

AMERICAN TOMMIES CAN'T CHANGE OVER

Hundreds Have Applied for Transfer at the A.E.F. London Offices

CONFUSION IS AVOIDED

No Military End Would Be Served by Allowing Men to Quit British Forces

WELL-KNOWN YANKS ARRIVE

Ray Stannard Baker and Henry J. Allen Come Over to Do Their Bit for Cause

By GEORGE T. BYE London Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

LONDON, March 28.—Many a Yank foot in well-shined British Army shoes has clattered up the steps of the A.E.F. base section these last few days. Keep your eye on the shoes. They go in airily enough, considering their displacement. They straddle apart while their occupant gives the doorkeeper his name, age, dimensions of the mole of his knee and his favorite brand of cheese. The feet begin to jiggle about nervously. Then one leans on the other for comfort. When the doorkeeper has given the word they march deferentially into an interior office, and the heels click together while the thrill of a 100 per cent salute goes through the Tommy's whole anatomy.

But remember he's a Yank. His feet are fixed at the polite angle for a few minutes, then snap together for another heel click. When they march deferentially into an interior office, and the heels click together while the thrill of a 100 per cent salute goes through the Tommy's whole anatomy.

"They Don't Want Me"

"I had a hunch I would be kissed on both cheeks if I came in to be transferred," a Yank Tommy said today. "I've been waiting five months to come here. And they don't want me. Well, I'll be hanged. Here I was imagining they'd give me a commission because I've been two years in the British Army—more at least make me an N.G.O. And they don't want me."

Hankering Gets Strong

"Then when I heard they were at last in the trenches, and I was standing by in our lines at night and thinking that down just a little ways to my right was a whole crew of nothing but Americans, why the hankering to join 'em got stronger and stronger in me. And it would have been pretty swell to be a sergeant over 'em 'cause if they're fighting in British style, I know the system to a T."

Ray Baker Arrives

Ray Stannard Baker, of Amherst, Mass., is making our office at 13 Queen Anne's Gate his headquarters since he landed in London. He was one of our liveliest little radicals back home. And you remember how it came out about a year ago that "David Grayson," who used to write those dreamy, pastoral dithyrambs in the American Magazine under the general title of "Adventures in Concomitance" was none other than Ray Stannard Baker.

Boy, Page Henry Allen, of Wichita

If anybody sees Henry J. Allen you might tell him that William Allen White is sending an extra copy of the Emporia Gazette to this office for him. Or if Mr. Allen will send his French address, we will forward the copies.

NEW YORK'S MAYOR DOCTOR OF LETTERS

While Mr. Allen is working with the Red Cross his friends—the people of Kansas—are electing him governor of that State. Not a speech will Mr. Allen be able to make in his own behalf. There's a war on, and he feels his first place is alongside the Yanks in Europe. At the parties seem to have agreed on his election so you might be a little extra polite and call him "Governor Allen" when you tell him about those copies.

Don't forget that the F in A.E.F. means Forces, not Force. And don't write A.L.F. by mistake, unless you want your home mail to land in a regiment of Australians. They're good fellows, but they aren't interested in your letters.

SPRING THEN AND NOW

It's getting to be Spring back in the States now. It's getting real balmy up in New England. Think of course, it's been that way down South for a long time. The crocuses are just beginning to peep up in the formal gardens. In front of city halls, and in other places. Where people are paid to take care of them. And, too, in some places where people just do it because they like to.

Pretty soon the boys and girls will be going down to the streams to pick pussy-willows and perhaps to find The first dog-tooth violet of the season. And pretty soon the high school botany classes will be let loose Upon a peaceful and unoffending countryside To read it, literally, limb from limb. Under the supervision of hawk-nosed, female teachers. Who wouldn't recognize beauty if they stumbled over it. Ugh!

Pretty soon, too, the law's ban will be lifted from the trout streams. And many a youngster will be "not present or accounted for". At school assembly in the morning, but will be off. Glad in his father's rubber boots and fishing jacket, Whipping the waters, tempting the speckle-bellies. With many a well-chosen angle worm. And, too, Lots of old timers, in hats and other stupid institutions, Will close up shop for the day and seek the woods. And lie about their catches when they get home at night.

Ah, oui! Those Springs in the States were great fun. But you never know what to do with that Spring restlessness. That came on you in those days, all of a sudden. Over here, though, when that feeling comes on you. There are plenty of jobs, right at hand; plenty of outlets For your superfluous energy, stored up all winter. There are Boche snipers to hunt for in the treetops. Instead of the birds' eggs that we used to go after; There is wood to be gathered for the mess-kitchen fire. Instead of wood for the hut we were always going to build in the woods; And, too, there is the joy and speculation. As to which'll be the one to spot the first German officer of the Spring. Instead of the first robin.

We don't dig for bait any more—we dig for safety. And, instead of trying to fool the gamey fish with mottled flies. We try, and usually succeed, in fooling the Boche With well-laid-on camouflage.

CARUSO YIELDS TO CHARLIE'S BROGANS

Summer Movies to Succeed Opera at Exclusive Metropolitan

[By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Just like the able-bodied mules of New Jersey, the Metropolitan Opera House of New York has to go to work and work all the year round. Hitherto the great cavernous auditorium has stood silent and dark and lay for five months of the year, but the announcement has been made this year it will be turned over to the movies for those months. The world of fashion was frozen with horror at the news. It is said that five of the box-holders in the Golden Horseshoe fainted dead away at the thought of Caruso's throat giving way to Chaplin's feet.

The cultured few who think the Metropolitan is really not at its best unless it is presenting a Russian opera so strange and weird that no one will go to hear it are scandalized beyond expression. They say that the first mistake was made when they let their dear Geraldine Farrar marry on the side by doing "Carmen" for the camera. They feel that was the entering wedge, the beginning of the end. The movie stars may make three or four times as much in a year as Caruso does, but they cannot charge as much per show, and the popular lion has been immensely cheered by the news that the scale of prices for admission to the usually prohibitive Metropolitan will descend during the summer to the level of the ordinary pocketbook.

CRITIC'S OWN DRAMA PANNED BY JUDGE

Magistrate Thinks Alan Dale's Effort Belongs in Stable

[By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Alan Dale, the veteran dramatic critic, is a bitter bit. He, who has lambasted more plays on the New York stage than any other living creature, finally decided to write one himself, and even Chief Magistrate McAdoo, who hasn't interfered in the drama since the wild days of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," has taken a whack at it.

This play, which is called "The Madonna of the Future," is all about a lovely girl who is ever so anxious to experience the sacred responsibility of motherhood, but thinks she ought not to be bothered by such further details as marriage and a permanent husband. She airs this view with such gusto that portions of the outraged public repaired at once to the police court, where the Chief Magistrate, in agreeing to enter into a complaint, called this little fight in dramatic criticism: "The heroine says her highest ideal of maternity is that of the cow. I suggest that the proper place for the play would be a stable instead of a theater, with dialogue by veterinarians."

NEW YORK'S MAYOR DOCTOR OF LETTERS

Hylan Out-Gaynors Gaynor As Writer of Tart Epistles

[By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Mayor Hylan has dined on the city as another Mayor Gaynor, thereby proving that Brooklyn the place where ready letter writers and creators of winged phrases are produced.

Despite the high cost of news print paper, the newspapers have to give him space daily because of his original remarks that seem decidedly. The city chuckles over the Hylan letter to the Interborough Company, in regard to that concern's gentle request for a six cent fare. The mayor suggests in his letter that the city's partnership in the rapid transit business seems limited to putting up occasional millions.

BALL GAME STAGED WITHIN HUN RANGE

Doughboys Play Full Nine Innings Despite Shrapnel Shower

HEAVY HITTING IS FEATURE

Office Bench-Warmers Upset All Dope by Knocking Out 14 to 12 Victory

What was probably the first ball game to be staged by the A.E.F. within home-run range of the Boches, with Hun aviators occupying dead-end seats in the sky, and with shrapnel splinters and other delicate offerings taking the place of the pop bottles and straw cushions that usually vend their way upwards in the course of an exciting contest, took place the other day somewhere along the western front where a certain infantry regiment was resting in between spasms of sliding into Fritzie spikes first.

There were no peanut shells chucked around the lots, but there were a lot of other kinds of shells, and all served hot. There weren't any hot dogs, but up in the sky, not far off, were a bunch of sausage balloons that almost looked the part. What score cards there were the artillery observers kept. In fact, they recorded some near hits from anti-aircraft guns within 200 feet of the diamond.

But that didn't disturb the contesting nines at all. It wasn't the first time they'd played off the home grounds, and they weren't a bit stage-struck. And as for the attentions which the Boche showered upon them? "Ball," they'd holler, when a shell came whizzing over their way. "Too high, Fritz; gosh, you're way up in the air!"

All Dope Upset

It was some game, all right, but it upset all the dope. Who would imagine that those careworn and back-bent doughboys who toil all day and half the night in a regimental adjutant's office could squeeze out to the good at the end of nine innings with a balance of two runs in their favor, winning against such hardy outdoor sons of Mother Nature as a detachment recruited from the pioneers and the signal platoons? But that's what happened. The office-bench warmers put it over the pioneers and the signal platoons by a score of 14 to 12, in spite of the latter's wig-wagging and semaphoring and morse-coding from the coaching boxes.

Another way in which it upset the dope was in the time it took to run through the nine innings. The game, despite the shrapnel, the offerings of the aerial gallery, and the state of the turf and everything, took only one hour and 40 minutes. And, for a game played by men who haven't had a chance to go out for training, it was productive of heavy stuff. One homer, three three-baggers, five two-cushion clouts, and nine safe lingers constituted the gist of the day's work. We said the artillery had a monopoly on the long-range business?

