

A. E. F. MEN CARRY \$1,250,000,000 IN WAR POLICIES

Soldiers Subscribe for 150 Millions in Final Month of Campaign SALES MADE UNDER FIRE Officer Agents Do Business That Home Boosters Are Lucky to Get in Lifetime PARTIES TRAVEL GYPSY STYLE Last Chance Spurt Takes Insurance Sellers to Every Part of France and into England

One hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of insurance underwritten in 30 days, a total of a billion and a quarter held by members of the American Expeditionary Forces—these tremendous figures spell the achievement of the War Risk Insurance Bureau. They mark, too, the concrete accomplishment of a band of insurance agents—a score of officers and a sizable little group of enlisted men—who between March 12 and April 12 covered every part of France where an American soldier was to be found, not to mention England, and waged a policy getting campaign whose equal has never been seen in Europe and has only been exceeded once in America. And it was exceeded in America because there are many, many more American soldiers in the States to talk insurance to than there are over here.

Not only has that little band of War Risk boosters accomplished a feat that would put them in the top notch of their profession in the United States, and make the president of every insurance company go down on his knees to get them, but they have enjoyed a whole set of experiences unique in the annals of their profession. Policies Sold Under Shell Fire They have been to the front. They have said "Sign here, please," when the intending signer—along with the agent—might be plumped out of the door by a Hun shell before he could get to the ink bottle. They have been, some of them, in the insurance sense, mighty poor risks. But as they were sold first and insurance men afterward, or rather because their soldiering consisted in insuring, they stuck to their combined jobs, boomed Uncle Sam's policies, and sold them. And they all came back to their headquarters, bringing with them a wealth of experience, a mass of figures which, taken together, exceeded even the rosy expectations of their chiefs by about 50 per cent.

The campaign was originally intended to close February 12, but, thanks to a joint resolution of Congress, the time was extended to April 12, allowing 60 days of grace for men who had not taken policies or who wished to increase the amount of those they already held. Plans were thereupon laid to wage a vigorous campaign beginning March 12. The territory, wherever it might be, occupied by the American A. E. F. was divided into districts of convenient size for one of the parties to be sent out. They traveled, many of them, in true gypsy style. They camped out at night, slept in the cars or light trucks loaned them by the Red Cross—and War Risk officials were found in their praise of the helping hands of the Red Cross—and cooked their own meals. It was something an insurance man had probably never done before, but they were aiming at a goal that no insurance man had ever before so much as dreamed of reaching. Entire Field Covered To do this it was necessary to go over the entire field as though it had never been touched before. It was necessary to reach men who had already taken out protection, and also those who had not yet taken out the limit of \$10,000. The biggest task before them was the base parts and the adjacent rest camps. Here, at the neck of the bottle, they talked War Risk insurance to men who had just come over and had not yet gone through that process of splitting up that would scatter the organizations in a dozen different directions. They had the men, all right. But insurance men. And their chief argument with the new arrivals was this:— "You have a policy for \$5,000. You think it's enough. You say it's a lot more than a whole lot of prosperous business men back home have taken out under their lives. All right. But you're getting three dollars a month more than you did back home, aren't you? That three dollars will pay your premium on \$5,000 more. Boost that policy to \$10,000. Your pocketbook will never feel it." The new arrivals saw the logic of it right away. And they paid out their overseas raise in wages to prove it. The task at the base parts, however, was not an easy one. There were all kinds of company records to be gone through in search of the men to be reached. For the number was of course relatively small when compared with the whole number in a unit. It will continue to be small, for hereafter the insurance privilege, by the terms of the original act, will be only open to those who have been in the service less than 181 days. And most of America's "francophone" boosters have been in the service considerably longer than that—long enough to learn their trade and to take out War Risk insurance back home. What the Total Means It is difficult for one who has not been through the insurance game to appreciate the prodigious total piled up by these soldier-salesmen. The average amount underwritten by each team was in excess of \$7,000,000. This represents only a month's work. At home an agent who underwrites a million a year is such a big man that he draws more pay than the president of his company—also there are mighty few of it. Men who sell from a quarter

"THE YANKS ARE COMING!"



FRECKLES IN FRANCE? THEY DON'T GROW 'EM

War Orphans' Campaign Manager Falls Down on Important Order—Fifty Mascots Now Adopted by A.E.F.

Fifty! That is the total now for the adoption of French war orphans by American soldiers in France. Fifty in three weeks—fifty in the first three weeks since THE STARS AND STRIPES announced its plan to enable military units of the A.E.F. to take as their war-time mascots children of French soldiers killed or permanently disabled in battle, or homeless because of the invasions of the Germans. And more requests are coming in by every mail.

Almost every branch of the service is represented in this week's contributors, and every rank up to, and including, as the statisticians say, that of major-general. Yes, a major general commanding an army corps found time to look up from his orders and his maps and contribute to a 500 franc fund gathered by the members of his staff, and, as a result, some little French girl is going to have as her group of fairy god-fathers men not only with bars on their shoulders, but leaves and eagles and stars as well. Officers were particularly generous this week. Two aviation officers—Lieutenants John P. Healey and Frank C. Osborn—each adopted a child in his own behalf. The squadron to which each is assigned, it may be said, was represented earlier. The officers assigned and attached to Company A, — Engineers, Topographical Section, also asked for a mascot.

Army field clerks adopted two children. Five of them, assigned to the office of the Inspector General, France, sent in their contribution and asked for a little girl "near enough so they can visit her once in a while." The 18 field clerks of the American Section, Supreme War Council, also took a child. This makes a total of three for the crossed-quills men, the clerks of the Intelligence Section, G.H.Q., numbering 48, having adopted Child No. 4 two weeks ago. At the Intelligence Section, incidentally, they had difficulty in deciding just what the aero squadrons at adopted. There seemed to be about as much division of opinion as there is in the German Reichstag. There was a "girl party" and a "boy party" and they were so even that it took a written vote to decide in favor of a boy. The male sex won by one ballot.

This Started Something At last they requested a boy—a red headed, freckled frecked youngster. At the Red Cross, where the committee is doing its best to fill all specifications sent in, they were up to their hands. They finally found that there had been a red headed, freckled face boy in France once, but that his father had taken him back to Ireland. So they selected a blonde. The aviation service is leading the list in the number of children adopted. Last week the aero squadrons at adopted, and this week, in addition to the two youngsters adopted individually by aviation lieutenants, three other squadrons contributed for the support of an orphan each. Supply Sergeant Thomas Martinetti of a certain school forwarded a money order on behalf of his company and said: "This school is only in its infancy, but when we get going you can depend on us to come through with a crash." Supply Company, Q.M.C. No. 1 forwarded 400 francs for a boy about three years of age from the invaded districts

FIFTY FIGHTERS TO TELL AMERICA HOW THEY DO IT

Special Service Order Means Trip Home for This Detachment

SOME WEAR WAR CROSSES

Messages from Stage and Pulpit Will Impart Pep in Army to Come

Detached for special service from various organizations up front and armed each with one of those non-committal travel orders that might mean almost any kind of work ahead, 50 wandering members of the A.E.F. reported for duty at one of the American headquarters a few days ago and were met with the staggering news that they were going home.

They were to have a long and lively leave of absence from the Zone of the Advance and they were to spend it not in Savoie but in the States. These men were to be sent back to America not because they had proved incompetent or fallen ill or become disabled in the fight but because they had shown themselves such first rate soldiers that they were wanted back home as Exhibit A of the A.E.F.

Some with their Croix de Guerre over their hearts and their service stripes glistening on their sleeves, they stood open-mouthed and listened to the order. Sergeants, corporals, privates and all, they were a respectful but incredulous row. "It's too good to be true," one of them whispered in a melancholy manner. "I suppose the general's not kidding us and that we'll start for New York all right, but I'll bet the darned old ferryboat sinks on the way from Hoboken to the foot of West 23rd street. It's too good to be true." But it is true, and they are on their way, and those of us who know New York will bet that somehow, for all the mystery that shrouds a troop movement, the secret will leak out and that when their boat sails up the harbor, every

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VICTORY

"A shell fell on a maternity hospital. The list of dead includes a nurse, two mothers, and a new-born child."—From a Paris newspaper.

