

GERMAN ATTACKS FUTILE ATTEMPT TO SPLIT ARMIES

Review of Situation Shows Allied Line Everywhere Unbroken

BLOW AIMED AT JUNCTURE

Single Leadership Remedies Defect of Which Hun Sought to Take Advantage

ENEMY'S FEARS ARE JUSTIFIED

Caught in Right Triangle, He is Exposed on Flank to Strength of French Armies

By COMMANDANT DE CIVRIEUX, Celebrated French Military Critic

In order to understand the German offensive, its direction and its unrealized hopes, it is necessary first to consider the situation of the armies as they faced each other about the middle of March.

Leaving out the Belgian Army, which occupies the Yser front, two great groups of Allied forces were lined up on the stage of the western theater from the neighborhood of Ypres as far as the Swiss border. At the north, the British Armies held all the ground as far as the Oise; toward the east, beginning at the river, stretched all the French Armies.

Behind his alignment, in regions which may not be designated, were stationed, naturally, the reserves which had been drawn on the total sum of the Allied contingents.

Thus you can see that the Franco-British Armies had their weak point—and the existence of one could not, after all, be avoided—in the sector of the Oise valley, where they were joined together. This weak point is always to be found at the juncture of two armies, even when they are armies of one nation, and all the more so when it is a question of armies fighting under different flags and obeying a double command.

To remedy this defect, inherent in all coalitions, the American Government, at the moment when its first units are entering the theater of war, has acted with disinterestedness which it would be impossible to applaud too much, has authorized the amalgamation of its troops with the Allied troops under one supreme command. Thus will be obtained a unity of action, the results of which will, without any doubt, be happy for the coalition.

However, revolutionary Russia having withdrawn from the war after a collapse that was as much economic and political as military, Germany had won the freedom to hurl almost all her forces against the West. And the Imperial German Staff, to use the phrase of the French, has been able to use these forces, now considerably increased and brought forward, in a formidable offensive which should be directed toward the weak point in the Franco-British front in order to accomplish first a break and then a definite separation.

To this end, the group of armies under the command of the Crown Prince, which previously covered the entire theater from the sea as far as the Oise, was reinforced to enormous proportions, particularly on the left, to the north of Saint-Quentin. The group of armies of the Crown Prince, established between the Ardennes and the Oise, sent forward the army of General von Hutier, increased also by numerous assault units, along the right bank of the latter river and toward the banks of the Somme.

At the same time, important works prepared the way for the coming movement. The front (Sambre) was completely emptied and multiple bridges were thrown across the Oise, the level of which was lowered.

The German Attack

The German plan was clearly aimed at the British Armies. While, between the Scarpe and the Somme, Prince Rupprecht was to hurl the two armies of the Crown Prince against the British Army of General Byng, the Crown Prince was to thrust the army of von Hutier vigorously toward the south, between the Somme and the Oise, in such a way as to overpower the Fifth Army of General Gough, push it out of the Oise valley and isolate it from the French forces.

As soon as the defensive lines of their adversaries should be forced, von Below and von Marwitz were to march upon Péronne and Bapaume in the direction of Amiens, while von Hutier was to advance as fast as he could upon the axis Ham-Breuil in order to cover the principal movement from the certain intervention of the French.

The general attack, conducted with remarkable energy and without any heed for the losses, covered by a terrible bombardment of explosive and poison shells and masked behind clouds of smoke, was launched at dawn on March 21. The Third English Army from the neighborhood of Cambrai to that of Verdun, held fast to its positions, which were almost everywhere maintained.

But the Fifth Army, round about Saint-Quentin, under the blow of a shock of which the force had not been fully estimated at its true strength. In consequence, the enemy's hopes seemed for a moment to have been realized in their first phase. The right wing of the English fell back toward Ham-Breuil, and in this movement the Third Army. The Oise valley was opened up and von Hutier seemed in an easy position for maneuvering his enveloping turn, all the while gravely menacing Paris, which the long range guns had already commenced to bombard.

But then, with remarkable rapidity, the French troops closed the fissure opened by the first fighting. Before Ham and Tergnier, behind Gaiscard and Chauny, then around Lassigny and Noyon, they held the enemy and finally stopped him. At the same time, carrying out a rapid shift toward the west,

Continued on Page 2.

THESE ARE ALL TAKEN, BUT WE HAVE PLENTY MORE



U.S. ENGINEERS ARE ONCE AGAIN IN THICK OF IT

Tools Give Way to Rifles When German Offensive Begins

YANKS READY IN CRISIS

Onrushing Waves of Foe Riddled as They Get Within Sure Fire Range

STUBBORN FIGHT WHOLE WAY

"They Held On by Their Teeth Until Last Moment," Is British Officer's Praise

American railway engineers, who were working under Canadian command behind the British lines when the present great German drive began, caught up their rifles and for several days fought shoulder to shoulder with their Canadian comrades to resist and slacken the Hun onslaught.

These were among the Americans referred to in one of Sir Douglas Haig's dispatches as having shared in the first days of the greatest battle in history—an opportunity that came to them by the fortunes of war before it was announced to the world that General Pershing had placed all the American forces, present and coming, at the disposal of General Foch.

The American railway engineer is a combatant only in emergency, but for that emergency he is armed, and for this detachment up behind the British lines it required only the lightning change of dropping their tools and grabbing their rifles to form themselves into a fighting unit.

Compared with the incoming Hun multitude, their number was exceedingly small, and they were unsupported by artillery. But they had their rifles and they had a few machine guns, and they used these with deadly effect until they became so hot they could not use them any more.

Enemy Advances in Waves

The enemy advanced in the familiar German close formation, wave after wave. At one place there were seven such waves, each of them ten men deep and none of them more than a hundred yards apart.

The Americans, with no idea of retreating, waited grimly until the first wave of the advance was within sure-fire range and then let the Huns have it, firing as fast as they could and watching the ever-widening gaps in the oncoming ranks as the streams of bullets did their work.

The Germans did not fire a single shot. They simply came on. In the face of a murderous fire which killed or put them out of business by thousands, they advanced continued.

These tactics were new to the Americans, but it was quite clear that it was a simple question of killing Germans or being engulfed and smothered in the oncoming waves. So they killed Germans steadily until the weapons became too hot, when they retired to another position, halted, turned and went to work again.

Thus it went for several days, a lot of young Americans, new to such warfare, fighting stubbornly all the way from a point near Saint-Quentin to a place near Noyon. When they reached that place, they were nearly exhausted and their equipment hardly any was left.

Continued on Page 2.

FIRM WAR ADVOCATE ELECTED TO SENATE

Representative Lenroot Scores Clean Triumph in Wisconsin

[BY CARLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 11.—Representative Irvine L. Lenroot, Republican, has been elected United States Senator from Wisconsin, to succeed the late Senator Huston. His plurality over Joseph E. Davies, the Democratic candidate, was 10,000. Victor L. Berger, the Socialist candidate, got a large vote.

It is undoubtedly true that the Wisconsin result presents many important angles and divisions of the vote too complex to be quickly analyzed. It will, no doubt, force extremely earnest study on to politicians of all parties for gaining an understanding of public tendencies. The outstanding fact, however, is that Senator-elect Lenroot's attitude on the war has been consistently logical, and that he has been one of the most able and aggressive members of the Lower House of Congress in the furthering of patriotic legislation. And from that much comfort may justly be derived.

In other political activity the country does not seem to be so rich. True, the undismayed and ever hopeful opponents of woman suffrage in New York have met and have passionately resolved to fight for a resubmission of woman suffrage to the voters of the Empire State.

The speakers thrilled the meeting by their fiery protestations against the dreadful mistake of letting woman vote. But, aside from that, things political—outside Wisconsin, of course—are pretty well dormant.

SURE IT WAS ELSIE! WHO ELSE WOULD?

Doughboy's Delight Finds Brand New Way to Go on the Stage

Down at a certain French town where there are so many American railway engineers that it looks as though the entire personnel of the Pennsylvania Railroad had hastily adjourned to France, they can use the trainshed as an auditorium on great occasions by simply rigging up a stage at one end and letting most of the audience stand. That roomy shed was placarded the other day with the simple poster, "ELSIE JANE'S TONIGHT," and that was enough to pack it to the doors.

Long before the appointed hour more than two thousand soldiers were straining their eyes for the first glimpse of Elsie, when there came the signal to clear one of the tracks that run the length of the shed, and with a great foot-trotting, and a still greater uproar, along the line a locomotive trundled into the shed. In the cab were some grinning engineers, and on the cow-catcher was Elsie Jane, waving her hand and laughing as if she were having the time of her life, which she probably was. Up the track the locomotive made its way till it was near enough the stage for the agile actresses to make it in one jump. She did. With her black velvet tam perched on a wide brim and her arms held high, she cried: "Are we downhearted?"

They were not, and said as much at the top of their lungs.

SAY "AMERICAN E. F."

Better tell the people at home to address you in care of "American E. F."—not "A. E. F." Particularly, too, when writing to friends of yours in the Army over here, put it on—"American E. F."

"PLUCKING" BOARDS FOR POOR OFFICERS

Inefficient Heads Will Be Chopped Off by Superiors in Rank

In case a National Guard, National Army or Reserve Corps officer is believed inefficient, and his elimination from the service seems warranted, he will be judged by a retiring or "plucking" board of from three to five officers, all of whom shall be his superiors in rank. The manner of procedure for such a board is laid down in new orders just issued by G.H.Q.

The testimony given before the board members will be sworn to by the witnesses offering it, and will be recorded in full wherever practicable. In case it is not practicable to do so, a summary of the material testimony of each witness will be recorded in the board's report. The officer concerned will be allowed to submit a written statement to be considered by the board and incorporated in its report.

The findings and recommendations of the board will be in each case set forth with the board's reasons for arriving at them.

Power to appoint such retiring or "plucking" boards will be recommended, and separate brigade commanders, commanders of schools, the commanding general, S.O.S., and all higher commanders. The action of the appointing authority is in each case to be shown on the proceedings of the board. The board's proceedings will be forwarded to G.H.Q., A.E.F.

In case it is impossible to hold a board in the prescribed manner, a letter or telegram detailing the case will be forwarded to G.H.Q.; but in every case of that nature the officer reported on will be notified, and told the reasons why the board is recommended. The opinion of all intermediate commanders will be shown, wherever practicable.

The case of provisional officers and those holding permanent commissions in the Regular Army are covered by G.O. No. 76, W.D., 1917, and by G.O. No. 62, H.A.E.F., 1917, as heretofore.

NO MORE PARCELS UNLESS SOLDIERS WRITE FOR THEM

Officers Must O.K. Men's Requests for Packages From America

ORDER WILL SAVE TONNAGE Sweets and Sweaters Will Have To Make Room for Flour and Fighters

No more packages from home unless we write for them. It's tough, but it's true, like so many tough things. No more parcels post packages will be accepted in the States for shipment to use overseas unless those packages are accompanied by our own written requests, signed with our own John Hancock, and O.K.'d by our superior officers. Our requests, therefore, have got to be specific—also reasonable.

The people back home will be able, as heretofore, to send us smokes and candy and writing paper and fountain pens and knitted sweaters and knitted gloves and knitted socks and knitted tummy bands and knitted earflaps and knitted mufflers and knitted helmets and knitted scarfs and knitted brows and knitted picture frames and knitted lampshades and knitted vanity cases and knitted wristlets and knitted anklets and knitted fingerlets and knitted toeleets; but we will have to specify on separate sheets in our letters to them, just what portions of our well-known anatomies are in need of such sumptuary covering, just what size we desire, just what color we want the wool in order to have it blend into the camouflage scheme. Oh, no; not quite as bad as that; but you get what we mean.

Rule Already Effective The following English version of the cablegram of the Second Assistant Postmaster General to the postal forces of the A.E.F. may explain away some of the whants of the situation. Here it is: "Effective April 1, no parcel post will be sent to parties identified with the American Expeditionary Forces unless the articles offered for mailing have been requested in writing, and the request has been approved by a superior officer. This request must be inclosed with the article in the parcel, which will be opened in New York and the contents certified with the written request. Therefore, I would request that the notice be widely circulated among the troops to have the written requests on sheets which can be enclosed in parcels."

