thought, and that American principles and ideals with regard to world questions have been so clearly defined and are so sound and so satisfactory to the American people that America's course can not be wrong if she adheres to them in this crisis. There is considerable difference in newspaper opinion, but editorial expressions are not extreme one way or the other.

No Frenzied Jacking Up

On the whole, there seems practically no change in the public attitude toward this question away from that indicated in last week's dispatch. Certainly, the German advance into Russia has not dismayed Americans. My opinion is that this crisis proves finely the wisdom of educating the public in the very beginning to understand that this war is a big job, and that nothing must be left undone in the hope that things will be easy. This clear comprehension has stiffened people, and they feel now that the country's multifarious agencies have already been doing their best and do not now need frenzied jacking up.

This general quiet confidence in our war preparations and prosecution have been reflected all week in the stock exchanges and in business generally. The exchanges showed hardly a flurry. The successive news of German and Russian proceedings passed over the exchanges without ruffling them.

Without attaching too much value to the stock market as an indicator of public morale, we can still note that such remarkable steadiness could not be maintained by professional traders alone, but must positively have behind it a great background of solid, public faith in American success.

Another week of almost nation-wide good weather has done much to aid the general industrial drive. News from all parts of the big land is cheering as to the growing increase in output of all materials, with practically no important or vital obstacles.

Labor Situation Placid

The labor situation is decidedly placid, and the ship carpenters' dispute appears to have settled down to a reasonably peaceful interchange of views, with no threats pro or con to cloud the issue or embarrass proper settlement. The news given out of big ship production this week has not yet been judged sufficiently for discussion, but the figures appear satisfactory, and I believe that the public will be gratified in the large sense by a demonstration that ships are being built and launched. The Hog Island shipyard investigation into alleged extravagances plods along unseasonably, and there is so far a very equitable suspension of judgment.

I am more convinced every day that our nation has grown splendidly in mental stature since we went into the war. Now that we are face to face with mighty problems, it seems as if the old American extensibility over little things and passionate love for opinions and argument had been shelved utterly.

CARROT TO OUTSHINE ROSE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 14.—Cabbage and carrot may be the queens at the flower show here next week. Fashionable exhibitors are to show war gardens.

A Fifth Avenue florist made a bit last week by displaying a big bouquet of beets, radishes, beans and carrots.

The smart milliners are now thinking of making eddic hats for summer.

FREE TRIPS TO CAMP UPTON [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 14.—New York automobile owners have agreed to give free trips weekly to the relatives of men in Camp Upton who cannot afford the railroad fare.

WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR



This is what we're fighting for— That the girl on mother's knee May not know the scourge of war, Shock on land and shock on sea: That the little boy may read On and on of Fairyland, Undistraught by Teuton greed, Safe from blow of Teuton hand.

Other little children fare Not so peacefully as these: Mothers have they none to care, Fathers have they none to please. Wrecked by horror, caked with grime, Have they been these weary years, Ever since the German crime Made their land a vale of tears.

Hard their lot and sad their ways! Little love on them was lavished, From those early August days When the Hun their country ravished, Till the time when strangers came— Kindly folk, but still outlanders— Working, in the Sacred Name, For those helpless tots of Flanders.

So, to keep the flame and sword, From our children and their mothers, Forward then, with one accord, North and South, allied as brothers, East and West, as one united! Bring to naught the Prussian's yearning— Then may children's eyes be bright, Unafraid, at our returning!

NEW AMERICA RISES BEHIND VEIL OF WAR

Changes Already Effected Sure Signs of Wonderful Future

NATION LOOKS SEAWARD

New Training Ship Forecasts Time When Flag Will Once More Fly in Every Port

By J. W. MULLER American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

NEW YORK, March 14.—There is a growing realization that, behind all the flaming work of war, mighty national forces are also working hugely for the future economic structure that shall be the wonderful New America.

The fact that modern war entails all activities and all branches of human industry is making necessary vast improvements in all productive organizations of the country. Everywhere gigantic remodelings are going on, with every resource of science, money, man power, business, brains, and efficiency.

It seems certain that America will emerge from the war with all her great industries modernized to the last degree, prepared to get the utmost value from every natural resource with the old extravagances eliminated. Men of vision and insight already predict that America will outdistance Germany in the application of science and method to industries and business, and that she will do marvelous things in the development of by-products.

German Monopoly Broken

Chemistry is taking a bigger place daily. The latest example of progress in this science is the American manufacture of the famous drug salvarsan, hitherto a German-Austrian monopoly. It is now made here under a new name—arsphenamine—which, it is to be hoped, won't break the cable. This one thing alone means big reconstruction of human wreckage, and is only one item of what America is doing behind the war front.

Another thing becoming apparent in public discussions is that America is beginning to look consistently to a sea career again. The ship Calvin Austin, first of the shipping board's squadron of training ships for American merchant sailors, made this visit when she visited New York last week with a fine lot of New England's boys and some Westeners, training for our coming merchant marine.

Her sister ships, the Governor Dingler and the remodeled transport Mendocino, will soon be enlarging the work of preparing for the day when the Stars and Stripes again shall shine in every port of the world.

ONE REGIMENT WINS 16 CROIX DE GUERRE

Whole Trench Mortar Section Also Cited as Sequel to Raid on Chemin des Dames—Chaplain Decorated for Bravery

By FRANK P. SIBLEY Correspondent of the "Boston Globe" With the A. E. F.; the Only Correspondent Living With the American Troops on the Chemin des Dames

It's an odd party on the Chemin des Dames these days that does not have as a sequel a little ceremony out on some level field, a few days later, with a grizzled French colonel kissing a few Yankee buck privates as he pins on the coveted red and green ribbon that supports the Croix de Guerre.

The parties come off fairly frequently. Once in a while Fritz gives one, and except for the night when he caught a working party almost at his own front line, he has paid for the party all himself. When he seems slow about the party idea, the French and Americans give one.

In the New England division, so far, one infantry regiment has won 16 Croix, another one four, another three, and another two. Besides this, one regiment has had a whole trench mortar section cited—and that in all probability, means a fourragere for those chaps.

Headquarters Officers in Gallery

A few days ago, on a field which was a bitter battle ground only last fall, one of the huge infantry regiments drew up in the level light of late afternoon to receive its rewards of honor for gallantry from the French. The brass is already bright; the range of bills beyond which our advanced posts lie were softened by a light haze in the warm day, and right in front and overhead, Fritz and a sausage balloon staged a merry little hide-and-seek target game to amuse the waiting soldiers.

Chaplain In On Party

Only two of them wore shoulder straps. One was a lieutenant, the other a priest, Father Oslas Boucher. He was sent over by the Knights of Columbus, with a number of others. He fell into place in this New England outfit, and wherever it has gone, Father Boucher has gone along like the other two chaplains.

As battalions have gone into the front line, a chaplain has always gone, too. And it happened that Father Boucher's battalion got in on a party or two. His coolness, his steady work under fire among the men, has won its reward.

The French colonel, stepping to the little line, pinned on each man's breast the Croix de Guerre, reading his citation in a clear voice, and then kissing the man on each cheek. The boys, quiet but flushed with pride and embarrassment, saluted and wheeled back to their places. Then the little group took its place in the reviewing line, waited while the

The French colonel of the brigade placed with ours came charging on to the field with his staff, all riding at the gallop. The division commander of the Americans, the brigade commander, and a whole group of officers from headquarters formed up as a gallery, this not being their affair.

Far out in the field, a tiny figure on horseback piped a command, and along that great silent front officers wheeled their horses and sang in varying tones. The adjutant wheeled, and turned over the regiment to the colonel. He in turn presented it to the French officer.

Half a mile away, the band struck into the national tune, and the great assemblage froze at the salute. Then, to a lively march, the colors came forward, escorting a little group of eight men, the latest bunch to win approbation from our Allies.

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NEW JERSEY RUINED AS A PLACE TO LOAF

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 14.—A tragic fate awaits the gentlemen of leisure in New Jersey through Governor Edge's proclamation ordering sheriffs to make every idle male resident work or enter jail. The proclamation makes New Jersey millionaires and hoboes appreciate keenly the essential brotherhood of man.

Neighboring States are preparing to welcome a large influx of the best New Jersey families. There is much speculation as to the effect on Long Branch, Atlantic City and other joyous haunts of the idle rich. New Yorkers are wondering if they dare venture through New Jersey on their way to Tuxedo.

Many gentlemen of leisure are planning to discharge their butlers and mix their own cocktails, to comply with the law. Maryland and West Virginia already have similar laws.

AMERICANS MAKE FIRST RAIDS INTO GERMAN TRENCHES

Two Lorraine Sectors Are Scenes of Invasion of Enemy's Lines

SHELLS PLAY MIGHTY JAZZ

Doughboys Gain Their Objective and Return with Prisoners in 47 Minutes

MUD-SPATTERED COLONEL GAY

Sergeant Rises to Profanity When Big Guns Batter Pillbox that He Wanted to Take

The past seven days have witnessed the first American raids into German trenches. American patrolling parties had previously gone up to the German wire, but had not penetrated the enemy's front line. Now, however, American troops have actually fought in the German defense system.

The raids in question took place in both of our sectors in Lorraine. Following is an account of the raid in our sector near Luneville, by Lincoln Eyre, staff correspondent of The New York World, who watched the Americans go across from a front line observation post.

I had barely reached an infantry observation post and glued my eye to a narrow slit giving upon No Man's Land when there was a sudden, sinister pause in the barrage. Our machine guns alone held away during the pause, every other interval, I made out our wire apparently right under my nose, but the German trenches were lost in the smoke and fog hanging over the bruised landscape. Only an occasional Boche shell crashed into the muddy ground, to explode in a muddy, black cloud.

American Barrage Lifts

Our own batteries had lifted their barrage and shoved it back on the enemy's second line. His batteries were being mightily deluged, too, which was doubtless why the harassing fire had died away. The lumbering beat of our quickfitters was the loudest note in the discordant jumble of projectiles.

I wondered where our infantry were. Suddenly, they appeared, clambering up the parapets, steps and stepping briskly through the wire.

"Gosh, there they go," muttered the awed voice of a doughboy, peering out beside me.

Off to the left I could see the horizon helmets of the poilus keeping step with our boys. It seemed to me, as I watched them move off into the smoke, that their principal thought was to avoid tumbling into the shell holes that pitted the earth everywhere. Some of them stumbled and fell, but each arose quickly and continued to advance at a sort of jog-trot pace set by the officers.

Lost in Mist of Shells

As far as I could detect, no shell fell near them, nor was there any evidence of hostile machine gun fire. They just got over the ground as quickly as possible, each man a few feet from his neighbor, and in two minutes they were swallowed up in a mist of shells.

"It ain't half as bad as I thought 'twould be," the chap next to me re-

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POLITICIANS GO SLOW IN STARTING THINGS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 14.—National politics is still quiet. The politicians seem to be waiting for the war to get a few days more of what may be concealed in them, so the general behavior of the wise old war horses is like that of a prudent man walking in a dark room full of eggs.

Everybody is watching the Non-Partisan League of the West and the New York State situation, but so far there has been only political skirmishing without casualties. There is a brisk war over the appointment by Governor Edge of New Jersey of David Baird, 80 years old, United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Hughes. The general belief is that District Attorney Swann of New York will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor, but Judge Swann

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FREE QUARTERS AND BOARD FOR MEN ON HOLIDAY

Dollar a Day to Buy Meals for All at Designated Leave Center

LESS IF YOU GO ELSEWHERE

No Ban on Personal Funds, But There Won't Be Any Excuse to Starve

SEASHORE FOR THE SUMMER

New Permission Grounds Probably Will Soon Be Announced from Headquarters

Join the Army, get a ten per cent raise by coming to France, and—here's the newest inducement—enjoy seven days' vacation every four months with pay. Yes, with pay. For a new G.O. has gone forth, or rather an amendment to a previous G.O.—it's No. 6, to be exact—whereby men going on leave in the designated area will be furnished with quarters and with commutation of rations at the rate of one dollar a day.

The amended general order has to put all this in good Army style, of course, but the objectionable part doesn't work out as bad as it sounds. To get all these nice things the permissionnaire will be considered as "having a duty status." This, however, doesn't mean that he will have to do K.C. for his board and sweep out the hotel corridors for his lodging. The Army can't pay a soldier for vacationing, so it covers him by this duty status clause. But it doesn't mean any harm by it. The soldier's vacation will be strictly a holiday period.

The new ruling is that food allowance are, of course, for men going to the designated leave area, meaning the department quarters and with commutation of rations at the rate of one dollar a day. The amended general order has to put all this in good Army style, of course, but the objectionable part doesn't work out as bad as it sounds. To get all these nice things the permissionnaire will be considered as "having a duty status."

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BUREAU IN FRANCE FOR BAY STATE MEN

Recently Arrived Committee to Bring Massachusetts Nearer Troops

FIRST OF KIND FOR A.E.F.

Group of Well Known Citizens Will Get Line on Every Commonwealth Soldier Here

"Massachusetts is 2000 miles away. We're here to bring it nearer to the Massachusetts men in the A.E.F."

That, according to Chairman Charles S. Baxter, is the purpose of the visit to France of a committee of prominent Bay State citizens who will aim to bring home to the thousands of Massachusetts men already here but not only their own country, but their own commonwealth as well, is behind them heart, soul and pocketbook.

The committee has been appointed by the governor as the officially representative body of the people of Massachusetts, and as such has received the official authorization of Secretary Newton D. Baker of the War Department. The members have come to France, however, entirely at their own expense. All are very well known citizens of Massachusetts. The chairman is Charles S. Baxter of Medford, former mayor of that city, and with him are Louis A. Frothingham of North Easton, former lieutenant governor, and Dr. John W. Coughlin of Fall River, former mayor of the city. O. G. Westerberg of Somerville is secretary.