Across the plains of Picardy Proud Amiens flings her taunt at thee, bidding thee tame her if they will Transcends the faith that lights her still. A line of freemen bars the way Where all thy legions lunge and sway And whither into shadow. Where is any show of triumph there?

But dare man say that all thy pain Is bootless, all thine effort vain? That all thy trafficking in life Through four black years of frustrate strife Has gained thee nothing but a curse? The list of dead includes a nurse, Two mothers, and a new-born child. The murder of the undefiled, The random slaughter of the weak— What greater triumph wouldst thou seek?

NO ACTIVE CAMPAIGN FOR LOAN IN A. E. F.

Men Who Desire Liberty Bonds May Buy Them Through Allotment

The third Liberty Loan, now being subscribed to, differs from the second Liberty Loan in several particulars, but in no particular more interesting to the A.E.F. than the fact that there will be no active campaign made for the sale of its bonds to the officers and enlisted men of the Army. Every soldier in France can buy as many bonds as he wants, either purchasing them outright or acquiring them by allotment through the now thoroughly familiar army allotment system. But the Government will confine its activity to explaining the new issue and providing facilities, which are now being perfected, for the sale of bonds to such individuals as may desire to subscribe. There will be no such systematic whirlwind campaign as conducted the A.E.F.'s first autumn in France. The third Liberty Loan bond can be bought at par and it yields 4 1/2 per cent, whereas the first issue paid 3 1/2 and the second 4. Unlike the first and second loans, the bonds of the new loan may not subsequently be converted into bonds of any future loan which might pay a higher rate of interest. Like the second Liberty Loan, the income on the first \$5,000 worth of the new bonds will be free from all taxation, but the tax exemption goes no further than this. The bonds fall due on September 15, 1925, and the interest is payable on March 15 and September 15. Civilian subscribers to the loan who do not wish to purchase outright can pay 5 per cent on application, 20 per cent on May 25, 35 per cent on July 15 and the rest on August 15. The books close May 4.

U. S. WINTER DIES HARD

NEW YORK, April 18.—Winter committed an assault on April along the Eastern seaboard, dumped 30 inches of snow into the Susquehanna valley, flooded the New York subways and Atlantic City with storm tides, but retired again. The weather has now returned to normal.

LOAN CAMPAIGN SETS NEW MARK AS DRIVE OPENS

Thousand Communities Go Beyond Quota During First Days

MILK BOTTLES BEAR SLOGAN

Battle in Picardy Proves Itself a Record Breaking Money Getter

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 18.—The first days of the Liberty Loan campaign have been more than successful, with more than 1,000 communities already flying "bonus flags" for exceeding their quota for the entire drive. The only menace now is over-optimism, due to the big initial success, but the managers are awake to it and are redoubling their efforts. The experiences of the previous loan campaigns are being used to the utmost. Probably the most enormous publicity ever employed in history is being used. Hardly a day goes by when the big cities are without a reminder of the campaign. Even the milk bottles bear a loan slogan. The air is full of illuminated appeals. Every vehicle carries a poster or a card. The huge Liberty ball, being pushed by "Uncle Sam" and Boy Scouts from Buffalo to New York, continues on its schedule time, and has gathered in piles of State money. To the Last Dollar The entire affair must be highly discouraging to the Good Old American pessimists, for the national aspect is that of a holiday enterprise—but a holiday with determined business behind it. You ever there may be sure that we over here will let you have our last dollar and then some more. That little trouble in Picardy has brought out money from towns so small that they are not on ordinary maps. The campaign as a whole is conducted on big, calm, dignified lines, with no hysterical appeal, and this gives a good indication of the nation's strength. The public attitude during the recent serious news from Picardy and Flanders established my conviction that we can ably sustain as a whole the courage, endurance and good judgment of the American people. A practically unceasing flood of extra editions with startling headlines has produced neither unreasonable alarm on the one hand nor unreasoning passion on the other hand.

LOUNGE LIZARD MUST GO

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 18.—New York is preparing to enforce the anti-loafer Bill compelling every able-bodied male between 18 and 50 rich or poor, to hold down a regular job. The city police will look after the lounge lizard and similar ornaments in particular.

GIANTS TAKE OPENER

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 18.—The Giants beat the Dodgers to the tune of six to four in the nine inning game which opened the baseball season. A huge crowd packed the Polo Grounds to see the home team win.

YANKEE MARTYRS HAVE ROUGH TIME IN FEVER TESTS

Inoculation With Bacillus of Trench Malady Only One Handicap

GERMAN DRIVE COMES NEAR

Volunteer Sufferers Forced to Move On When Shells Start Dropping

REWARD IS ALREADY ON WAY

Men Who Took Chance With Death Cut Down Chances Comrades Will Have to Take

This is the story of how 60 American soldiers, during the past three months, courted death and went through a lingering and weakening sickness in order that their comrades of the A.E.F. and the Allied armies might be safeguarded against that bane of the Western front—trench fever.

It is the story of the devotion to "the game" of 60 youngsters from the field hospitals and ambulance companies of a certain American division—60 men from units commonly classed as "non-combatant" troops. It affords a fine instance of how men of the trench fever—and every one of them got the fever. Not only did they get the fever; but as they were lying in their hospital tents, up back of the British front, the town they were in was subjected to heavy bombardment, day and night, until the evacuation of the hospital was imperative. In short, "they took all the chances."

Why They Were Called On

The reason they were called upon to take the chances was this: For over two years and more the medical authorities of the Allied armies had been baffled as to the cause of the trench fever. They had been immensely hampered in their attempts to diagnose it, to find out about its origin, because the disease was too virulent for transmission to animals. Consequently, there was one thing, and one only to be done—to call for volunteers to act as trench fever carriers.

So the lads from New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island—plus one from Illinois, who had come east to enlist—were duly signed up and inspected, and sent up to the hospital back of the British front. This was late in January. Then the process of inoculating them began. Thirty-five of them had fastened to their forearms big bags of body lice—lice which had all been taken from clothing of men up front who had come down with trench fever. The object of the test was to determine whether or not the lice were the carriers of the trench fever germ, as had been suspected. The other 25 were injected with blood taken from trench fever victims—in other words, given the disease outright.

Catching It Second Hand

The men in the latter class—those who got the fever practically at second hand—came down ill from four to six days after the first injection. The men on whose forearms the infected lice were knowing held out a little longer, but in from 15 to 21 days they, too, all came down with the malady. By comparison with the condition of the trench fever germ, as had been suspected. The other 25 were injected with blood taken from trench fever victims—in other words, given the disease outright.

There are typhoid and fevers, but trench fever—as all those say who have ever experienced it—is one of the hardest and worst. First, it manifested itself among the 60 volunteers by giving them headaches—severe frontal headaches, accompanied by "stagnum" affecting the eyes. A day after day the doctors came about and examined their coated tongues, and taking the blood test discovered the alarming increase in the number of white corpuscles that invariably marks the disease. Atropine injections—administered because it was thought the fever had a diphtheria or typhoid—only increased the misery of the men. It dried up their skin, and made them wither away. Worst of all, as far as discomfort went, it made all manner of food, however attractively concocted and served, taste just the same—like wood shavings.

No Reading, No Exercise.

The patients all took to bed. There were hopeful days and bad days; relapses, recoveries, and relapses; raging fever, and high temperature accompanying it. Day after day the doctors came about and examined their coated tongues, and taking the blood test discovered the alarming increase in the number of white corpuscles that invariably marks the disease. Atropine injections—administered because it was thought the fever had a diphtheria or typhoid—only increased the misery of the men. It dried up their skin, and made them wither away. Worst of all, as far as discomfort went, it made all manner of food, however attractively concocted and served, taste just the same—like wood shavings.