The Muster Roll

To make the story perfectly military and everything, here are the figures and the muster rolls of the opposing nines, together with the game's vital statistics:

Table with columns for DETACHMENT, ADJUTANT'S OFFICE, and player names like Moore, Catcher, etc.

500 Wildcat Corporations Swindle Even Scrub-women

[By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—With the District Attorney's Forces in the Field on the Wall Street Front—After a violent publicity bombardment the other night, District Attorney Swann, aided and abetted by a small force of volunteers picked from a whole office full of volunteers, went over the top of the Woolworth building and descended into the bayou of Wall Street, under cover of a heavy barrage of writs of mandamus, habeas corpus, nix vonica, et al., and bagged a considerable number of wildcat promoters.

The raiding party returned safely, and the captured promoters, who appeared extraordinarily fit and healthy for enemy troops, yielded up valuable information relative to the operations of their kind in the financial sector. From the information gleaned by this daring raid for prisoners, the District Attorney is able to state that he believes there are fully 500 fake corporations in New York floating the stock of everything from oil to aircraft guns. In fact, he has copied one general financier who confesses to having collected a commission of \$250 on each share of stock sold by him—and the shares sold for \$250 apiece.

No name, it has been proven by the prisoners' depositions, is too small for the wildcat promoters. They have gathered in the savings of even the scrub-women of Wall Street. And as for head waiters—

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MORTALLY HURT, SERGEANT HELPS WOUNDED MATES

Continued from Page 1

Corps in commanding a field battery, won the Cross "for bold initiative and prudence" in conducting to a place of safety a party of 60 men who had been repairing and constructing communication lines in the vicinity of Ft. de Manonville. When this was done, Capt. Smith went back for a mortally wounded soldier who nearly fell exhausted until he had brought him in.

CAPT. PHILIP J. McCAULEY and LIEUT. W. E. WORD, Artillery, conducted the movements of their battery in the action of March 5 near Pexonne, and are credited, along with Lieut. Terrell, with valuable service in sustaining the morale of the men.

CAPT. CHARLES J. CASEY and CAPT. LLOYD D. ROSS showed a special gallantry which won the commendation of their colonel and brigade commander while in command of their companies on March 5 in a two-company attack on the Boche trenches which was made along with French troops.

LIEUT. J. P. ROSENWALD, Medical Corps, who was attached to an artillery regiment during this same action, "twice entered the battery position under heavy fire" in his business of caring for the wounded.

LIEUT. H. H. DAVIES, Medical Reserve Corps, an American surgeon now on duty with the British Expeditionary Forces, is decorated for bravery displayed so long ago as January 8. Under unremitting shell fire, he entered a dug-out and stayed there after it had been blown in because there were men there who needed him.

The life of a British soldier was saved because this surgeon was there to amputate his leg.

HELLO GIRLS HERE IN REAL ARMY DUDS

Continued from Page 1

ing a hello girl to do up her hair in twice that time! The 33 were selected after a drastic combing-out process, after a call had been sent out for 150 bilingual operators, and had been answered by 1,750 applicants. All 33 are equally at home to "Voulez-vous me donner le Capitaine Blanc," and "Lemme speaka Cap'n Blank, please!" They can answer with "Oui, mon Commandant, attendez un moment," or "Yes, Major, just wait a minute, please." In short, they are capable plus.

A bystander, who hadn't been properly introduced to the group, proffered some chewing gum and was promptly and properly snatched.

When Private Duffy's mail came in they found a letter from Berlin. At first they thought they'd shoot him, but but "Twas from Berlin, Connecticut."

PORTRAITS IN OIL COLORS

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PIES AND DOUGHNUTS FOR MEN UP FRONT

Salvation Army Provides for More Than Spiritual Comfort

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Twelve Huts Already Established Include "Farthest North" Trench Clubs

The Yankee general who first introduced me to the work of the Salvation Army with the A.E.F. was gracious enough to have me to dinner before I spent a night in the American trenches. The dinner was a fair one and ended with a fine apple pie, the first pie I have had in nine months in Europe, with the crust crisp and neatly kneaded just like mother's kind back home.

"You must have conspired the chef of the Waldorf-Astoria and brought him over with you," I said, smacking my lips.

"No; we owe that pie to the Salvation Army," he smiled, "just as we owe a great deal of the comfort of our men to the Salvation Army."

"The Salvation Army—from back home—with lambdines and bass drums?"

"That same Salvation Army," he said. "Our men in the trenches up here have found a good friend in the Salvation Army; and I say this without prejudice against any other organization. Their attitude toward the boys is that of a mother. When it grows the Salvation Army is going to be the 'Big Mother' of the A.E.F., or I'm mistaken. They treat every fellow, rough or refined, as if they loved him. You have only to read the soldiers' letters, as we do in censoring the mail, to realize how much the Salvation Army has done for our boys—and how much they would miss its peculiar ministering care.

"Captain—, before you go up front with Mr. Bye tonight, take him over to the Salvation Army hut, please, and let him have a talk with the ensign."

A Safe Road to Traverse

This was brigade headquarters where I was dining. In the deserted village roundabout came the Yanks for a rest on their relief periods. As we scrambled down the road in the black night, the earth shook occasionally with the violent shock of an American battery going off in a burst of light splashes of light came with their gun bursts. The Huns were sending nothing over at the time, so the road was not deserted. We found clusters of Yanks strolling along in the same direction we were going. Intermittently we could hear a throbbing of bombs.

In a large wrecked barn, covered over with canvas and queerly lighted by two large oil lamps, we found the Salvation Army host to a chattering crowd. This place probably will be famous in memoirs some day. David Belasco could not have found lamps or rough tables or anything else sketched a setting as gripping as this "battle parlor." Nor could he imitate the realism of that disturbance in the trenches just down the road.

Too close to the firing line to be comfortable, here was a happy party in full swing. The hut was packed, too crowded in fact for the many demonstrations of how certain important bomb was thrown and how a certain critical long point job was sent home.

Open All the Time

"And how long is this place open?" I asked them. All the time, they answered. This was their club. They could come in at any hour and light up the lamps. It wasn't very classy, they said, but it would be better when the Salvation Army had more money to spend.

"You ought to tell what fine work these people are doing over here," one private from Brooklyn suggested. "I don't know what you'd do without them. Did you know that this is the last place down the road? The Salvation Army is even closer to the trenches than headquarters."

Certainly I had never seen women as close to the firing line as any front before. Are they closer to the hearts of our boys because they are closest to their dangers? Then I talked with the staff of three at the hut, two women and one man. One of the women is young and beautiful, beautiful with the beauty of goodness. She said they had established the hut shortly after the boys marched up to the trenches. Her parents had allowed her to go to France because they believed she would not get in the actual battle zone.

"And see where I am now," she beamed. "Yes, the shelling does get on my nerves at times, then I think how much worse the lot of the boys down the road in those swamy trenches. I think I have had my worst fright at night when the jarring of the guns shakes our pans and kettles off the table. You know, we sleep right back there, and those pans make a horrible racket when they fall."

Cookies, Doughnuts, Pies

There were a number of "those pans" in sight. In them the two women make cookies, doughnuts, and pies for our boys—the kind of things they liked to eat back home and that you cannot send over wrapped in packages—and these Salvation Army huts are the only places where they can be found in Europe. There are 12 of them on our front, and the number will soon be doubled.

On the day I was there the two women had found time, when ministering to the men, to make 1,500 doughnuts, 2,500 cookies and 50 pies, not including countless cups of coffee. I hope I am giving no military information when I say that the doughnuts, cookies and pies disappeared in jig time. The little things would have gone the same way, but it was reserved for the general's mess.

"The boys are just dear," said the Salvation Army lassie. "The ensign and I set toward them just like mothers. In fact, quite a few of the men and I'm proud of it. Sometimes some of them are at the point of tears—not from fear but from desolation. Perhaps they were expecting a bunch of letters from home, and none came. That's when we can be most helpful. The work of the Salvation Army is usually among people who want to cry."

"When do you hold services?" "Not very often," she replied. "We simply try to be good to the boys. If any of them want to talk of God and their souls, they find us ready enough. But this is usually just a quiet chat with one or two of them. They are all fine boys, and I don't think they have to worry much about their souls, do you?" GEORGE T. BYE.

TO THE KID SISTER

You were only a kid, little sister, When I started over the sea. But you've grown quite a lot since I came here.

And you've written a letter to me, And nobody knows that you wrote it— It's a secret—and we'll keep it well, Your brother and you and the ocean, And nobody's going to tell.

You were only a tot when I left you, I remember, I bid you goodbye. And kissed you, a little bit flustered, And you promised you never And would cry.

But I know that you cried, little sister, As soon as I'd gone out the door. And did I cry myself? I'm a soldier, So don't ask me anything more.

I think of you often, kid sister— You're the only kid sister I've got— I know you'll be good to your mother, And I know that you'll help her.

And whenever she seems to be gloomy, You've just got to cheer her somehow. You were only a kid to your brother, But you're more than the world to him now.

ONE YANKEE UNIT WEARS FOURRAGERE

Trench Mortar Section Must Come Again to Achieve Decoration

In its issue of March 15, THE STARS AND STRIPES printed a story concerning the awards of Croix de Guerre to American troops serving on the Chemin des Dames front, in which it was said of the work of a certain trench mortar section:

"The whole section is cited by the French. This probably means the Fourragere. It will be the first fourragere won by the Americans."

A correspondent informs THE STARS AND STRIPES that it is in error there on two counts. He points out that, while the fourragere, a unit must be cited twice, and in Army, not in corps or other orders. As this was the first citation accorded the trench mortar section, it will have to—as it doubtless will—repeat its former feat of bravery in order to qualify.