So we've got to write out what we want on a separate sheet, a sheet that will stand the wear and tear of packing, and be presentable for inspection when it hits Mr. Patten's well-known post-office in Park Row, New York, on its way back to us. If the parcel doesn't weigh more than the authorized amount—at last accounts it was seven pounds—the stuff will get to us in due time. But we should be careful not to write home for any baby grand pianos, any pianolas, elephants, thousands of brick or other bulky articles, because the chances are that they'd never get to us at all, at all.

The move is made in the interest of economizing tonnage space, to save room for steel and wheat and beef and men.

33 MORE WAR WAIFS ADOPTED AS MASCOTS BY AMERICAN UNITS

FOR THE ORPHANS OF FRANCE Gone are the games that they should be playing; Gone are the trinkets to childhood dear. Hushed are the voices that should be saying Words of parental cheer. Give them the joy that is theirs by birthright! Give them the smiles they are robbed of! Give them the love that is childhood's earthright— Give them the right to live!

Sergeant Alone Will See That One Orphan Gets Year's Care

AIR CENTER ASKS FOR 13

Infantry Companies Strong on Picking Pairs, Brother and Sister Preferred

SUPPLY TRAINS SPEED THINGS

One Organization Raises 500 Francs in 15 Minutes—Field Clerks Order Child by Phone

Thirty-three children adopted. Thirty-three needy French youngsters assured of food, clothing, schooling, comfort, and a home for a year.

Thus may be summarized the progress of the second week since THE STARS AND STRIPES announced its plan to afford units of the A.E.F. an opportunity to take as their mascots French children whose fathers have been killed or permanently disabled in their brave stand against their enemy and ours. With the first houses by the invasion of the Roche. "We are with you," is the tone of all these communications. "We are glad to help."

From every part of France, it seems, and from nearly every kind of organization have come reassuring responses—requests for boys of six and for girls of ten. For girls of six and boys of ten, for brothers and sisters, for lots driven from their homes by the invasion of the Roche. "We are with you," is the tone of all these communications. "We are glad to help."

First Individual Request The first request from an individual soldier for a child came this week, and right from our own office. Sergeant Richard S. Claiborne, one of the printers on THE STARS AND STRIPES, enthusiastically contributed to the support of the girl we adopted last week, announcing that he personally wanted to adopt a girl of nine or ten. In peace times Sergeant Claiborne is employed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington.

"I'm getting along past middle age," said the sergeant, "and just figuring—for about 20 years I've been spending foolishly three or four times as much as it costs to support one or two children for a year."

The sergeant isn't going to put a year's limitation on his adoption. He is going to see that his charge gets an education. And maybe she'll finish it in the States.

Aviators Come Back Strong The biggest response came from the Air Service. The aviators seemed to go right up in the air when they read the plan. Early this week came this telegram from "Plane News," the official paper of a big Air Plane camp: "Staff of Plane News adopts one orphan, mademoiselle, and has news of local squadrons adopting 12 others."

Then came news from individual squadrons. The Tenth Aero Squadron wrote: "Enclosed find 612 francs forwarded by members of the Tenth Aero Squadron. We desire to congratulate you upon this idea because it is in entire accord with the principles for which we are fighting, the preservation of the home."

"We, who have journeyed many thousands of miles, know that it is our duty to do our part for the home and the little ones of the generations to come, but also to see that the little tots of today who have been deprived of the loving care and comfort of parents are given a start in life. Some of us have children at home, others have little brothers and sisters. We desire, in their names, to contribute our mite toward making the life of some little orphan at least a bit happier."

"While we realize that nothing we can do can compensate for the loss of parents, we feel that, in helping some boy or girl to get a start in life, we are only doing our duty. Please adopt for us some child that your committee thinks will not be chosen by anyone else. If possible, pick us out a little girl, as all of us realize that a girl has more to contend with in life than a boy, and if the little lady has no name, please call her Miss A. or Columbia. If there are any more little orphans for whom you cannot find a home, let us know and we will occur."

"Three cheers for THE STARS AND STRIPES. "Yours for Uncle Sam and Miss Aero Columbia."

Letter Goes to French Trenches When this letter was read at Red Cross headquarters one of the members of the orphans' committee, who is the daughter of a French general now at the front, translated it into French and sent it to her father that he might read it to his troops. It was the most cheering message which could be sent to the French trenches, she said.

"After reading in last week's STARS AND STRIPES of the plan for units to support French war orphans for one year, the men of this squadron have pledged themselves to support five orphans."

"Enclosed find 500 francs to cover necessary expenses in adoption of child," wrote the 21st Aero Squadron. "We request that the child be a girl between the age of six and ten. The men of this command are very enthusiastic over the adoption of a child."

"It is with great pleasure that I write you in regard to the war orphans of beloved France," said the first sergeant of the 64th Aero Squadron. "This organization stands ready to care for three, En meso, we want a brother and sister, orphans which could be seven; the other to be cared for by ten soldiers of this command and to be a girl orphan of seven. It is our desire that these children be sent to school. And, again, if the Great Father so wills that we return to the United States and it be

SURE SUCCESS IS PREDICTED FOR NEW LOAN

Third Flotation of Liberty Bonds Being Boomed on All Sides

MARKETS REMAIN SERENE Business Experiences Little Disturbance Despite Vastness of Enterprise

CITIES FILLING "WAR CHESTS" Every Indication Points to Intense Desire to See War Through to Victorious End

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

[BY CARLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, April 11.—Cheerful confidence everywhere is the biggest characteristic of the conditions surrounding the present Liberty Loan drive, cheerful confidence everywhere that this, the third flotation, will be a big and overwhelming success.

There is no slackening of effort in any direction, no cessation of work. The people are pushing it along with every agency that American ingenuity and efficiency can invent.

Speakers everywhere are exhorting; posters and banners are everywhere flaunting their message; war exhibits, parades of soldiers, flights of airships—all are doing their part to spread the message far and wide. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the present lot of posters is very fine—far better than those used in the course of the first drive.

No Tension Apparent None of the tension that was felt during the first campaign is apparent now. The country has now fallen into the "billion habit," and the amount to be raised bothers nobody. The whole financial machinery is working so smoothly that general business has shown practically no disturbance.

The stock market is quiet, but prices retain the general average level, just as if no bond issue was in progress. New York's first day subscription totaled \$169,000,000. The National Trust Company took \$25,000,000 of this amount; the National Park Bank took \$20,000,000; the Corn Exchange Bank, \$15,500,000; the Metropolitan Trust Company, \$7,500,000; the New York Life, \$11,500,000; The Mutual Life, \$10,000,000.

"War Chest" Idea Working Besides the Liberty Loan, many cities are now doing splendid work on the "war chest" idea, which is excellent. The principle is to collect once and for all in each city for a war chest that shall supply the money needed for patriotic purposes for a year to come.

All this indicates of the intense desire of the people to see the war through and to speed the nation's fighting men without stint or without thought of material advantage. All the people show by their eagerness during these first days of the loan drive that the President was right when, in opening the loan campaign at Baltimore, he said of them: "They are quite disposed to undergo the most extreme sacrifices, even though it should mean encroaching every day upon meager wages. They will look with contempt on those who can aid and will not, on those who look upon the war loan purely as a commercial transaction."

The reasons for this great war, the necessity of seeing it through to a finish, the questions which depend upon the result, are being manifested more clearly than ever. Every man knows, or at least he can clearly see, how the cause of justice presents itself, and to what an imperishable thing he is being asked to consecrate himself."

INJIANNY GOES DRY!

[BY CARLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 11.—The Illinois (township) local option elections have resulted in gains for prohibition. Only three of the formerly dry townships voted to become wet, and 13 of the wet townships went dry.

Indiana has gone dry by State statute, the law taking effect on April 2. The wet have asked the State supreme court to declare the law unconstitutional, but in the meantime complete drought will prevail.

The only Hoosier foot now running full blast is the literary one, the spout of which is in Indianapolis, with Booth Tarkington, George Ade, and Meredith Nicholson as the main spouters in favor of the crystal pure copper simple.

Souise Bend no longer lives up to its name.

**BRITISH LEADER
LONG SCHOOLED
IN ART OF WAR**
**Sir Douglas Haig, Thorough
Scot, Has Fought on
Three Continents**
TIRELESS STUDENT OF FOE
**Future Field Marshal Began to
Watch German Tactics Twenty
Years Back**
ALMOST MISSED HIS CAREER
**Medical Board Wanted to Reject
Applicant Because of Color
Blindness**



FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

While the Germans sing their hymns of hate to England and never miss a chance to scrawl "Gott strafe England" on the walls of any city they capture, it was not England alone, but the whole, far-flung British Empire which, to Germany's intense disappointment, was brought into the war when the Kaiser made his first colossal blunder of invading Belgium.

As one evidence and symbol of the solidarity of that unshaken empire, note the fact that the man who commands, and for more than two years now has commanded, the British Expeditionary Forces on the Western front, is not an Englishman at all. Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig is a Scotchman.

Just as Canada and New Zealand and Australia sent fighters of imperishable memory into the battle line, just as Wales contributed Lloyd-George, and Ireland Sir John French, and Scotland Sir Douglas Haig, the Empire's Army its commander-in-chief.

Sir Douglas is very Scotch. He is a Fifer, son of a distinguished family of the ancient Kingdom of Fife, the Fife-shire branch of the Haigs of Bomersey, of whom Thomas the Rhymer sang centuries ago.

"Tide, tide, what e'er betide, There'll aye be Haigs in Bomersey."

Thrifty, Tenacious, Patient
He is ever so faintly Scotch in accent and Scotch in the brevity of his speech. Commentators on his work since this war began like to trace in his thorough-going transformation of the hastily assembled British armies into one great, smoothly working machine all the traits of Scotch characteristics of simplicity, thrift, tenacity and patience—patience inexhaustible. It was a born Scot who planned and carried out the battle of Messines Ridge.

When the war broke loose in the Summer of 1914, Lieutenant General Haig, as he was then, was little known outside the Army circles in which he had moved and had his being since he left Brasenose College, Oxford, back in the early eighties. He was a soldier's soldier.

Unlike K. of K. and Lord Roberts there was no popular impression of him even in England, let alone on the American side of the Atlantic. Yet American eyes were fixed on him when, in 1915, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief to succeed Sir John French, nearly every one in England was pleased and no one in England was surprised.

Why General Haig Was Chosen
There were several reasons why General Haig was the expected, the obvious, choice. In the first place, from the very beginning of the war, he had brilliantly distinguished himself, commanding with the most successful of all the British Army Corps and later of the First Army in those early, desperate days.

Then, again and again, all they read like a chant of praise, Field Marshal French's dispatches throughout the first year sang the glories of Sir Douglas Haig. Again and again they spoke of his "energy and vigor," his "skillful, bold, decisive" strokes, and in many more such terms gave "heartfelt thanks for the brilliant leadership displayed by Sir Douglas Haig." He was just what the Army needed, the general who had been his companion-at-arms and chief of staff in the old days of the Boer war.

In the second place, English leaders must have said to themselves that in Sir Douglas Haig they had at once the finest and most completely typical product of the Army which had been sufficient unto the needs of the Empire in the days gone by, an army trained in wars the world around, but wars which seem petty and piddling now when compared with war on a scale for which, of course, no living man in 1914 was prepared by actual experience.

In India and Africa
In actual fighting before 1914, Sir Douglas Haig had never commanded any body larger than a regiment. He had spent his time in India's sunny clime, "a servin' of'er Majesty the Queen." He had won his spurs when, under Kitchener, the Union Jack was hoisted over Khartoum, and he was chief of staff under French in South Africa in the days of Kimberley and Paardeberg.

"Lucky Haig" they called him in those days. Perhaps it was because he got into the Army at all only through the intervention of the Duke of Cambridge after a British medical board had solemnly barred as color blind (and, therefore, of no use whatever) the man who was in the days of Kimberley and Paardeberg.

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land. Twenty years ago he wrote to me from Germany, where he was spending his leave, a letter so full of prophetic knowledge that I sent it to his young wife to keep, because some day some one who writes his life will see what he foresaw 20 years before he went to fight the Germans.

His hours of danger, such as are the daily portion of his men today, Sir Douglas experienced in his earlier campaigns. His first recognition in the Army came as the result of some brilliant and hazardous reconnaissance work in the Soudan, when, before the battle of Atbara, he advanced within a few hundred yards of the enemy's positions, obtained the information that Kitchener needed and came galloping back amid a storm of bullets.

During the Boer war, on the day of Cronje's surrender at Paardeberg, he was thrown from his horse into the rushing waters of the Modder River, and would have been lost if a brother officer had not rescued him just in time.