Mrs. Louis A. Frothingham is accompanying the committee and has offered to make suitable provisions for the establishment of a central bureau and home for Massachusetts men which she will maintain at her own expense.

Dr. Prince to Stay Here

Dr. Morton Prince of Boston, a physician of national fame, and nephew of Norman Prince, founder of the Lafayette Escadrille, who was subsequently killed in action, is also with the committee. Dr. Prince will remain in France after the return of the other members, as executive manager of the committee.

To make plain the aim and scope of the committee's work it is necessary to review a little of the recent history of Massachusetts, particularly some that has been written on her books since the arrival of several thousands of her sons in France. As soon as war was declared, Governor Samuel W. McCall appointed a Committee of Public Safety, better known as the Committee of One Hundred, since it comprised 100 prominent men in all parts of the State. This committee, the first of its kind in the United States, was created under a War Emergency Act passed by the legislature.

Under this act the governor also appointed a Soldiers' Help Bureau, with 300 members at its head, which named sub-committees throughout the State, of about five members for each 30,000 of population, to represent separate communities.

An effort was made to have in each committee some resident, man or woman, who was particularly interested in the welfare of the State's soldiers by reason of having a husband, son or brother in service. The work was not, therefore, in the hands of well meaning people who like being on committees, but of citizens who were themselves vitally concerned in the soldiers' welfare.

Line on Every Soldier

These local committees gathered every kind of information relating to the soldiers, picked up traces of them if correspondence between the men and their families went astray by reason of the men's being shifted, and kept accurate registers of every obtainable fact in the record of the community's individual soldiers. If you are a Massachusetts soldier, your whole military history is on record with the local committee of some city or town between the Cape and the New York boundary of Berkshire.

It is also on record at Boston. The local committees, having tabulated every available fact about their own men, sent the results to Boston, where the name and history of every Massachusetts soldier is now filed. And it is some considerable file.

Whenever a Massachusetts soldier has gone, he has never yet been able to reach the end of the string by which the committees keep in touch with him. At Washington there is an authorized agent of the State who secures at first hand any important information concerning a Massachusetts man, at home or abroad, and who informs the Boston central committee by wire if necessary, of anything entitled to a place on the soldier's record. Similar links connect the committees with every camp and entrenchment in the United States, for Massachusetts men are training in many parts of the country.

More Than Cold Tabulation

But the committee's work has not consisted merely in a cold tabulation of several tens of thousands of young men's military careers. It has kept the men in touch with their families, investigated their needs wherever they happened to be, talked with their officers personally where it has been possible, and seen to it generally that the soldier from the Bay State realized that the people of the commonwealth were not only behind him but took a personal interest in his well-being.

Then one day a certain Massachusetts camp became suddenly a very empty spot. There followed a long gap in letter writing which even the Public Safety Committee could not fill, and then letters began to arrive carrying no stamps, but marked "Soldier's Mail." Massachusetts, or a good part of it, had come to France.

That little trip, you might think, would have left the Soldier's Help Bureau as a thing of the past. Well, they couldn't all come to France, of course, but some of them could. Official wheels are supposed to grind slowly, but they didn't this time. The governor, duly authorized, had soon appointed a committee to carry the protesting shadow of the Sacred Cod, who won't get that unless you come from Massachusetts—over here to France.

To Let Every Bay Stater Know

Well, to make a long story short, they're here. They haven't yet shaken up with every Massachusetts man in France—that would be some little job for a considerably larger committee. But they will soon get in touch with every Massachusetts unit, visit in person as many as can be reached—which will take them considerably nearer the front than they have ever been before—and see that every Bay Stater hereabouts is notified of their presence and purpose.

WAR SECRETARY HERE TO STUDY A. E. F.

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the danger and it was a profoundly impressed Secretary of War who landed a little later on French soil.

Mr. Baker had 40 minutes in which to pay his compliments to the French and American authorities in the port of debarkation and to stroll through the busy streets of the ancient town. Then his train for Paris called him and in Paris the busy hours began. There were the usual conferences and the usual conferences. During the first 24 hours he was able to call upon Premier Clemenceau, President Poincaré and Ambassador Sharp, to be visited by Marshal Joffre and return the visit.

"This last was in the nature of a reunion, for they had met and conferred before during the memorable visit of the hero of the Marne to the United States nearly a year ago. Before he left, Mr. Baker made two trips to Versailles for further hours with General Bliss.

War Deserted for Toys

His second day in Paris was a repetition of the first with General Boche, M. Viviani and M. Pichon among the French leaders with whom he conferred. Yet the day was not all business, for one of those at the luncheon Mr. Baker gave at the Carlton was his brother, Captain Henry Baker, who came up from the front to see him, and then, late in a busy afternoon, he escaped incredibly from the press of affairs, dodged his waiting motor car and swung off down the street at a great pace, aiming, as it turned out later, for a toy shop he had missed and jotted in his memory the day before. There he bought a staggering collection of toys, and almost the last thing he did before setting forth to inspect the A.E.F. was to make a great bundle of them to be dispatched to his small son on the other side of the Atlantic.

During his first day in Paris the Secretary of War issued in French a formal statement that was at once a greeting to the people of France and an interpretation of his visit to their shores. He said: "The purpose of my visit to France is to confer with General Pershing, to visit the American Expeditionary Force and to inspect its lines of communication and its service of the rear in order that we in America may be able to second the call to our own Army and those of our Allies."

Mr. Baker's Pilgrimage

"Naturally, every visit to France at this time is a pilgrimage to the temple of heroism, and it will be a real inspiration to see the great leaders and their armies which have defended for such a long time the frontiers of liberty against our attack."

"In America as in France we have a civilian secretary of war and the civil power is supreme. That is one of the characteristics of free institutions for the maintenance of which we are fighting. The duty of the civil power is to bring to the front all the necessary supplies, to organize industrial resources and to supplement the efforts of its armies, and in America today the thought which dominates everything is the war industry is organized, the production of supplies has begun to attain the level which we have fixed, war materials are accumulating and a great Army is finishing its training with the aim of joining the body of troops which is already here."

"Our President has nobly defined the spirit with which America has entered the war and his subsequent declarations reflected the sentiment of the entire country. 'We have staked all our resources on victory.'"

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE MEDICO

He's just a human question mark; for nerve he can't be beat— How often do you change your teeth? How often do you change your underwear? Pop-pop he goes, like pistons on the range!

How often do you take a bath? How often do you shave? Hold in your chin and stomach, too, and make your eyes believe! Are both your parents crazy? Let me see—stick out your tongue! Here, orderly, a pair of pills! And then you're stung.

He posts the village water so you dassen't drink a drop. He makes the K.P.'s work away with scrubbing brush and mop. He never gives you "quarters," but "light duty" when you're sick— And, if he thinks you're shaming him, he can make it awful thick.

At worst, he is a nuisance, but at best he's on the job: He's knocked out half the outfit's colds; when mumps was raising hob In all the other regiments, we only had two cases; Oh, we do what he tells us now, and go and wash our faces!

ONE REGIMENT WINS 16 CROIX DE GUERRE.

Continued from Page 1

colonels galloped the length of the regiment and through the battalions, and finally "took the review" as the tribute of their own comrades to the new decorations.

These crosses were won mostly in two parties, on February 23 and February 25. In the first one, 26 Americans went over in a party of 100, the rest being French. The Americans were under Lieut. Koob and Davis, and were picked volunteers—picked from a solid battalion of volunteers.

Won't Tell How They Did It

They went at dawn, they behaved with great spirit, and they brought back 23 prisoners. The particular deeds which man by man they did to win the Croix de Guerre is impossible to set. The French citations are as general as possible, and no man whom I have interviewed can tell me—or will tell me—just how he behaved.

What Sergeant Sullivan Did

A soldier came in with a box of the grenades, and somehow dropped it. Some of the grenades went off, in a manner not yet explained, and killed Wheaton, wounding Sullivan and Smith. Sullivan, to quote his citation, "after being wounded in an explosion in which a man was killed, took his post in a firing position, held command of the section, and inspired the men by his courage under heavy artillery fire." That is to say, the mere fact that he was wounded and had had a miraculous escape didn't phase one of the Sullivan's. "Shell shock" seems to be a disappearing factor in the American soldier.

Took Charge of Hun Front Door

Corporal Hurley distinguished himself during the early days of the war, being in charge of one entrance of a German dugout all alone; at the other entrance a group of French soldiers occupied themselves by chucking grenades down and

shouting to Fritz to come out and be captured. Hurley stood steady, pouring rifle fire down into the pit and facing the momentary probability of being potted himself, for he was a fair mark for anybody within.

Larkin "showed aggressiveness and bravery during the execution of a successful raid." The French citation does not say so, and neither does Larkin, but a story has crept round that at least one of the black eyes brought in by German prisoners was marked "Larkin."

Out of Luck, But Still Heroes

Lieutenant Davis was in charge of the hard-luck party in this particular raid. It went along the canal to a point where it hoped to put a bridge across. Prevented, it never got any further into the party. Like the rest, it was under the heaviest sort of fire, but the lieutenant, with the utmost coolness, carried his 11 men through a trying half hour, made no mistakes, and brought them all in safe.

"Under fire" has come to have a new meaning in this war. The profligality with which Fritz chucks heavy projectiles over usually sends whoever is nearest into cover pronto. Consequently, the fact that the trench mortar section of one infantry regiment stayed with it and went right along sending out messengers of metal has attracted attention.

Not Usually Profane

"We were a pretty disappointed lot, but the sores of all was an old sergeant. He was cussing away to beat the band. 'Colonel,' he told me, 'I just can't help it, though I'm not usually a profane fellow, but I look like the artillery done to that there pillbox. Just snatched it to bits, that's all. Damn 'em! That was my pillbox! Why couldn't they leave it to me?'"

"The pillbox he was talking about had been made of concrete, and our gunners got busy with it. The German trenches were magnificently built, but they could not stand up under our bombardment. Even the dugouts, built with 15 inch thick concrete, were badly battered."

"After 20 minutes we went back as uneventfully as we had come out. It was just 5:52 by my watch when I dropped into our trench again, so we were gone altogether 47 minutes."

Politicians Go Slow in Starting Things

Continued from Page 1

suites and continues to dig away at the Pension fund and the gambling scandals. There has been a hot fight in the Assembly at Albany over the Brown bill, designed to empower the New York State Industrial Commission to waive all laws against child labor, overwork, and other factory conditions whenever it may be deemed necessary for war purposes. Women's clubs, granges, Christian associations and other public agencies are furiously against it, and proclaim that it means the annihilation of the constructive social work of the past decade.

A Marvel of Cheerful Silence

There is general speculation as to the possible purposes behind the bill, but Senator Brown declares it is nothing but a patriotic effort to help speed the State's productivity. Very little newspaper discussion has been given it, but this bill will have a big effect on the gubernatorial campaign in New York and may reach into national politics before it is done with.

Francis efforts have been made by the

newspapers and politicians to find out from William Hays, the new Republican national chairman, what the Grand Old Party claims to do, but Hays is a marvel of polite and cheerful silence. He has seen Senator Penrose, Colonel Roosevelt, and all other Republicans of all factions, and after a fortnight's continuous consultations, declares that utter harmony exists, without apparently a single unkind thought or word anywhere. The big Republican guns so far support Hays' contention by benignant remarks which sound as if the Elephant and the Bull Moose always had been one united animal.

AMERICANS MAKE FIRST RAIDS INTO GERMAN TRENCHES

Continued from Page 1

marked, in a disappointed tone of voice—but such is human nature. I remained a moment or so longer, but the fighting seemed to have moved off into the distance. I made my way back to the captain's post of combat, and waited there with him. We sat there silently together—neither of us could find anything to say. After what seemed many hours—it was only 20 minutes—a French officer stepped into our little chamber from the French post he commanded next door and said in matter of fact English: "They have just sent you to us over our telephone that the objective has been reached."

Wife Severed in His Hands

There was another interval of suspense, and then we heard from a runner that another attacking party, the one to the left of us, was isolated, the telephone wire having been cut by shells. The captain told me about an artilleryman who was being repaired wire under a barrage, when a strand of it was severed in his hands by a bit of shrapnel. Exactly the same thing, I recalled, had happened to another gunner in another sector a few days before. In each case the man placidly continued his work.

"The funny thing about this fellow today," the captain went on, "was that he got into a row with his brother, who was out with him, over something or other, and bawled him out. The brother happened to be a sergeant and threatened the gunner with arrest. 'Say, you don't think I'd stand for being arrested while this fighting's going on, do you?' the gunner told him."

Half an hour later two mud-begrimed, panting privates pushed a pair of German prisoners down into the dugout—the first of the bunch to be brought in. They were about 30 years old. The French questioned them through an interpreter. The interrogation lasted about an hour. Then the captain was called to put a bridge across. He was the first of the bunch to be brought in. They were about 30 years old.

Colonel Gets Drop on German Officer

The captain smilingly turned the Germans over to an alert youngster to herd back to regimental headquarters through the bayou. Thinking I would get the news more quickly at battalion headquarters, I plowed back behind the prisoners. Roaming about in the darkness, I came upon the colonel who had led the American group on the left in the attack. He was clothed with mud, but beaming with satisfaction. Here is what he told me: "When my watch showed 5:05, we couldn't see a thing on account of the smoke from the German barrage, although the barrage itself had lifted. However, we knew it must be O.K., so we started off."

"It was pretty rough going—my foot never touched earth that had not been churned up by shells—but we made the 300 yards between our trenches and the Germans in 18 minutes, which wasn't bad at all. The French were splendid, right alongside us every step of the way. From the time we went through our wire until we got back we didn't have a single casualty. Thank our guns for that."