There was little to relieve the monotony of their servitude. The affection of the eyes made reading out of the question, the sluggishness of the limbs brought on by the fever made exercise in the open even more of an impossibility. The 60 were in a sense isolated, cut off from all contact with the rest of the hospital patients. They could see no one, talk to no one, save their British nurses, who stood by them only. They just had to "lie there and take it." Take it they did, then, lying in those tents for a week or two months. Many of them had as many as four relapses. All of them lost weight. The average loss was from 20 to 25 pounds, while one of the heaviest of the party went down between 40 and 50 pounds. Time wore on. The famous twenty-first of March came, and with it the big German offensive. A couple of days more

and the rumble of firing became a roar. And then, without warning, over the lines swooped the Boche aviators, and began to bomb the town on all sides of the hospital.

"Under Your Beds!" The trench fever patients, sick as they were, wanted to see the bombardment. They got as far as the doors of their tents, but were ordered back. Shrapnel began to fly about the place. "Under your beds!" was the order. "Under your beds, all of you!"

Protesting still, the Yanks were hustled beneath the cots, in order that laceration by shrapnel fragments might not be added to their other infirmities. In one tent, though, there was one person who refused to heed the order. Her patients all tucked away to safety, she went bustling about, putting things in readiness for them against the cessation of the bombardment—attending to duty.

The major, on a hurried inspection tour, looked in at the tent. "Sister Swanson," he commanded the English nurse, "Sister, you must take cover! You must protect yourself!" "My duty is with my patients," Sister Swanson replied. "There is work to be done here, and I shall do it. Here is where I stay."

Time to Move On The bombardment was repeated. On March 27 things had become so hot that there was nothing left to do but to evacuate the hospital. So, although not any too many of the Yankee patients were "sitting up" cases, they were ordered aboard a train and shipped to the cessation of Paris. Two in a coach for those better able to stand the gaff. After a day and a night on the road—and traveling under war-time conditions is not particular fun for people in even the best of condition—they arrived in Paris, and were taken to an American hospital, by ambulance and camion, in the suburbs of the city.

They are all on the mend now; they are all "up and around," taking graduated physical exercise according to their strength and their progress toward recovery, sitting out in the open and basking in the sun when the days are fair, recovering by leaps and bounds that most precious possession of humankind—the great New England appetite. They are eating well, reading up on good England grub and getting rest from "convalescent fare" in a coach for those that lost weight and to recover some of that sadly diminished pep.

Want to Get Back They're anxious to get back to their units. About their only lack at present is that the doctors don't seem inclined to take the route they desire. Not only is this the worse for the experience, or rather, not one of them will be if he follows instructions and doesn't try to rush the recovering process.

Do it again? Well, that's a fair question. Nobody would think of asking them to. But, now that it's all over and they're all safe, they are far more philosophical about it than one would expect them to be. Their reward has not been definitely set, but a reward there is going to be all right. But, added to the words of praise from the British general who inspected them and learned of their sacrifice and devotion, their reward will be the gratitude of every man of every nation of the Allies, who goes up front in battle. By taking their chances they have cut down the number of chances that the rest will have to take.

Here are their names: Sergt. R. V. Kenney, Sergt. J. O'Neill, J. A. O'Neill, J. Barrett, W. Barrett, H. A. Stevens, J. J. Slater, J. T. Seamon, B. A. V. Lany, V. M. Peck, W. M. Chase, Chabounea, J. Fortini, T. Cody, A. R. Eddy, W. P. Piel, A. J. Daly, W. T. Daly, W. J. Duda, M. N. Roskin, E. Freudenberger, D. B. Falls, E. A. Waldron, J. A. Lambert, W. J. Murphy, J. J. Singer, H. Robertson, H. A. Lucas, H. Backus, E. Hoover, J. Buncher, J. M. Embold, J. Roumano, W. Driscoll, G. W. Hall, N. Camm, E. B. Carroll, N. S. Courtney, R. H. Davis, Demoullieff, F. Lowell, F. Nolan, A. Norin, J. J. Stanley, D. P. Turner, R. A. Walker, H. M. Woodard, H. A. Worley, H. B. Eberhardt, J. F. Hala, L. Fitzsimmons, J. F. Humphreys, H. Jensen, J. J. O'Connor, P. H. Waite.

A. E. F. MEN CARRY Continued from Page 1 ter to half a million a year are so rare that they are extremely scarce, and are grouped in "exclusive million clubs" by their administering directors. But none of these clubs is ever going to write \$50,000 in a month. It's absolutely impossible to do it—outside of the Army.

Some day the history of those insurance agents who have just completed their record job may be written in its entirety, and it will be as exciting as if it had all happened at the front—just as some of it did. There will be in that chronicle the story of policies written when the policy holder lay in a hospital hovering between life and death—a situation in which you would pardonably expect an insurance agent to be his last visitor imaginable.

Perhaps it is easier to explain than it would seem. It wasn't an attempt to sell something, but to give something away, an attempt not to make a man, but to persuade him to avail himself of a privilege. It is simply the difference between business and patriotism.

FIVE DAYS' BATTLE COSTS HUNS DEAR

Americans Account for 400 In Attack Northwest of Toul

LIEUTENANT CAPTURES 19

Machine Guns Keep "Working Like Hell" with Emplacement Shot Away

The troops which hold the American home sector northwest of Toul came up smiling the first part of this week after a five days' battle which took a heavy toll of German dead, wounded and prisoners and left our lines unchanged. Enemy casualties are estimated at between three and four hundred, of whom more than a hundred were killed. It was the most prolonged and the largest scale operation conducted against our troops since America's entry into the war, and we came out of it with losses comparatively slight.

The Americans used their old friend the rifle with particularly deadly effect, for the fighting was in the open, and the outcome of the engagement was a painful shock to the Germans, who, to judge from the well-crammed haversacks on our prisoners, had come over with the idea of making quite a stay in the American trenches.

Old War Song Revived

The attack began on Wednesday of last week, after several days of ominously heavy shelling. It was launched by a special shock battalion of 800 picked Germans, who had been laboriously rehearsed for their great day and who came over intent on cutting through our third line. They got nowhere. Our defenses were fresh in infantry and artillery, and with abundant use of gas, the scattered remnants of that battalion were killed or captured. They renewed the attack on Friday, but three more days of furious fighting only added to the sum of their losses. They did not gain our lines and the Americans held and captured the sector northwest of Toul.

The first attack on Friday was directed against the French and the Americans, who immediately counterattacked and were able to pursue the Germans as far as their second line. The Americans, who fought in this battle are the subject of a congratulatory letter from a French general, who said, among other pleasant things: "With such brave men as allies we are sure to triumph." It is odd of one unit that the men took up their positions chanting the "Marseillaise" by the bayonet of the Spanish-American War. "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."

The story of how 19 Huns surrendered peacefully to one man is but one of many that might be told illustrative of the spirit displayed during the long and hot encounter. A certain lieutenant, whose men were in a support trench, heard that the Germans had entered our first lines. With five volunteers, picked from a whole detachment of volunteers, he started out after them along the trench. At the corner he turned and saw ahead of him, coming down the communicating trench, a whole lot of Germans.

He shot the first one—a German officer dead. Half turning, he called to his five men to get out of the trench and run around behind the Boche. The Boche, who was armed and his men, the trouble of scrapping with them, however, for they all threw up their hands.

Rescue in No Man's Land

When noses were pointed in one unit, Jack — was found to be missing. "Too bad to leave Jack out there," his bunkie said; so he and several others got permission to go back and search in No Man's Land. They finally found Jack buried to his waist in mud, and unable to get out alone. They dragged him in, and thus saved him from having his throat slit by the Germans—for if his comrades had waited until daylight he would surely have become a prisoner.