Narrow escapes he has had, too, since this war began. Once he was watching the progress of a battle from a haystack when some German projectiles landed right beside it, and he lived to tell the tale only because they failed to explode. One day a barn was obliterated just after he had stepped out of it. Then, though a commander's post is well behind the lines, there is a favorable story of how, during one desperate moment in an early battle, when every man down to the last ditch was being hurled into the line to avert irretrievable disaster, the chief appeared and by his very appearance turned the tide.

"Suddenly along the Meuse road, as the story is told, 'Sir Douglas Haig comes riding, superbly mounted as he always is, beautifully spruce with his 'hairy' bushy field boots, behind him his escort of the Death-or-Glory boys. To the men, pushed to the breaking point of their strength, the apparition of that calm, debonair figure, firm and resolute, was a gift of fresh confidence to hold out."

It is always this magnificent appearance of Sir Douglas Haig which leads to all the anecdotes about D. H. or Duggie, as his men are wont to call him behind his back. "The Fifer" is a gallant figure, the perfect cavalry type, tall, alert, broad-shouldered. A dazzling luster in his youth, he has kept in training by polo. He is fair and blue-eyed. His forehead is broad and intellectual, the forehead of a thinker. His chin is thrust forward aggressively, the chin of a fighter. He is probably the best-looking single object on the western front.

You will never see him in anything so prosaic as a motor car if a horse will serve his purpose, and in his gleaming boots and clinking silver spur chains there is a hint of the old pageantry of war; but his job is behind the lines, and for the most part you must think of him at his desk bending over a map.

Like a Vast Estate
Visitors to his headquarters bring away the impression of a Scotch laird who had settled down to the management of his own vast estate. Everything is simple and strict there, and the Army is run as if it were a quiet family matter, with the minimum of clinking heels and military formality, a state of affairs the Germans could never understand.

"When history relates the story of the great battles of the Somme," says Lord Northcliffe, "it will tell how Sir Douglas Haig and his staff had their quarters in a modest dwelling, part of which was still occupied by the family who owned it. Thus it was that the voices of children running up and down the corridors mingle with the ceaseless murmur of the work and the work of the earnest little company of men whose labors are never out of the thoughts of their countrymen throughout the Empire."

"There are children in the Sir Douglas Haig's own home waiting the day when the great job is done. He married in 1905 the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, and because his bride was one of Queen Alexandra's ladies-in-waiting, the wedding took place in Buckingham Palace, with the wedding breakfast given by the King and Queen. A week before the present German offensive was launched, Field Marshal Haig's first son was born.

AS WE KNOW THEM
THE SECOND LIEUTENANT—NEW STYLE
He's younger than most of us—far younger than the Top. And, being young, he's full of pep and keeps us on the hop. He hasn't been in long enough to sour on the game. He's tickled as a kid with it—that's why we bless his name!

He puts us through all sorts of stunts to liven up the drill. He laughs when he takes corners slurry and takes a muddy spill; it's up and in it all the time—he never seems to tire. And doesn't know what duckin' means in face of Fritz's fire.

He always calls us "Follows"—never pulls the line. "My men" He likes to think he's one of us; and, back in billets, when he has to make inspections, he'll sit down and chin a while. And as to all this "Yes, sir" stuff, "Oh, can it!" That's his style.

**HUMBLE PRIVATE WINS
AS OFFICER'S COUNSEL**

Lieutenant Michael is free. The case of the People of Paris vs. THE STARS AND STRIPES. Lieutenant Michael appearing as defendant, tried on Monday of this week in the police court of the 14th Arrondissement, resulted in a suspension of judgment. Which was quite fitting, as the whole thing arose from a lapse of judgment on the part of some staff members of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

It appears that, contrary to police regulations, which had been quite forgotten by the eager, late-telling staff of this paper, a light was left burning in the upper story of No. 1, Rue des Italiens, G-2, A.E.F., Paris, France, far into the night. Said light was a brilliant affair—just like the paper whose sanctum it illuminated. (Adv.) It was so brilliant, in fact, that it shone right through the royal purple curtains that shield the late toilers from the gaze of the passing multitude.

A passing gentleman—which is French for cop-spotted—the light, the usual regular spotlight artist. Lights at night convey an invitation to Zeppelins, Gothas, Taubes, Fokkers, and other Germanic craft to c'mon-over-Skinnay, and get the range on Paris and kerpunk their bombs. Lights at night, therefore, are dangerous; doubly dangerous for the people who expose them.

For the sake, therefore, of shielding THE STARS AND STRIPES from the enemy's attentions, and saving the surrounding buildings from what would be left over after the Boche had had his little hate, the zendarrino—which is French for putnam—look the number of the building and the number of the room, turned in his report to Desk Sergeant—Desk Sergeant—oh, whatever is French for Chaney, and made out a complaint.

Easy to Hang It on Him
The next morning, sure enough, the patrolman on the day beat called on Michael. Michael—because Lieutenant Michael gets around a lot and is therefore the easiest one to hang it on—to a summons directing him to appear before the police tribunal at five o'clock that afternoon. He acquiesced. Lieutenant Michael with the nature of the charge, gravely saluted and walked out.

The lieutenant rushed to the rear of the office and engaged counsel right away in the person of an English looking private from New England who had never been inside a law school and who therefore was unblinded. Counsel, of course, advised him to plead guilty. Young lawyers always do.

That afternoon both Lieutenant Michael, representing THE STARS AND STRIPES, and his counsel entered the arrondissement station at the appointed time and proceeded to the court-room. "Je suis un avocat américain," the self-styled lawyer began in his best correspondence school French, just to indicate that he was an American lawyer. His Honor bowed graciously, nodded both counsel and culprit to seats, and began.

The Case for the People of Paris
He laid down the law about the exhibition of lights after sundown in Paris. He pointed out the danger that might arise from that practice if indiscriminately indulged. He was very nice about it, and counsel did not disagree with him on a single point. Neither did defendant. Neither does anybody who has lived through an air raid.

"Ving sommes les—les—oh, hell, Lieutenant, what's the word for 'sorry'?" "Triste," "Très triste," counsel finished triumphantly.

"I understand," his Honor broke in, in excellent English. "You are very sorry, messieurs. It is of nothing—of nothing, I assure you! The charge is dismissed."

All the way down the stairs the zendarmes saluted the acquitted and his lawyer. At the doorway the happy pair parted.

"The French Bar is very cordial," said defendant.

"French bars are noted for cordials," replied the low-brow counsel.

HOW FIRST A.E.F. UNIT WON THE FOURRAGERE
The only American unit that has thus far been honored with the right to wear the fourragere can claim at least one distinction that no other American unit that wins it in future can hope to achieve. The unit is—or was originally—Section Sanitaire Americaine No. 5, and the distinction is that the first of the two citations necessary to give it the privilege was made before America entered the war—to be exact, just a year and three days before.

First Aid Hospital Organized
The unit had its origin, in a manner of speaking, in a motor car. Taxicabs were used, on very few occasions, to spring that old one again—and in like manner privately owned motor cars loaned to the French Government helped to save thousands of wounded heroes of the Marne by evacuating them to the rear.

Among the willing donors of cars was Herman H. Harjes, partner of J. V. Morgan and a financier known on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Harjes organized a first aid hospital not far from Paris, attached to which were five borrowed automobiles, all driven by American volunteers.

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DIDN'T SEE ANY HORNS
A certain chap had just arrived from the States at General Headquarters, and immediately after being assigned to duty started an inquiry as to just how he might find an opportunity to see the General.

"I want to see a real live general, and I want to see him before I write home," he said. "You know it will be great stuff to tell the folks about."

He was told that as a general rule there was a certain hour in the day when one could see the General, but it would necessitate missing a meal. The next day he missed the meal, and after 40 minutes of patient waiting was rewarded by being able to get a glance at the General as he stepped from the G.I.Q. building into his waiting automobile.

The letter that he wrote home included this sentence:
"I saw General Pershing today. He don't have horns. I think he is just plain O.K."

TO MARGARET
A doughboy near the front obviously fell into a poetic stupor recently while thinking of his "Margaret," who evidently lives "somewhere within the bounds of Old Glory."

A crumpled, undisturbed note, penciled, and bearing an acoustic wave found in the fighting zone by a member of the Q.M.C. The acoustic bore nothing by which the author or the character here in could be identified. The acoustic follows:—
M any greetings, little girl.
A cross the sea to you I hurl.
R ed and white and Yankee blue
G allantry wave here for you.
A Isaac has it planted there.
E ssay in prayer, girl of mine,
T hat it soon wave on the Rhine.

BOYS!
No War Prices for
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**EDIBLE MATTRESSES
FOR ARMY SLEEPERS**
Hay Bed. Will Be Passed
Along to Four-footed
A.E.F. Comrades

Hay, there!
Hay yourself! You're going to sleep on it. Oh, yes, you are: oh—yes—you are! And, when you do, you'll like it a lot. It's ever so much more aristocratic than the straw you've been sleeping on all winter.

Step right along up with you nice, new, white, decoctified bed-sack, dig into the fragrant pile and help yourself. Stuff it in well along the corners, and don't let a big lump get into the place where the middle of your back comes. But don't take more than 15 pounds of it; that's all the new order allows you, whether you're a light or a heavy sleeper.

That, you see, covers infantry outfits where the amount of hay required for food is not so very large. One spoonful of hay to every pall of slum is the correct formula, as we recall it.

So far, so good. Here's an unkind cut. This is the order: "Used hay which has been emptied out of bed-sacks will be feed to animals."

"Yes—sir! Fed to animals! The same hay upon which you toss and turn and toss and turn and toss and turn and toss and turn after having partaken of Louis's underdone beans and overdone beef—that same hay will, at the end of the month, be taken out—by you—and put into a pile for the delectable munching of Pframus and Thisbe, Vin Blanc and Vin Rouge, David and Jonathan, Weber and Fields, Castor and Pollux, Lewis and Clark, Cohen and Harris, and all the other hayburning teams of four-feet attached to the troop or battery."

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1918.

YOU WANT TO GO HOME

When you are out on guard on the border of No Man's Land and they've left you alone with your thoughts and the darkness, you conjure up a vision of Main Street in your home town and perhaps you tell yourself that you would give everything you own in the world—Liberty bonds and all—just for a berth on the next ship sailing for America.

You want to go back to New York. You want to see Fifth Avenue all shining in the morning sun and to push your way through the great, jostling, good-natured crowd that churns about Times Square.

But not now. The home-town of your dreams is the home-town as it was and as it will be once again, but not as it is today. Today, and just so long as this war lasts, you could not spend a single happy hour within its gates.

JUST PLAIN GRUB

We are getting whole wheat bread, the kind that makes muscle and bone and sinew. It is one of the most important components in a fighting man's makeup.

THE PHONETTES

They're here and there. They say "seventy-five" instead of "sixty-fifteen," as the French ones do. They say "Hold the wire" instead of "Attendez un moment."

THE NAVY'S ARMY

Of all the arms of our national services now fighting in France the least understood in the popular mind is the Marine Corps. The Marine are not the Army men.

Marine Corps. Simply describe it as "the Navy's Army." As official orders put it, the Marines in France are "detached for service with the Army by order of the President."

DON'T "BETTER YOURSELF"

One of the saddest figures in Army life is the high-spirited youngster who, with beating heart and head erect, makes for the nearest recruiting station, offers his all to his country, and then 24 hours after reaching camp hears the whisper, "Better yourself," and starts on a career of self-seeking sycophancy.

He has been infected, and it is an infection that spreads. Probably it spreads the more rapidly in our Army just because advancement in America has been so splendidly open to the humblest citizen, because we have all heard the get-ahead gospel since childhood, because each and every one of us started out with the notion that he stood a fair chance of being President some fine day.

The Kaiser has no great cause to fear the major who, on the first day of his maturity, says to himself, "Now, how soon can I become a lieutenant colonel?" instead of "O Lord, help me to shoulder this new responsibility."

A real scholar has no time to think about promotion. He does his job for all he is worth and takes what ranks come along.

The young lieutenant who, instead of bending all his wits to see how much work he can get done every 24 hours, spends all his time scheming for a captaincy, is a pretty poor lieutenant and would make a pretty poor captain.