"We got to their trenches and found that the pills had done. After peering around for 20 minutes, the best we could discover were two wounded Boches left behind in a shattered dugout. 'We were a pretty disappointed lot, but the sores of all was an old sergeant. He was cussing away to beat the band. 'Colonel,' he told me, 'I just can't help it, though I'm not usually a profane fellow, but I look like the artillery done to that there pillbox. Just snatched it to bits, that's all. Damn 'em! That was my pillbox! Why couldn't they leave it to me?'"

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Sergeant—A guy given chevrons to show that he is supposed to help the lieutenants hold down their jobs. Quartermaster Corps Officer—A man who is always out of the particular thing one wants to get, and who spends all his time trying to get it for one, with no results.

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NEWLY WON GLORY DOESN'T WORRY HIM

Raid Hero Sees Name in Print, but Can't Stop to Read About It

He was an old sergeant of regulars. Unobtrusively he made his way up to the counter of a canteen near G.H.Q. and purchased some tobacco. Then— "What's this?" he inquired, pointing to a pile of papers nearby.

"That's THE STARS AND STRIPES, the Army paper, sergeant," replied one of the clerks. "Want to look one over?" Interested, the sergeant reached for a copy. As he did so, his overcoat came open a bit disclosing over his chest—the Croix de Guerre.

"Who are you?" inquired the clerk. "What's your name?" "Walsh," replied the wearer of the medal, "Patrick Walsh."

"For Pete's sake! Look at the first page of the paper, then! There's your name, and all about how you got that Cross there. Here, take a copy!" Wonderingly, Sergeant Walsh glanced at it. Sure enough, there it was: "SERGEANT PATRICK WALSH—Detroit, Mich.; 47 years old."

"Well," he remarked, at length, "they got the name right, all right." "Go on, read the rest of it, sergeant, and tell us something about it," persisted the clerk. "Tell us how you won your medal; come on!"

"Ah, there's nothin' to tell," mumbled the old sergeant, a blush bursting right through his bronzed hide. "Nothin' to it, young feller. All part o' the game. 'No, I guess I'll read the rest of this paper when I get time. I've got to go up and report at Headquarters now. Much obliged; so long!"

What the paper had to say about Sergeant Walsh was this: "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 logbook from the enemy's hands."

"That was the achievement which gained him the Croix de Guerre, together with a hearty slap on the back from Premier Clemenceau of France. He was one of the first six Americans to receive that coveted honor since our entry into the war. But you'll never get the story from him."

Sergeant Walsh is now on detached service, to act as orderly to Secretary Baker during the war secretary's tour of inspecting the A.E.F. in France. It's an honor—a big one. But he calls it simply "part o' the game."

Colonel —, chief of staff of a division now occupying part of our new front in Lorraine, recently went over the top and brought back a souvenir in the shape of a German helmet—with the owner of the said helmet underneath it. The Boche in question was a stout Bavarian lieutenant, so that the Colonel established a dual record, in that he was the first American officer to capture a prisoner, and that prisoner was the

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PAPER WAR-MONEY COLLECTORS of CHAMBER of COMMERCE BILLS and BONDS from the INVADED DISTRICTS should apply for CATALOGUE. Write for appointment and consult A. LIONEL ISAACS, 29 Rue de Moscou, PARIS.

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first German officer to be taken by an American. The Colonel's demonstration of 100 per cent efficiency took place before the troops to which he is attached went into the line, but the fact was obscured by the Colonel's modesty for several days. He had gone out with the French on a raid and his Bavarian was one of some 300 prisoners bagged by the poilus. The only narrative that one is able to extract from the Colonel is this: "I found the Boche in an angle of a trench when his automatic wasn't aimed my way and mine was pointed straight at him."

A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY Swell—A guy that sleeps in pajamas. Lucky stiff—A bird who's quarantined for measles when the rest of the outfit has got to go for wood. Willy-hoy—The critter that still objects to washing his mess-kit in the same pail with the other 249 men.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen OF ALL STATIONERS IN FRANCE

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TWO KINDS OF SOLDIERS Captain: "Well, Jim, what do you think of this war game anyway? Glad you joined up?" Private Jim (wearily): "Well, sir, a guy what goes to war for Old Glory and the U.S.A. and to avenge martyred Belgium and repay France for what she has done for us and all the rest is on the right track. But a guy what they call a 'soldier of fortune'—what goes around the world looking for other people's private wars to butt into for the fun of it—why, he, sir, is my humble opinion, is just a plain fool!"

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NIGHT PATROLS ALWAYS ACTIVE IN TOUL SECTOR

Separate Instructions for Every Man Who Goes Out Between the Lines

LISTENING IN ON HUN TALK

Milwaukee Soldier Acts as Interpreter When German Wagon Driver Voices Complaint

NO SINECURE FOR OFFICERS

Captain, If He's Lucky, Sometimes Gets a Chance to Sleep Two Hours a Day

[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 second and concluding installment of his story (told by day) depicting life at the front as it actually is. The first installment was published in last week's issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

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

TUESDAY—"I am just waiting for my men to come so we can start out on a patrol to examine Fritz's wire," said a young lieutenant as a captain and I shoved aside the gas proof blanket over the door and edged into a dugout.

The sector reports a sniper working tonight—watch out for him," cautioned the captain. "Have all posts been notified of your starting and what time you expect to return?" he asked a moment later.

"Word is being sent along now," said the lieutenant. A solemn faced sergeant sitting on the little bunk beside the lieutenant nodded corroboratorily.

Twelve hours earlier I had seen the same sergeant herding a squad of men into a dugout. The sergeant, a tall, serious proposition, a little group of men slip out and away, not notifying anybody. A messenger whispers to every sentry along the line how many men are going, when they are starting, the spot, and the wire picked for the return, and the forms stealing through No Man's Land in the haze and the light of a harvest moon and not knowing that it is their own patrol is liable to cause half a dozen automatic rifles to turn loose.

Instantly, the forbidden strip is as light as in the glare of rockets, both sides shooting, with disastrous effect to the patrol.

"Through the entire night there is worry and a constant strain until the last patrol has safely returned," said the captain as the party left.

Joy's of a Captain's Life

A captain's life seems to be a constant patrol of the maze of trenches that his company is occupying. At night it is a continuous circuit, talking to lieutenants commanding platoons, cautioning and encouraging the men. By day it is the same tiresome circuit, watching working parties, suggesting changes, strengthening the line. If no extra reports are to be prepared, he is permitted to sleep between two and four in the afternoon.

Such a strain is the chief reason why the same outfit is seldom in the trenches longer than a week before being relieved. There is neither hot nor cold water, a basin of muddy water for shaving being the nearest one usually gets to washing one's face. Undressing usually consists of removing one's rubber boots and steel helmet for the few minutes one is able to sleep. The Sam Browne belt is not worn in the trenches, white mess kit and cap further detract from their appearance by clipping their hair close to their heads, making them resemble overgrown English walnuts.

Most dugouts would give hysterics to a sanitary housing expert. It is a phase of warfare which would not lend itself to picture painting. One captain's dugout I visited was so low that only his helmet prevented him from fracturing his skull when he stood up. Rats splashed through three inches of stagnant water under the rough slatted floors. In honor of visitors, two candles were lighted instead of one feeble light.

The room was so narrow that one person only could stand between the shelf-table and the tier of two bunks. When another wanted to pass it was necessary for the first one to perch on one of the bunks. The lower bunk, on this night, was wet, so four of us took turns sleeping in the upper berth.

Dirt Least of Their Worries

"We pump out the dugout each day and will be able to keep the water below the floor until it rains," said the captain. "We don't bother about dirt or being crowded. Three of us live here all the time."

It was close to six o'clock in the morning and the captain was busy poring over maps when a soldier rapped at the door, crawled through the curtain and came inside. As the faint candle rays struck him, I rubbed my eyes to see whether I was awake, dreaming, or at a minstrel show. The man's face was blackened in the approved style.

"Our party has returned. It is the last one back," reported the soldier. "Some men black their faces by rubbing in mud," explained the captain, "so they won't shine in the moonlight when they go raiding."

I was sitting on a little charcoal stove in which the fire was out. Twenty-two hours' tramping through the trenches makes a person drowsy.

"We'll have supper at eight o'clock this morning," was the last thing I heard the captain say as I dozed off.

A Life-and-Death Weather Vane

WEDNESDAY—The last thing I heard today as I left battalion headquarters and started for my residence in the front. Live trench was the warning of the surgeon, "Have both gas masks ready for instant use."

His little dugout, a field dressing station, equipped as a bomb and gas proof chamber, was constantly ready to receive gas victims and administer antidotes and neutralizing gases.

On the parapet of the front trench before every post command is a weather vane a whittled, thin board which shows whether the wind is favorable for carrying the stifling mist from the enemy trenches. Each platoon has a gas sentry who hourly, night and day, re-

ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1918

Sure, the harp and shamrock lead the van on every battlefield. The blackthorn stick is ample cause for Prussian foes to yield; The fists of sturdy Irish lads up front have paved the way For victory—so honor them on this St. Patrick's day!

Those modern missionaries well uphold St. Patrick's fame— From revelle to taps at night they're always in the game; The unbelieving Hochees are converted once for all When on their heads the weapons of the Irish 'gin to fall!

The "fighting race" has proved its steel in this our A.E.F.— To wheedlings of the pacifists its members all are deaf; They never sprang from anyone, but always at their own When in any sort of scrimmage they will make the Hunns the goat!

St. Patrick's job was driving snakes and other reptiles out of So, in St. Patrick's manner, watch the Irish put to rout The Tontons snakes and reptiles who would poison all the world With tyranny, wherever German standards are unfurled.

Then success attend the Irish who Columbia's cause uphold! As scappers lead and loyal, they are worth their weight in gold; Their cheery wit and songfulness drive all the blues away; Turn out, salute Ould Erin on this war-time "Patrick's day"!

Instructions for Every Man

Each man in our party had a definite position and definite instructions as to what to do in case of an alarm. Every one except the lieutenant was armed with an automatic revolver and four rounds. The lieutenant carried a rocket pistol and Véry light cartridges, ready to fire a signal calling for a barrage if we were attacked. We were not insured against a failure to return, but it was some satisfaction to know that a bank of batteries was standing on a hill behind us ready to hurl several thousand dollars worth of shells if the Germans shot at any of us.

"Follow one at a time so we won't be outlined against the skyline," said the lieutenant, crawling over the parapet.

We worked our way through our own belt of barbed wire, scraping the backs of our leather jerkins, but the wind drowned the rattle of the loose strands.

"Be careful you don't hit unexploded grenades. There are lots of them out here," said the lieutenant, as we crawled across No Man's Land. The forbidden strip was pitted with shell holes—some of them old ones filled with water with a coating of thin ice, others exposing fresh earth. In the frosty haze, objects stood out ghostlike under a full moon.

"Saw a flash in that direction," whispered a soldier. "It's a stump. There may be a sniper behind it. We found it last night."

"We'll wait a couple of minutes," said the lieutenant.

Slow 200-Yard Journey

It seemed an hour. Everybody strained his eyes toward the faint speck in the distance, but there was no other flash, and we resumed our crawling. Our destination, the German wire, was finally reached. It was a slow journey over the 200-yard strip.

In the silent night at that point the sounds of the enemy working carried to our ears. We heard the rattle of tin, as if being unloaded from a wagon, the ring of metal as if pipe was being moved. Snatches of conversation in German were easily heard. What seemed to be pipes were German *minenwerfer* which later hurled at us deadly gas projectiles. We then heard the creak of the wagons being driven away, and for a few moments there was silence. Then came the rattle of another wagon approaching heavily loaded and a German driver vigorously complaining.

"He says, 'This horse is no good, the other pulls all the load,'" translated a soldier of our party hailing from Milwaukee.

Further comments of the German transport service were drowned in the rattle of more iron being unloaded. It was evidently the last load, for all was silent after the team with its one slacker horse creaked away. Dawn was not far away as we started our slow journey back, still protected by the shades of night.

Sniper Starts Something

THURSDAY—"I saw the flash of a rifle just there in our wires and I have been firing at it," excitedly whispered a soldier crouching on the firing step as a lieutenant and I hurried up at the sound of his automatic rifle.

"Keep after him if he fires again," said the lieutenant.

As if in answer to the order, a bullet struck the corrugated rain shelter over our heads with a resounding whang. Everybody crouched safely below the level of the parapet. No flash showed where the rifle had been fired.

"He must be shooting through a wet blanket to conceal his location," said the lieutenant. "I saw a flash, but I think it was the bullet hitting our wire."

"I believe he's sniping from the Roche trench," said an automatic rifleman at the next post.

"Keep watching until you get him," was the order of the lieutenant. We then passed along each post of his sector.

It had been what is called a quiet day on the American front. Just what a "quiet day" is may surprise persons unaccustomed to living amid flying man-made engines of death.

Planes Furnish Diversion

The Germans started shortly after day-break by shelling our trench mortar batteries near the front trenches for half an hour. An hour later they started again, aiming at battery emplacements farther back. Our guns naturally answered.

As a variation to the shelling, aeroplanes flew over—alone or in groups of three or four—while our guns filled the sky with balls of white smoke. One aviator emptied a clip of his machine gun at our trenches, but they were almost deserted at that hour and we had no one killed or seriously injured.

The soldiers considered this a quiet day, and the officers so reported it. There were only a few more shell craters in the landscape, and only a few spots in the trenches which had been knocked in and which had to be repaired, and, fortunately, no American was killed.

While the lieutenant with whom I live in the little dugout right in the front line slept, I accompanied the major on an inspection of the previous night's progress in strengthening another point.

YANKEES HELP HONOR FRANCE'S WAR HEROES

Ceremony First of Kind at Which United States Is Represented

MUSIC BY AMERICAN BAND

Men From Pacific Coast Have Part in Impressive Exercises at Bestowal of Medals

Symbolizing the sisterhood of France and the United States, American Army officers and men participated in the formal decoration of the latest little group of French soldiers to win official recognition for work upon the battlefield. The ceremony, the first of its kind at which the United States was represented, was held recently at a city in western France where American Army units from the Pacific coast are stationed.