The members of one regiment's band volunteered to act as stretcher-bearers in the front lines. They worked under incessant artillery and machine gun fire until they were exhausted. A medical officer, seeing the condition they were in, ordered them back. But instead of going to the rear, they waited till the surgeon had turned the corner. Then, they went back to work.

A certain machine gun unit happened to be the target for a goodly portion of the Boche barrage. The lieutenant in charge ordered his men into their dugouts. When they came out they found that the German shells had shattered all their machine gun emplacements, and that some of the guns were buried under the earth.

With the attack coming on, there was only one thing to do—to dig out these buried guns, and get them set up quickly. The men dug away like beavers, unearthed the pieces, hastily wiped the mud out of the mechanism, and got them set up, with clips rammed home, just in time to begin spraying the advancing Huns.

A DOUGHBOY'S PRAYER (ON THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION)

He walked his post at midnight; and the night was dark as mud, and the winds and rain were mixing in a way to freeze his blood. There was rust upon his rifle, there was water in his shoes; His ancient lid was leaking, and his "wraps" were coming loose. He was not so much religious, but the doings of the day, And the darkness, and the wetness, made him feel that he should pray. So he stiffened to attention, presented arms, then port. And he made his earnest prayer like a soldierly report. "Sir," he prayed, "The Lord has written that the humblest guy should come And complain about his troubles when his soul is on the bum. Sir, the Lord must be a-knowin' what a soldier has to do, How he has a million duties and exists on soup and stew, While he gets an education in a way that's well and new. First, the soldier signs his papers; in the arms and legs he's shot; Then they tell him what's important, and they tell him what is not. He is issued his equipment and a lot of woolen clothes, And it's like a Chinese puzzle for to find how each thing goes. He is taught the facin's, marchin's, and the proper way to rest. The way to throw his rifle, and, of course, squads east and west. In the morn he swiftly rises and gets out for reveille, And he goes through calisthenics, or some other misery. He's drilled in 'em, and sometimes he's peelin' spuds, Or he's standin' some inspection, or he's washin' dirty duds. He learns his General Orders and how to 'em right, And he gets the proper spirit and he works with all his might. Then he's sent across the ocean and he thinks he'll get to fight, But they put him standin' guard on a job that's not so tight. And it kills so goldarn dreary that he'd bound to take it hard. Sir, this is the experience of each man in Company 'D,' And, while we want to do our duty, whatever it may be, It ain't no harm to ask the Lord to help the infantree. Deliver us from guardin' lumber piles and Engineers; And the joints that peddle cognac 'stead of wines and sloppy beers; Deliver us from chasin' soldiers through the mud and grass; Deliver us from grubbin' every guy without a pass; Deliver us from carryin' and all the booze that's French; And have our whole gaff ordered to a good old bloody trench! We're not over here for pleasure, we're not over here for fun; We want to get some action; we want to bust the Hun! So, if the Lord has influence with our High Command in France, Won't He take our application and see what we can do? I ain't no damn religious, but if good comes of this prayer, I'll give up girls and gambin' and be a saint for fair. And—Sir, I'll have to finish, and I'll call some time again; For my relief's a-comin'—if I'm excused—Amen."

CORP. JAMES STEVENS, Int.

HUN LOSSES 85 IN ATTACK ALONG MEUSE

Winners Tell How Treacherous Germans Paid for Stratagem

GRENADE TWIRLER SCORES

Enemy Finds St. Mihiel Sector a Bit Warmer Than Russian Front

After a big ball game, you ask the winners how it happened, and most of them will tell you modestly that they probably outplayed and outguessed the losers. It was like that after last Sunday night's fighting on the east bank of the Meuse, near St. Mihiel, in which our men killed 64, wounded 10, and took 11 Huns prisoners.

"We had it on 'em three ways," said a young private from Indiana, who hadn't yet had time to get the blood-stains off his puttees. "They're about as foxy as rhinoceroses."

It started, it appeared, this way: Some Germans, posing as friends, shouted at the gas along the trench. At the same time they saw ahead of him, coming down the communicating trench, a whole lot of Germans.

He shot the first one—a German officer dead. Half turning, he called to his five men to get out of the trench and run around behind the Boche. The Boche, who was armed and his men, the trouble of scrapping with them, however, for they all threw up their hands.

Just as he said this, the mail clerk in the little batters' village handed him a wooden stamp-covered envelope. "From mother," he said. "She sends 'em just as regular as she winds the clock in the sitting room at home. I know what's inside—two boxes of chocolate and some tobacco. Maybe that ain't handy after a fight, hey?"

According to what the prisoners said, the Germans in this battle had been moved, many of them reluctantly and at the point of the bayonet, from the Russian front. Some of them are Austrians. They were all hungry, having lived on water and black bread.

"I heard them guys singing about gas," said a Pennsylvania private, an Indian who worked around the Pennsylvania coal mines, who had killed two Germans and bayoneted another. "They were chattering in French and English and kept hollerin' 'ceasing firing!' Not for you, birds I don't cease," he says to myself, and I got in my nicks then. All I could think of was about what those guys had done to women and children. They fight pretty good when they're in a crowd, but they're no good when they're man to man. They quit cold, on the level."

HOW TO ADOPT A WAR ORPHAN

(See article on Page 1 about orphans already adopted by A. E. F. units.) A company, detachment, or group of the A. E. F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs for its support. The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or homeless waifs from the invaded districts. The adopting unit may select its child from any of these classes and specify its age and sex. The money will be sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES to be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. At least 250 francs thereafter will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter. All of the money contributed will go to the children. The expenses of administration will be borne by the Red Cross. A photograph and a history of each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be advised of the child's whereabouts and hereafter notified monthly of its progress. The Red Cross committee will determine the disposal of the child. It will either be sent to a practical agricultural or trade school or supported in a French family. No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which the money may be raised. It may be gathered by an equal assessment upon the members of a unit, by passing the hat, by giving an entertainment—in any way the unit sees fit. Address all communications regarding these children to War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A. E. F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

TWO BOCHE PLANES FELLED BY YANKEES

Clean and Quick Victories Scored by First American Trained Aviators

CARD GAME HAS TO WAIT

Five Minute Battle Settles Score Between Quartet of Rival Flyers

Sunday morning at 8:45, Lieut. Alan F. Winslow and Lieut. Douglas Campbell were playing casino, as aviators will. Lieut. Winslow had just built eights and Lieut. Campbell was getting ready to take the bull when the *alerte* sounded. Five minutes later two Boche planes, an Albatross and Fiat, had been brought down by these young men. Both German aviators are held as prisoners, one having landed unhurt and the other badly burned.

Lieut. Campbell holds the record of being the first American trained aviator to bring down a Boche plane. The *Croix de Guerre* has been awarded to both him and Lieut. Winslow. "Let Lieut. Winslow tell the story as he told it mildly and proudly: "After we got the *alerte*, we got up right away. I was climbing toward Doug and I saw the Boche coming at me. I got on his tail and began firing. He maneuvered and returned the fire. We weren't any more than three thousand meters up."

Kept Shooting at Him "I kept shooting at him and he at me. He didn't hit me. Then I saw his machine drop. It struck and I went near the ground to have a look at him. When I saw he was safely down, I went to help Lieut. Campbell. "When I got near him, I saw that he and his man were fighting, and then I saw the Boche plane alight. It fell to the ground. And then—well, that's all there is to it," said Lieut. Winslow, as though he feared he had talked too much.

"No it isn't," said another officer. "Lieut. Winslow came to look his man over and then went up to him and offered him a cigarette."

"Well," said Lieut. Winslow, "from the way he took it, I imagine he really wanted one."

"And that Frenchman," urged the officer. "Oh, yes," said Lieut. Winslow. "A French soldier watching the skirmish got hit in the ear with one of my bullets. He said he was glad of it and that he considered his ear a daisy souvenir."