WHOOPIING IT UP

"Dilly-dallying Congressional investigations probably are resulting in some good and much delay, but they undoubtedly set forth the fact that ships are coming to meet the need, that the War Department has effectively accomplished a tremendous task, that the Navy justly deserves immense credit, that things on the whole are striding forward, and that, despite comparatively inconsequential maladjustments, critics and kickers and growlers who clasp their hands in delight at the seeming partisan achievement in some trivial disclosure are, as a matter of fact, about the most unpopular people over here."

GETTING INTO THE GAME

The knell of "informal" athletics seems to have been sounded by the decision of the Board of Athletic Control of Princeton University. Princeton is coming back in all branches of intercollegiate sports, coming back strong in good old auto-hellium style. But it will cut down expenses, because the war is certain to cut down receipts.

1848

Seventy years ago Germany tried to have a revolution. Its fate was the natural fate of any uprising in a country whose government includes a powerful mechanism for the very purpose of suppressing the slightest manifestation of an organized popular will.

TO A NURSE

Well, Miss Blank, you have how in the ward under your management a no account bugler. Ain't he the funniest looking gink I ever saw, with his close cropped hair, pug nose, and those two big ivories? And after I've gone you'll breathe less easier and thank the Yumping Jupiter that you're relieved of that Calamity. And you'll forget all about me after this here war is over and we all return home and get used to Broadway and civilization again.

TO BE READ WITH PRIDE

A new paper has reached the Journal's editorial desk. It is entitled THE STARS AND STRIPES, and the initial number is eight pages in size. THE STARS AND STRIPES is the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces and it is printed "somewhere in France."

The Listening Post

GIRLS I LEFT BEHIND II. FLORENCE. Flossie, how I used to kid you just as you were as spring. When I used to say the lid you wore was not a pretty thing!

How my habit was to spoof you For affecting such a style That the gear that used to roof you Brought the wide satiric smile!

How I hurled my mighty humor At your bonnets red and black! Little dreaming it a boomer- Ang to hit the slinger back.

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

Just how far the long-range gun can shoot is a matter of speculation. Which means, in the Army, that it is the subject of endless debate and argument. It brings to mind the old baseball sketch that Weber and Fields pulled—Heavens, can it be—22 years ago.

THE CHEMICAL CORPS

They get no song to boast 'em along, they get no words of cheer; For what they do is a job so new some of us don't know they're here; But they work away in the lab all day to help us win the war;

BLESS HIM!

A bloke we like Is Charlie Handy; He always gives Us half his candy.

FOR GIRLS

1. "I didn't know you knew Theda Bara." 2. "How could such a lovely girl waste her time on a guy like you?" 3. "She's just what you deserve."

FOR KIDS

1. "Tough luck. They look like their pa." 2. "Hoorry! They look like their mother." 3. "What a beautiful looking child!" 4. "What an intelligent looking child!" 5. "What a healthy looking child!" 6. "What a mischievous looking child!"

THINGS WE USED TO BEEF ABOUT. II.

The loquaciousness of the American barber. Germany is soapsless. The German straps his face with the aid of water alone.

WE'LL MORE THAN GET HIS GOAT YET!



WHAT THEY THINK AND DO AT HOME

A MESSAGE FROM TWENTY-FIVE STATES

By FRANK BOHN

Just before I left New York, in the middle of February, I received a letter from Colonel Clement Sullivan, late of the Confederate Army. Colonel Sullivan commanded the rear guard brigade of Lee's army on the retreat from Richmond.

A Nation With One Voice

So speaks America—every section and every State. Since the declaration of war I have traveled 2500 miles through the U. S. A., going into nearly 30 States, and speaking publicly nearly 200 times on the issues of the war.

Just One Thing to Think About

During the 25,000 miles I traveled in America I found everywhere the rush and hurry of war preparations—building ships, making munitions, growing crops, making clothes, all for the war—as though there were nothing else in the world to think of but beating Germany flat.

TO A NURSE

Well, Miss Blank, you have how in the ward under your management a no account bugler. Ain't he the funniest looking gink I ever saw, with his close cropped hair, pug nose, and those two big ivories? And after I've gone you'll breathe less easier and thank the Yumping Jupiter that you're relieved of that Calamity.

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WHAT'S THE MATTER PAPA - ARE THOSE AMERICANS TEASING YOU, AGAIN?

There's a fellow needs a letter. Will you write him just a line? It will make him feel much better To receive this friendly sign That we march in love beside him Wherever he may roam. Share his life, whatever betide him. As we think of him at home.

KID US ALONG A LITTLE

Saturday I had the pleasure of reading the first copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES, and in the language of the crude and uncultured West, from which I hail, thank the Lord, "I've got to slip it to you," for it was one good, snappy, readable sheet with punch and pen, the sine qua non of modern journalism, scintillating in every column.

IS YOUR SECTOR QUIET? THEN DON'T PLAY PAREE

That Pink Ticket o' Leave Isn't All It's Cracked Up To Be These Warm Spring Days—Try the White, Bo

Yes, I got my pink ticket, I did, and went up to Paree. But that's all the good it done me. Take it from me, guy, if they offer you a choice between a pink ticket and a white one, take the white one, every time.

You know how it was: we had just come out of that "quiet sector" up Looneyville way, where the whole damn regiment sat up on top of the parapet playing cards all afternoon, with the Hun looking on and laying bets on the left of our colonel's hand.

Well, I come down to Paris on a week's leave. The first thing I know when I'm turning over, enjoying my first real sleep between sheets in eight months—BANGGO! Then—brrrr-um! Boom! brrrr-um! Boom! all right under my window.

I thought at first I was dreaming I was up to the front, and turned over again. But no: a lot of whistles and horns and things started tooting, and pretty soon somebody came rapping on my door and said it was a *cleric*, whatever that is, and I had got to get up.

Down to the Rathskeller Well, I got up, and got downstairs in the hotel where I was staying at "A la curve!" the landlord shouts to me, and pointed at the cellar.

"What's the good of going down there?" I ask him. "Is it a rathskeller or something you want me to try?" But he can't compen for a sou. They're a dumb lot, these foreigners, even when you speak their own language at them.

I finally went down there, and they was a lot of people there in all sorts of dress and undress, but nobody seemed to mind. Over in the corner they were an Australian officer who told me, all in English, that an air raid was on. That was the first time I knew they spoke English in Australia.

"Air raid?" says I, looking at my wrist watch. "This is a helluva time to be pulling that stuff—half-past three in the morning!"

"I know it," he says, "but there's nothing one can do about it, now can one?" That was too deep for me, so I just says, "Ye-ah" and let it go at that.

After about an hour and a half they blew some bugles out in the street to show the raid was called off on account of such grounds or something, and I went back to bed.

And Then Those Drums But I couldn't sleep. Along about 5 o'clock they began drumming out in the street, and all the church bells began to ring. Then, right in the middle of that I heard another BANGGO! So, as it seemed to be the thing to do, I got up and dressed.

Down in the dining room I run into this Australian officer again. "Is it another air raid they got?" I says. "If they try that in the daytime, they'll be in for a awful kidding, they'll be so easy to spot."

"No," says he. "It's that beastly long-range gun of theirs, you know. It fires regular, every 20 minutes all day long. But they never hit anything, you know, except a few houses."

"Say," says I, "I thought I left the front behind me when we hiked back from Looneyville. Are they bringing the front down here s'ore I won't be long-some for it while I'm on leave?"

"No," he told me. "That gun is a good 70 miles away—up at Anky, as near as we can figure."

"Up at Unceasy?" says I. "Well, it makes it plenty Unceasy down here, don't it?"

That one was a little deep for him, so he just says "Indeed!" Anyway, I reckoned I was getting even for the one he pulled on me in the early morning.

Off To See Some Pictures But he didn't harbor no resentment. He said me if I knew my way about, and I had me a lot of good pictures in the Luxembourg galleries over across the river. That was a new one on me; I always thought Luxembourg was a country, or something, but it appears it ain't. Anyway, he showed me how to get there, and I went. This Luxembourg place is on the side of a big park, which is full of statues of people without no clothes on. They is one with three guys all holding out their hand at something and straining after it. I think it was probly put up to celebrate the opening of the first free lunch counter.

Well, I went into the Lux. I thought when that Aussie officer told me there was good pictures there that it was a movie palace, but it appears it ain't. They're nothing but stills in it. But they're in color, so that helps some.

They was some statues, too. I went around looking at them, and the first thing I know I ran into the statue of Liberty, only smaller.

"Hell," says I, "I was a boob to come over here. I saw that in New York harbor; why do I want to see it again for? Besides, it isn't as good as what it was there. It must have been shrunk some with the salt air or something, or 'ng over."

Trailing the Bombs So I beats it out, and goes roaming down the Boulevard and I think it seems the French call it the Boule Meech just like Michigan Boulevard in Chi. Off to one side of it there was a big fence in place with a lot of ruins in it.

"Was that what the bomb done?" I asks a Tommy standing by. "No," he says, "them's the ruins of an old Roman palace and its baths." Oh, says I, "that so? I didn't know the Romans took baths. I thought the English invented it."

Leaving him to think that over, I rolled along my way to the Louver. Somebody had told me I oughtn't to miss it, so I tried to get it. But it was closed up on account of it being Saturday or something, and I couldn't make it.

Then I got lunch at a restaurant, but I had to eat outdoors. I thought I was through with eating outdoors, when I come to a city, but it seems they do it because they like to. And in the afternoon I went to a real movie house on the Grand Boulevards—and what do you think I saw?

Good Old-Charlie Chaplin The same show I saw in New York the week before leaving! The same picture of Charlie Chaplin's, only with French titles on it. And then, when they got to the news pictures, what was there but our old regiment, passing in review before that French general, and me in the rear rank of the third platoon of J Company with my left leg put coming down!

I got out of there. I had spent all day trying to find something new in Paris, and I couldn't. All the time they was throwing up old things at me that I'd seen before.

Well, that night I went to a vaudeville house, or rather a saloon and vaudeville house combined. It seems that's the way they do it here, so as to save paper on door checks when guys want to go out between the acts. The bar is right out in front of the theater part, so they get you going and coming. They charge you a franc for the same beer you could get up at Looneyville for ten sous, only it's a little staler beer because it has to travel so far.

Just Dogs and Jugglers And then the show starts. Say, there was nothing but dog acts, and juggling acts, and more juggling acts, and a damn what came out and sang. There wasn't a job in it anywhere that I could get. And the music? What do you think they played for new and zippy stuff? "Alexander's Rag-Time Band," "The Merry Widow," and "Every Little Movement!" It's a fact!

I went out when the show was about half over, figuring that I would get no vaudeville but only more ancient history if I stayed. The next morning I paid my hotel bill, slung my bag over my back, and beat it for the railroad station.

Nope, take it from me, bo; there's nothing to this Paris leave. There's nothing new here. It's just like New York, and I've seen New York. So what's the use?



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INSIGNIA OF OUR ALLIES

II.—THE BELGIAN ARMY



If you were a sergeant in the Belgian Army, you would wear only one chevron. If you were a corporal in the Belgian Army, you would also wear only one chevron. This may seem rather rough on the sergeant, especially if he has just been promoted from a corporal and is anxious to tell the world. But the sergeant's lone chevron is so much wider than the corporal's that the difference can be noted at a glance.

The Belgian officer wears his insignia on his collar. The number of stars and bars follows a definite and simple rule, as can be seen from the diagram. Don't forget that in the Belgian Army the rank of commandant is not the same as that of the American major or the French commandant. The Belgian Army has both grades, the commandant ranking between captain and major.

- Following is a key to the insignia pictured above:
Insignia. Worn on collar.
1. General of Division.
2. General of Brigade.
3. Colonel.
4. Lieutenant-Colonel.
5. Major.
6. Commandant. Three stars gold.
7. Captain. Two stars gold, one silver.
8. First Lieutenant.
9. Second Lieutenant. Star in gold.
10. Adjutant. One star in silver.
Chevrons. Worn by non-commissioned officers.
11. First Sergeant Major.
12. Sergeant.
13. Quartermaster Sergeant.
14. Sergeant.
15. Corporal.
Devices. Worn on collar or arm.
16. Grenadier.
17. Engineer.
18. Ballonist.
19. Railway Regiment.
20. Pontoonier.
21. Cyclist.
22. Bandman.
23. Motor Corps.
24. Aviator.
25. Interpreter.
26. Medical Service.