The other count—of interest to the whole A.E.F.—is this: The fourragere has already been won and is worn by Americans. Section Sauveteur Americaine No. 5-646, attached to the French Army, is the fortunate outfit. THE STARS AND STRIPES extends its congratulations to the ambulance unit, thus honored, and is sorry indeed that it did not know of the receipt of the decoration before.

THINGS ONE LEARNS ON THIS MAN'S PAPER

That the highbrow dramatic critic of an exclusive periodical can stuff cotton in a shell-stocked guy's ears and bind up a busted jaw for him with the best of the medics.

That the wild-eyed marine cartoonist can make himself useful as well as amusing by painting signs such as "This Road is Under Fire: Keep Off It," and "This Fountain Water is the Best Available, But UNSAFE."

That a guy who put in four years on a super-highbrow New England daily's copy desk can still, after that trying experience, concoct a headline with some zip in it.

That a bird who practiced at the newspaper profession in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Sacramento is willing to concede that Paris has it on at least two of them.

That the gink who used to write nut-stuff by order for frivolous night city editors to chat over and kill can occasionally deliver himself of a serious contribution—under threat.

That the champion base-pot parlor snacker of all France can work the same tactics on metropolitan baguette-eaters and chefs de gare and get away with it.

That a Q.M. sergeant is actually able to do something practical, such as straightening out circulation.

That a force of British composers is not only able to set up American humor, but also really able to improve on it, at times.

HEARST BOOM RIDES WAYS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 28.—Everybody is wondering who will run for Governor of New York State on the Democratic ticket. District Attorney Swann is still apparently in the running, but a quiet boom was launched last week for William Randolph Hearst—in the same Brooklyn political center, it is noted, where the Hyman majority boom was launched.

Prospectives of last fall, which included Director of Railroads McAdoo among the possibilities for the gubernatorial nomination, seem to have vanished into thin air. Secretary McAdoo is busy with other and more important things than politics, as are the other likely candidates.

SIGMA CHI DINNER POSTPONED

Owing to the inability of the United States Minister to Belgium, Brand Whitlock, to be present as the guest of honor, the monthly dinner of the Sigma Chi Fraternity men in France will not be held on April 6 as announced. The new date of the dinner will be given later.

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ARMY M. D. TURNS COUNTRY DOCTOR

American Medico Cares for Health of Many French Villages

A.E.F.'s WELFARE INVOLVED

War Has Taken Civilian Physicians from Large Part of Our Billet Area

Artistic fitness would decree that the doctor to the civilian population in such a town as this should make his rounds on horseback, an old grey mare preferred, and carry his instruments and medicines in a saddlebag. It is an aged little village of stone houses, practically all facing on one long main street; a little square and a town pump in the heart of it. Four-fifths of the population, barring a company of American soldiers who are billeted there, are old folks and women and children. In short, it is a typical billet town, a little way back of the western battle front.

But the doctor to the townsfolk of Billeville is a modern of the moderns—an American Army medic in O.D. with a caduceus on his cap. He makes his rounds in a Ford touring car which bears the words, "American Red Cross" on its sides in red paint stencil. A chauffeur and a trained nurse accompany him. He covers more ground in a morning than a saddlebag doctor would attempt in a long day.

The explanation of all this is that the health of the civilian population in a billet town is a matter of considerable importance to the American Army. Just how important may be judged from the fact that in one village chosen for billeting the doctor found 70 cases of measles in a population of 400, and in others they have discovered measles, typhoid, diphtheria, and other diseases. Few of these small towns have local physicians. Some of them never did have any. In others the war has taken the doctor into army service. The largest town in the district has, at present, only one civilian physician. The army doctor fills these vacancies. The Red Cross furnishes everything else that is necessary, a central hospital, nurses and internes, cars and ambulances and medical supplies.

Making Rounds of Villages

In each of 21 villages such as Billeville lying within a radius of 50 kilometers of the central hospital, the American Medical Service for the civilian population rents a room for consultations. Here, twice a week or more, the doctor on the route reports for a sick list, then makes his rounds of the village.

He is the particular friend of mothers and children and aging old folks. There is only one sort of case with which the population will not, as yet, trust him. That is childbirth. French mothers still cling to the old custom of having the midwife bring their babies into the world.

The central hospital is on a hillside in the outskirts of the largest town of the district. Ten small wooden barracks house the hospital's four wards. About half of the patients at present are children. "One of the most pitiful cases is a little fellow who was disfigured and blinded by picking up a hand grenade. He makes no more complaint about his condition than the others, but sits in a camp chair out in the sun-shine, as stoically as a wounded polio.

Most of the cases are not particularly serious. Much of the doctors' work consists in treating the ordinary ailments of childhood.

Heartiest Sort of Welcome

The civilian population has given the American doctors the heartiest sort of welcome.

In one district a local physician complained that the Red Cross had treated one of his patients and was trespassing on professional preserves. As the A.M.S.C.P. is careful to try to avoid doing anything of that sort, the town in which this patient resides was stricken off the calling list.

A week later it was put back again at the request of the Mayor and almost the entire population. The townspeople proved that no point of ethics had been doing a service that never had been rendered to the town before.

AND HER HAIR TURNED GREEN

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 28.—A lady—a perfect lady—has sued a beauty parlor specialist for \$5,000 damages. The damages consist in the fact that the beauty doctor that he could change her gray hair back to black. Instead, he made it green.

While that might have been all very well if the lady were to go around making speeches before the Clarendon-Gauguin which she isn't—it isn't all very well when she just has to live around Manhattan. In her petition, the lady claims that green hair is not fashionable, and that she objects to being made to resemble a suburban front lawn.

THE FRIENDLESS BONNET

Slim—Speaking of that overseas cap, do you like it? Hank—Not any more than my face, but God gave me one, and the Government the other.

A HAIR RAISING WHEEZE

M.C.: What d'ye think of my mus-tache? Q.M.: Not bad; that is, for a new issue.

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UNCLE SAM TO AUSTRALIA

(In reply to the verses from "Aussie," the Australian soldiers' magazine, welcoming Uncle Sam to the Western Front, which were reprinted in a recent issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES).

We thank you, old Aussie, and here's our hand on it! To know guys like you is a pride: The cut of your jib, and the slant of your bonnet Show there's plenty of guts 'neath your hide.

You're spick-and-span sojers, and fighters as well, As we've gathered by readin' about you; And we know it will be a damn good day in hell Ere the Hun from a sector can rout you!

Yes, we're "absolute glad that we've joined in the fray And have ferried to Fritz's true light"; And, with your mighty help, we will blast Fritz away, And on Kaisers and such put the blight.

We know you've seen scrapping these three years of war; We are proud to belong to a race That numbers such men who, with de-spise mind and gore, Will ne'er to the Boches give place.

We've learned that kind dealing is lost on the Hun, And that squareness is not in his line; So we're after the peck of the son-of-a-gun Whom we swear to drive back o'er the Rhine!

We're glad to hop over the trenches with you, For we couldn't have comrades more splendid; May Australia's flag and the red, white and blue Be on top when the conflict is ended!

So thank you again; you have cheered us a heap, and we welcome you jolly; The war may be long and the path may be steep, But we're in to the finish, by golly!

BELGIAN VETERAN FED ON BEET-ROOTS

Alumnus of a Ghastly German Prison Rejoices to Find France so Full

In the lobby of a certain Paris hotel, looking out across the square, you can find any day now a weary old Belgian merchant whose years have almost reached the Scriptural three-score-and-ten and who is trying vainly to banish from his thoughts the poisonous memories of a German prison camp where, with thousands of others of many nationalities, men and women, soldiers and civilians, he was held captive for more than a year. Now, separated from his wife, who is at her home in Brussels, he is helplessly waiting the end of the war.

Mr. X was dragged off to Germany, because, as a matter of principle and on the strength of the Hague conventions, he refused to give up certain possessions the invaders of his country demanded for the use of their army. Of course, they took the possessions anyway and they took him, too, as a horrible example to such of his neighbors as might also happen to have inconvenient principles.

WILSON

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Address all communications to THE STARS AND STRIPES 1 Rue des Italiens, PARIS

WHO TOOK THIS TOP'S BORROWED BICYCLE?

We Can't Do This with Every "Lost" Ad - Besides, It May Not Work

FOUND—One top sergeant still possessed of a sense of humor. Rather, one acting top sergeant to hope for a regular top with a penchant for japey would be to expect the impossible. Acting top he is, of Co. K of the — what did you say its name was?—Infantry; and this is what he writes us:

"Inasmuch as I have read all of the one copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES which has come this way, I consider myself a constant reader and entitled to make unreasonable requests.

"Therefore, would you mind stating in your next issue, if you don't care to get out a special edition containing this dope, that if the fellow who swiped a bicycle I borrowed the other night will drop me a line giving me his address, I shall be glad to send him a receipt for 250 francs I paid the owner to keep from being prosecuted to the full extent of the law, whatever that is.

"I believe the bike, when new, cost fully *cinquante francs*. Antiques, however, are of course more valuable than articles which carry a disgusting shabbiness around with them."

"This done. Here it is, stated in, our next issue. We'd "get out a special edition containing this dope" if it weren't for the fact that we're trying to get out a payroll, and trying to get out a payroll, and trying to get out a payroll, in addition to getting out the regular number of THE STARS AND STRIPES, i.e., this one. But there are the facts; and if the rogue, jackanapes, thug, embezzler, near-floche, culprit, and all around naughty-naughty who swiped that bike doesn't come across in short order, we'd appreciate knowing about it.