Thirteen officers received the *Croix de la Legion d'Honneur*, 40 men were decorated with the *Medaille Militaire*, 87 were awarded the *Medaille de Guerre*, and several medals were bestowed upon the widows and children of men who could not receive them in person, men who had made the great sacrifice for their country.

Flags Fly Together

The American colors were in place beside the French and after an American band had played the national anthems of France and of the United States, the French and American officers passed them at salute and inspected the group of honor. A French general of a division, accompanied by an American brigadier-general, then passed down the line, placing on the breast of each man his decoration and saluting him with a kiss upon each cheek.

Shell Couldn't Bury This Man

Private Sylvain Barron, badly wounded by a grenade, refused to cease fighting until he fell unconscious. Francois Jurat, buried by the debris flung up by a shell, dug himself out and held with a machine gun an attacking party until

How to Get Free Light

"If they threw a nickel firecracker behind Bill he'd tear down the side of the trench getting back," said one, referring to one of the guards.

WELL, THEY DO!

Sentry: Halt! Who's there? Voice in the Dark: Me. Sentry: Who in hell's me? V.I.D.: George. Sentry: George who? V.I.D.: George Jones. Sentry: I don't want your name, I want the parole. V.I.D.: Mmmmmmm—Memphis! Sentry: Nope. V.I.D.: Nmmmm—Nashville! Sentry: Right. V.I.D.: Good work! I just guessed!

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HOTEL PLAZ

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1918.

TAKE A GOOD LOOK

We read that Congress has voted 18 billions and is going to float another Liberty Loan; that the Shipping Board has 400 ships under construction; that Sir Somebody in the British Parliament announced that 116 ships were under repair in Great Britain and 16 were launched in February; that Senator Somebody Else said the Browning machine gun was being made in "satisfactory quantities"; that the Germans sank 16 ships in such and such a week; that Austria is starving; that Austria is not starving.

We read all this—and more—and then we either jump at a conclusion or we sigh and say, "What the deuce is doing anyhow?"

The human mind has its limitations. Individually some minds have a greater capacity than others, but the limit is, comparatively speaking, low. There is no one human brain which could digest all the factors and phases of this war if the facts were laid before him, let alone sift and digest the core of fact from the reports, rumors, and censored—and in the case of the enemy, doctored—news.

So lay aside detail for the moment. Get away off and take a look.

Here is the world. Over on the left here is the United States and there in the center is England, France, Italy, Germany, Austria and a lot of other smaller countries we can't quite make out. Here is the battle line. It seems to be going along pretty evenly. If we look real close we can make out men in grey on one side and men in half a dozen colors on the other. And look! Why, here are men in khaki under American flags!

Let's look back at the United States. We could come pretty near losing all those European countries in this little stretch left of the Rocky Mountains here. The people seem to be hustling a lot. Look at all those new buildings everywhere with those groups in khaki hustling along. By jinks, there are a lot of men around these!

Let's look at 'em real close. Why, there's Jim Jones, who used to drive a delivery wagon in Marysville, Cal., up here at Tacoma drilling. And there's Bill Brown and John Robinson. Why, they're all there. And look—there's Hamilton Smith, the railroad president, poring over blue prints and schedules. And just look at the ship building down the Pacific Coast and over here on the Atlantic. And those gun makers, and those automobile factories. Why, the whole country is going to war! What is going to happen to those fellows in grey over there in Europe when all these fellows in khaki get across the Atlantic ocean? Where do they figure to come in, anyhow?

Just take a good look at the situation as a whole and then don't worry about detail. The United States is the biggest, the richest, the most powerful, the most resourceful country in the world—and she has never started anything that she didn't finish. Jim Jones the delivery wagon driver, is at work and Hamilton Smith, the railroad president, is at work. The United States is in this war with all her men, her brains, her money, her material. There can be only one result.

Where does the Kaiser figure to come in, anyhow?

IS THE PIPE PASSE?

Is the pipe going out of fashion in this man's army? Is the rich old stinking, gooty smoke-solace of our fathers to be relegated to the military museum along with the flintlock musket and the cider-barrel cannon? Is it feasible for use, in this man's war, by any but those few fortunate officers who have the time to care for it as it should be cared for?

We hope not; but from various portions of the front we hear dire tales which seem to foreshadow the pipe's passing popularity. It won't stay lit. It wastes more matches (or more briquet juice) than it's worth—a heinous offense in this country! It takes too long to fill it. It burns out too speedily in the open air. It scents up a dugout altogether too strenuously. And at the front there are no persons from whom one may borrow after much persuasion, the necessary hairpin or hatpin with which to clean it. Barbed wire is far too stout for the delicate operation, too much needed for other useful purposes.

Shades of dear, good, well-meaning Dr. Pease! If all of the foregoing is true, there is nothing left for us but to resort to the grand old pipe's humbler sister, the seductive cigarette; for cigars, except for the vulgarly affluent, are out of the question. But, as we sit here by the Q.M.

stove, surrounded by an aromatic haze of fragrant Carolinian, Virginian, and Heav-en-knows-whatian extraction, with the old draft working well for the first time in four months, we are quite willing to forego the proffered butt—yea, even the States-sent stogie. With all its faults, we'll do our drundrest to keep the old pipe a-going as long as the old flag keeps a-flying. Coises! Anybody got a match?

ELSIE

It is really a pity that, because of laws and general orders and other masculine inventions, the Government of the United States cannot commission Miss Elsie Janis and attach her to the A.E.F. for the duration of the war, with the title of Chief of the Pep Division. By injecting her peppy and pulchritudinous personality into the Army camps she is visiting, she inspires every man who sees her perform—and who's going to miss seeing her?—with an overwhelming desire to turn cartwheels over and over all the way along the rocky road to Berlin. In short, she's There!

To an Army which has these many months listened perforce to lectures on "Why We Are at War," "The Mining of Carroway Seeds in Argentina," "The Fiscal System Under the Emperor Justinian," "Why We Are at War," "Fascinating Facts About the Income Tax" and "Why We Are at War"; to an Army that has been persistently told that it can't be happy and be good at the same time; to an Army that has been overwhelmingly "informed" and otherwise edified, Elsie Janis comes as a distinct relief. She is an oasis of color and vivacity in the midst of a dreary desert of frock-coated and white-lit legislators and lecturers who have been visited upon us for our sins and the sins of our fathers. Therefore, we are for her.

Elsie Janis is as essential to the success of this Army as a charge of powder is essential to the success of a shell. More entertainment by her and "the likes of her" and less instruction by people who take themselves seriously—that's one formula for winning the war!

HEROES IN WARTIME

As a matter of news, we printed in full the account of the Moran-Fulton boxing bout and gave it all the prominence as a sporting event that it deserved. But let no one suppose that we have the slightest disposition to make heroes of this pair. To our notion the proper belt for a fighting man to wear in war time is of regulation canvas web or fair leather—not of green silk. We may be doing somebody an injustice (and if we are we will make due apologies for it), but to the best of our knowledge neither Fred Fulton nor Frank Moran has yet seen fit to hold up his right hand and swear to defend the United States against its enemies.

An athlete with the extraordinary reach of a Fulton should be a mighty handy man with a bayonet. A husky fellow with four years' service in the United States Marine Corps is fit for immediate usefulness in the field or aboard ship—and we can recall one named Frank Moran—should win more enthusiastic plaudits from the A.E.F. if we could behold him in his old "sea-green blues" or a suit of forest green. It is no excuse for a fighting man to plead that service in the A.E.F. would separate him from his family and a fat income. Thousands of other Americans in France and in the training camps back home are making such sacrifices and making them cheerfully. A trained athlete, particularly one who has had the opportunity to lay away a tidy fortune at fighting, owes it to his country to do something in return. As we see it, Messieurs Fulton and Moran are anything but heroes.

WE SHOULD WORRY

What will we do when we get back? Will the old job be open, or will some nice old gentleman or nicer young lady be holding it down, to the great satisfaction of our former employers? What will be our chances when the war's over—two, three, four, five, ten, twenty years from now, to be cheerful about it—of connecting with regular and fairly profitable employment? These and similar questions bob up every once in a while, and there is no reason at all why they shouldn't. We all want to know the answer to the "After the War—What?" which the platform lecturer and the magazine writer are always dimming into our ears and eyes. We'll have to answer it ourselves some one of these fine days, and we might as well give it some thought.

At a pinch, we can all dig trenches. That will come in mighty handy in a town like New York which is being torn up all the time. We can all wash our own clothes. We can all clean streets, put up shelves in billets, and roll blankets. And, of course, we can all peel potatoes and lug water. If the cook trusts us, we can learn even more things. In short, there is hardly a thing in the street-cleaning, trench-cleaning, house-cleaning, town-cleaning or culinary line that we haven't learned to do. Some of the favored few have become adepts at the gentle art of wood-chopping, and in a little while some others will have a chance to learn ground and lofty gardening.

We should worry about jobs when we get back. We'll be able to do anything they want done back in the States, and then some. Why, some of us can even sew on our buttons! Think of that blissful future—leaving the politics to the women while we take care of the housework!

NEWSPAPERS IN GERMANY

If you really want to know what is going on in Germany, the place to look for news is not in the German newspapers but in copies of the secret orders issued by the Imperial Hun Government to the Press. For example, here is a little hint about the food shortage in a mandate of June 11, 1917: "Advertisements in which dog flesh is offered for sale are not allowed. Their acceptance is forbidden."

A whole sheaf of these secret orders is in the hands of Uncle Sam. To anyone who

may have wondered why the German people are still groping in the dark for facts about the war, these papers furnish the explanation. The German newspapers haven't the slightest chance either to print facts or to reflect the sentiments of their readers. The Imperial Hun dictates not only what cannot be said, but also what must be said and the precise tone of it.

For example, the press in commenting on strikes must carefully avoid irritating its readers by any comments of "immoderate sharpness."

The same subtlety of compulsory deception is applied to news about America's war preparations. To make disparagement seem more convincing, the German press is commanded not to speak of the preparations as a bluff; they "must be taken seriously, without on that account being made a source of worry."

Another important instruction is the nicely adjusted tone required in the press when Germans get a set-back: "It is desired that it should be clearly and distinctly put in the foreground that the enemy offensive has utterly failed on all fronts, that the Entente has no alternative but to attempt a new offensive, as the enemy statesmen are still against peace. . . . In referring to the Skagerak battle it is of utmost importance to use the greatest energy in freeing neutrals from the pretended English supremacy of the sea."

So the Germans go on eating dog meat (unadvertised), reading not-too-caustic comment on labor unrest and waiting for the German triumphs on the high seas and on all the European battle fronts to force the Entente statesmen to plead with Wilhelm for peace.

DIGNITY AND RESULTS

To our attention in the past week have come two cases of officers who didn't "pass the buck." When a bulletin from General Headquarters arrived in their offices asking for getting subscriptions in their outfits to THE STARS AND STRIPES, they shouldered the responsibility themselves and went out after results. One is a captain in the Signal Corps. In his detachment he not only wrote up a list of subscribers almost as long as the pay roll, but also made arrangements for a courier service to distribute the papers as soon as they arrived. In a regiment of U.S. Marines a lieutenant colonel did not find it beneath his dignity to tour half a dozen billet towns to see personally that all arrangements for subscriptions and deliveries were made in business-like fashion. These officers didn't have to do what they did. They might have passed the buck. They weren't of the buck-passing variety.

"VERBOTEN"

There's an order out which prohibits holding any conversation or communication with prisoners of war. Its language is unmistakable, its purpose obvious. Therefore, the only thing to do is to obey it. This warning seems necessary because in a recent issue of a Paris paper it was reported that a certain private in an engineering outfit had written home to his brother, telling him that he had met here in France several Austrian prisoners of war whom he had known in Tacoma, Wash. He was reported as writing that he had "quite a chat with them," and that "they asked for news of scores of people they knew in Tacoma."

While that may have been very nice for the Austrians, and all that, and of a great deal of interest to the folks back in Tacoma, the fact still remains that it was contrary to known and published orders. Those orders were issued for the protection of the A.E.F., for the protection of the people of France, for the security of the prisoners—for any number of good and sufficient reasons. Anyone with half a mind can easily see what the consequences of unlimited conversation with prisoners might be.

Leave the talking to war prisoners to the men intrusted with that work; that's their business, and a mighty useful one. Any further conversation with captives muddies up the game and may bring serious results. Remember that a German or an Austrian doesn't cease to be a German or an Austrian the minute he hollers "Kamerad!" So save up your knowledge of the languages of Austria and Germany until such time as you can use it effectively up front.

AS WE SEE OURSELVES

An American scientist discovered, some many years ago, that out of the melting pot that is the United States there is developing a peculiarly American cranium, i. e. the bone under our hair. And if that really is a peculiarly American trait, just as there are crania peculiarly Latin, Slavic or Mongolian, then there must be a peculiarly American face. Simply, we all ought to look somewhat—not too much, but somewhat—alike.

Do we? (Voice from the rear: "I hope not.") Not strictly, of course, but isn't there something about us besides our speech and our uniforms that distinguishes us from the conglomeration of nationalities now fighting in and for France? All those other nationalities recognized it before we did, certainly, but aren't we now coming to appreciate the fact ourselves?

"Several times," writes a private at G.H.Q., "men have come up to me and asked, 'Did you ever live in Kansas City—Butte—Milwaukee—Little Rock—St. Paul?'—wherever they happen to think they have seen me, and they all look disappointed when I tell them I've never been west of Cleveland. Do I really look so much like somebody (or everybody) else? I guess not, because several other fellows tell me they've had the same thing happen to them."