FRESH WATER TARS KEEP LINER GOING

Middle Westerners Show Stuff When Grippe Lays Crew Low

They were part of a naval unit that had never been any farther east than the Great Lakes Naval Training Station until they were slammed on board training and started in the direction of an Atlantic port. They were of the Middle West Middle-Westerly. They had never smelt salt water in their lives, but he it added, they had never smelt smelling salts, either. They were huskies, and they knew their game.

WHY IS IT?

That, just after you've got your quarter well together, and practiced every noon right after mess time, and every afternoon after stables or drill, and every night after mess again, and everything is all fixed for the battalion concert, at least three of the four have to draw guard on the night of the show, and the musical number is all off?

YOUR FOLKS WILL KNOW

When you get the Distinguished Service Cross, or any other military honor, the folks at home will know all about it. You can't hide it from them. That is, not if your division commander can help it. There's an order that says he will, when practicable, furnish G.H.Q. with the name and residence of the nearest relative of the officer or man concerned, every time he forwards the name of an officer or man with a recommendation that he be decorated. This, says G.H.Q., is in order that the relatives of the person to whom the award has been made may be notified.

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OUR CALLERS

"Which is Sergeant —? Oh, do point him out to me! I've read lots of his stuff. Which one? That amiable looking man over there? Why, I had an idea from the things he used to write, that he was at least S2!"

"Won't you introduce me to Captain sister-in-law's little girl wrote something for his column in New York. He'll be sure to remember the name."

"Where is Miss Information? Is she with the Y.M. or Red Cross or the Salvation Army or what? I think her advice is so thoughtful and so cultured; she must be a nice, motherly soul. What? You say she's gone out to get shaved and hunt for some pipe tobacco?"

"What is Bran Mash's real name? Is it Bran Mash, enlisted and put on this paper? Is that him over in the corner—that sloppy person who spoke to me so rudely as I came in? So that's your etiquette editor?"

"Who writes all that nice poetry of yours, all that heart-interest stuff and the rest? Who, that savage looking fellow over there, reading the Infantry Drill Regulations and the Police Gazette and Le Vie Parisien?"

"Who is the hard guy that can't spell, that writes those horrible stories about bugs and things? The little week-looking man with the glasses and the bald head, reading the Browning, with that big file of the Atlantic on his desk? I don't believe it!"

HE JOINED THE ARMY

This comes from a National Army contentment. They have quartermasters in the National Army, too. You can't get away from them, it seems. One of them decided to get a transfer to the field artillery. In fact, he did. Next morning there was seen floating from the front door of the steam-heated quartermasters' barracks a real, white and blue service flag—with one star.

ATTENTION!!

"Fall in" and "Line up" with thousands of other A.E.F. men who are sending their Official Newspaper, THE STARS AND STRIPES

to their relatives and friends in the United States and Allied Countries. Send 4 francs (Local Chamber of Commerce paper money not accepted) for each subscription, with their names and addresses, and the Official A.E.F. Newspaper will be mailed promptly each week for a period of three months.

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

DAD'S LETTERS

My dad ain't just the letter writin' kind— He'd rather let the women see to that: He's got a mess o' troubles on his mind, And likes to keep 'em underneath his hat.

And p'raps because he isn't very strong On talkin', why, he's kind o' weak on ink. But he can work like sin the whole year long. And, crickey, how that dad o' mine can think!

When I set out from Homeville last July, He didn't bawl the way my sister did; He just shook hands and says, "Well, boy, goodbye." (He got his feelin's, but he keeps 'em hid.)

And so when mother writes about the things That I spend half my time a-thinkin' of, There's one short line that every letter brings: "Father will write, and meanwhile sends his love."

"Father will write." Well, some day p'raps he will— There's a lot o' funny prophecies come true; But if he just keeps promisin' to still, I'll understand, and dad'll know I do.

THINGS THAT DON'T INTEREST THE A.E.F.

The announcement of the wedding of Mr. Reginald Van Slacker, of Slackerville, to Miss Oofie Bittloer, in the Church of the Holy Dividends.

The accounts of the winter carnivals at Truxedo, and other places.

The story about the net poodle that swam the breakers at Palm Beach, retrieving a vanity case that had somehow flown out to sea.

The speech of Mr. Hapsley McInberlin about the back-to-the-land movement.

The latest German "denial." The controversy in Germany about "who started this, anyway?"

The rage of the makers of bum Army stuff over the application of the excess profits tax to their particular businesses.

The plaint of the aristocratic young 32-year-old that there isn't a single Governmental department that has yet shown itself inclined to accept his "services."

The fight of the S.P.P.S. (Society for the Prohibition of Pleasure to Soldiers) to have all that Bull Durham taken over by the United States, used as sandvust for a Billy Sunday tabernacle.

The latest German "denial." And—the latest German "denial."

PUT IT OVER ON THE GENERAL

A brigadier general passed a "sing-in' battalion" the other day. The general was on foot; on that particular day all the colonels in the world had been ordered to walk, for once, and to carry their packs, and the general wanted to show that he was a sport, too.

As he jogged along, he came to a halted baggage wagon, mountain high with barrack bugs, with a big buck private sprawled on top.

"What are you doing there?" asked the general.

"Holdin' this stuff on the wagon, sir," said the private, sitting up. There really wasn't much answer to that, for that was exactly what he was doing. But the general had to have his little joke.

"Hard job, isn't it?" said he, leaving himself wide open, as one might say. The buck private smiled angelically.

"Oh, after a couple of days you get toughened to it," said he, and the 50 or so people within hearing snickered down their rifle barrels.

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WAR BOOK AUTHORS WILL HAVE TO WAIT

But General Staff Would Be Glad to Get That Big Idea of Yours

"Of making many books there is no end," particularly in making books about that most engrossing and fascinating subject, war. Consequently, until further orders, officers, enlisted men and other members of the service are prohibited from printing and distributing any pamphlets or books, not previously published or in process of being published, on any military subject whatever. The exception is, of course, in the case of approved Government publications, or books authorized by the War Department.

In order that there may not be duplication of effort in the preparation of publications, and in order to secure proper supervision and collaboration in the use of information and available records, it is provided that departments, bureaus, corps schools and so forth will not prepare nor distribute any military pamphlet or book without first informing the Chief of the War College division, General Staff, of the contemplated publication. If the publication is authorized, three copies of it, upon its completion, are to be furnished to the Chief of the War College division.

The rules set forth above are not, it is stated, to be construed as interfering with the preparation and publication of such military books and pamphlets as may be authorized by the Commanding General of the A.E.F., nor with the preparation and distribution of interpretative matter relative to authorized publications, nor with the preparation of articles for the service journals.

Individuality and enterprise in the suggestion of publications and so forth is encouraged, as is shown in another paragraph of the order dealing with the subject. It says that members of the service having new ideas or information which they believe to be of value to the

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HUNS MAY REQUEST WAIVERS ON KAISER

We used to climb the bleachers high
To see the foul and home-run hits;
We paid, with laughter in our eye,
Our little odd two-bits.

MAJOR LEAGUE SEASON
TO BE OPENED TUESDAY

Yankees Make It Six Straight From Braves in Series Played on Return Journey From Southern Camps

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, April 11.—The major league clubs, after several weeks of preliminary practice, are now getting down to the home stretch of the pre-season games, and the managers are busy selecting their lineups for the opening league clashes next Tuesday, April 16.
At Little Rock, Ark., the Boston Red Sox defeated the Brooklyn Dodgers in the third game of their series, the final score being 3 to 2.

At Dallas, Tex., the Red Sox defeated the Dodgers 7 to 4 in a 16 inning battle. The score was tied twice during the game, once in the eighth inning and again in the 14th. Clarence Mitchell entered the game for the Dodgers in the sixth and twirled the next ten innings. He stopped the Red Sox until the 15th, when two runners trickled over the plate. In the 16th, Starn doubled for Boston and took third in a bad throw by Coombs, scoring on a sacrifice fly.

Yankees Tounce Braves
At Dublin, Ga., the Yankees beat the Boston Braves 2 to 0 in the inaugural contest of a series to be played on the swing northward. Muddy Ruel, for the Yankees, sent a long triple to right center in the fifth inning, breaking up the Braves' defense. McGeorge held the Braves hitless in the last four innings. After the third inning, only one Brave reached the bases.

In the game played at Augusta, Ga., the Yankees beat the Braves 12 to 9, plugging up a six run lead in the first two innings. Caldwell, for the Yankees, hit the Braves down with six hits and two runs in the six innings in which he was on the mound. McGraw, who succeeded him, was driven from the peak in a single round.

At Orangeburg, S. C., the Yankees won from the Braves 2 to 2 in 11 innings. The Braves started to creep up the Yankees in the early innings, putting over two runners in the fourth, while Ragan held the Yankees helpless until the sixth. With the bases filled, Ragan was taken out for a pinch hitter, and in the eighth the Yankees managed to tie the score of Hughes, who had succeeded Ragan.

Boston Misses Charlie Herzog
At Marietta, Ga., the Yankees defeated the Braves 2 to 1, multiplying their heavy artillery in the sixth inning and sending the Braves to the second base trenches. At Columbia, S. C., the Yankees won from the Braves by a 10 to 0 count. Slim Love fanning seven Braves.

STAR SHELLS
By Q.M. SGT. STUART CARROLL, Q.M.C. "OFF MARSEILLES"
Back in the States, when our bunkie was mentally touring, we told him simply that he was "off his nut." In France there is a more polite expression which conveys the same meaning. When a person obviously is wearing on his face the "expression of a beat," "star shells" further advises that the pronunciation is "Mar-say" and not, as we and numberless other Yanks believe, "Mar-says."

When the Top has put your name up
On the list to do K.P.
Even though you say the same up
For successive days and three.
Do not try to reprimand him
As in days of border cheer.
For the line you used to hand him
Is "de trop" while over here.
Chorus
Stand at ease, if you please,
Homage you must pay;
Grip a bit, try this lift:
"Top, you're off Marseilles!"
Shocking, isn't it, how New York grows more wicked year by year? Now they've passed a law legalizing Sunday baseball. Why, my dear, they'll be permitting cigarette smoking next.

Cassidy, Iowa, home of Red Keady of the White Sox, came through in a pinch and sent enough volunteers to keep Red from being drafted. But baseball seems a piker game when there's a regular scrap going on elsewhere. And we always thought that had endowed with carnine locks would rather be in the big show than engaged in "making the pennant safe for Chi."

Another surprise to sport followers was to read of Knockout Brown being rejected by the Army because of a bad eye. We never noticed anything wrong with his vision when he punched his way to the lightweight championship of New York.

Charlie Herzog continues to be a hold-up-er—that is a hold-out.

OFFICE LOCALS
(By Keyworth)
At military drill this a.m., a rent was observed in the jeans of the Business Dept.
A photograph has been placed near the desk of the Chief Clerk. If it plays "A Broken Doll" much more, it'll be "A Broken Instrument" so says our next desk neighbor.
The Treasurer's dept. had his own box of matches yesterday.

The Advertising section was pinched for "exposing a light after dark." New report of trial on another page.
The Orfan dept. is practicing at being papa. He came in at 3 this morning.
The Listening Post is the only one that hasn't been climbed by the boss.
Miss Information sarcastically refers to the office personnel as the Camp Fifer girls.

TENDLER OUTFIGHTS CLINE
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, April 11.—Lew Tendler of Philadelphia outfought Patsy Cline of New York in their six round bout at Philadelphia.

In the first round Tendler jabbed Cline bloody, and in the second and third periods he had Cline against the ropes. In the fourth round he cut Cline's ear open with a heavy left, and also landed several uppercuts with his left.
The sixth round ended with Cline clinching and holding on until the bell stopped the battle.

COLLEGE BALL SEASON ON

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, April 11.—While the big league teams are busy preparing for the opening of their regular season, college games also are hard at it getting in shape for the later games.
At West Point the Boston College team won from the Army team 6 to 2, giving the Cadets their first defeat of the season. The Army's twirler, Murrill, got away to a bad start and when he was taken from the box in the second inning, with nobody down, Boston had secured all its runs. The score:
Boston College . . . 2 0 0 0 0 0 0—6
West Point . . . 0 1 0 0 0 1 0—2
At Annapolis, the Midshipmen beat Fordham College 5 to 3. The Middles managed to get six hits in the game, while Fordham gathered seven. Fordham filled the bases in the eighth and nearly won out, system being retired at the plate. The score:
Annapolis . . . 1 0 3 0 1 0 0—5
Fordham 0 1 0 0 0 1 1—3

NEW INTERNATIONAL
TAKES PLACE OF OLD
Five Former Clubs Among Those to Play Revised Circuit

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, April 11.—The International league corps has set up and is able to take nourishment.
Representatives from eight eastern cities have organized a new International league with a Class A rating. The old rating was AA. Toronto, Buffalo, Rochester, Baltimore and Newark of the old league, and the new organization, White Syracuse, Jersey City and Hinghamton will also be in the circuit. Play will start May 8 and close September 15.
Sunday games will be played in every city except Toronto, and this may help in pulling the league through. The doubleheader system will be used. A 14 player limit has been adopted.
Each club guarantees \$100 a day to the visiting team.