"There you are, Sergeant Murray Cain. Does that strike your august fancy? (P.S.—We know how you feel. They've swiped 'em on us, too.)

BONDS NOT TRANSFERABLE

Liberty Bonds subscribed for under the Army allotment system are not transferable until the payments are completed, according to a ruling from the War Department recently received at G.H.Q., A.E.F. No transfers of bonds from the party designated on the allotment form will be permitted unless such transfers are necessary because of the death of the designated party, or for similar reasons, the ruling adds.

The approval of a soldier's organization commander, together with a statement of the reasons "that make the transfer necessary, is essential in each case before the change will be permitted.

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The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1918.

THE FIRST D.S.C.s

To the first winners of the Distinguished Service Cross, the most American decoration awarded for "extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy," the proud reverence of the A.E.F. goes out.

BELGIUM

Most of us in the A.E.F. have, by reason of our geographical situation in France, seen too little of our Belgian Allies.

LET'S GO

Nothing is more stimulating to a soldier than the thought that his country is solidly behind him. We will feel better over here and fight better if we know that every able-bodied man in the United States is "doing his damndest" to help us win.

DOWN WITH "SAMMIE"

A Sammie may be defined as an American soldier as he appears in an English newspaper or a French cinema flash. It is a name he did not invent; does not like, never uses and will not recognize.

ARE YOU A CRICHTON?

Once upon a time the gentle Barrie, whose earnings as a writer have been poured into the British hospital work since first the war was on, wrote a comedy called "The Admirable Crichton."

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

News are plentiful these nice spring days. Now is the time to subscribe to THE STARS AND STRIPES.

DR. BRAUER'S DOPE

Disparagement of German-Americans in the part of semi-official lecturers in Germany, in an effort to explain the loyalty of German-descended Americans to the United States, is part of the stock-in-trade of German internal propaganda nowadays.

DRAFTED MILITIA OFFICERS

Upon the draft of the National Guard into the Federal service officers thereof become officers of the United States Army and can thereafter be discharged only under Section 9 of the Act of May 15, 1917.

Wounded boys will carry it back to base hospitals and ammunition train drivers will spread it to the base ports. Some reporter will hear it at some distant bar and put it into the story he has to write that night.

EASTER IN WAR TIME

This is the first war-time Easter for us Americans. True, we entered the war on Good Friday of last year, and were technically in the war by the following Easter—technically, but not practically.

"THE YANKS ARE COMING"

The new song beginning, "The Yanks are coming," would be more popular over here if it were not about ourselves. It would be egotistical of us to sing it too much.

BLESS HIM!

A bird I like Is Ronnie Herman: He never quotes From General Sherman.

THE SOLDIER'S CREDO

This was his bomb and shell and gun: I like it. Sometimes it isn't any fun: I like it.

THE LISTENING POST

LINES ON TAKING A NEW JOB

When I was a civilian in the typing days of peace, I spilled a column daily, sans vacation or surcease.

NO GLOOM IS RIGHT

Under the heading, "No Gloom in Paper Perishing's Men Edit," the New York Times of February 28 has these things to say of the initial number of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

THE FIRST EASTER

ST. JOHN, 20

THE first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

HOW THEY'RE GETTING ON AT HOME

BY A RECENT ARRIVAL

I know a woman in Terre Haute, who, when I left, had a little cold; and a man I rode next to on the Sixth Avenue Elevated in New York had dandruff; but generally speaking I can say that the folks at home are well.

The Listening Post

When I used to write a column on the New York Mail. The years continued flitting, as the years are wont to do.

THE LISTENING POST

They had one of those pre-season games at home the other day, the Dodgers and the Red Sox—or, as they are slangily termed, the Brooklyn Nationals and the Boston Americans.

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"Sire, again the people ask for bread." "Well, well, kerl! issue a thousand more Iron Crosses."

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SEEING THE DOC AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

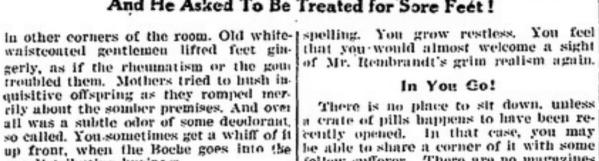
Army Methods Differ from Those of Home Town M.D.—You Don't Get a Bill the First of the Month, for Instance

Member going to see the doctor in the States? Not a cheerful performance at best, was it? No? But going to see the doctor—beg pardon, the lieutenant or captain—in the Army in France is something else again. (Voice: "You said something there.")

what wind is left in your sails after that greeting. "I'm sick—honest to goodness, I am—couldn't sleep a wink all night, and—"

Shifting your eyes, your gaze fell on a lot of diplomas, written in Latin as far as it would go, and English the rest of the way, designed to put you hep, if you knew Latin, to the allegation that the doc, in spite of his calling, was a good scout and knew something about his job.

Once there, you stand in line out in a janitor's hall. Regulations provide that Army infirmaries and medical offices shall always be placed in the coldest, dampest and most thoroughly unsanitary buildings in the village occupied by the troops if they are supposed to serve.



And He Asked To Be Treated for Sore Feet!

In other corners of the room. Old white-waistcoated gentlemen lifted feet gingerly, as if the pneumonia or the gonorrhea troubled them. Mothers tried to hush inquisitive offspring as they romped merrily about the somber premises. And over all was a subtle odor of some deodorant, so called. You sometimes get a whiff of it up front, when the Boche goes into the gas distributing business.

spelling. You grow restless. You feel that you would almost welcome a sight of Mr. Rembrandt's grim realism again.

"Um!" "Um," the doctor would say, stroking his facial landscape gardening, when you had conceded your tale of woe. "That's not bad, quite too bad. Let's see what can be done about it. You had better lay off for a couple of days, at any rate. Take this prescription, and get it filled and administer one of the tablets internally every hour and three-quarters, varying them with the powder. I will also prescribe for you, then, about three days from now, you might come in and see me again.

In short, in the Army medical practice, you are adjudged guilty until you prove yourself innocent. To prove yourself free from blame for having contracted what you have, you have to answer such questions as:

But in the Army? You know the song: "Wake up in the morning, feelin' mighty ill; Go to the hospital to get a quinine pill. And if the doctor kills you, he doesn't give a damn— He's only doin' his duty by good ole Uncle Sam!"

The boob has been sitting in a Y.M.C.A. shack, listening to a lecture by Sir Henry Somebody, M.P. After a while he nudged his neighbor and remarked in a stage whisper:

AS WE KNOW THEM THE CAPTAIN

He's got the longest pair of legs that ever came to France. And when he takes us on a hike, it's sure a merry dance: He's got the longest meentry, too; 'cause when we ask for leave He always has a Something on our records up his sleeve.

HORSE GOOD AS NURSE FOR WOUNDED CAPTAIN

By NORMAN P. DRAPER Correspondent of the "Mediated Press" with the A.E.F. In the ward of an American hospital at the rear of our sector to the north-west of Toul, a horse stuck his head through a window opened to admit warm, spring-like air, and by his grace, charged up a wounded American officer. The officer had asked to see the animal and it was brought from the line by an orderly.

For some months now the officer has affectionately cared for his mount. Before the artillery unit to which the officer belonged moved up to the line, he and the horse were together every day all day and sometimes all night. They understood each other perfectly.

In the Thick of It The captain was in the thick of it, and during the time when German shells were falling heaviest around our guns, he was obliged to go out into the open to give orders to some of his men. A shell dropped near and exploded and a splinter tore into the captain's chest. Three days later he was in an evacuation hospital within sound of his own guns and declared to be a danger to his condition. It was feared by his friends that he would die.

"Here's the Captain's Horse" The orderly spoke to the ward doctor. The ward doctor spoke to the surgeon in charge of the hospital, "brought to artillery headquarters. And soon after an orderly came galloping up the road to the hospital and dismounted.

Bill Needs No Urging But the horse had heard a voice he knew and he put his head inside the ward window without any urging. There was his master lying flat on his back, a small bandage around his head where just a little piece of rock had hit. And pinned to the pillow of his cot was a little bronze cross suspended from a green and red ribbon—the Croix de Guerre.

Maps for All Fronts Plans, Guides, Aeronautic Maps for American Officers and Soldiers. CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE (Librairie des Cartes Campbell) 9, Rue Saint-Lazare, Paris (opposite Sully Station, Nord-Train, Notre-Dame-de-Lorette).

Standard-Bearers of America! You have come to the Home of Perrier The Champagne of Table Waters. Delicious with lemon, sirops, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France. DRINK IT TO-DAY. PARIS, 36bis Boulevard Haussmann

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities Dear Miss Info:—I am a young infantryman, 19 1/2 years old. When I left the States the June I was going around with steady promised to write me every day. I don't get letters from her every day. Is she unfaithful to me? Yours, X.

Dear Miss Info:—I fell in love with a girl just before I left, without having a chance to tell her about it. I am a little bit shy of writing and telling her, because such things look so different in plain black and white, and besides, the Lieutenant who censors my stuff would get wise and probably kid the pants off me. What shall I do?

Write her by all means, dear, loyal lad! The Lieut who reads it won't know the difference. The chances are he was young himself once, if he isn't already. As for the way the young lady will take it, you should worry. You won't be around when she reads it, so what do you care? Anything goes in war-time.

Certainly not! She probably doesn't know what full of Bull means. Anyway, don't resent it until you're sure of getting a tobacco supply from somewhere else.

Dear Miss Info:—I have fallen in love with a French girl, and don't know how to break it to my old girl back home. What shall I do? Baffled.

FRENCH WAR POSTERS Do not fail to call and see the best collection in Paris, or SEND 50 FRANCS for 12 CHOICE ONES. POST FREE IN FRANCE OR U.S.A. BRENTANO'S 37 Avenue de l'Opera, PARIS.