Lieut. Campbell's Story Lieut. Campbell, pressed to give his story, spoke as follows: "That's just the way it was."

Lieut. Campbell is a Californian, from Mt. Hamilton, where the Lick Observatory is. The lieutenant is a Harvard man. Lieut. Winslow's home is in Chicago. He was graduated from Yale and immediately after graduation came to France, enlisting as a flyer in the French army.

The French commissioner has written to the American commander his compliments for "the splendid success."

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GERMANY STAKES WHOLE RESOURCES IN GIANT GAMBLE

Doubles or Quits Is Play of General Staff in Present Drive

INFANTRY COMES INTO OWN

Cavalry Also Reinstated in Open Warfare That Follows First Hun Plunge

NEW TACTICS BY BOTH SIDES

Attempt to Separate Allies Only Welds Them Together More Firmly Than Ever

[Here for the first time is a popular account of the world's first phase of the German offensive which has already developed into the biggest battle in history. It is based on the most authoritative and impartial information to be had.—Editor.]

Doubles or quits—that, as the on-lookers of the world see it, is the play being made this spring by the giant gamblers of the German Imperial Staff. It is a play familiar enough to all soldiers who have shared in or watched the dizzying games that are quite likely to follow on the heels of payday. They have all watched the tactics of some player who has made considerable inroads on the other fellows' piles, but who, for pressing reasons of his own, is anxious to get out of the game, so anxious that he is willing to stake everything on a single throw.

Doubles or quits. There is the meaning of the offensive that, on March 21 a little after midnight, launched a battle, which, in length of line and in numbers engaged, has developed into the greatest battle the world has ever known.

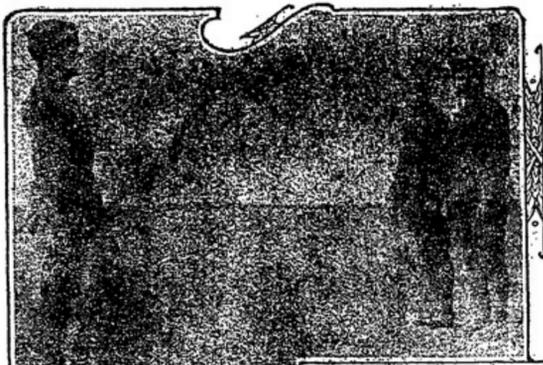
German Guess at Allied Strength

According to estimates openly made in the German press, the Allied special reserves number 60 divisions. 45 of them French and 15 of them English. These reserves which, some weeks ago, were placed at the disposition of General Foch at the Versailles Council, constitute the mysterious letter X in the German problem. What part, if any, of these reserves have already been thrown into the present battle? There is the factor about which the Germans know least and worry most.

Although the battle of 1918—it has already spread too far to be known any longer as the Battle of Picardy—reached the end of its first phase with the check of the assault on Amiens on April 4, it is too early now to give any but a rough sketch of what happened. It is not too early, however, to point out some of the respects in which that first phase differed from any battle fought on the Western front since the first days of the war.

The greater part of that first phase was open warfare, mobile warfare such as the commanders and the troops in

ALL BUT THE KISS



Major Theodore Roosevelt Jr. and the Croix de Guerre awarded to him by the French Government.

These two pictures show Major Theodore Roosevelt Jr., engaged in his distinguished father's favorite pastime of pinning something on somebody. In this case the major isn't pinning scintillant epithets on the lieutenant and the sergeant; he is decorating them with the Croix de Guerre as a reward for their being "real blooded men," "men of my type," "exponents of stalwart Americanism" and neither "pussy-footers" nor "molloyeddlers." The lieutenant and sergeant look pleased, and well they might. So does the major; they're in his command.

sities of those first few days, you can best guess from the fact that these cavalry divisions, when they were finally ordered back, could be allowed only a brief rest before being returned to the line further to the left.

Of heavy artillery, there was none worth mentioning in that first fortnight, for so swift and so tumultuous was the shift of the line that neither side had time to bring theirs into play. Trench mortars played some part and field pieces, and the great guns were not to be forgotten some day about the French division whose men hitched themselves to their field pieces and dragged them for a distance of four kilometers, then returned and hitched themselves to the caissons in order to bring up the shells.

But, above all, it was an infantry battle, a battle fought prominently with rifles and machine guns. Those who, unlike General Pershing, have sadly sung the requiem of the rifle, relating its sorry decline from the great American weapon of offense to a mere impediment, did not foresee the battle of 1918. The great rifle, the perfect weapon for such shell-hole battles as Verdun and the Chemin des Dames, gave way once more to the rifle, and it was with the rifle that the men fought during that first week, fighting on with its bayonet when their ammunition was out, fighting on with their naked fists when their guns were lost in the scuffle.

One reason why the rifle was able to achieve so spectacular a reinstatement was because the fighting was over dry ground, it is mud which, clogging the delicate mechanism of the weapon, and disables the rifle. Here there was no mud for the German offensive, though it was boldly started on the very day of the vernal equinox, was carried on through ten days of air miraculously clear, ten days under skies miraculously serene.

The Allied aeroplanes, too, had new work to do. To an extent never before approached, they became an actual fighting arm during this battle. They did infantry work, swooping down within 40 or 50 yards of the German troops

hand grenades. They might rely to some slight extent on trench mortars, but, for the most part, they were to use the rifle and the machine gun. They were to ignore any isolated centers of resistance which the receding British might leave in their wake, for these would be dealt with as soon as possible by special troops who should bring up the rear with flame-throwers and hand grenades.

The infantry was merely to advance and keep on advancing. They were to move ahead in wave after wave after wave. The first line was to drop in its tracks at a designated distance, push up the rifle and machine gun sights to the maximum and open fire, shooting blindly and without pause. The second line was to pass through the first, drop in its tracks a little way ahead and duplicate the tactics. The third wave was to pass through the first and second and follow suit. It was hoped that, however heavy the cost to the attacking infantry, the British local reserves, which might be expected to be preparing to enter the battle, would be caught somewhere in this indiscriminate barrage and be ridden with bullets.

That was the German plan—to empty the first British trenches with poison gas and to riddle the British line with a blind, indiscriminate, bullet barrage. That was the plan and, in certain parts of the line, it seems to have worked.

Of what happened over the whole battlefield in the fortnight that followed, of the battle in perspective, only the roughest sketch can be given here.

Where Germany Hit Hardest

The Germans threw the greatest force of their attack against the British line at a point just north of its juncture with the French, and the British line, as their own communications had been broken, you must not think of that break as a collapse of a dam, with the Germans pouring through, but rather as the opening of a door, 80 kilometers wide with its hinge at Arras and its other edge at Chateau. Once ajar, there was the vista of the path along the Oise Valley to Paris. The pressure was applied, the door began to swing and the Germans shoved hard. It was the French task to close that door or, at least, to barriade past all hope of passage the "opening" that had been made.

History will tell some day just why that door opened. While the Third Army under General Byng held splendidly, the Fifth Army under General Gough gave way. He has since been recalled, but history will tell how he had only 12 divisions with which to oppose the 29 and later the 40 which von Hutler hurled against them. In men he was ultimately outnumbered nearly four to one and in guns nearly two to one. History will remind the reader that the support trenches of General Gough's second position had not yet been completed when the battle started and that the army thus thrown suddenly on the defensive had known nothing but offensive warfare for more than three years—the three years that ran from the second battle of Ypres in the spring of 1915.

Fighting With His Men

It will record the brilliance of a retreat in which two-thirds of the guns were saved, and it will tell countless stories of extraordinary individual heroism, with perhaps one outstanding picture, amid the smoke of battle, of a corps commander, a general, down on the ground, rifle in hand, fighting shoulder to shoulder with his men. It will give, at last, a definite account of the losses. The Germans say they were 70,000. The British say they were heavy, but not nearly so heavy as that. And the scores of prisoners taken is made up of many men not captured in the fight, but sick and wounded men picked up in hospitals, which there was not time to evacuate.