Just how our heads, and therefore faces, differ from those set on the necks of our brother races we must leave for craniologists to explain. Meanwhile, our nearest approach to a groping realization that we do all dimly resemble each other finds expression in this vain search for our "Haven't-I-seen-you-before" mates. It is our unconscious admission of the existence of the most familiar thing—and hence the thing hardest to comprehend—in our whole experience: the great American face.

HER TWO ENEMIES —By Charles Dana Gibson



Reproduced by Courtesy of "Life."

OUR PALS, THE WAR-WAIFS OF FRANCE

When our color-guards filed down the transport's gangplank and planted the regimental standards on French soil, the only natives on the dock to welcome us were three small boys. They took up advanced posts half way between the colors and the colonel and bugged not from there until an interpreter came to the rescue with the magic word *allez!* Retreating to an observation post on top of a hill of sugar sacks, they consumed a light *déjeuner* of apples and watched the brief ceremony of unsealing the colors.

We found out a little while later that they were warfs who had spent the night in a canon. They were our first friends in France, and typical of many others we met afterward. Two wore cut-down uniforms of horizon blue, the third a black frock down to his knees. All told the same story, that their fathers had been killed in the war and had left them homeless. Before we marched away to camp we gave them each a pocketful of American coppers.

A few of the more appealing types attached themselves to us as muscots. The engineers adopted an urchin who pretended to be a Belgian refugee. He was outfitted in O.D. with a sombrero two sizes too large and a bright new engineer's hat cord on it. He pretended to be an interpreter, and was more or less successful, though his vocabulary was limited to half a dozen words.

"GAS ALERT!"

The Americans in France are to have a new French comic opera named after them. We congratulate them on their escape. It might have been a French cigar.

"Cork Steamer Sunk."—Headline. We thought that was the only kind that did.

New York, March.—The Archbishop of York landed today at an Atlantic port.—"Daily Mail."

Well, that kind of censorship fools some body.

China mobilizing to meet the Russian menace? Ah, out: the pigtail versus the knout.

A Chilean sailing ship has just taken 50 Germans off a desert island. Wow! How it must have broken up that happy and peaceful little family!

In face of what the Germans, with whom they are "at peace," are now doing to them, the Russians might well retire to their invaders: "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love. But why did you kick me downstairs?"

Tobacco cards are already in operation in some parts of France, with the provision that none are to be issued to boys under 16. Let's see: do they have corn-silk in this country?

Miss Anne Martin, of Nevada, where the women have the vote and everything, is going to run for senator, to succeed the late Senator Newlands. If she wins out it will be just like some mean paragrapher in the States to say that she is not the first woman to be elected commissioner to charges of espionage.

Their arrest followed the display of the German flag over the entry of the Germania club in Fayetteville. Mayor Langlotz said the flag had been displayed by mistake.—"Daily Mail."

What we, over here, would like to know is: How did the club happen to have on hand a German flag that it could display by mistake? Why not burn it?

playing in hard luck: what if the same physical disability rule applied to heads?

This year is going to be Children's Year in the United States; and the question naturally arises as to when Germany is going to have a Children's anything.

"Trouble Is Spreading in Ireland."—Headline. Well, what does trouble usually do in Ireland?

"Mr. Mason Carns will sing and render several stirring war poems of his own composition."—"The Herald."

Composition seems to be a lost art, as it were.

"Paris Actress Is Arrested as Spy."—Headline. Playing the role of the villain?

Mr. W. C. Langlotz, mayor, and ten citizens of Fayetteville, near Houston, Texas, pleaded not guilty before a United States Commissioner to charges of espionage.

Their arrest followed the display of the German flag over the entry of the Germania club in Fayetteville. Mayor Langlotz said the flag had been displayed by mistake.—"Daily Mail."

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proper movement:—(a) Car initial and number. (b) Point of shipment. (c) Date of shipment. (d) Contents. (e) Consignee. (f) Destination. (g) Name and rank of person responsible for placing poster on car.

Supplies of these posters will be furnished to all branches of the Army service, after which further supply should be obtained by request on the car record office. All other forms of posters went out of usage on February 7. The persons placing new posters on cars will see that all old posters or markings are removed or obliterated. When cars are unloaded at destination the person in charge of the unloading will see that all posters and markings are removed or obliterated as soon as the car is unloaded.

DISCHARGE OF DRAFTED ALIEN

Citizens of a foreign country subject to draft may not be released therefrom to permit them to enlist in the army of their own country.

DIVISIONAL JURISDICTION

Under paragraph 191, A.E., as amended by General Orders, No. 96, W.D., July 29, 1917, division commanders have full control in all that pertains to administration, instruction, training, and discipline, and have jurisdiction over the personnel of camp quartermasters, as well as other members of the military present in their camps and performing various duties connected with the camps.

TRANSPORTATION RECORDS

A "car record office," under the transportation department, has been established for the purpose of keeping record of the movement of cars loaded with materials and supplies for the American Army; also to trace such cars when they do not reach their destination within a proper period after shipment, and to take action as may be necessary to increase the efficiency of available car supply, and to co-operate with the Line of Communication regarding the question of transportation.

Railroad transportation officers have been placed at various points in France, charged with the duty of making immediate reports to the car record office of all cars arriving at or departing from their stations, received by or shipped by, any branch of the army service.

COMPANY FUNDS INVESTMENTS

Surplus company funds may be properly invested in Liberty bonds.

# WAR BIRDS SAFE WHEN GAS COMES

**Mask Not Applied Directly But Does Trick for A.E.F. Carrier Pigeons**

**STOCK OF HIGHEST GRADE**

**Feathered Couriers Stick to Old Domestic Life Even When Within Range of Boche Rifles**

By HERBERT COREY  
Correspondent of the Associated Newspapers With the A.E.F.

Last night was a pretty active one on the front, the pigeon man said. The Boche did not bombard heavily—but enough. He used lots of gas shells.

"We had to put gas masks on the pigeons," said he.

That stretched our credulity. We were in one of the pigeon lofts on the American front. The pretty creatures were walking assertively about our feet and flying over our heads and taking grains of corn from our hands and fighting between times. A carrier pigeon's disposition is not dovetail. In half a dozen places in the loft pairs of gladiators were seized each other by the bills and were tugging and twisting angrily.

A mother bird had laid an egg in a stone bowl at her elbows on a shelf. She seemed suspicious of us. The moment we entered the loft she inspected it. Then she counted it at five minute intervals.

"How," we asked offensively, "are you going to put a gas mask on a pigeon?"

But it appeared that the mask was not applied directly to the pigeon. The cage in which he is kept in the front line trench is covered with a bag which has been impregnated by the anti-gas chemicals. A pigeon could resist gas for six hours, the pigeon man said. They were like men. Some of them keeled over in two or three minutes and some could last indefinitely. They suffered from shell shock, too, and from all the other ills that afflict the two-legged creatures who surround them.

**Can't Even Trust Pigeon in War**

It brought to mind the last time I had seen a pigeon man on the front. He was in the French trenches before Rheims, which that day was being subjected to a fairly heavy bombardment. I had noticed him standing at the mouth of a deep dugout, and because his aspect was so utterly pacific and at variance with his surroundings, I had asked a question. He and his mate, it appeared, were in charge of the carrier pigeons on that sector of the front.

"Come up," he had called to his mate. By and by the top of the mate's head appeared ascending the perpendicular ladder which led down into the pigeon loft. It was perhaps 20 feet deep and, therefore, fairly safe. In his hand he bore a cage containing a pair of pigeons. He explained that mates were always taken to the trenches together and released together. If the pairs were split, the one that had been taken away from home worried and was unhappy, but the one that remained at home was very apt to take up with another mate.

"In times of war," their master explained, mournfully, "one cannot even trust a pigeon."

All the belligerent armies have made use of carrier pigeons, and the pigeon flyers of the United States have kept abreast of the development. When we entered the war, then, it was an easy matter for them to plan for a complete pigeon service for our Army. The officers who are in charge of it are among the originators of the housing pigeon society of the United States, which has members in every important city of the Union. The citizen who is outside of pigeon circles has no idea of the number of people interested in pigeon flying. There are 150 pigeon keepers in Cleveland and 200 or more in Cincinnati, and relatively as many in most of the larger towns.

**American Lofts Ransacked**

When the war broke out the pigeon lofts of the United States were ransacked for good breeding stock. As much as \$250 and \$300 a pair was paid for pedigree and tested birds, which had been brought to France to produce young flying stock here. It is a tiny example, but not an unimportant one, of the thorough-going manner in which the United States is preparing for war, and of the vision that at least some of its leaders had as to the probable duration of the conflict. To raise carrier pigeons in France from imported American stock suggests the war may last two years, at the very least.

About 2,000 pigeons in all have been brought to France. Most are young stock, which will become dependable fliers after they have become thoroughly used to their new surroundings. They are distributed at various points on the front in lofts, under the charge of pigeon enthusiasts. About three months are required to make the young birds feel at home in their new surroundings. An old bird can never be successfully transplanted. As long as he lives, he may at intervals try to fly back to "his first home."

Of course, if the man at his old home were to treat the pigeon mean," said the pigeon expert, "and not feed him or pay any attention to him—and maybe ruffle his feathers the wrong way, he would be discontented. Then he could be sent back to his new home to try it over. After the process is repeated two or three times, he might give it up—but you can never be sure. As long as he lives, he might try to get back to his first home."

**Birds Must Be Acclimated**

For the present, thoroughly acclimated French birds are being used to take messages from the American trenches, but in time the young American stock will become acclimated. The caged birds are sent to the trenches in a travelling motor loft and spend ten days at a time in the dugouts. More than ten days in close confinement is apt to make the birds unhealthy.

"They're smart," said the expert. "When a bird is first released he usually circles two or three times before getting his line for home. Well, the Germans are always on the watch for pigeons and use shotguns on them. After a pigeon has once been shot at, he never circles again. He is off like a shot and does not try for direction until he is safely high in air."

When a bird's tour of trench duty is over, he is made to fly home instead of riding back in his limousine. That accustoms him to the country. More young pigeons are being bought all the time, as they can easily be accustomed to their new surroundings, and by the end of the year they will be completely assimilated by the American Army.

# TO THE GUY WHO LANDED HER (A PIECE OF VERY FREE VERSE)

Yes, she wrote me the other day  
About it;  
Said she saw a lot in you that she never saw before,  
Said I'd done you an injustice in the things I said about you.  
Added that I had been careless in writing to her,  
(Which is the postal department's fault, and not mine),  
And said she didn't think I cared for her any more.  
Result: She's engaged to you!

Well, congratulations!  
There never was a finer girl in all the world,  
And, probably, there never will be!  
In short, you are a whole lot luckier than,  
In all due respect, you deserve to be.

I could have married her last April  
Before the selective service law went into effect,  
And then the War Department could have whistled for me  
And been out of luck for its whistling.  
But I wasn't going to get tied up with any woman,  
No matter how fine she was, with a war like this one a-going.  
So I enlisted, and she thought it great.  
She called me hero, brave boy, all the rest,  
Knit sweaters for me, and made wristlets for me,  
And came down to see me in camp.  
I thought, of course, that it was all fine stuff,  
That I'd come back at least a sergeant-major  
With a *Croix de Guerre*, a medal of honor and all that.  
And a big *pickelhaube* helmet to put up on the mantelpiece  
To use as the baby's bank.

But no such luck. I wrote her, just like clockwork,  
Stinted myself on beer to buy her handkerchiefs,  
Kept lights after taps to look at her picture,  
And, any way you've a mind to take it, played it square.  
I didn't learn French, for the simple reason  
That I didn't want to get in with any French dandy.  
Unless I want to.  
But that's all the good it did me—you're it now.  
And all my joining up has gone for nothing.

Oh, I don't care; I've got a job before me—  
It doesn't bring in as much money as yours does,  
But it's a damn sight more interesting;  
And I don't have to take out insurance for anyone  
Unless I want to.  
I guess when I get back (things will be different  
And I'll make up, in job-getting, what you have gained  
By not going to war at all.

No, I'm not sore or sour-grapes, or anything.  
But I just want to let you know I'm on to you—  
I know you're 32, and past the draft age;  
I know that, even if they boosted the draft age,  
You'd plead an aged mother to support  
(Whom you haven't given a cent to in the last five years).

Oh, you're within the law, all right; no one can blame you.  
With such a prize before you, for popping the question  
And getting her to agree to marry you.  
In fact, to take it from a world point of view,  
She'd be a fool if she didn't.

BUT—  
When we get back, all full of prizes and glory,  
I don't want to see you, cheering, on the sidewalk,  
I don't want to receive your congratulations,  
Nor to be invited to your house for dinner  
To meet her and the kids—oh, no!  
Because I've got my opinion of a guy  
That'll let another guy go out and defend his home for him  
(And run the chance of dying for defending him)  
And just about as much as threaten a girl into marrying him—  
And don't you forget it!

# MOST OF ALPHABET IN MILITARY LABELS

**S.O.S. Is Latest Tag to Make Place For Itself on Army Records**

S.O.S. Here's the very latest in initials. We've had quite a bunch of capital letters in groups with periods between 'em to puzzle over and learn since we joined the Army—V.O.C.O., U.S.R., N.A., R.T.O., and many more, not to speak of the three magic letters A.E.F., which are destined to go down through the ages along with "U.S.A."

S.O.S., be it known, is short for "Service of Supplies," which will be the general title from now on for the "two men in five" who will have to remain behind to keep the boys on the line in gunpowder, bully beef, "the makings," etc. It will include the Transportation Department, the Quartermaster Corps, the Railroad Transportation Officers, and others.

But S.O.S. won't necessarily mean very far in the rear, however. The railroad engineers, for instance, are of the S.O.S., and they have already been in the big mix-up.

Initials frequently are misleading, as one captain of the Quartermaster Corps with testify. He handed an English officer his card the other day, on which was appended, after his name, "Q.M.C., N.A., R.T.O."