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FOR THE KAISER: APRIL SHOWERS--OF SHELLS

Now April dances into view, With laughing eye and brow serene; She hums a springtime song for you, From lips incarnadine.

She brings again the baseball days, Where, perched upon the bleacher's top, We slide again to boyhood ways, And gurgie soda-pop.

COOPER GOES WEST, BUT MAY NOT STAY

Former Phillies' Outfielder Frightens Los Angeles Club Owners

LAJOIE CAN'T SEE ROBINS

Toronto Player Issues Strong Denial When Brooklyn Announces His Purchase

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 28.—(Claude Cooper, former outfielder of the Phillies who has been sent to the Los Angeles club of the Pacific Coast League, shocked the owners of the Angels into an almost fatal condition by demanding a salary of \$7,000. This is only \$1,000 more than was offered. The owners now are being urged back to consciousness and it is probable that they will see Cooper in a place a whole lot warmer than Los Angeles before they will pay his price.

The Louisville club of the American Association has purchased pitcher James Parnham from the Baltimore club of the International League. The pre-season series between Pittsburgh and the Athletics at Jacksonville, Florida, started with a victory for the Pirates. The score was five to four.

The New York legislature has put the Sunday baseball bill on the regular calendar, which is regarded by the fans as a delicate way of burying it for another year.

The Brooklyn club announced that it had captured the minor league prize of the season by purchasing Napoleon Lajoie from Toronto for \$10,000. Lajoie promptly issued a denial, saying he has promised to manage the Indianapolis club this year and considers the Brooklyn club clear off the map.

Manager McGraw at his Marlin training camp released Catcher Jack Onslow to the Kansas City club of the American Association. Manager Gausel of the Kansas City team has arranged with McGraw, it was announced, to take over all the surplus talent of the Giants.

The New York Yankees, training in the south, beat Camp Wheeler's best team by a score of 10 to 1 at Macon, Ga. The big hitters for the Yankees were Pratt and Bodie. Pratt hit safe four times out of five up and drove in two runs. Bodie made two singles and a double and drove in three runs.

There is no unusual frantic excitement this week among baseball scribblers over the critical baseball situation. Specialists in post-mortems are insisting that the International League has quit, but International authorities have refrained from announcing the funeral, if there is to be one.

SHARP BARGAINING IN BASEBALL MART

Big League Managers Put in Busy Season Swapping Lineups

So many trades were made in the big leagues during the winter that the fans over here will hardly be able to recognize some of the major league clubs. Following is a list of the deals closed to date:

- AMERICAN LEAGUE
Pratt, second base, from St. Louis to New York; Plank, pitcher, from St. Louis to New York; Gideon, second base, from New York to St. Louis; Malsb, second base, from New York to St. Louis; Shoemaker, pitcher, from New York to St. Louis; Cullip, pitcher, from New York to St. Louis; money involved \$15,000.
Shotton, centerfield, from St. Louis to Washington; Lavan, shortstop, from St. Louis to Washington; Gallia, pitcher, from Washington to St. Louis; money involved \$15,000.

- McInnis, first base, Philadelphia to Boston; Cady, catcher, from Philadelphia to Philadelphia; Gardner, third base, from Boston to Philadelphia; Walker, centerfield, from Boston to Philadelphia. Manager Mack's assorted selections.
Schang, catcher, Philadelphia to Boston; Bush, pitcher, from Philadelphia to Boston; Strunk, centerfielder, from Philadelphia to Boston; Green, pitcher, from Boston to Philadelphia; Thomas, catcher, from Boston to Philadelphia; Kopf, centerfield, from Boston to Philadelphia; money involved \$20,000; Bodie to Yankees for Hims by Athletics.
NATIONAL LEAGUE
Alexander, pitcher, from Philadelphia to Chicago; Kilifer, catcher, from Philadelphia to Chicago; Billoeffer, catcher, from Chicago to Philadelphia; Pendergast, pitcher, from Chicago to Philadelphia; money involved \$50,000.
Williams, centerfield, from Chicago to Philadelphia; Baskett, centerfield, from Philadelphia to Chicago.
Doyle, second base, from Chicago to Boston; Wilson, catcher, from Chicago to Boston; Tyler, pitcher, from Boston to Chicago; money involved \$15,000.
Doyle, second base, from Boston to New York; Barnes, pitcher, from Boston to New York; Herzog, second base, from New York to Boston.
Catslaw, second base, from Brooklyn to Pittsburgh; Stengel, centerfield, from Brooklyn to Pittsburgh; Mann, pitcher, from Pittsburgh to Brooklyn; money involved \$10,000.
Ward, leftfield, from Pittsburgh to Brooklyn.

PING BODIE WITH YANKS

Francisco Pizzola, better known to the baseball fraternity as Ping Bodie, finally has landed where it was intended he should some time ago. That is, if he would appear, had destined Ping for the New York Yankees, but they were thwarted several times. Captain Huston tried to get Bodie last year again, but he was talked out of it and the fence master remained with the Athletics. With the newly Athletics Ping made good and it looked as though the White Sox pulled a "home" when they let him go.

In giving Bodie for George Burns, Connie Mack has weakened his outfield to get a root first base gunman, as he needed a man badly after Stuffy McInnis was traded to the Red Sox. Ping, a happy-go-lucky player, should make a hit in New York, and his presence should also be a financial asset to the club, as he is a drawing card.

Terry McGovern's estate was valued at only \$10,000 at the time of his death. Charley White, Chicago, stopped Joe Uptegraff in two rounds at Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.

RAY SETS INDOOR MARK

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 28.—(Joe Ray, the great Illinois Athletic Club sprinter, holder of the 1000 yard indoor championship, made a new indoor record for the three-quarter mile run at Madison Square Garden. He made the distance in three minutes, four and four-fifths seconds, wiping out the record of three minutes, seven seconds made by Joe Driscoll in 1917. Ray continued to the mile mark in an effort to break that record also, but failed, his time being four minutes, 10 and four-fifths seconds.

An excellent race developed between Ray, Mike Devaney, of the Boston Navy Yard, national half mile champion, and Eddie Fall, of the Greek Lakes Naval Training Station, former champion and record holder. Devaney took the lead and opened a 15 yard gap on Ray. He continued to lead the field at the end of the fourth lap, but Ray took the lead in the fifth and went like the wind, winning by 25 yards over Devaney, with Fall a poor third.

DOUGHBOY CORPORAL ANXIOUS FOR BOUTS

Will Take on Yanks While Awaiting Go With Frenchman

There is a corporal in Company K, 1st Infantry, A.E.F., who is anxious to fight. That in itself is nothing new. Everybody in the 1st Infantry is anxious to fight the Boche, and fight 'em proper, in fact, is everybody in the A.E.F. that wherein this corporal differs from the rest of the gang is that, in addition to his perfectly natural desire to fight the Boche with his bayonet and automatic and rifle and machine gun and all the rest, he is simply itching to take on some one of his fellow Allies at the point of a fist and a pair of bitting knuckles in the squared circle.

His name is Johnnie Boyle, Corporal John F. Boyle, to be military about it. Just a little while ago he took on Kid Carney of the 7th French Infantry, and, in the opinion of one of his mates who has written in about it, he could have stomped away the Gallic Kid most any time he felt that way. He—but let his friend tell it.

"Boyle, however, is a generous soul, and, besides, he needed exercise. So he dished through five rounds blithely, and then he took a rest. At 10 o'clock, on the sixth, Boyle began to get loose, and the French champ, after inadvertently running into a straight left, and assuring himself that it was real gore that was running down his face, said 'Damm' or whatever it is the French say when they feel that way, and quit.

The Frenchman, according to Friend Booster's story, has promised to return in a month or so and take the corporal on for a few more rounds. But, while awaiting the solicitous attentions of his glorious Ally, Corporal Boyle—again according to Friend Booster—"wouldn't mind providing a little mild excitement" for any other ambitious members of the A.E.F.

The Corporal fights at 118. Therefore, those of you who have that approximate zero weight, step forward!

SPORTING COMMENT

The recent death of Billy Madden removed from sporting circles one of the leading old time figures in the boxing game. Madden gained his greatest notoriety when he handled John L. Sullivan. The last battle he arranged for John L. was with Paddy Ryan. Madden and Sullivan then had a disagreement and fell out. Madden started out to find some one to whip Sullivan and staged a big heavyweight tourney. Charley Mitchell was the result of this tourney.

Madden's last actual ring work was when he handled Scior Burke, the middleweight, and Al Brondel, who gained fame as an amateur and later made good as a pro. Madden, however, was disappointed in Brondel's work and finally dropped him. Although Madden and John L. had a misunderstanding, it is Madden always claimed that Sullivan was entitled to the world's championship, which so many people disputed at that time.

Dick Burge, at one time one of England's leading scrappers, died gamely when his time came recently. He was 52 years old when he passed in his checks as a result of wounds received in battle against the Boche. Burge had little early education and had to make quite a fight to get up in the world. He ran away from home when a lad, joining a traveling troupe of acrobats, and was taught to tumble. While out on the circuit, he met an old negro boxing expert and Burge decided to learn the game. He soon became proficient in it and when his show reached Northumberland a new champion had just made his appearance. Burge gained the decision over him and was a made man.

His climb was so rapid that most men would have become dizzy. He was lightweight champion of England in a short time and then he won the world's title. From the toughest pug Burge fell to the bottom of the ladder when he became mixed up in the "Liverpool Bank Scandal." Although many claimed he was innocent, he was forced to undergo a prison term. Later on, Burge became a boxing promoter. His highest feat being the famous encounter between George Carpentier and Gunboat Smith.