But the door had opened and it was not until March 29 that one could say, as General Foch did later, that the German advance had been halted. The cap had been closed, into it the French had thrown, with the greatest rapidity, two small armies under General Fayolle, who had commanded their forces in Italy.

March 29, then, might be considered as marking the end of the first phase, but there was a tremendous though fruitless offensive on the last two days of the month and later a vigorous drive on April 4 toward Amiens before the battle shifted to the north. Let us say that the first phase ended with the single day's battle on the roads that converge towards Amiens, an attack which brought the Germans within nine miles of that city, but which inflicted upon them the heaviest losses

AMERICAN ENGINEERS IN "CAREY'S CHICKENS"

The commander of the American bridge and railway engineers to whom chance brought the opportunity to pitch in and help the British resist the first onslaught of the great drive in Picardy has received this letter from General Pershing:

"The Commander-in-Chief has noted with great satisfaction the fine conduct of the officers and men of your regiment during the recent German offensive as testified to by the British army and corps commanders."

That testimony adds some details to the account which, in the columns of this newspaper last week, related the story of those engineers who threw down their tools and caught up their rifles in the first stormy days of the present battle. We know now that American engineers had their part in the immortal army which General Carey improvised from everywhere, and which will go down in history as "Carey's Chickens." Orderlies, cooks and many another unpracticed man had his chance at the real thing in the ranks of "Carey's Chickens" and American en-

gineers held an infantry sub-sector for a week. To their commanding officer, General Rawlinson, on behalf of the British, has sent a cordial letter which he winds up by saying:

"I consider your work in the line to be greatly enhanced by the fact that for six weeks previous to taking your place in the front line your men had been working at such high pressure erecting heavy bridges on the Somme. My best congratulations."

When General Muller, commanding a British cavalry division, receiving congratulations and thanks from his superiors, he shared them immediately with the American engineers who had fought with that division in the line on March 30—"fought most gallantly," the British general said.

To one American company caught in the great offensive fell the task of destroying the engineer dump which would be left in the wake of the receding British army and they were busy at this and trench-laying until March 27, came with it the assembling of "Carey's Chickens."

WAR SECRETARY BIDS GODSPEED TO A.E.F.

Commander-in-Chief Adds Appreciation to Mr. Baker's Letter

Secretary of War Baker's impressions of the work already accomplished by the members of the A. E. F. and his appreciation of their share in the building of "a great Army to vindicate a great cause" are made public in the following letter addressed to the officers and men of the American Expeditionary Forces in France:

"After a thorough inspection of the American Expeditionary Forces, I am returning to the United States, with fresh enthusiasm, to speed the transportation of the remainder of the great Army of which you are the vanguard. What I have seen here gives the comfortable assurance that plans for the effectiveness of our fighting forces and for the comfort and welfare of the men have been broadly made and vigorously executed. Our schools and systems of instruction are adding to the general soldier training the specialized knowledge which developed among our French and British associates during the four years of heroic action which they have displayed from the beginning of the war."

"Fortunately, the relations between our soldiers and those of the British and French are uniformly cordial and happy, and the welcome of the civil population of France has been met by our soldiers with the same hearty appreciation and return. "We are building a great Army to vindicate a great cause, and the spirit which you are showing, the courage, the resourcefulness and the zeal for the performance of duty both as soldiers and as men is not only promising of military success, but it is worthy of the traditions of America and of the Allied Armies with which we are associated. Press on!"

The letter has been given out as a general order, which will be read to each company and separate detachment at the first assembly after its receipt. To it the Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F., adds the following commendation:

"In adding his own high appreciation of the splendid spirit of our Army, the Commander-in-Chief wishes to impress upon officers and men of all ranks a keen sense of the serious obligations which rest upon them, while at the same time giving them fresh assurance of his complete confidence in their loyalty, their courage, and their sincere devotion to duty."

they had known since the bitterness of Verdun.

What had the Germans accomplished? They had retaken a stretch of French soil corresponding roughly to the stretch they yielded up by their own retreat last September. They had inflicted heavy losses and, in the process, suffered losses still heavier. They had not separated the French and British armies. Rather had they welded them more firmly together. For, under the shock of the assault, the Allied forces were fused under a single command, as diverse elements in a chemical jar can be instantaneously synthesized by an electric current. Thus ended the lack of Allied unity on which the Kaiser had openly gloated and counted for success.

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NATIONAL POLITICS STILL LACKS COLOR

No Clue to Lines on Which Congressional Battles Will Be Fought

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 18.—National politics still remains without color or form. The newspapers have dropped discussion of the Wisconsin election, and nothing else has occurred to indicate the lines on which the Republicans and Democrats will fight out the congressional elections this autumn.

The New York State legislature has adjourned after successfully avoiding all issues that might make campaign material. The question of municipal ownership has been left to a Senate committee for a report to the next legislature.

The Federal prohibition amendment was sidestepped entirely, which throws the light into the next session. The restoration of the State nominating conventions system to replace the present primaries failed of passage. This will undoubtedly make the Federal prohibition amendment the big fighting point of next autumn's campaign with municipal ownership and other measures advanced by the Socialist party also prominent.

This will make New York politics nationally important.

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TWO MOTHERS' SONS

This morning, when the postman stopped to make his morning call, He left a bunch of papers, but no letters came at all, And a woman's heart was heavy as she hurried up the stairs (For here is where she always went when troubled with her cares), And her soul was filled with anguish as she took a little cry, For she thought she'd get a letter ere another day passed by, Through the day she worked in silence, there was sadness in her glance, For a mother had no letter from her boy in France.

This morning, when the postman stopped to make another call, He left a soldier's letter that was welcome more of all; And a woman's fingers trembled as she tore the envelope To scan the lines which held so much of cheer and love and hope; And sunshine all that day was stamped upon her loving face, As she swept and cleansed with vigor all around the place, And the dirt that lurked in corners didn't have a fighting chance, For a mother had a letter from her boy in France.

Pvt. PHIL LEWIS, M. D., in the "Beaumont Bull."

this theater of the war had not known since the early free-for-all days of the Marne and the Yser, open warfare in which hand grenades were forgotten and heavy artillery left behind, in which cavalry and infantry once more came into their own, in which, above all else, the good, old-fashioned rifle came into its own. Toward the end of the phase the lines began to stabilize, the troops to burrow in, the heavy guns to arrive.

Back to Mobile Warfare

For a time, however, it was mobile warfare in which troops swept across country at lightning speed compared with the advances in trench warfare which could almost be measured by inches. How rapid was the movement can best be judged from the experience of one unit of French cavalry which was sent forward to help close the gap that had been made in the line.

That unit received its warning on the night of March 21 and by the next night they were near the front. Their orders were to advance rapidly to the banks of the Crozat Canal, the waterway that connects the Somme with the Oise, and there take up positions as reinforcements behind the British line. But though their advance sections had reached that point during the night of March 22, the morning light showed no British there at all. The French troops found themselves face to face with other troops, but the other troops were German.

These French reinforcements were cavalrymen who had ridden, horses and all in auto trucks as far as the trucks would go and then made the rest of the distance on horseback. For the horse, too, came into his own once more when open warfare was revived on the plains of Picardy. They were French cavalrymen to whom fell the honor of stopping the Germans on the heights north of the Oise.

They fought dismounted, it is true, but they could not have reached their positions in time without their horses. Once there, they fought against repeated attacks made by troops that outnumbered them three or four to one, fought for four days without anything to eat, without anything to drink, without replenishment of any kind except in ammunition. How stern were the neces-

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The Stars and Stripes

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

FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1918.

APRIL 19, 1918

The men who fought at Lexington and Concord were fighting exactly the same thing that we are fighting today—tyranny.