Red Sox Trim Dodgers
At Austin, Tex., the Boston Red Sox defeated Brooklyn 10 to 4. Boston got nine hits and the Dodgers 14. Hooper, Melnes, Wyckoff and Daubert knocked the ball out of the park for homers. The game was listless after the fourth inning, when Boston hit Groner for six safe ones, including a homer, triple and double, four runs resulting. Dave Shean, obtained from Cincinnati by Boston, made five hits in five trips to the plate. The score by innings:
Boston 1 0 1 4 1 1 0—10
Brooklyn . . . 2 0 0 0 0 2 0—4

White Sox Lose to Fort Worth
At Fort Worth, Tex., the Chicago White Sox lost to the home team by 10 to 2. The locals landed on Joe Benz for 16 hits, while fast fielding kept the world's champions in check. The Sox managed to get ten hits.
The Detroit Tigers took Cincinnati into camp at Oklahoma City by the score of 8 to 7. This made the standing in the series between these two clubs four to one in favor of the Tigers.
Pennant betting has begun early, immense sums being wagered daily by theatrical press agents, actors, and other persons of vast wealth who abhor publicity.

M.D. MAJOR STAR OF GAME
The baseball team of Company D, Telephone Battalion, defeated the line of Medical Corps Train No. — in a fast seven inning game last week by a score of 12 to 1. It was the season's opening game for both clubs, but both had been batting the ball around the lot in idle hours for several weeks and went into the contest with well balanced teams.
Major D. — of the Meds was the sensation of the game in fielding and hitting, but the rest of his team did nothing in finding the telephone man's pitcher. The score by innings was:
Meds 3 0 0 1 3 0 1—8
Tel. Bn. 6 2 2 0 0 2 x—12

ROSS SETS AQUATIC MARKS
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, April 11.—Norman Ross, of the Olympic A. C., of San Francisco, established four indoor world's swimming records in the National A. A. U. meet at Chicago.
He won the 220-yard swim in 3:16 2-5, the 200-yard swim in 2:20 2-5, and the 250-yard swim in 2:41 1-5.
The Illinois A.C. won the 400-yard relay race in 3:28 2-5, with the Great Lakes Naval Training Station team second, and the Chicago A.A. third.
Miss Olga Dunbar of Philadelphia won the woman's open 220-yard swim in 2:20 1-5. The team of Indianapolis being second, and Regina Reis of Indianapolis third.

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS
Johnny Noye was too much for Cal Delaney in their ten round go at Racine, Wis. Noye's bested Matt Ate in eight rounds, and Joe Bishop won from Butting Check in six.
At Rock Island, Mike Dundee was victorious over Rex McLean in a ten round bout. Eddie McGorty, who is back from Australia, wants to be figured as a contender in the middleweight class. Boxing has been postponed at South Bend, Ind., and McGorty may meet Phil Harrison there this month.
Jack Wolfe won from Willie Devore in a fast ten round go at Cleveland. Tom Macklin won from George Chip in ten rounds at Scranton, Pa.
Jack McCarron shade, Leo Houck in a six round go at Philadelphia.
Flood won from the shade over Harry Greb in their ten round go at St. Paul.
Terry Brooks stopped Jim Coffey in five rounds at Boston. Soldier Burfield bested Fred Lewis in six rounds at Philadelphia. At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Johnny Donahue won over Kid Levine in five rounds.
Fred Fulton and Jack Dempsey may meet at Newark on May 20, both having accepted terms. Boxing is now permitted in New Jersey, the governor having signed the law.

COLLEGE SPORT NOTES
Harold Goettler, captain of the University of Chicago basketball five a few years ago, has been appointed a second lieutenant in the aviation branch of the Army.
Bart McComber, former star football player of the University of Illinois, failed to pass the test as aviator, being too light.
Wisconsin won the State college indoor meet with 70 points. Bison scoring 21 1-2, Lawrence 13 1-4, and Beloit 4.
Leonard Bahaan has been chosen captain of the Notre Dame basketball five for next year.
Ric Campbell, star track athlete at Leland Stanford, has joined the Army.

BASEBALL LEAGUE BLOSSOMS OUT IN PARIS

Eighteen Teams Make Application for Admission to Circuit

PLAYING FIELD OF 50 ACRES
Colombes Grounds Can Accommodate Ten Games at Once Without Overcrowding

A real baseball league, that is what is in store for Parisians this summer. Yes, it is going to be an honest-to-goodness baseball organization, with from 12 to 16 A.E.F. teams comprising the circuit. The league is already an assured fact. Two meetings have already been held, and a committee of seven has been named to make the rules and elect permanent officers later. At a meeting last week 18 clubs were represented and it was decided that preliminary games will be started Sunday. Because of the bad weather, it has been agreed not to play the first league games until the last week in May or the first week in June.
Arrangements have been completed to obtain the use of the big athletic field at Colombes, a suburb of Paris, where all the league games will be staged. The field is over 50 acres in extent, and at least ten games can be played at the same time. A monstrous grand stand will

SPORTING COMMENT

The death of Charlie Mitchell recalls the famous 39 round battle fought by Mitchell and Sullivan at Charley, about 25 miles from Paris, back in 1888. Until John L. had been cleaning up everybody back home, and the fact that this was an international affair created lots of interest in it. When the sports back home got the early reports of the battle they could hardly believe that Sully had agreed to a draw after battling Mitchell for so many rounds.
Although historians may figure it a minor battle fought in France, when compared with the many big conflicts of the present war, the Quantilly battle had some outstanding features. It took place on Baron Rothchild's training grounds, near the Chantilly race track. It was fought in the most American style. Although it was a bare-knuckle affair under the London prize ring rules and a \$2,000 stake, it was not marked by any degree of ferocity. The two boxers seemed to remember that they were on French soil, the land of politeness and suave courtesy, and they acted accordingly.

CAVALRYMEN SWAP PUNCHES
A.P.O. 720 staged a lively snooker last week, winding up a four-hour evening with a smashing go that found Pvt. Kolp, Q.M.C., taking the count while Corporal Lawler waited in vain for him to get up. The schedule called for ten rounds, but the fight was only a matter of seconds.
In the preliminaries Corporal Mike Nazarawh, M.G.Tr., and Sergeant Whetstone, Q.M.C.; Pvt. O'Brien and Wagoner Jones, and Sergeant Chroninger and Wagoner Sadler did some showy boxing.

WEST MAY GET BIG BOUT
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, April 11.—Colonel Miller is moving westward with the Willard-Fulton bout after listening earnestly to the eloquent eastern promoters.
The colonel intimates that certified checks are more to him than kind words, and that Denver, Reno and other breezy western spots seem more inclined to loosen up than the effete East.

SUNDAY BALL HAS CHANCE
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, April 11.—The chances of having Sunday baseball in New York were considerably improved when the Senate passed the measure legalizing Sunday ball after two o'clock under local option restriction.
It is now up to the Assembly, where a fight is expected.

LAJOLE TO LEAD HOOSIERS
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, April 11.—Larry LaJole probably will get his release through the Brooklyn club from his contract with Toronto, and if he is successful, he will become manager of the Indianapolis club of the American Association. As such, he would be the highest priced minor league manager in the country.

DIAMOND FLASHES
Johnny (Dot) Miller, former captain of the Cardinals, is at a marine camp, and has won the cross for expert riflemanship.
The Western league has completed its circuit, Lincoln being succeeded by Sioux City and Denver by Topeka. Duane Wichita, St. Louis, and Hutchinson and Joplin complete the list of cities.
The Buffalo club was sold at auction by the sheriff recently for \$4,500. J. Lanning of Boston bought the park for \$100,000 and intends to cut it up into building lots.
Frank Kohlböcker, a semipro catcher, has been signed by Joe Tinker at Columbus, Ohio, for a trial.
Tom Chivington, who has been appointed business manager of the Louisville club, has announced the purchase of Jack Lovell from Kansas City.
Dan Howley has been named coach of the Red Sox catchers.
Jack Egan of Providence succeeds Ned Ryan as manager of the Blue Sox, the latter being too ill for the job.
Jimmy Archer, who was released by the Cubs last year, has signed to catch for the Pirates.
Bill Jackson, formerly with Peoria, is manager of the Omaha club.
The Central league will consist of six clubs this season—Corteau House, Springfield, Ohio, Evansville, Richmond, Bloomington and Peoria.
Ducky Holmes and Ollie Chill have been signed to umpire in the A.A. again.
George Burns, secured by Connie Mack for Ping Bode from the Yankees, has been placed in Class I of the draft. Al Mannans as manager of Rogers in the new class. Pitcher Milligan of the Pirates has been ordered to report at once for service.
Ray Keating has been turned over to St. Paul by Miller Huggins of the Yankees. Pitcher Bowman, with Toledo last year, is to be given another trial by Huggins.
Babe Saunders has signed with the Kansas City Blues, this completing the deal whereby Fred Mollwitz went to the Pirates last fall.

Although he has been on the shelf for

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303 BOYS WANT GAMES

French Grow Interested
The French are taking a keen interest in our national pastime, and even the simple game of catch invariably draws a big crowd. The mammoth stands at the Colombes field promise to be taxed every Sunday afternoon this summer.
Among some of the units stationed in and near Paris, which will be represented by nines, will be the aviation section, company and professional, quarter of the department, the M. P.'s, the American hospital, American Ambulance, Canadian hospital, Red Cross hospital and ambulance divisions, Y.M.C.A., and the base censor's department.
In the new league will be found many proficient ball players from back home, both semi-pro and professional. And the league affairs will be handled by men who have had baseball experience at home.

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But now when we would lamp the fry,
No matter if we're kids or gents,
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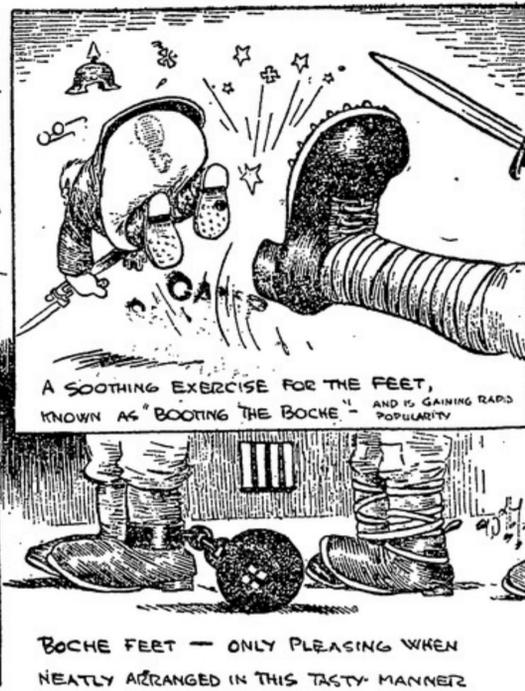
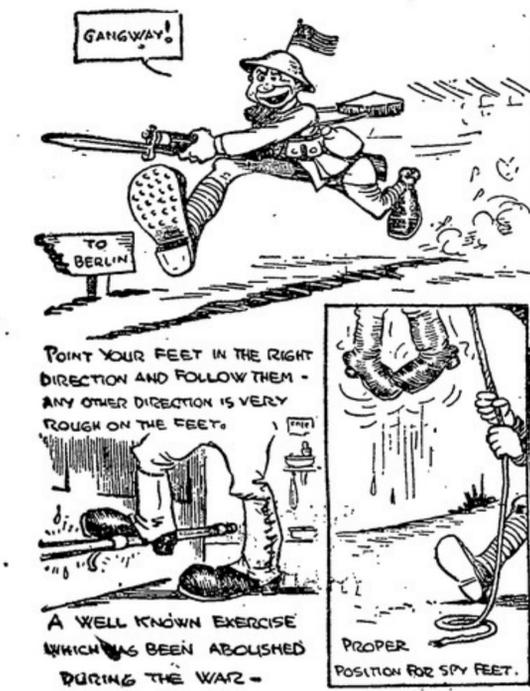
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Gillette U.S. Service Set
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FEATS WITH FEET

-By WALLGREN



A.E.F. MUST GROW LINGO OF ITS OWN

Men Have Already Taken Words From Tommy and Poilu

SHOP TALK IN EACH BRANCH

Infantryman, Engineer, Redleg, Marine, Each Speaks Individual Language

Has the A.E.F. in France a language of its own? That is, has it developed its slang to such an extent that an outsider would find it hard to understand a typical section of A.E.F. talk? Its already large stock of short cuts in language, or does it still employ the old slang of the Army and the slang of the parts of the States from which it hailed? These are hard questions to answer, and we would like the help of our readers in answering them, for we have been asked them time and again. For our own part, we find that for all usual conversational purposes, the men of the A.E.F. continue to use the "plain United States" as it grows in their particular home town portions of that beautiful region. What purely "Army" stuff they use has been handed on to them by the grizzled old veterans who took part in the 1916 tour of border duty. "Get by," "get away with it," "bull," "bull-conn," "beeing"—all the good old phrases are heard on every hand as one walks through an Adrian barracks building or back of a company as it stands at rest. Occasionally one hears a little Mex talk—a man referred to as a good *hombre*, or an evening salutation of *buenas noches*. And, of course, interspersed with all these pieces of language there is a little left of the talk of the old Army, with prominently in the vanguard the old, old axiom, "You're out of luck!"