The British officer didn't understand and the American undertook to explain. "Q.M.C. is the Quartermaster's Corps," he said, "and N.A. is for National Army."

"Ab, I see," said the British officer, "and the R.T.O. stands for Railways, Tramways, Omnibuses," I suppose.

Here are a few of the more common initials. Cut the list out and save it, if you don't know them already:

- V.O.C.O.—Verbal Order Commanding Officer.
- R.O.—Regimental Order.
- S.O.—Special Order.
- U.S.R.—United States Reserve.
- E.O.R.C.—Engineer Officers' Reserve Corps.
- M.O.R.C.—Medical Officers' Reserve Corps.
- D.O.R.C.—Dental Officers' Reserve Corps.
- N.A.—National Army.
- U.S.A.—United States Army (Regular)
- R.T.O.—Railway Transportation Officer.

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# LITTLE STORIES FROM UP FRONT

MUCH ODOR—NO GAS

Sitting in an advanced listening post that extended out into No Man's Land, one night, I thought I detected gas. A corporal and two privates were with me in the sheltered, box-like post, from which they were keeping a sharp lookout on the German trenches across the way.

"Then get into the gas masks quick," ordered the corporal. "Can't take any chances on that stuff."

At the same time he sounded the gas alarm and pretty soon we could see them sending up rockets farther back, which were a signal to the reserve troops also to prepare for a possible gas attack.

After about ten minutes, the trench gas officer came out to investigate. "I don't detect any gas at all, corporal," he said. "You must have been mistaken," and he went back and sent out a "danger past" signal.

The corporal then made himself comfortable on an old box alongside of me and began telling me about his girl back in New Jersey.

All the time, however, I was getting whiffs of something that almost knocked me off the box.

"Corporal," I said, at length, "I don't want to be the cause of any more fake gas scares, but I certainly do smell something awful."

The corporal himself sniffed a few times and then declared he couldn't smell a thing.

"Come over here and see if you can smell anything," he said to the two privates who were standing nearby.

"This newspaper guy here thinks he's being gassed again."

After the privates had inhaled the night air a few times in our immediate vicinity one of them said to the corporal: "Say, Bill, he doesn't smell gas; it's that stink bag you've got around your neck that he's been smelling all the time."

Thereupon, Bill the corporal unbuttoned his coats and fished out from behind his underwear a little bag that was fastened to a string around his neck.

The odor was something e-r-r-r-i-b-l-e!

"Well, I'll be darned," was Bill's comment. "Don't you know what that's for? No? Well, we wear these bags that are filled with some chemical or medicine or something and they keep the trench vermin off us. Say, they're fine. They actually drive the crawlers right out through your shoes. I can get you one if you want me to."

# KEEPING DOWN EXPENSES

Recently the first detachment of negroes reached the American sector northwest of Toul. They were put to work behind the lines, principally at cutting wood and repairing roads. They were well out of harm's way, unless some Boche aeroplane should drop bombs near them, but they could hear the gunfire plainly and see at night the flashes of cannon or rockets. They could talk, too, with soldiers just from the trenches. All this made a deep impression.

"I done took out ten thousand dollars of dis year gov'ment life insurance," announced one negro to another as they started to work one day.

"What 'gall want with all that money?" asked the second.

"Well," said the first, "gettin' pretty

risky some 'round yere. Ten thousand dollars be pretty good 'twa if one them shells should knock a leg offen me. "Knock leg offen you?" repeated the second. "Why say, you don't think you're ever gwine to de trenches, do ye? Don't talk foolish. Uncle Sam ain't gwine risk no ten thousand dollar nigger in de trenches. He got plenty cheap white soldiers for dat kind of business."

# A BOCHE WHO GOT SECONDS

"How is the orderly coming along bathing the German prisoner?" asked the captain at a certain field hospital of the sergeant.

"He started washing his right hand at six o'clock, sir. It's now seven, and he's only half way round," came the reply.

The captain laughed. It's the talk of the hospital that the young Boche, who was captured out of a shell hole when the Germans were beaten back on an attempted raid, knocked the largest hand seen around these parts in the memory of the oldest American inhabitants.

The young Boche, too, is what the sergeant calls "slick." He was badly frightened on first arriving at the hospital, especially when taken to the operating room. When his breakfast was brought to him he refused to eat at first. He was finally persuaded to drink his coffee, and having done that and found that he still lived, he finished the breakfast.

Later, another orderly came along and asked if he had had his breakfast. The prisoner answered, "No," and ate the second one when it arrived.

# A RECORD BREAKING CANTEN

An American traveling canteen, operated nightly, claims the record of approaching nearer the front lines and selling to soldiers than any of any other army.

Leaving a certain base almost out of range of enemy guns, a big motor truck lurches forward after dark, stopping at billets, cantonnements and other places where troops are congregated. It dispenses hot coffee, canned goods, tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, candy, writing paper and articles of clothing. Sometimes it is under fire throughout its entire schedule.

The motor truck, on its nightly trips, has never been hit, but several times shells have whistled uncomfortably close.

"We intend to keep going until we are knocked out. Then we will try to get another truck," says the conductor.

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A new St. Patrick takes his place, He wields a sword in mighty hand— Just watch him as he starts to chase The "kultured" snakes from Belgium land.

CLUB OWNERS BAR FREAK DELIVERIES

Spit and Emery Balls Must No Longer Be Used in Western League

McGraw Loses Robertson

Benny Kauff Does Not Claim Exemption in Draft—Lee Magee Traded to Matty's Reds

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 14.—All 16 major league club owners have agreed to bar the spit ball, the emery ball, and every other kind of freak delivery.

Manager McGraw of the Giants apparently will not get Davey Robertson this season. Davey appears determined to stay on the retired list. Lee Magee has gone to the Cincinnati Reds from the St. Louis Browns in a three cornered deal. St. Louis trading him for outfielder Tim Lincecum of the New York Yankees. Magee was once considered one of the game's great outfielders. He got a big bonus from the Federal league and ran Benny Kauff a hot race for the batting championship. Magee was purchased from the Federal league by the Yankees for \$22,000. He came with a three years' contract to receive \$5,500 annually. The contract expired last fall. His salary now is reported to be cut in half. Charlie Herzog is still keeping the managers guessing. McGraw says Herzog will be the well known persona non grata if he refuses to go to the Boston Braves as ordered. Benny Kauff, the Giants' star outfielder, called in the draft, has not claimed exemption.

CLAIMS JACKSON WAS THE BEST BIG BOXER

Eugene Corri, English Referee, Boosts Colored Marvel

Eugene Corri, the famous referee and conspicuous figure of the National Sporting Club of London, has a timely article in London Answers on the subject of real boxing champions. Corri was asked to name the best of the great quartet—Fitzsimmons, Peter Jackson, Jack Johnson and Frank Slavin. The last named, by the way, although 35 years old, is in the Canadian army and recently returned to Toronto on a furlough from the French front. Corri decided in favor of Jackson, the big West Indian negro whom John L. Sullivan never would meet, who knocked out Slavin in ten rounds and a year later fought a 61-round draw with Jim Corbett. If Jackson had not turned an ankle several days before the fight the result might have been altogether different. Says Corri: "I had to think before giving my verdict. This was how I worked it out. I imagined all four great heavyweights alive, and in their fighting prime at the same time. I made an imaginary tournament of them, putting Jackson and Johnson, the black men, in the first heat, and Slavin and Fitzsimmons in the second. Well, Johnson put up an amazing display of defensive fighting, while Peter Jackson, the bronze statue, taxed his tactics to the uttermost. Neither knocked the other out. But I gave the verdict points to Peter, and the audience applauded my decision. "The next heat was between Slavin and Fitz. That was the grandest display of brawls ever witnessed between two white exponents of glove fighting. Keep in mind that it never happened, except in my imagination, as I tried to answer the question addressed to me from the men in the trenches. It makes me hold my temples as I create the great spectacle. Slavin, a picture of physical proportions; Fitz, angular and hard as hewn stone, not a picture, but a terrible power for punching. On rushes the fray for 10 of the 20 rounds. Slavin holds the balance on points, but Fitz comes up for the last round breathing fire and danger. His eyes burn like red coals; his crash and sing are terrific. Fitz smiles sweetly, as much as to say: "The knockout is coming very soon." "And it did. With a punch that would almost have staggered a tank the Cornishman plunged his Sahara right fist into Slavin's solar plexus, following with an uppercut to the chin the way he finished Corbett, in reality, at Carson City—and down drops Frank Slavin insensible to the boards, where he is counted out. Jackson and Fitzsimmons are left in the final, and to cut my imaginary tournament short, the splendid and unparalleled negro, Gentleman Jack, as we used to speak of him, wins on points. He could not but Fitz out, though by the skill of his boxing he wore him well down. Nobody ever could hope to knock out Fitzsimmons in his prime. So I voted Jackson as the greatest man in that group of four immortal gladiators."

Geography in the A.E.F.

Germany—A constantly dwindling country situated in Middle Europe, the inhabitants of which are fed solely on lies and promises. Austria—See Germany first. Turkey—See Germany. Bulgaria—See with a microscope. Russia—A large country situated half in Europe and about half in Asia, not ruled by anybody in particular and not caring much about being ruled by anybody. Great Britain—An island which might for its size be dropped in Lake Michigan, but which instead has dropped on Germany's neck like a thousand of brick. France—A country populated in the main by the soldiers of the civilized nations of the world, possessing great extremes of heat and cold, and in its upper or fighting portions given over almost exclusively to the production of mud. Belgium—A country with guts. Mexico—The home of the rattlesnake, the tarantula, the tropic sun and the fever, but, at that, a lot more civilized than Germany. America—See Heaven.

WALLOP DEAR TEACHER WITH A HAND GRENADE!

Hist, you heavers! Lamp this line that our American staff correspondent just flung into the capacious maw of the printing cable company. "The gentle hand grenade has become a feature of most of the country's amateur athletic meets. The Rocky Mountain conference has decided to add it to intercollegiate sports. It may become an important scholastic implement at undesirable facilities. "Undesirable facilities? Our otherwise careful and toll saving correspondent has indulged in a totally superfluous word, "Undesirable" applied to facilities? It's redundant. All facilities are undesirable—not only in themselves, but they are composed exclusively of undesirables. Oh, joy! Think of winging a good old hand grenade at the dome-like bonn of Old Man Whoozle, who flunked us in European History! That would be a little fact of modern European history that he ought to get firmly fixed in his mind. And think of lofting the old grenade in the parabolic curve at the medulla oblongata of Old Whoozle, who flunked us for not knowing all about parabolic curves and angles of elevation and all the rest of the rot that you never use outside the artillery! And, too, think of plunking old Herr Professor Schweln right in the solar plexus—Old Schwein, who told us that the Germans were a good and kind and loving peaceful people! But the prize grenade target of all is yet to come. Swing your arms and practice up with your grenades, all you ex-college and prep-school twirlers, shot-putters, hammer and discus throwers! Prepare to aim your last, your most telling grenade launch, the putz of Old Fatherhood, the philosophy prof, who told us all solemnly that there never could be another European war!

STAR SHELLS

By G.M. SGT. STUART CARROLL, Q.M.C. PECULIAR HORRORS OF WAR "Suppose, on returning to citizen's shoes," Said Corporal Andy McPhee, "I find that the girl I had hoped to lose Is faithfully waiting for me." "Chicago Tribune." "Suppose, when I doff the old khaki for myc," Said Top Sergeant Terry O'Moore, "That the girl I allotted one-half of my pay Has married the slacker next door." Prof. James Naismith, professor of physical education and hygiene at Kansas University, and inventor of the game of basketball, is in France. Presumably he will aid the U.S. bomb tossers in locating the Gothic baskets. But Prof. Jimmy should remember that over here we don't call any personal fouls and that the enemy says he's got the referee fixed anyway.

WHILE SIMM SALES IS REFUSING A \$7,000 CONTRACT, HE'S PROBABLY FORGETTING ABOUT THOSE OF HIS PEERS WHO SIGNED ONE WITH UNCLE SAM FOR \$50 A MONTH.

HIS DEATH SENTENCE

Sir: When our top cutter read in THE STARS AND STRIPES that baseball circuits were to be shortened in order that railroad transportation might be hastened, he said: "Now the press agents are trying to electrify the fans by a baseball short-circuit."

REGT. OF IMMORTALS, A.E.F.

Sir: He's a heluva good field clerk and maybe we can find room for him in the Regiment. Oh, yes, and his name is Simm Mee, but he isn't a heathen Chinee.

ME, A.P.O. 717

Sim Mee is elected and will assist Adjutant Kacklighter in handling the paper work of the regiment.

CELA NE FAIT RIEN

My French is a sorry affair. And the words I may happen to use Would make a prof. pull at his hair—"I would give him the blindest of blinks; Yet one thing I've mastered, I think: "Though difficult, quite, was the feat— To say when I'm needin' a drink: "Un bock, s'il vous plait, ma petite. In Spanish, oh, yes, I am there. And over it I can enthuse. But what good is Spanish, *mon cher*? If French maidens you would amuse! So, though I can't order "vin blanc" For mademoiselles that I meet, I chirp, if they're wishin' a drink: "Un bock, s'il vous plait, ma petite. So often I'm up in the air. And sometimes my tongue I lose. On finding I can't even swear. In words that a native would choose; But still, there is nary a kink When, wandering in from the street, I say, when I'm wantin' a drink: "Un bock, s'il vous plait, ma petite.

WISE GOTHAMITES PROVE EASY MARKS

\$1,000 a Minute Cleared in New York Gambling Houses de Luxe

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 14.—In the course of his investigations into the gambling industry, District Attorney Swann has unearthed some merry disclosures that cheer cynical New York. Many prominent and wise Gothamites have testified to losing neat sums up to \$20,000 like little country boys in the hands of wicked huncy steers. The gamblers had gentlemanly clubs and stylish hotels, and took all comers—also, they took everything away from all comers, but apparently the city's wise ones merely paid up and came again. It was a bonifanting business, often paying \$1,000 a minute. The testimony has made some of our thrifty war profiteers weep mildly at the opportunity they missed.