Today—143 years after the event—the descendants of those embattled farmers stand side by side with the descendants of the men who opposed them, united once and for all and dedicated to the greatest task that has yet fallen to the lot of free men—the deliverance of the world from the military and political domination of the Hun.

Chasing the red-coats down the road, and only pausing to fire and load, blazed the trail for liberty in England, and by their vigorous resistance opened the eyes of England to the iniquities into which her Teutonic King and his Tory servant had led her.

They were brave men and bold, those men of '75. They were good stand-up-and-go-to-it scrappers. They made it possible for us to be here today, under this flag, embarked on this glorious enterprise, backed by the great people that sent us forth.

WE'RE ALL DOUGHBOYS

A letter in the editor's mail signed "Subscriber" -- we are too young to get letters from "Old Subscriber" -- asks fairly if we are aware that there are other kinds of soldiers in this army besides doughboys.

More and more in the training camps and in the trenches, over there and over here, the name "doughboy" is attaching itself to every living man who wears the olive drab.

GETTING TOGETHER

They're doing things sensibly over in the States. They're getting together for the purpose of getting more firmly behind us. As was shown in a recent dispatch from our American correspondent, labor and capital are arriving at an agreement destined to secure industrial peace in America for the duration of the war.

THE HOME FIRES

It is all very well for us to sing "Keep the Home Fires Burning" on the march and in camps, but we should not let our efforts stop at that. To be sure, the song is meant largely for use at home, but there is a lesson in it for us as well.

FASTER AND FASTER

The cables tell us that American troops are sailing for France in numbers far exceeding the Government's fondest expectations.

anxiety of people kept in the dark about our lives and fortunes, the anxiety of people propped upon by doubts and fears and rumors, the anxiety of people who love us with unfathomable devotion.

THE WAR AND "THE GAME"

We quote the following from a Paris contemporary: "Publication of a newspaper is an industry necessary to the successful prosecution of the war, according to a decision handed down by the District Draft Board in Syracuse, N. Y."

The second sentence of the dispatch, however, leaves considerable doubt in our minds. Having ruled as it did, there is a certain logic in the board's exemption--or deferring the call-up--of a practicing newspaper man.

The newspaper men of the United States, as a class, have been among the first to enlist and enroll, among the first to get over here. We doubt if any other profession can show a higher average of voluntary enlistments for national service, particularly for active service with the fighting forces.

THE BIG IDEA

The war orphan adoption plan is not new. It might almost be said to have started with the war. Back home, most of us probably gave our mite for some helpless waif, just as we contributed a quarter apiece to the "Tobacco for Tommy" fund.

TO HELP WITH THEM!

"Force," said President Wilson at the close of his tremendous and clarion speech at Baltimore, "force" to the utmost, force without stint or limit, righteous and triumphant force, which shall make the light of the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in dust."

GETTING TOGETHER

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The Listening Post

ICE CREAM SODA

(Note.--Ice Cream Soda is a delectation popular in the United States of America.) You may talk of gin and beer When you're quartered over there in New York or Adelaide or Sleepy Hollow.

We have tasted of Bordeaux, Sampled Dubonnet and Cean, We have had a glass of port in a pagoda; But we'd give a large amount Of our kale to see a fountain.

BLESS HIM!

A man we like Is Serg. McFate; He never shouts; "Fall in, detail!"

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

W. Hohenzollern of Potsdam, Germ., is doing his spring shelling these days. "Cpl. --- was seen --- day on the streets of ---. He was looking imbecily, his folks may be interested in learning.

A MERRY BALLAD OF THE EM-BUSKED CIVILIAN AND HIS WILD LIFE IN GAY PAREE

Now, the embusked civilian has no troubles, not at all; He is never called upon to fight the foe; He can live in Paris gaily, eating ten-franc dinners daily.

"DOPE" WANTED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Being off in a corner of France and more or less cloaked by reason of our attachment to the B. E. F., we are a little out of touch with the latest "dope"; wherefore, this letter.

WRITE THE Y.M.C.A.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Noting that Somewhere in France there is a lot of baseball equipment, I rise to inquire how, when, and where our company might obtain a small bit of same?

HE LIKES THE ED PAGE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have just finished reading the editorial page of your edition of March 8, and am moved to make a few remarks.

A FANCY

There was a man who fancied That by driving good and fast He'd get his car across the track Before the train got past.

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"WHAT! YET ANOTHER?"

AN M.P. SPEAKS OUT

GERMANY

THE WHAT, THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF THIS WAR

By FRANK BOHN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In your paper of March 22, one of your main headlines reads: "Men in ranks to have opportunity for bars." Below you tell just how many men each of the various organizations can send except "trains and M.P.s."

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Question: What are we here for? Answer: Because our country has declared war on Germany and Austria. Try again. Because the Germans are a beastly lot, and have just naturally got a damned good beating coming to them.

"Do you mean to tell me," I inquired, "that you love the Kaiser more than you love the young officer at the front to whom you are going to be married?" "Certainly I do," she said.

Why Germany Has Not Kept Pace

The whole life of Germany, political, social, and intellectual, is soaked through and through with the principles and methods of medieval barbarism.

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Every great conflict in American history has made us more democratic. Italy organized her national life on a democratic basis in the third quarter of the nineteenth century.

In Germany, not only government, but the whole social order, is totally different. The German Revolution of 1848, which had it been successful, would have democratized and civilized Germany.

Neither the great rich nor the lowly poor have any respect for themselves. The only class which is respected are those who are born and bred as aristocrats and officers.

READING IN THE TRENCHES

Up front one of the most crying, almost screaming, demands is for something to read in spare time. We know of an old copy of the Bystander which has been passed around by a whole battalion.

That is why we are in this fight to stay, whether it takes one year or three years or ten years.

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"NO SMOKING" SIGNS SOON TO FLOURISH

But Only in Places Where Butt Might Start Something ROARING FIRES UNDER BAN

French Hearths Weren't Built to Accommodate Monster Blazes

"Gate that butt!"
"Douse that bougie!"
"Put out that pipe!"
"Yep; tough luck, but, in rooms of billets wherein straw, hay, ammunition, gasoline or other inflammable materials are stored, there is to be no more striking of matches, no smoking, no use of candles or lamps. It's forbidden—defendu, verboten—by a new general order."

Said order begins rather caustically by remarking that "the number of fires which have occurred in billets, barns and outbuildings occupied by the A.E.F. indicates that adequate precautions against fire have not been taken." It is undoubtedly right. Remember—the fire down the line when Private John Doe, of the Boston Prides, rescued the pig from the upper story of his barn-billet? That was the first fire which the town in question had had in 50 years; and the French, like most other sensible people, have a natural aversion to fires. So would you, if you'd lost a bunch of mail, or a supply of tobacco, in the course of one.

The order goes on to say quite a number of things about fireplaces. It says they should be inspected before use—not necessarily to ascertain if Santa Claus got hung up there, but on general principles—especially in buildings (such as jails) which have not been occupied for some time before the arrival of troops.

Another thing: The order puts the ban on the open-hearth idea. "Fireplaces and chimneys in France," it says, "have generally been constructed with a view to accommodating fires of only moderate size, hence the building of large and roaring fires is dangerous." From which it would seem to follow that the A.E.F. must do its roaring outside.

In case there isn't any fireplace, you must be careful about building one of your own. The order has this to say:

"Extemporized fireplaces will be built only after the location and manner of construction have been approved by the commanding officer of the unit concerned." So, if your billet is cold and everything, and the Jack-of-all-trades in the squad or section is able to rig up a fireplace, don't start it up until you have invited the Old Man down to your little housewarming.

To help along a favorable decision, you might, you know, serve refreshments. And—oh, yes!—let the Old Man have the honor of laying the hearth's cornerstone, with an intrenching spade for a trowel. Perhaps he'll be so overcome as to make a speech.