Borrowing From Tommy

"Crabbing," for grumbling or knocking, was perfectly good Americanese before that fateful day in April, 1917. It has not in any way to "crabbing," as employed by the Tommies. But from the Tommie's "crabbing" has come a short-cut in expression, a handy way of describing something which cannot be tersely described any other way, a more pungent way of saying an old thing. *Allez-voez-en*, so much like "Arrangh #wan" of our Celtic neighbors, has sprung into vogue in the nearest apt to spread. *Tout de suite* is quite as satisfactory as "in a jiff," and is so used now and again. But *allez-voez-en* and *tout de suite* are not French slang; they are dignified by enrolment in dictionary supplements, printed in good Italic type, as slang is not dignified. The poet's *in a jiff*, which amounts to "I don't give a"—whatever one doesn't give—is about the only piece of real French Army slang that has been taken over bodily, or that is apt to stay taken over.

Armies today are so made up of specialists, so divided into units of specialists, that to find a universal language, a sort of khaki Esperanto that will go anywhere, is exceedingly hard. Engineers, for example, will have expressions of their own that will be Greek and Arabic and Hindustani to the humble infantryman, while the doughboy's lingo will contain many terms unknown to the allegedly high-brow engineer. A "dynamiter," in engineer parlance, is the nth degree of knacker, crabber, klicker, sourball. A "poison oaker" is about the same thing again. And as for the aviators? They speak the language of the spheres!

Speech That Transcends Slang

The cavalryman's and muleskinner's vocabulary is, of course, a thing apart, a thing which cannot be considered here. To be sure, it contains some expressions also current in more fortunate branches of the service (particularly when employed on K.P. and fatigue), but those expressions, when used by the trooper and Missouri-nightingale propeller, develop a fervor, an intensity, an exalted emotionalism utterly unattainable by the outsider. No, the argot of those who have to deal

GETTING IT OVER

My place is here, far down this little street, And here I labor at my desk 'till dark; I do not hear the tramp of marching feet, I do not hear the rifle's angry bark. My work is business! All the long day through I deal in quantities and talk by weight I struggle to secure the shipments due, And fight like mad to get them when they're late.

My job is just to see that Wrightstown Camp Shall not go hungry when it wants its bread, And note that Yaphank, when it goes on tramp, Will need some shoes to fit its martial tread.

I often sit in some brief second's lull And wonder if a God-sent chance will come To call me from this task—not that it's dull, But oh! I long to hear again the drum!

I know that some may fight while others find The things an army needs to eat and wear, And still it breaks my heart to stay behind And know that comrades of old times are there.

Yet why repine? Why envy those who go To fill our legions for the Great Advance, I, too, am fighting hard against the foe, That battles may be won in far off France.

O. C. A. Child, New York.

with our four-footed friends—hay-burners and gas-burners (for the chaffeurs share the same common speech)—cannot properly be classed as slang. The marines—"leathernecks" as they call themselves and allow us to call them—have a nautical, nautical language that smacks more of the crew's nest than the observation post. Some of us have tried to talk to them in plain U.S. and have come back baffled by their replies. They were courteous, kind and considerate; they brought forward those of their number who had been recently enlisted (and who therefore knew a little unadorned English) to act as interpreters, but all to no avail. What slang they had couldn't quite make out but, as they seem to have everything else, they must have that too. They seem to have a fair speaking acquaintance with all the languages of the globe, from coon Haytianese to the real Castilian; but their patter of United States talk was unintelligible to the lay doughboy.

Each Has Own Shop Talk

Artillerymen, medical corps followers, supply train tenders—what's the use? They all have their pet expressions, their own shop talk slang as well as their pet virtues. There is, as far as we can find, no really Army slang vocabulary worthy the title of a universal code. But, in the meanwhile, we must make our way from outfit to outfit, hearing in one the "you-all" and "two-bits" of the South, in another the "I swan" and "get me of the North, in still another the peculiar dialect of the great city which is New York. Universal slang in this man's Army is as hard to attain as universal peace in this man's world.

HOSPITAL STUFF

In the wards 'tis Mary's Joy Nursing some enlisted boy, He thinks war is some success When she comes his wound to dress; Hails THE STARS AND STRIPES around— He thinks heaven is surely found, Wants to get back on the job, Wants to talk to Red and Bob, Out there on the firing line Where "THE MINNIE" whines and whines; Hails THE STARS AND STRIPES unfurled Wants to lick the Darned Hun World! Company's out there getting wiser, He's—just cussing at the Kaiser.

O. M. Dunn.

WHEN IS YOUR ANNIVERSARY?

The anniversary season is with us. We've just celebrated our first birthday as a member of the Amalgamated Union for the Suppression of Kaisers, and it won't be many weeks before we observe the anniversary of the arrival of the First Contingent of Pilgrim Sons. We'll all celebrate that, though it won't be a year in France for all of us. But once that first celebration of the F.C.P.S. A.U.S.K., has come off, anniversaries will flock thick and fast. And, speaking of anniversaries, don't forget that this little war will soon be a lusty young infant of four.

GUARDSMEN IN LINE FOR LONGEVITY PAY

Draft Into Federal Service Necessary Prerequisite for State Troops

DEFENSE ACT INTERPRETED

Numerous inquiries indicate that among officers and enlisted men who entered the Federal service by way of the National Guard there exists considerable uncertainty as to how they are affected by the regulations governing longevity and continuous service pay. Formerly, prior service in the State militia was not recognized in the computing of such increases, but when the National Defense Act of June 3, 1916, authorized the President, under certain circumstances, to draft into military service of the United States any or all members of the National Guard and the National Guard Reserve, the Act specifically said that officers and enlisted men so drafted should have "the same pay and allowances as officers and enlisted men of the Regular Army of the same grades and the same prior service."

In his decision of August 18, 1917, the Comptroller of the Treasury held that officers and enlisted men so drafted (whether with their organizations or individually) on August 5, 1917, or subsequently, would be entitled to count prior service in the National Guard and the Organized Militia even though it had not been in the Federal service, but only so long as they continued, after the date of the draft, to be members of the National Guard of the United States under such draft.

Who Can't Compute Prior Service

Subsequent decisions of the Judge Advocate General of the Army and of the Comptroller of the Treasury underscored the point that officers of the Regular Army, National Army or Reserve Corps could not in computing longevity pay, count prior service in the National Guard.

When it comes to collecting these increases, it should be noted that Bulletin 27, W.D., dated August 16, 1916, required a statement of all prior service to be entered on the muster rolls of August 31, 1916. In the case of the National Guard organizations then in Federal service, the retained copies of these rolls will contain the information desired in many cases.

An officer entitled to such increase must obtain a certificate of his service from the adjutant general of his State or Territory and file it with the first pay account on which he is paid the longevity pay. If his prior service was Federal, he need merely enter his statement of it, with full details of organization, grade and time, on that first pay account. If he cannot give the details positively, he should apply for information to the Adjutant General of the Army, giving such information as he can and requesting the rest.

If an officer is unable to establish his right to longevity pay until after he has been paid for one or more months, he should take credit for any arrears on the first pay account which does set forth his prior service.

The commanding officer of an enlisted man entitled to continuous service pay in the National Guard should obtain the necessary statement of such prior service, not of record in his office, from the adjutant general of the State in which such service was rendered.

GO EASY ON GASOLINE

Don't be a gasoline hog. Requisition your gasoline only from regular American, French or British Army supply stations. Never requisition any of the precious *essence* from local dealers in French cities and towns.

WHAT WE'RE MISSING

Unless Mr. Hoover of Mr. Garfield or somebody has ordered that it shouldn't be, this ought to be the house-cleaning season back across the Atlantic—or did it come a little earlier? Wonder who's putting in his Saturday afternoons of beating the carpets this year? Peace hath her policing of quarters no less horrible than war.

HOW DO YOU READ YOURS?

They were under fire in a dugout near the front line, and they were talking about letters from home. One of them had that day received three, all from the same writer. One was dated two months before, one about five weeks, and one, astonishingly prompt, had come through in a little over three weeks.

"And which did you read first?" asked one of his companions, "the earliest or the latest?"

"The latest, of course."

"Aw, that's no way to do," commented another of the group. "I always read mine in the order they're written. Sort of keeps the regular run of things back home better."

"Nothing to it," insisted the man with the three at once. "You want to know what the latest news is right off the bat, don't you? I read the latest, and then the next, and then the next, back to the earliest one that left home."

"But you ate the frosting off your cake first when you were a kid," was the retort.

"What difference does it make?" queried the senior of the group. "You're going to read every letter about a dozen times anyway. When mine come in bunches I glance over the latest one at the start, and then begin at the beginning and take them in order. After that I go through them again, reading slower, and then I read them once more, and then I keep on reading them whenever there's time till the next batch comes."

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION
Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities

R.P.—You say she's soft you embroidered washcloth, and you don't know what to do with them? Why, use them to polish off your boots with, of course! It may be a bit rough on the embroideries, but no rougher than your neck would be.

E.M.S.—Write her as regularly as you can, of course, and make it plain to her that you are awfully awfully busy killing Germans. She may squeal, "Oh, how disgusting!" but that's the woman of it. Down in her heart, you know darn well she likes to have you write to her like that. It sounds like the real thing.

A.R.T.—You say you counted one less cross at the end of her last letter than there was at the end of the one before it. Well, what of it? She may have run out of ink. Anyway, don't worry; women were never very long on mathematics.

S.O.R.—All her letters come to you registered, you say? And you still are in doubt as to whether or not she cares about you? Well, you poor boob; you wouldn't have her send them postage collect?

T.R.O.—No, it is highly unattractive to send a girl ticket-stubs after you've been on leave in Paris, and to say, "Wish you and of been here." It makes her curious and she naturally thinks you're a heartless brute; as you probably are.

I.N.S.—Be careful what you put on post-cards you send her, and be extra careful in selecting the post-cards. If you send her one of a cathedral, and then write on it "Having a fine time, wish you was here!" she'll know you're lying. Send her something neutral, with a flag on it or something; she'll think it's fine. They all do.

I.L.M.—Don't close your letter by asking to be remembered to other girls you know. They'll never get your message that way. Women are human.

TO THE LONG RANGE GUN

Good old Bertha-longue-portée Waking me at break of day; When I think of how I've cussed Buglers, laugh I till I bust. They were noisy, but gentle-mental! You are too darn t

ONE ON THE LOOT? NOT A BIT OF IT

He Missed His Train, but There Are Other Ways of Getting Around

They thought it was one on the Loot. The lieutenant was ordered with a detail of 12 men from X to Z. On the way the detachment had to pass through and change trains at Y, where there was a wait of several hours. At Y the lieutenant put the men in charge of a sergeant with instructions to "be on the right train when it left."

They were aboard, sorted and settled for a 16 hour ride when the lieutenant appeared at the station ten minutes before train time and stepped up to the window to buy his ticket.

"A ticket for Z," said the lieutenant. "No no *comprades pas*," said male-mole at the window.