SQUASH SERIES PROGRESSES

NEW YORK, March 14.—Harry Mitchell, the Princeton club squash player, has advanced to the third round by two victories in the national Class II squash tennis championship tournament, held in New York. William Ganley, the New York Athletic club professional, beat Stephen Eason, of the Harvard club, in a squash match staged for the benefit of the Red Cross, winning three straight games, 15-5, 15-8, 15-5.

WORLD MARK GRAZED BY WHIRLWIND RAY

Famous Chicago Athlete Runs Great Indoor Mile at Philadelphia Meet

NEW RECORD IN HURDLES

Savage, Bowdoin Star, Defeats Princetonian Who Makes Same Time in Preliminaries

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 14.—John Ray, the Illinois Athletic Club whirlwind, ran one of the greatest races of his career in winning the Meadowbrook mile run at Philadelphia in the indoor carnival of the Meadowbrook Club. He crossed the line in four minutes, 17 4-5 seconds, only one and four-fifths seconds behind the world's indoor record, set by Lieutenant John W. Overton last year in the same event. The second man to finish was Edwin H. Fall, Western Conference champion, now at the Great Lakes training station, and the third was Mike Devaney, New York star, now at the Boston navy yard. Ray was hard pressed by both men for three-fourths of the distance. He then showed his amazing speed and drew away easily, winning by 15 yards. W. Savage of Bowdoin College won the 45 yards hurdles in the record time of six seconds, beating C. R. Erdman of Princeton, who made the same record time in the preliminaries. Pat Ryan, the giant New York weight thrower, won the 35 pound weight contest for distance with 20 feet, six inches. Bob Maxam won the 600 yard event in one minute, 24 3-5 seconds, only 3 2-5 seconds behind the record. Pennsylvania and Lafayette beat Cornell and Lehigh in the match relay races.

YANKEE GALLERY SEES BOAR HUNT

Beast Finds Zone Just Behind Front Line Safest Spot in France

When there isn't Boche hunting to be done some of the American sportsmen up front find time to hunt the wild boar. A visiting correspondent recently came upon a company of them on the Lorraine line following the sport of kings with zest and interest. True they were only engaged in the hunt to the extent of cheering on a half-dozen polius who were racing across country after a bored-looking boar about the size of a grizzly bear, but for the moment they weren't interested in anything else. The boar had found peace in the midst of war's alarms, for although there were several hundred firearms within easy range of him, nobody dared fire for fear of hitting someone else. The beast seemed perfectly aware of this, for he looped along nonchalantly across country a hundred yards or so ahead of his pursuers. All this was going on not more than three miles from the firing line. The doughboys who constituted the gallery refused to talk about war and the part they were going to play in it until M. Boar had vanished over the brow of the hill beyond. Different On Broadway "Say, ain't that a hot one?" a stall-wart sergeant observed disgustedly. "Lettin' that pig get clean away. If it 'ud been Broadway now, he'd be full o' holes by this time. Every cop in the precinct wud have peppered him." Boar hunting within range of the German guns caused another youth to mutter something about the spectacle resembling the Bronx Zoo more than the battle zone. "Wait till they leave us start somethin' out in the trenches," another rejoined. "Take it from me, every boar will be down in his hole for 100 miles around—and so will the Yushes, too!"

COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

The entire first string football men on Williams' eleven in 1916, comprising 19 men, are now in the service. This is some record to equal. The University of Michigan has decided to drop out of the Eastern intercollegiate this year. The Michigan Aggies will have six hard games scheduled on the gridiron for next season. Ransom, Beloit college's star athlete, formerly a well known performer at Hyde Park High, Chicago, has won a commission as lieutenant at Camp Logan. Northwestern University's crack swimming team has been badly crippled, as 20 of the top swimmers have joined the service. Miss Barbara Benedict at New York, according to the American papers, is something about the captain of next year's basketball team at Illinois.

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

Benny Leonard has offered to box Mike O'Dowd, the claimant to the middleweight title, ten rounds, if Mike will make 154 pounds ringside for him. William Wellman of New York has offered Jess Willard \$75,000 for a bout with Fred Fulton at Carson City, Nev., on July 4. Willard says he will be the promoter of his own bouts in the future and he will name the terms for the boys anxious to meet him. Jess Willard has informed Jack Dempsey that he will first have to whip Fulton, Moran, Brennan and others before he can be considered as a likely candidate for a title. Patsy Cline has challenged Benny Leonard for a 20-round go for the title. Owen Moran, former English boxer, has enlisted in the British Army. Frankie Fleming, featherweight champion of Canada, has joined the Royal Flying Corps. Jimmy Glabby, former middleweight champion, has enlisted in the Australian Army. Leach Cross, former New York lightweight, is now a physical culture expert at Los Angeles. Johnny Dundee was from Pat Moran in 20 rounds at New Orleans. Harry Greb found Zulu Kid easy in their bout at Bridgeport, Conn., the contest ending in the thirteenth round in compliance with the closing order of the fuel commissioner. Dave Astey, former bantamweight champion, will meet the English bantamweight champion, Jimmie White, at the Liverpool Stadium on May 6. Astey will receive a \$2,000 guarantee and transportation. White has knocked out two Americans, Young Rosner, of Harlem, and Zulu Kid, of Brooklyn, both first-class fighters.

WHY TROUBLE TO CHANGE?

An American vaudeville actor, now starring in a medical unit "over here," made himself popular aboard the transport on the way across by singing the latest popular songs for his comrades. He finished one rendition in the (usual) "ween deck space and from the tiers of bunks came applause and cries of "Encore, encore!" "Encore?" came a shout from a distant corner. "Let the same guy sing!"

ENGLISH and AMERICAN BARBER SHOP

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LATEST FLASHES FROM THE DIAMOND

The St. Louis Browns have sold Pitcher McCabe and Outfielder Ward Miller to the Salt Lake City club.

The Boston Braves have signed John Murray, star Georgetown University twirler. Murray has been pitching in semi-pro leagues and holds a record of 21 straight wins.

Joe Tinker, former Cub, now manager of the Columbus, Ohio, club, has decided to give a number of semi-pro and amateur players tryouts this spring in the hopes of picking up some good material for his Senators.

The American League has decided to place the player limit at 35 and by May 1 it must be reduced to 25.

Walter McCredie's latest phenom, who has been purchased by the Cubs, is only 20 years of age. His name is Charley Hollocher and he played a dazzling game at short for Portland last season.

H. W. Mason is to succeed Herman Seekamp as secretary and business manager of St. Louis Cards.

Stuffy Melrose, who was traded to the Red Sox by Connie Mack, was married to Miss Elsie Dow at Manchester, Mass., recently.

The major leagues have decided to do away with the big jumps next season, especially the one day trips west for Sunday games, in order to help out the railroad congestion.

President Tener, of the National League, announces that his league will take care of the dependents of Hank Gowdy, the first big leaguer to enlist in the army.

Despite the loss of Alexander, Killifer and Paskert, Manager Moran, of the Phillies, is talking of his team being able to cop a place near the top.

The Detroit Tigers have lost two regulars so far, George Burns and Howard Ehmke, besides eight recruits, through the draft.

There will be no changes in the line-up of the Champion White Sox next year, none of the players having been drafted. Manager Rowland does not plan any shifts in the makeup of his team.

Rumor has it that Steve Yerkes, the veteran player, is due for a comeback in the big circuit next season, the Cardinals being after him.

Jimmy Walsh, of the Red Sox, has joined the service at the Boston Navy yard.

Clark Griffith, manager of the Washington club, has arranged three exhibition games at American soldiers' camps for the spring trip. The Washington team will meet the Phillies at Fort Jackson, Columbia, S.C., and later at Camp Sevier, Greenville, S.C., and also at Camp Greene, Charlotte, S.C.

Al Walters, the Yanks' backstop, has been playing winter ball in California and has put on quite a bit of weight. He thinks this will help him in his work in the big circuit.

Harry Clark, former manager of the Milwaukee club, has received offers to manage teams and may re-enter the game.

Walter Johnson has been placed in Class 1 in the draft, as he has two children and a wife dependent upon him. Ty Cobb is in Class 2.

Grover Luderhik has signed his contract with the Browns for next season.

Bob Becher, former big league star, is a holdout at Milwaukee. He received \$2,000 last year, but will be forced to take a big cut or quit the game this season.

"Doc" Johnson, with Birmingham last year, has been signed to cover first base for Milwaukee. He batted .271 last year.

The St. Louis Cards have signed Cliff Hestehote, of Penn State, to play in the field.

Fred Mollwitz, first baseman of the Cincinnati Reds, is a holdout. Joe Tinker is trying to buy Bob Becher from Milwaukee.

Both Kluefer, Harris and Lunte, of the Cleveland Club, are subject to the draft. Elmer Smith is already in the service.

Two major league ball players have won commissions as captains in the army, Roy Wood, former first baseman for Cleveland, and Jim Scott, of the White Sox.

The Reds will train at Camp Sheridan, near Montgomery, Ala. They have a series of six exhibition games hooked with the Tigers.

Jack Barry, former manager of the Red Sox, who joined the Navy, has been promoted his old job when the enlistment is up.

Clarke Griffith looks for a big year at Washington this season, as there are over 100,000 outsiders in the capital because of the war work.

Bezeck moves to Chicago. Hugo Bezdek, manager of the Pirates, has removed his family from California to Chicago. Hugo thought he had better be cast, where the big baseball doings are going on. He still contends the happiest days of his life were when he played football at Chicago.

An army cook is known by the mess he makes.

PLEBES LEAD IN WEST POINT MEET

Yearling Swimmers Far Behind in Interclass Event

NEW YORK, March 14.—The West Point class of '21 won the swimming meet at West Point with a total of 41 points against 22 points, made by the class of 1920. The class of '19 was third with 17 points.

Yale swimmers beat Columbia 44 to 9 in swimming races, and 18 to 9 at water polo. Captain Peterson, of Yale, scored all three goals.

Hinks, of Yale, won the 220-yard swim by 30 feet in 2 minutes 41 seconds, the best time made this year.

Princeton defeated Columbia in their annual wrestling meet, 15 to 7. The Tigers won five out of seven bouts, one by a fall and four by decisions. Columbia won the bantam and welterweight bouts.

BEZDEK MOVES TO CHICAGO Hugo Bezdek, manager of the Pirates, has removed his family from California to Chicago. Hugo thought he had better be cast, where the big baseball doings are going on. He still contends the happiest days of his life were when he played football at Chicago.

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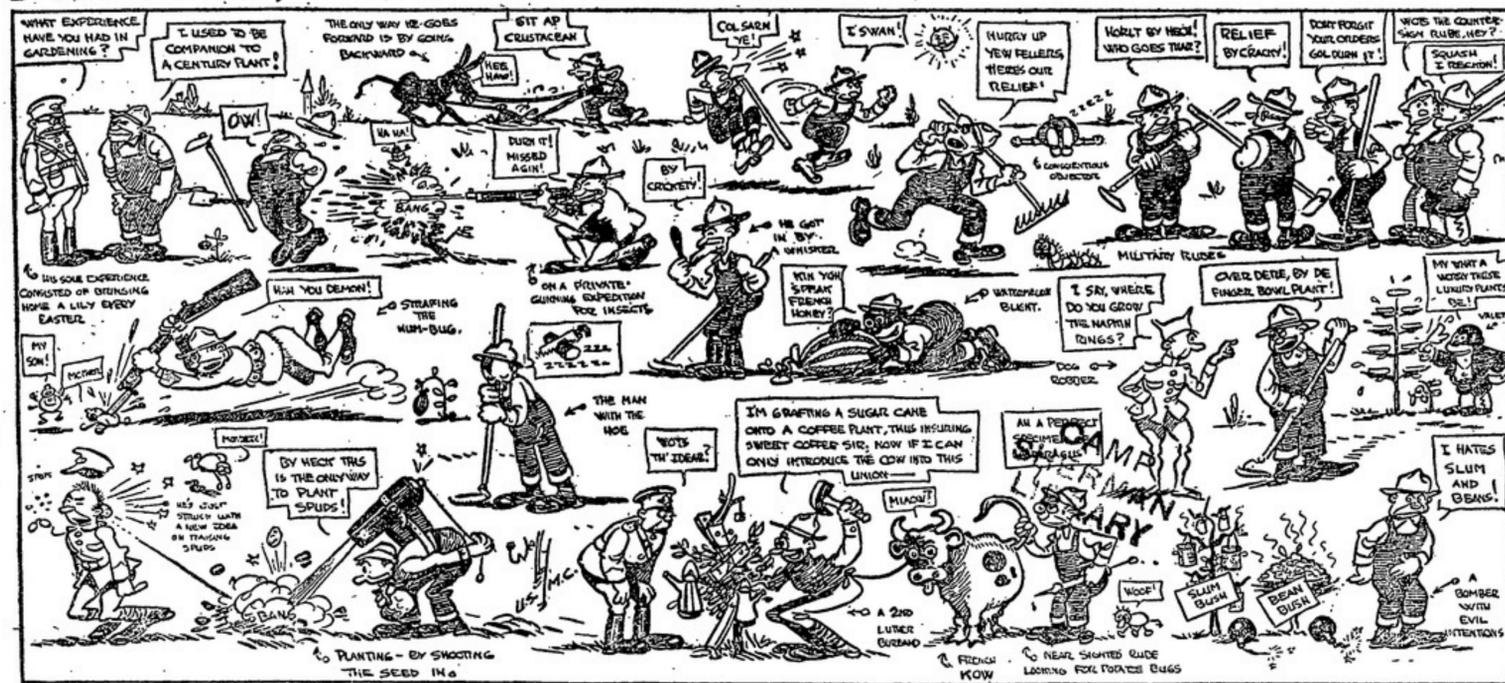
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# FORWARD, HOE!—AS PER G.O. 34

—By WALLGREN



## HELPFUL HINTS

No. 5—NEVER LEAVE YOUR LIGHT BURNING AFTER TAPS.