When the call came for men Burge, although over the age limit, enlisted and was a sergeant in his Majesty's service at the time of his death. Archie Hahn, former world's champion sprinter, who won the 100 meter race at the Olympic games at St. Louis in 1903, and who has been coaching the athletes at Brown University, is coming over to France within a few months to act as athletic coach and director of the Y.M.C.A. Since he took hold of athletics at Brown, this institution has been a real factor in college sports. The Y.M.C.A. is looking for a hundred coaches like Hahn to help train our soldiers over here.

TWO CITIES WANT CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT

New Orleans Bids \$30,000 for Willard-Fulton Match

JESS MAY REJECT OFFER

Sporting Writers and Promoters Are Enthusiastic Over Prospect of Big Scrap

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 28.—(The Louisiana Auditorium Company, of New Orleans, in whose arena Fred Fulton recently knocked out Frank Moran in three rounds and jumped prominently to the fore as a championship contender, has offered \$30,000 for a match between Jess Willard and Fulton to be staged some time next fall. 20 rounds being specified as the length of the bout. Whether the offer will be accepted by Willard is doubtful. Jess is inclined to consider such trifling sums mere chicken feed in a billion dollar era like the present. Enthusiastic promoters point to the fact that Willard and Fulton together weigh nearly a quarter of a ton and should present a spectacle as thrilling as two war tanks in a duel.

New Haven also, is making stabs at staging a bout between the two heavyweights, but has not coughed up a big enough bank account yet to talk business in the meantime, sporting writers throughout the country are worked up over the prospects of a match for the heavyweight title, and the adherents of each fighter are prophesying feverishly that each man is sure to lick the other.

New York's anti-boxing law and the tendency in certain parts of the country since the beginning of the war to lift restrictions on the squared ring have produced a situation which is making New York boxing fans indignant. The once proud Empire State, they assert, is becoming a nursing bottle community. Philadelphia is one of the cities which is not lamenting. This city was edited this week with fresh Patsy Cline, of Harlem, met a brother New Yorker, Jimmy Duffy, before a crowded house and plastered him artistically for six rounds. Duffy ate the punishment and returned for more, but Patsy always had more steam ready and punched Jimmy into a hard knot.

Jack Britton, of Chicago, former welterweight champion, knocked out Vic Moran, of New Orleans, in the sixth round of a scheduled eight round bout in Minneapolis.

R. M. Sedgewick won the Harvard boxing championship title in the heavyweight class this week, defeating F. C. Fishback on points in a three round match.

CHARLIE ROSE HERE GETS OLD TIME JOB

Trainer of Freddie Welsh and Carl Morris Keeps Hospital Gay

Charlie Rose is in the Army. The maker of champs, the trainer of Freddie Welsh and Carl Morris, is now a private, first class, in the Medical Department, U.S.A. His present address is Base Hospital No. 3, A.E.F., France. Charlie is kept busy at his old job, though. His C.O. has made him a sort of physical trainer for the hospital. He is in outfit in shape and to have them furnish diversion to the patients in their charge by staging innocent little boxing bouts. He has had a busy winter of it—yes, he's one of the "veterans." When the impromptu ring goes back threatened bases into the quiet sector stage, Charlie has donned the gloves himself and gone over the tapes. He was no slouch as a lightweight glove manipulator himself a few years ago.

Johnny Coulon, bantamweight champion; Freddie Welsh, lightweight title holder; Cyclone Thompson, one time holder of the middleweight class; Jack Britton, welterweight; Patsy Cline, middleweight; Gunboat Smith, one time white heavyweight champ; Harry Stone, Australian welterweight champ—these are a few of the men of whom Charlie has had the handling in training. He was going to come back to New York, after the Freddie Welsh-Charlie White bout at Colorado Springs on Labor Day last, and open a gymnasium of his own; but instead, he owned an account with the U.S. Quartermaster Corps, gets' furnishings, and took one of their fine black suitings "on approval." He still has it on.

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CAMP UPTON CHAMPS

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 28.—(The Camp Upton finals for divisional championships was held this week before a crowd of soldiers so big as to break the heart of a promoter counting possible box office receipts. Benny Leonard was referee. The boys fought like wildcats and spread American blood over half of Long Island.

The featherweight championship was won by Hank Schroeder, of the 62nd Field Artillery. The lightweight title was won by Richie Ryan, of the 325th Motor Truck Company. Joe Tiplitz, of the 306th Infantry, annexed the welterweight title.

Tex Kelly, of the 37th Motor Truck Company, took the middleweight honors in a fierce fight. Wild Bill Brown, of the 304th Machine Gun Battalion, annexed the light heavyweight belt, and Corporal John Gaddal, of the 306th Infantry, was the victor in the heavyweight class.

STAR SHELLS

By Q.M. SGT. STUART CARROLL, Q.M.C. THE HARBINGER
I know that April's battling now, I know that Summer's on the way, Because while coming home from chow I saw a chimney sweep today.

And now Eddie Plank blossoms out with his annual "I'm through with baseball" statement. Shame on you, Eddie, shame all over you. Don't you know you're the one plank in the platform of the national pastime that can't wear out?

Spring having officially begun in the States by presidential proclamation, we'll waver frames against certainties that Dame Nature sends us a few feet of snow by way of April Fool greeting.

Since Iowa University is to add canoeing to its athletic curriculum, drastic measures should be taken to prevent the Froshman from inquiring us did his granddaddy years ago, of the fair coast, "I can row a boat—canoe?"

LINES TO MY SICK BUNKIE
O, you, who lie between real sheets, With naught to vex or worry, Those every little whisper meets A pretty nurse's hurry, I wonder, do you realize, While lying prone and level, That you appear in my wee eyes, To be a lucky devil?

You speak of egg-nog, made for you By pretty hands and tender, And in it drops of "mountain dew"— Ah, I, too, should surrender To any sickness, great or small, Could I, excuse the comma, Be there within that spotless hall And clad in your pajamas.

Yes, you're correct, she is a peach, And so it's not surprising That every time she's within reach Your fever's ever rising; And when she holds your freckled wrist, Your eye may wonder just her, But there's no doubt, I must insist, Your pulse is binking faster.

I think I shall get sick today, Perhaps the doc will send me out where the pretty nurses play— I'll ask for yours to tend me; For yours, who brings egg-nog and "Vin". Whose name is May or Minnie, Who smoothes hearts and test tubes in Your ward at Rue Pucelin.

M.P. NINE BEATS Q.M.C.
The Military Police can stop about anything that comes their way. The provisional company of Military Police in Paris proved not long ago that they can do it on the diamond as well as on the street. For they trounced the nine of the Q.M.C., also stationed in Paris, by a score of 11 to 7.

Base and insidious reports to the effect that the Q.M. boys intend to get even by holding up the M.P.'s issue of cottons and summer lights until next November are hereby declared to be empty canards, and absolutely without foundation. The Q.M. gang wants to get even, but not that way. They want another game. And the chances are, they'll get it.

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The WALK-OVER "French Conversation Book" and Catalogue will be sent gratis any soldier applying for it.

MIKE DONOVAN DEAD, DEAN OF U.S. BOXERS

Famous Pugilist Carried Gun in Civil War Before Entering Ring

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 28.—(Mike Donovan, famous old time pugilist and long an instructor of boxing at the New York Athletic Club, died at the St. Francis hospital here this week of pneumonia. He was 72 years old. Donovan was regarded as the dean of American boxers and no one, it is conceded, did more to elevate and popularize the sport. He was middleweight champion when John L. Sullivan was a raw youngster. He fought, to a draw, the longest glove fight on record with Billy McClellan at San Francisco.

Even before entering the boxing game Donovan was a fighter. He carried a musket in the Civil War under both Grant and Sherman. The venerable boxer was boxing instructor to Theodore Roosevelt when the latter was President, and afterward wrote a book about Roosevelt. He also gave lessons to August Belmont, William K. Vanderbilt, Thomas F. Ryan and a host of others.

Every Detroit twirler, excepting Howard Ehmke, who is in the Navy, has signed his contract. Dances, Cunningham and Mitchell were the last to sign up. President Norton, of the St. Paul club, has received word that two more of his players, Catcher Glenn and Outfielder Duncan, have been placed in Class I of the draft and both may be lost to the club.

Catcher Krueger has signed his contract with the Brooklyn club.

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—By WALLGREN

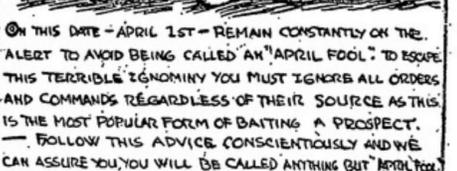
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ELSIE ONE OF US WHILE WAR LASTS

Actress Enlists for Indefinite Tour of A.E.F. Hut Circuit

GOING BIG, SHE DECLARES

One Dress in Wardrobe, and No Maid, but Miss Janis Has Time of Her Young Life

Elsie Janis has enlisted for the duration of the war. Glowing with the memories of her first triumphant tour of the Y.M.C.A. huts, she is determined to dance and sing and give imitations and turn handsprings as long as there are doughboys in France to provide the most heartwarming audiences she ever has known. From time to time she will make a raid on the commercial theater, but only for brief excursions, and only to replenish the larder and store up enough funds for her to take once again to the greatest circuit of them all—the Y.M.C.A. huts of the A.E.F.

First Tour Without a Maid

This expedition along the lines of communication was the first tour she ever made without a maid, the first she ever made with a one-dress wardrobe, a plain, loose-skirted gown that will allow her to kick the ceiling, an item in her art which the doughboys particularly admire. It is the first tour she ever has made without receiving a flood of mailnotes. "They don't take time to write. They just come up and slap me on the back."