There was further parleying of which neither madeiselle nor the lieutenant seemed to understand much. This ended when madeiselle said, "P'int." The officer understood this when she closed the window. A minute later his train and detail departed. The lieutenant returned to town chagrined. There he met an old college chum at a club. He told him his story, concluding by remarking that it was "a deuce of a state of affairs." The chum was an aviator.

"Oh, that's all right," said friend chum. "I'm ordered down that way tomorrow morning. I've got to go a little further, but I can get you down at Z if you say so." The engine is running like a humming bird, and, with fair weather, we ought to make it in two hours.

"I've a trunk, a bed roll, and a suitcase," said the lieutenant.

"We can put 'em right in the machine," assured the birdman.

The next morning the lieutenant sailed down to Z and was at the gate when his detail arrived.

"How the ——" said one of the 12. "It sure beats the devil how those officers get around," he murmured a moment later to a companion.

IN TERMS OF ARTILLERY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

THE STARS AND STRIPES is all to the good. You have launched a wonderful drive, which ought to harden you on the very minutiae of popularity among the *Amex* forces. In the field of journalism you're a howitzer, a "75" and a 120-kilometre cannon all in one. Along the same line, it might be added that you are certainly making a hit. Keep up the good work. LLOYD C. MERRIAM.

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A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

Orphan adopting has become all the rage among the *elite* of the A.E.F. The Inter-Allied League was tendering the visiting Germans quite a merry little dance up in Picardy, at last reports. It is described as a cut-in affair.

Several well-known and prominent Austrian statesmen have been reported as sojourning in Switzerland of late, but that appears to have been about all the good it did them.

Bridge parties are becoming more and more fashionable every day among our young engineers.

The French and American artillery staged an allcomers' "seventy-five" tournament up front quite recently. Some interesting scores were made.

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ARMY, HOSPITALS, SANITARY FORMATIONS & CANTRENS

SUPPLIED IN SPECIAL WHOLESALE PARTS

THEM NAVY FLYERS HAS TO WRITE, TOO

This Feller Wants to Tell How Things Is Down His Way

U-BOATS IS AWFUL SCURSE

Fishin' and Clam Farmin' Keep Him Tollable Busy While Waitin' for Submarines

Somewhere in France, March 20, 1918.

Dear Mr. Editor:-- I was readin' parts of your paper here today, amongst 'em bein' an editorial sayin' that all branches of this service is represented. Wal, I ain't quite sure, as I ain't noticed no mention of us fellers at all.

Oh, maybe yuh don't know who us fellers be--wal, we're thuh Navy Aviation gang, in thuh outlyin' farm districts along the shore of this here state, an' I thought us how perhaps yuh'd like to hear that we're alive--which information I doubt will give any aid and comfort to the enemy.

Wal, I'll tell yuh: I ain't been officially--no I mean officially authorized to write for yuh, but I thought if yuh wanted a humdinger of a war correspondent from this here particular branch, I might be able to help yuh out a bit, 'cause when I first come into this outfit, 'way back in '17, I used tuh be a special war-correspondent for a paper in New York--you've heard of that burg, I suppose?

Thuh paper was published down in Greenwich Village, yuh know, down by Washington Square, where all the lunatics be--and it was a weekly affair got out each week; we used tuh run off as much as six copies each week on one of them "Corroy" typewriters--we only needed a light machine, 'cause we didn't write no heavy stuff.

MY SWEETHEART

I saw her in a dream as though in life,
Her form, her soft blue eyes, her
elder hair,
Which fell as silken, golden portals,
draped,
Before her bosom fair.

She whispered in my ear, "Sweetheart, be brave,
We'll back you up in all you do
and dare."
Then, heading o'er, she pressed her
lips to mine . . .
I woke--she was not there.

Sgt. FRANK C. MCCARTHY.

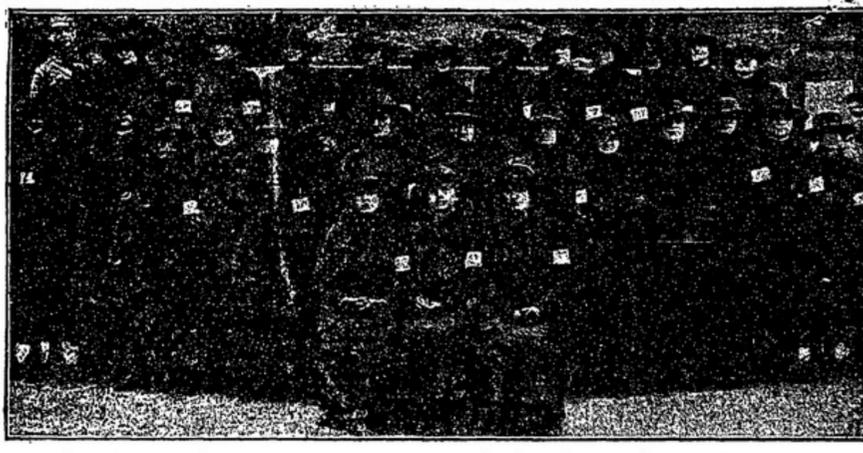
about all thuh dawgs in thuh town round here, besides a white rat and a bunch of sand fleas, so thuh fellers don't get homesome.

Then there's baseball games, and say! we've got some team, too. They kin lick anything their weight; but thuh other day they went up tuh a blimp station--yuh know, one of them lighter-than-air gas bag propositions--and of course they got licked, 'cause thuh only man that had a mask was thuh catcher; it ought tuh been thuh pitcher, I think, from thuh way them coacher fellers talked tuh him.

Little Sassify Stuff
They ain't much sassify stuff tuh write about as yet, 'cause thuh city folks ain't come down. They'd rather stay up in Paris and watch them Hun fules try tuh kid themselves into thinkin' they is winnin' thuh war with a long distance pen-shooter destroyin' theaters, pitcher galleries and such. It's gettin' to be spring around here, for all thuh town council are gettin' out their lobster pots and fishin' gear; and thuh women folks is all goin' out tuh do thuh heavy work, like thuh plowin' and farmin'. An' besides, all thuh chickens that thuh auto drivers get along the road is all spring chickens; at least, they're like rubber, when yuh go tuh taste 'em.

Wal, I guess I've writ enough for today. Just thought I'd find out if yuh'd like tuh hear from us occasionally in this here outlyin' district (I can't tell yuh where I am, but I kin tell yuh that it's thuh best station in thuh bunch, and everybody knows where that is).

IT'S PRONOUNCED FOCH
The French will think it is a joke
When bungling Yanks pronounce it
Foch,
Yet will we make a sadder botch
If we attempt to call it Foch;
Nor can we fail to pain and shock
Who boldly try to say it Foch.
In fact, we have to turn to Boche
To find the word that rhymes with
Foch.



Sing a song of six sous, toll for conversation; Three and thirty 'phone girls, here to help the nation! When the cam'ra snapped 'em they didn't budge or fuss Isn't that a proof they're soldiers just like us?

BOARDS TO DECIDE ON PHYSICAL UNFITNESS

Not All Men Unsited to Combat Service Will Be Sent Home

Only those officers and soldiers recommended by disability boards for transfer to the United States as unfit for any duty with the A.E.F. are to be sent home.

This is in accordance with G.O. No. 41, in regard to Disability Boards. "There are many necessary and important functions in a modern army," the order says, "which do not require the complete physical fitness usually considered necessary in times of peace. Disability boards will be convened for the purpose of passing on such cases."

Officers and soldiers in the A.E.F. are divided into four classes, according to the order. There are the physically fit, which includes all officers and soldiers who are fit for combat service. All individuals of the A.E.F. are considered as of this class until acted upon by a disability board.

Two Classes of Permanently Unfit
The third class includes officers and soldiers who are considered permanently unfit for combat service, but whose disabilities are not of such a nature as to justify their return to the United States. This class will not be subject to periodical examination, but in cases of presumed restoration to physical fitness will be reported by their commanders through

A.E.F. CHECK SIGNERS RECALL SCHOOL DAYS

Disbursing Officers Must Supply Bank With Ten Signatures Each

Remember the days when they used to keep you after school to write "Finished labors are pleasant," "Stern is the path of duty," or--crudest of all--"Tros Tyrissuc mihi nullo discrimine agitur," 10 or 20 or 30 or 40 times, just because yuh'd passed notes to the red-headed girl across the aisle, or put tacks in teacher's chair or thrown a spitball at Willy Jones over in the corner? Well, that's what the disbursing officers of the A.E.F. have got to do, all over again.

HE GOT THE WOOD
This is a fable without a moral. Once upon a time there lived a supply officer. He bought a lot of wood and was held up on the price. (That removes it from the fable class by making it painfully true.)

He knew, of course, that he was being held up on the price, but he had to have the wood. The wood that he had to have, and that he had to pay such a price for, was all there was that could be got in time.

DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY
Bum--The mess sergeant who holds up seconds.
Dog-robber--A Guy who has too soft a job to live.
Corporal--A guy given chevrons to show that he is supposed to help the Sergeants hold down their jobs.

BALLAD OF A RED CROSS MAN

He didn't seem like a soldier guy; He didn't specially want to die. (But then no more do you and I), This New York lad.

And yet he thought he might, perchance, Bring indirect relief to France By driving a Ford ambulance. It seems too bad.

And so he bought a jitney bus And came a year ahead of us, And all the French girls made a fuss That was absurd.

And giggled at him when they met Him driving with his cigarette. They said it was the French for "Pet," That precious word.

And then the U.S.A. declared Itself for war--it wasn't scared, Though altogether unprepared-- And Congress met, And everybody made a speech, And each gave free advice to each-- It wasn't quite the time to preach, But they should fret.

Our Red Cross hero didn't know (No more than we a year ago) How best to serve his country, so He said: "Oh, Hell! Democracy will be restored Without my help, so why be bored? I'll just stay on and drive the Ford. I'm doing well."

It worked all right till last July. The French girls watched him driving By with undimmed, bed sidelong eye, And this kept 'em Until the first o' Pershing's troops, With Sam Browne belt in nifty groups, Demoralized the chickencoops, Oh, bitter cup!

That day, our hero, with a grant, Got in his car and went to hunt A hospital up near the front, (But not too near), To find some little dame from home With blue eyes and a gilded dome Who'd see his worth because he'd come To war last year.

He found the hospital all right, And didn't look around that night, But in the morning, clear and bright, Went out to walk. He saw approaching him, a mile Away, a vision with a style That whispered of Manhattan Isle, Murmured New York.

His heart increased its normal beat, As similarly did his feet, To think he was so soon to meet His little prey: When suddenly he saw that she Was with a figure in khaki, (Protective color, hard to see So far away).

So Archie blamed it on his fate-- 'Twas evident he'd come too late-- And then, I'm sorry to narrate That Archie cursed. The soldier lad was slightly lame-- The victim of a baseball game, But wounded Hero just the same-- And must be nursed.

It seemed too late to turn back now, So Archie walked on anyhow. Though somewhat like a small bow-wow Dragging a gun. He walked by looking straight ahead: He thought she'd speak. But no. In- stead

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

By BRAN MASH
X.--The proper set for an army mess is one knife, one fork, one spoon in each mess kit. The oysters are to be eaten in the hand, so an extra fork is not necessary, and the soup is to be inhaled, so an extra spoon is not needed. When in doubt use the knife. Finger bowls are no longer in good standing, but you might add a touch of practicality by presenting each of your guests with a bacon tin full of wood ashes with which to polish off the cutlery and plate.

Y.--When invited out to tea by a French family, don't say, "Two lumps, please." They ain't no lumps. "Two drops, please," is the correct way of indicating your preference in the matter of sweetening. Don't worry; you have inhaled lots of worse things than saccharine in your time, we dare say.

Z.--Yes, the old rule about always addressing an officer in the third person has not been abridged. It is particularly appropriate for people on detached service, as it lends itself greatly to the air of detachment.

Q.--When saluting a British officer, you have to look twice. He may be wearing his insignia either on his shoulder or on his cuffs, depending on what his rank is. Two swift, sharp penetrating glances ought to set you straight; then snap it up. He will excuse you for staring if your salute is all right.

R.--Yes, by all means cultivate a habit of deference toward your orders. He knows more about you than you know yourself. No matter how much you may be able to fool the Old Man as to your abilities, you will never fool your orderly. He knows just how helpless you are without him. When he says "Sir" to you, be sure to come back with, "Yes, my lord and master."

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