PARDON ME, PRIVATE, DID YOU KNOW YOU LEFT YOUR LIGHT BURNING?

MY, MY, SO I DID SERGEANT. HOW CARELESS OF ME—PRAY FORGIVE ME, OLE TOP!

THIS IS A VERY SERIOUS OFFENSE. BY DISPLAYING ANY ILLUMINATION OF ANY SORT AFTER TAPS YOU NOT ONLY BREAK A RIGID IRON BOUND ARMY LAW, BUT ANNOY YOUR SLUMBER SEEKING COMRADES AND DESTROY THE PEACE OF MIND OF YOUR TOP SERGEANT—AND MOST OF ALL YOU WASTE VALUABLE FUEL, ESPECIALLY IF THE LIGHT BE ONE OF THE ELABORATE INCANDESCENT ELECTRICS SO COMMONLY USED BY PRIVATES—AT ANY RATE, IF CAUGHT, DO NOT ARGUE YOUR DETECTOR, BUT PACIFY HIM BY SEEMING AMIABILITY—MOST LIKELY YOU WILL BE PENALIZED ONE ELECTRIC BULB.

## EX-LEGIONNAIRE HAPPY AS A PRIVATE IN A. E. F.

### American in Thick of War Since 1914 Gives Up Sergeancy and Declines French Commission to Serve Under Uncle Sam

By W. S. BALL, Correspondent "Providence Journal" with the A. E. F.

A certain American command had marched to within a few miles of the battle line and was going forward into the trenches that night. For this particular command it was the first excursion into the fighting front. Young Americans in khaki were putting the finishing touches on their equipment—needless, because every detail had been completed before they came this far, but serving to pass the time and occupy the mind.

Others were playing games or reading, or carrying on the routine in their temporary quarters in the billets of departure. A group fell into talk of certain features of attack and defense, which grew into an argument the depth and learning of which a headquarter might have envied.

"I tell you, it's this way," one was saying. "I was told by a fellow who landed it up in the French school—"

"Just then a short, stocky figure in khaki rounded a corner of the stone stable which was the billet. The speaker was interrupted.

"Don't tell us what you've heard. Here comes 'Pop.' We'll put it to him. He knows."

"They greeted the newcomer with real affection. Dark of complexion, broad shouldered, strong faced, with a touch of grey in his dark hair, but none in his militant mustache, he was old enough to have been the father of most of the youngsters who hailed him. Also, he walked and carried himself like one who had 'carried on' longer than most of our men.

"How about it, Gene? Do we or don't we do so-and-so in case—"

"Well, it's like this, boys," he answered. "We're back in the Champagne fight, and again at the Somme—"

"And he gave the answer from experience such as the youngsters obviously envied.

**Fine Night to Go In**

Of all the group, he was the most exuberant at the prospect of getting into the trenches. Where younger ones were inclined to take the coming adventure seriously, he was bubbling over with happy good nature. He looked at the sky judicially.

"It's going to be a fine night for it, boys!" he exclaimed. "Just a few hours now, and we'll have a chance to show what we can do. And in Uncle Sam's uniform, too. I tell you, boys, we're going to give the Boche a little lesson about America."

"For 'Pop' knew exactly all about it—knowledge gained from three years' experience in the Foreign Legion and the fighting 170th, a famous regiment of France. He had learned at Cronelle, and in the Champagne fight, and at Verdun, and in the Somme affair. He had taken all of war's chances that one man could take. He had been wounded; he had been decorated for gallantry in action; he had won promotion for bravery. And here he was aching for another chance to get at the Boche.

**Once a Pawtucket Grocer**

One is not permitted by our Army's censorship rules to mention his name in this account. That is a pity, because so long as he was in the French service it could have gone freely. It is of especial interest to New England people, because until the war began in 1914 he was, with his wife, running a little grocery in Pawtucket, R. I. For the purposes of this narrative I shall therefore call him Private J—, private now, though he has in the French Army been a sergeant and has been offered a commission. He declined it because he did not want to pledge himself to be anything but an American when the war is over. He became a private in khaki because he wanted to fight the battle of his native Belgium under the colors of his adopted America.

One of the first in America to respond with his body as well as with his heart and mind to Germany's challenge was the Pawtucket grocer. It was on August 4 that the Prussian plunged into peaceful Belgium. On August 8, just four days later, Mr. J. sailed for Europe. The idea of neutrality in such a case hadn't occurred to him.

At that time he was 38 years old. Born in the Ardennes—the part of Belgium where the inhabitants are Celtic in appearance and impulse—he had come to America as a youth, settled in Rhode Island, been naturalized and established a prosperous business. He was as soundly American as the governor of

his State, but—outrage had been committed, and his birthplace was the victim.

But here enters as a factor the strength of his Americanism. Reaching France, he looked around for the best use of his services, and enlisted in the French Foreign Legion instead of in the Army of Belgium. Quite simply he told a friend, who happens to be a friend of mine, why he made that choice.

"If I had joined the Belgian Army," he said, "it might have been hard to establish my American citizenship after the war. And I didn't want to lose that. I wanted to go back to Pawtucket, to my wife and my store and my friends. The Legion would take me without any such question. The Legion was fighting for Belgium as well as for France. So I joined it."

**The Day Before Charleroi**

That was the day before Charleroi, while the grey hosts of Germany were sweeping southward on their road toward Paris. For a month and a half—the battle of the Marne was testing France and abolishing the Kaiser's predatory schedule—these American volunteers and other newcomers to the ranks of the Legion were being put through a quick emergency training.

Soon after the deadlock fastened its toes in the soil of northern France and braced its shoulders for the strain, the Pawtucket grocer and his "classmates" were sent up to the Legion and began to fight, which is a way the Legion has.

This was the beginning of trench warfare, so-called. But in reality the "trenches" were shallow ditches. There were no trenches as we know them today—as "Pop's" squad entered them the other evening. There was no barbed wire protection. Aeroplanes were few and far between. There was no chance to call for an artillery barrage, to help face an attack.

When No Man's Land Was Anyman's

No Man's Land was Anyman's. When you wanted a dead German, you went out and killed him for yourself. If he happened to kill you first—that was a part of the game. They killed quite a number of "Pop's" companions first. He, as he admits, was lucky. He played his part and came through that first winter and the summer months that followed without a scratch.

Then came the battle of the Champagne. Again, he played his part, and again he came through as intact as when he had gone down to the Pawtucket station.

But a little later, in some fighting which doesn't head the chapter in any of the histories, he was not so lucky. He felt the twinges of German metal, but

in feeling it he displayed such bravery that he was cited in the orders. For that he was decorated, and then he spent a couple of months or so in the hospital. For the wound? Not at all! Just a little rheumatism or pleurisy or something like that, due to the previous winter's exposure.

After serving in this fashion with the Foreign Legion for a year or more, Private J— was given the opportunity, with a few other Americans, of transferring to the 170th, and took it. This was not a return to the quiet life, for the 170th was one of the "regiments of attack." Its record of casualties was almost as impressive as that of the Legion itself. Whenever there was heavy work to be done the 170th was invited to be among those present.

It was present at Verdun, for instance. It was one of the first supporting regiments sent there after the Crown Prince selected it as the ideal spot in which to acquire a reputation. In the first attack on the village of Vaux, when Germany seemed willing to throw away lives like cancelled stamps, the 170th held the place.

**Made Sergeant for Bravery**

Later, it was assigned to the gallant attempt to retake the Bois de Caillotte. Most of the Americans of the regiment went down there. Private J— took all the chances that they did, but his lucky star was shining. It was because of his work in that action that he was made a sergeant.

Being sergeant means that one leads. Later in that busy year of 1916 he led so well in the battle of the Somme that he was offered a commission. The only "out" about it, from his point of view, was that it meant assuming French citizenship and remaining here after the war was over. Whereas, Private J— wanted to go back to Pawtucket. One other American was offered a commission

at the same time and on the same terms. He accepted. Private J— (sergeant at that time) did not.

About this time he began to hope that his adopted land would enter the war of which he had seen so much. He hoped for a long time, but when, last April, it happened, of all the soldiers of France he was the most joyous. Instantly he sat down and wrote a note to the American embassy in France telling his experience and saying that he hoped to be able to contribute to the cause of America.

By way of reply he got what undoubtedly was the best that the embassy could do at the time. It was a very brief form-letter sort of reply, the gist of which was this:

**Three Winters of War**

"Your patriotic letter, offering your services to your country, has been placed on file, and, should the occasion arise, you will be notified."

Still with the French army, Sergeant J— went down Rheims way to lead a squad of recruits who had never been under fire. The machine guns got them. Sergeant J— spent a few days with them, and led them again. This time they went.

By this time the grocer of Pawtucket was well over 40 years of age. He had seen three winters of war, his black hair had turned a little grey, and millions of men no older were not even considering themselves eligible for active service. His superior officers concluded that, since he wouldn't accept a commission, he might perhaps be given a rest from the vicissitudes of the fighting front. So they sent him out to the Vosges region in charge of a crew whose business it was to mend roads.

He tackled the road problem as vigorously as he had the problem of killing Boches until one day he heard the an-

ouncement from the French Minister of War that American citizens in the French Armies might transfer to the Stars and Stripes.

At which point Pawtucket, all by itself over in the mountains of France, gave three cheers.

He headed straight for Paris as promptly as in 1914 he had dropped the grocery business and headed for Europe. On the way, not knowing, he passed close to the American office where he might have stopped off and been accommodated with a new set of enlistment papers.

**With His Own People**

In Paris it took him a week to effect the transfer. When it was finally achieved, they told him that he would be accepted as a private if he could pass the examination.

For answer he beat his deep chest, that was born in the Ardennes.

"And are you going to accept a place as a private?"

"Why not? I want to be in the American Army—with my own people."

A few days later he started for a certain American corner of Somewhere, hugging long official documents that were stamped with an eagle inside a circle.

Sometime, if he bus his health and fortune, I think he will be at the very

direction of a shell that I hear coming from the Boche. And then, I have a wife in Pawtucket. And she prays for me every day."

I never heard a more reverent seven words than these last.

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DOWN EASTERS ON HUN'S TRAIL KEEP OLD WAYS

Close Your Eyes, Sniff, and You're Within Beanshot of Boston

STRAPHANGER STILL THERE Fighters Adapt Home Methods to Trench Life and Decline to Be Thrilled

OLD TIME PIE ON MESS MENU Tour of New-England-in-France Takes Correspondent Through R-less But Familiar Region

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING 1st Lieut., U.S.M.C.R., Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

A two-day Cook's tour of New-England-in-France reveals the Yankee fighting man in some strange habitations.

But let no one be deceived by these outward aspects into assuming that the Yankee on the European battlefields has ceased to cling to his time-honored New England ways.

Shades of Cambridge Subway! Best index of all to the steadfastness of his habits, his company kitchen, in a sod dugout, still serves baked beans and New England dinners and pie.

Weren't Looking for 'Em, But— He took us out to a cliff dwelling village where a company that had been in the trenches for nearly a fortnight, and in the course of it had repelled a picked German surprise party, was quartered.

Nothing Doing on Thrillers After a few further hopeless attempts to get a thriller out of the cliff dwellers, we moved along down the road to another settlement.

THE GENERAL'S APARTMENT. The rear end of his room ran into the hillside, alcove-like, but the front was open to the light and shrapnel.

Even Wall Paper Practical The room was barely large enough to hold all of our party at once. The fact that the door opened in instead of out complicated matters immensely.

In No Hurry to Move Half a minute later we descended in pitch dark into an artificial Mammoth Cave. It once had been a huge quarry, where the limestone had been taken out by the piling process, working through the strata on the horizontal instead of as in our country, from the surface.

Yes, New England is still New England, even in the caves behind Chemin des Dames. One Yankee was whitening a stick. Another was tinkering with the inside of a watch.

WALK-OVER SHOES They bring a whiff of homelikeness. That's mighty welcome in this dugout where, hunched about by war's finesse, I dabble even stick my mug out.

FOR THE FOLKS BACK HOME Do the homefolks a good turn by having us send them THE STARS AND STRIPES every week.

ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS Saluting Manners

BY BRAN MASH The oldest and best families in the A.E.F.—a body which includes both the F.I.F.'s and the F.F.V.'s, those who came over in the Mayflower and those who came over in the transports—still adhere to the quaint, graceful and altogether pretty custom of saluting all commissioned officers; and the officers, in their turn, still adhere to the custom of returning the salutes of enlisted men.

ON THE WRONG TRACK "What," asked Private Bing in agitation, "what does this here pas bon mean in French?"

PAYDAY NIGHT "G'mon, Jimmy, we bought all the tobacco we needed down at the Q.M.S. this afternoon."

THINGS ONE LEARNS IN THIS MAN'S ARMY That the girl may send you candy and long letters and stuff like that, but it's the Old Folks that send the kind of sweaters that fit, the kind of tobacco you really want, and the news for which you really crave.

THANKING THE UNK Dear Unk— Those five cigars you sent. Yours truly are the proper fixtures; a long way to make up they went.

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the general's apartment. The rear end of his room ran into the hillside, alcove-like, but the front was open to the light and shrapnel.

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Yes, New England is still New England, even in the caves behind Chemin des Dames. One Yankee was whitening a stick. Another was tinkering with the inside of a watch.

ON THE WRONG TRACK "What," asked Private Bing in agitation, "what does this here pas bon mean in French?"

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