And Elsie Janis roared with laughter at the recollection of the eager, jostling audiences. She told about the heaps of "briquets" presented her, "most of which don't brick."

She told about the "briquets" presented her, "most of which don't brick." She told about the "briquets" presented her, "most of which don't brick." She told about the "briquets" presented her, "most of which don't brick."

A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

Captain —, of the Medical Corps, was best at an informal reception to quite a number of sick and would-be sick soldiers at his office the other morning. Pills and pellets were tastefully served. The room was tastefully decorated with adhesive tape, festooned from the chandeliers, and with wads of absorbent cotton, the ends being neatly fringed with iodine to make them resemble red-edged carnations.

BRONX ZOO ON WAR DIET

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 21.—War bread has invaded the Bronx Zoo. The bears are now educated to it. The lions refuse to become vegetarians, but condescend to accept worn-out horses instead of porthouse steak.

The other animals are all patriotic, with the exception of the East Indian python, which is still an unformed alien and insists on its snuggling pig, as usual.

"I seen you do him when you was only ten."

So she did Dan Daly and she did Charley Chaplin, too, though there was a panicky moment when she thought it was out of the question. Then, down in the front row, she spied a French civilian with a little derby hat and a cane, and pouncing on those indispensable properties, she saved the show.

Then They Take This One Back

Then they will teach her one of their own, such as this one she has just added to her repertoire: There's a long, long trail avinding — To No Man's Land out in France. Where the shrapnel shells are bursting — But we must advance. There'll be lots of drills and hiking — Before our dreams all come true. But we've got to show the Kaiser What the Yankee boys can do.

Waitress Force More Than Doubled

Until the — Division breezed in upon us in the fall, there were two waitresses and two chambermaids in the principal hotel; now there are five of the former and four of the latter. There were four grocery stores; now there are seven.

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THIS TOWN RECALLS BOOM DAYS OF '49

Grocery Lady Grieves When Americans Move Up to Trenches

POPULATION CUT IN HALF

Eggs Drop From Six to Four Francs a Dozen After a Period of Staggering Business

Jazz in Barracks

I can stand their hiking and their firing on the range.

I can walk a lonesome post or do K.P.; Nothing in this army life to me is new or strange.

Yet, with all my boasted toughness there is one thing I can't stand.

Though over all of Europe I may roam; When a hum piano-artist bangs the box to beat the band.

Playing jazz—oh, gee! It's then I long for home!

For that raggy stuff reminds me of the dances I have had.

Of the parties in the good old U.S.A.; There is some that makes me happy, but there's more that makes me sad.

And it haunts me all the night and all the day.

Oh, it's jazz, jazz, jazz, till my nerves are on the frazz.

From a-trying to forget what it recalls; I try to flee the sound, but it follows me around.

And re-echoes from the barracks' stony walls.

When at night I seek my quarters just before the sound of taps,

There's sure to be some mandolin playing.

And the ringing of its music calls to mind the drums and traps.

And, before I know it, off again I'm swaying!

I can hear the talk and laughter. I can see the lights ablaze.

I can feel a woman's hand within my arms.

And, in spite of hobbled brogans, once again I've got the craze.

For the dancing game—then, wingo! Taps is blown!

Yet that raggy stuff pursues me through the watches of the night;

It sadly interrupts a soldier's dreams; I try to shut it from me, but I cannot lose it quite.

For it links me with America, it seems. Oh, it's rag, rag, rag till my brain is all a-fuzz.

From a-trying to throw off its haunting spell;

It is tantalizing stuff—and I never get enough—

And the homesickness it gives me won't get well!

Egg Lady Presents Her Case

This I gathered from the lady who sold me the eggs.

"Not at all, m'sieu," she replied firmly, to my suggestion that the townfolk would be glad to see a return of the old tranquil days before the American came.

"This is a great sorrow to us, to have your compatriots go off to the trenches. We have become very good friends, your soldiers and we, and one dislikes to see one's friends depart. Besides, business has been so good! Look at the stock on my shelves. I'll never be able to sell it all now—at least not at the same prices."

"It's true we feared, when first we learned Americans were to come here, that there would be a good deal of disturbance. But your soldiers are so well behaved and have so much money to spend that we very soon got over our fears. All we ask now is that they come back again soon."

L. E.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Questions Answered

By BRAN MASH

A.S.—Yes, it is nothing to be ashamed of if you salute Red Cross officers by mistake. Lots of them work just as hard as your officers—even if they don't work you. Besides, if the Old Abe is on their hats, you've got no choice, as far as we can see.

B.L.—In seating guests at a mess-shack table, they should be arranged from left to right, in order of seniority, the senior-most man present being at the head of the table, and vice versa. Seniority is established (a) by rank; (b) by lines in the face; (c) by whiskers. When in doubt, play the whiskers. Veterans of the Seminole wars take precedence over the veterans of the Creek wars, veterans of the Creek wars take precedence over participants in the Apache campaigns, and so on down the line. Veterans of the campaigns along the Brandywine, of the siege of Fort Pitt (later known as Pittsburg), and of Fort Duquesne, and members of the Original Daniel Boone Expeditionary Force outrank all others.

E. R.—If the O.D. breaks in on an informal supper party after taps, by all means invite him to sit down and have a bite. If one does not do so, he is apt to get the idea that his presence is unwelcome.

X.Y.—You say she has red hair. Then DON'T send her one of those pink embroidered bonnet caps such as they sell in the lace-knitting provinces of France. She'll be off you for life if you do!

N.B.—Sure, always salute and thank the paymaster. You might even ask him to come again, now that he's found the way.

Z.G.—When meeting a Boche in the dark, the proper salutation is "Geben Sie! Mach schnell!" To emphasize it, press the bayonet firmly against his midriff. If he declines the invitation to give himself up, advance the bayonet. He will expect it, and one should not disappoint him.

BOYS!

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HOSPITAL COULDN'T HOLD BACK THIS BOY

Little Lie Took Him Into Line with First Americans

STRIPE ALREADY HIS DUE

But Wounded or Not, He Wouldn't Pass Up Chance to Get In On Real Thing

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

A fine-featured, delicate-looking lad of hardly 18 was leaning wearily against the front of a building in a little French village, waiting, along with the rest of his battalion, for the word to advance into the first-line American trenches.

The village was just three miles behind the lines, and all days the roads leading to it from the south and west had been choked with American soldiers, American supply trains, American machine guns, and American motors.

The troops for one particular part of the line were to assemble in the village and then go to their trench positions under the cover of darkness.

This 18-year-old boy, leaning against the building, attracted my attention, because he looked so much out of place. He looked that hardy, rough-and-ready physique that was characteristic of his fellow soldiers.

"Boy," I said to him, "you don't look very well. What's the matter with you—sick or scared?"

No, He Wasn't Scared

He pulled himself together in an instant, looked me squarely in the eye and replied:

"No, I'm not scared. But I just got out of the hospital four days ago, and I haven't got my strength back yet. When we were up in the trenches the first time for practice one of those Boches put a bullet through my side and it sort of took the pep out of me."

"Then what are you doing here now?" I pursued. "Why didn't you stay in the hospital until you were fully recovered?"

"And miss all this? Why, this is the greatest honor that can come to a soldier—to be in the first regiment to be sent into the line. General Pershing must have thought we were the best he had or he wouldn't have picked us, would he?"

"I lied to 'em a little at the hospital. I told 'em I was ready for duty again and they let me out. Say, this will be something for me to talk about the rest of my life if I come through all right."

This boy, better than any of scores of others with whom I talked that day, expressed the spirit of the American troops as they waited for the word actually to go into battle.

He got out of a sick bed and shouldered his gun, because he felt his commander-in-chief had honored him by sending him in first, and he didn't want to miss the chance!

Shortly after 4 o'clock, the order was

given to get ready, and at 4:30 the march to the trenches began.

I marched out with the first platoon for some distance and then stopped and waited for the rest to pass by.

In seven months, I had come to know hundreds of these boys personally.

An old sergeant passed, at the head of a column.

"So long, Lyon," he called out. "See you again some time, I hope. If I don't just tell the folks back in Terre Haute, Indiana (his home town) that you saw me."

A boy from Columbus, Ohio, went by and held out a letter to me. "It's to my mother. Will you mail it for me?"

Finally, the 18 year old lad went by—head erect, his step firm and determined, his eyes to the front.

"Take care of yourself, boy," I thung at him.

He said not a word, but his hand went to his cap and he gave me the finest military salute I'd seen in many a month.

And this was the way the American boys go into the trenches.

IRVIN COBB HERE LADEN WITH TITLES

Newly-made Colonel Taken at His Word by London Journalist

Irvin Cobb is over here—all of him. Rather, Colonel Irvin Cobb is over here. For, just before he sailed to join the other correspondents in camp with the A.E.F., a wire came to him out of the night informing him of his appointment to a colonelcy on the staff of the Governor, Ig Gawd, sub, of Kentucky.

Colonel Cobb didn't have time to get very much of a uniform to match his new dignity, but he got some uniform parts and assembled them himself on the way over. He was clad in the *tout ensemble* when, in London, a British journalist (they still call themselves journalists over there) called upon him.

"May I not ask, Mr. Cobb" (using a form of address calculated to make an American feel perfectly at home) "may I not ask what uniform that is which you are wearing?" the Briton inquired.

"Well," responded the newly minted Colonel, "I am an officer on the staff of the Governor of Kentucky; but the uniform that I am wearing—"

"Yes?" broke in the Englishman, highly interested.

"The uniform I am wearing is that of a Field Marshal in the Palestinian Guards."

"Oh," said the Englishman, much impressed.

He shouldn't have been impressed. He ought to have laughed. He didn't. Therefore, he fell.

The next day there appeared in a most conservative, correct and accurate British daily a line something like this:

"Colonel Cobb, who is also a Field Marshal in the Palestinian Guards."

When Irv—beg pardon, the Colonel recovered after reading it, he was in quite the frame of mind to recall that saying of good old Doc Holmes about never daring to be as funny as one can. For safety first purposes he now refers to his outfit simply as a synthetic uniform.

INSIGNIA OF OUR ALLIES
—THE BRITISH ARMY



The French officer wears his rank upon his sleeve. So does the British officer. But there is one main point of difference. Some British officers don't.

Put it another way. All American officers wear their insignia on their shoulders. So do a few British officers. But they're all brigadier generals or better if they do.

Therefore, if you see a khaki uniform that appears to be neither American, French or Belgian, and if there is a Sam Browne belt across the breast of that uniform—in other words, if you're pretty sure that a British officer is coming your way, and you want to be sure he's an officer before you salute, then look first at his shoulder.

If it is as unadorned as your own, don't give up, but look at his sleeve. If it is adorned with any of the officers' insignia pictured above, salute him.

Then, if you're still uncertain of his rank, slip into a doorway, take the diagram out of your billfold—of course, you'll have cut it out and saved it for just such an emergency—and compare the marking you have seen with the figures given below.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 11 are worn on the shoulder straps, and the rank each signifies is:

- 1. General.
- 2. Lieutenant-General.
- 3. Major-General.
- 4. Brigadier-General.
- 11. Worn by all officers of the Guards, and on all officers' overcoats.

The insignia for all other officers are worn on the cuffs, and are as follows:

- 5. Colonel.
- 6. Lieutenant-Colonel.
- 7. Major.
- 12. Cuff as worn by officers in Scotch regiments. The rank is shown by the same insignia as is worn on other cuffs.
- 13. Non-Commissioned officers may be recognized by the chevrons:
- 14. Staff sergeant major.
- 15. Regimental quartermaster sergeant.
- 16. Quartermaster sergeant.
- 17. Company, battery or troop sergeant major.
- 18. Sergeant.
- 19. Corporal.

The devices signifying the branch of service in which the wearer is enlisted are as follows:

- 20. Cavalry.
- 21. Artillery.
- 22. Signalman.
- 23. Engineer.
- 24. Flying corps.
- 25. Qualified pilot, flying corps.
- 26. Scout.
- 27. Bandman.
- 28. Bugler.
- 29. Flying corps.
- 30. Qualified pilot, flying corps.
- 31. Army medical corps.
- 32. Stretcher bearer.

SAFE IN THEATER, HE MISSES SHOW

Balloon Observer Bemoans Lost Chance to Use Parachute

LIVELY DAYS FOR SAUSAGE

Big Bag Is Shot Down Five Times While Artillery Officer Pines in School

If moved to moralize on the subject of the point of view, consider for a moment the case of the sausage, the observer, and his folks at home.

A sausage, in military argot, is an observation balloon, which is anchored to a motor truck by a piano wire. The truck is to move the wire out of range when enemy guns take long range shots at the sausage. The balloon follows the wire.

The observer is the occupant of the sausage basket. His job is to see what he can see, and report to his friends on the ground by telephone—especially as to the effects of artillery fire from his own side. Oh, yes, and if an enemy avion comes very close and begins shooting incendiary bullets through the sausage, the observer is supposed to leap out into the empty air.

Down he plunges for 300, 400, or 500 feet; then, according to program, the large, light, white parachute attached to his back by a long harness will float out on the circumambient atmosphere, spread out into a sort of one-ring circus tent, and float the observer gently down into the nearest *abri*, or canal, or wire entanglement.

It is obvious, therefore, that it makes a good deal of difference whether one views the proceedings from the sausage, looking down, or from the ground, looking up. The point of view of the folks at home is unpleasant to remember.

Kicking—and in Paris

This little essay is merely for the purpose of pointing out that Charley—a "young fellow" who was once a member of a crack society battery of light field artillery, was unreasonable when he moaned about his luck. There he was in Paris—in the Folies Bergère, best you think a worse thing—not on permission, but unavoidably detained overnight in the city on his journey from school to front—and kicking. Can you outdo it?

One could but listen. And this was the tale.

One unit of the A.E.F. assigned to training duty on the *Chemin des Dames* front, set its artillery observers at work in the sausages, and young Lieut. Charley—drew the upper-air job and the companionship of a French spotter.

Day after day they mounted to the limit of the string; day after day the Boche swam up out of the haze and circled toward them, sputtering mitrailleuse fire. Day after day the Fritz took a chance with a long-range shell, but always the motor truck moved 'he sausage a few hundred yards to the left or right, and let it up or hauled

it down, so as to spoil the range of the next shot.

Charley really wanted to jump. It isn't so much that he said so, but his whole outfit knew he wanted to jump. He was more or less gently kidded about it. Others had jumped; some had jumped when there was no real need of it, and what they got from their K.O.s made the lieutenant's dose look like real commendation.

Something happened Up Above. This does not mean in the heavens that are above the earth, but in the realms of the Higher Cps. Lieut. Charley—, actively spotting artillery fire on a very active sector of the front, was ordered to the rear to go to a school for artillery observers, so that he might learn to do what he had been doing.

Back to Paris Again

Off he went, and in a week or two or three, he was ordered back again. It was not only all a mistake, his going to school, but somebody had found it out.

He got as far back as Paris—and learned the horrid news.

During his absence, either Fritz got a new gunner with a better eye, or else the avions got more daring, or something. Anyway, the blessed old sausage had been shot down five times, and the observers had parachuted to earth each time—and one more time when they came down and the balloon didn't.

That was what Lieut. Charley— was walling about in the Folies Bergère. That was what one man, looking at the parachute jump from the ground, called hard luck. Almost anybody can imagine what he would call the necessity of a jump, looking at it from a sausage basket.

The only thing left to wonder about is the point of view of the folks at home on such a proposition.

BEHIND TH' LINE

When ye hear th' motor's hummin' An' ye hear th' Boche is comin' An' ye hear th' fellows ramblin' out o' bed,

Then ye seem t' have a notion That ye ought t' get in motion 'Foret h' blamed ole roof comes fallin' on yer head.

Then th' shrapnel gets t' poppin' An' Fritz lets some bombs come droppin', An' th' ole dugout is callin' mighty strong:

Ye sure hate t' think o' runnin' Ev'ry time Fritz comes a-gunnin', But ye know yer time on earth ain't extra long.

Ye're alone inside yer billet— All th' other lads who fill it 'Cross th' way

Have sought shelter in th' dugout Hell! them bombs is droppin' nearer. An' yer life seems gettin' dearer, An' ye almost kinda wish ye'd learned t' pray!

Ye ain't scared because ye're shakin', An' th' other lads who fill it 'Cross th' way

Let ye have yer good ole rifle An' ye'll think it just a trifle 'If ye face a score or Boche an' let 'em bark.

Ye ain't scared because ye're shakin', An' th' short, quick breaths ye're takin' Ain't a sign there's yellow runnin' down yer spine.

(Fritz is gone, yer pals is comin', Let 'em have it now fer runnin',) God! sometimes it's kinda hell behind th' line!

—HOWARD W. BUTLER.

EXCHANGED PRISONER SEES FIRST YANKEES

Victim of U-Boat Rejoices When Boche Rumors Prove True

NINE MONTHS IN GERMANY

French Sailor's Two Young Sons Were Shot When Hun Entered Lille

He hobbled up on his crutches, his left trouser-leg hanging limp below the knee. His face was drawn and haggard, his whole body emaciated. His uniform, once the dark blue of the French marines, was spotted and faded and minus several buttons. His eyes were those of a man who has seen horrors.

Yet his manner, as he approached the little group of American soldiers, was as gentle as that of the most polished courtier of the *ancien regime*. Steadily holding himself on his left crutch, he brought up his right hand—a smarted, disfigured hand it was—to salute, and began, in good but quaint English:

"You—you Americans, I salute you! I, who have been these nine months a prisoner in Germany, salute you. You are the first American soldiers I have seen."

Fired On in Open Boat

Pressed to tell his story, he said he had been on the French battleship *La Gloire* at all times she was torpedoed in the Atlantic. He had gotten away in a small boat, but the submarine that struck down the battleship pursued his craft, firing at its complement. That was how he lost his leg.

The next he knew, he was in the bowels of the U-boat, a prisoner. Arriving at Bremen, he was hurried by rail to a prison camp, with scant attention paid to his injured limb. Amputation was therefore necessary; with proper care and treatment, it might have been avoided.

For nine months he existed rather than lived in the prison compound, fed on black bread and vegetable parings.

"Water?" he echoed, in response to a question. "No water could I get! Always we were thirsty—and hungry! Oh, so hungry! It was cold, too,—cold all the time. And we were given no clothes; all we had were these,—indicating his frayed uniform—"that we brought with us."

Rumors of America's Entry

Under the agreement for the mutual exchange of wounded prisoners, he was brought back. He had heard rumors, in Germany, of the appearance of American soldiers on the soil of *La Patrie*, but they were rumors only. He had hoped it was so, but had not known for certain. And now his hope was realized.

"I have a particular reason for wishing to see you Americans do well in battle. I come from Lille. In that city my two young sons—all I had—were shot down by the Germans. I am *bleesé*—pointing to his poor stump of a leg—as you see. I cannot avenge them. But you—you may be able to do it! I wish you—how do you say it?—wish you luck.

"*Bonsoir, mes amis, les Américains! On les aura!*"

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