FIGHTERS, WITH THEIR FRIENDS AND COUNSELLORS



New England Doughboys receiving the Croix de Guerre

Anti-aircraft gun protecting an outlaid American tank

French and American Priests at the front

Sec Baker and Lafayette Descendant, Count de Chambrun, in the American front line

Photographed by G. C. A. E. F.

REAL GUARD MOUNT DAILY G. H. Q. EVENT

They Put on Regular Oompah Concert Every Noon, Too

They're getting awfully flossy down at G.H.Q.

They've always been on the job down there, running a thoroughly American headquarters in what we like to think is the thoroughly American way. But, now that they've got everything else fixed up, they've had time to go in for a few of the frills of the game. For one thing, they stage, every forenoon at 11 o'clock, a real, honest-to-Abraham Manual-of-Interior-and-Exterior-Guard-Duty guard mount—band and all.

Not only do they stage it; they belasso it. They're right in every detail. The guard comes up and dresses as snappy as you please in good old West Point style, and the band goes compah-compahing down the line in most approved fashion. Hereafter people from Ceylon and Singapore and the Malay Peninsula and the Straits of Magellan will not go up the Hudson to see a real guard mount; they will go to G.H.Q., American E. F.

But the guard mount isn't the only

show they put on down at G.H.Q. They put on a concert every noon, with the band mounted on one of those affairs such as the elephant does his contortions on in the course of the greatest show on earth. The band leader is busy "keeping time, time, time in a sort of runic rhyme," while the musicians tralalee away with all the native melodies of Berlin (Irving, not Germany) and of the fair land of France.

Peasants from the outlying districts try to arrange their marketing trips to the town in which G.H.Q. is situated in order to have time to enjoy the noon concert by the great American band, and sit around there enthralled while the Americans ta-dee-ta-tah-tee-TAH!

HIS DECORATION

The doughboy's sentiment has not been killed by war.

After a recent raid in which the Germans were beaten off, and six Americans so distinguished themselves as to receive the *Croix de Guerre* from the French government, the body of a German officer was found with others, dangling in the American wire entanglements. From his neck hung an Iron Cross. On his body was his identification tag. Papers and documents were taken in the search for military information. But the Iron Cross was carefully watched.

It is now being sent to the officer's family in Germany through the representatives of a neutral power.

WHAT TO SEE IN PARIS The Arc de Triomphe

The Arc de Triomphe, situated at the crest of the Avenue des Champs-Elysees in Paris, is one of the sights of the French capital that should under no circumstances be missed by the soldier on leave in the city. Besides its architectural importance, the deeds it commemorates make it of a singular interest to all connected with the military establishment.

The motive for the erection of the great Triumphal Arch was to honor Napoleon's *Grande Armee*. The bas-reliefs decorating it represent the most important events during the martial career of the first emperor. Of these, perhaps the most famous is the one by the great sculptor, Francois Rude, on the pillar to the right of the span of the arch as one advances from the Champs-Elysees.

It represents the departure of the

Volunteers in 1792, to stem the threatened European invasion of France. An heroic winged figure points with a sword, showing the marching men which route to take. In the minds of many Frenchmen, and many lovers of France who have visited the arch, this figure has been identified as "La Marseillaise."

The massive monument, which is 140 feet high and has a span of about 100 feet, was begun in 1806, but not completed until 1835. The cost of its construction was nearly \$2,000,000. It has been so set up that, on the anniversary of Napoleon's death—May 3—the ball of the setting sun is, as one stands facing it, framed exactly within the arch.

THERE'S A LIMIT

(By a Sufferer.)

My heart leaps when harmonicas The strains of "Dixie" play; But when they shift to "Hearts and Flowers" My heart, not noted for its powers, Gets car-sick right away!

THEY HAD SHARPER BAYONETS, ANYWAY

But Supply Officer Wanted To Use Those Whetstones on Axes

Whetstones were what the supply officer wanted; just plain whetstones. He had 1,000 woodchoppers working under him, and they just naturally had to have whetstones for their chopping implements. But whetstones were exactly the articles he couldn't get.

Finally, after much parleying and consultation of "Army Paper Work" and burning of the midnight candle, he succeeded in making out a requisition for whetstones, and in getting somebody further along the line to forward said requisition to somebody a little further along the line, who forwarded it to somebody still further along the line, who forwarded it to somebody almost to the end of the line, who forwarded it to somebody at, or approximately at, the end of the line. That being done, he sat back and waited. Supply officers, whatever else they may be short of, are always long on patience.

In the fulness of time, a reply to his requisition came back over the overland trail saying that there were no whetstones then on hand with which to requite his painfully composed requisition. That was Paragraph 1.

He was just about to tear his hair and the reply all to bits, when he happened to glance down at Paragraph 2. Paragraph 2 referred him to an accompanying order which empowered him to go out and find a French factory that made whetstones or that could be induced to make them if it hadn't done so before. That, at least, was some consolation.

Interpreter Goes Along

Armed with the order and an interpreter, the supply officer sallied out. In the course of a week or so, he found a French factory that, in the course of a week or so, promised to take on the contract for making 1,000 whetstones. In the course of six weeks more, the factory authorities assured him they would deliver the 1,000 whetstones, F.O.B.—

Then—but let the supply officer finish the story; he's fairly bursting to do it: "The French factory evidently thought it knew better than I did where I wanted those stones sent. They went to a regimental headquarters.

"The first thing I knew about it was when I got the invoice, which told where they had been shipped, I went over to get them.

"Why," said the regimental supply officer, "I thought they must be a new issue; I hadn't ordered any whetstones. I tried to figure out what they were for and concluded they must be for sharpening bayonets. So I issued 'em, and every squad in the regiment has got a whetstone, and has put in two or three days whetting up bayonets."

"Well, I put in a letter requiring him to account for them, of course, and he indorsed it properly. But he added to it, when he forwarded it, a photograph of a private shaving himself with his bayonet. That whole blessed regiment went up to the front with

practically every bayonet sharp enough to shave with!"
The supply officer is still trying to get whetstones for his woodchoppers. At least, he was up to going-to-press time.

THE COLONEL COULDN'T KID HIM

An Indiana boy of 20 was doing sentry duty at a certain point in the line and he had been firmly admonished by his captain to let nobody pass his post without the proper password.

A few hours later a middle-aged soldier came down the trench and was halted by Dick, the Indian.

"Advance and give the password," Dick commanded.
"Oh, that's all right, I'm your colonel," said the other. "I don't happen to remember the password just now."
"Nix on that stuff," said Dick. "How do I know you're my colonel?"

"But I am your colonel and I demand to pass," returned the other, apparently in anger. "You can see from the insignia on my shoulders that I'm a colonel."

"That doesn't tell me anything," Dick came back. "We caught a Boche the other night who said he was an American captain and he almost got away with it. Don't come another step without the password or I'll stick this bayonet into your belly."

"I'll go and report you to your captain," said the other, and he turned on his heel and left.

Pretty soon the captain came to Dick's post.
"Dick," he said, "you're a corporal from now on. That was fine stuff you pulled on the colonel awhile ago. He was just around testing you fellows out. He got by two or three by bluffing them and they'll face charges in the morning. He might have been a German spy."

A CIGARETTE ADVERTISEMENT

"Send him —"

Yes, send them to him!

"They satisfy!"

Perhaps they do.

The name is new.

But now, all is changed.

Perhaps it's roasted.

Or toasted.

Or just plain mixed.

What's in the name?

He used to smoke —

But now, all is changed.

Name, brand, all desired.

But "She" doesn't smoke.

"She" knows no difference

And he —

Just the thought

"She" sent them

is enough.

So,

"Send him —"

Pvt. JOHN KUHN.

MEDICINES REPLACE WINE

More than a million mildewed bottles of wine, some of which have been undisturbed for half a century, are being removed from the aging cellar of one of the most famous wineries in France to provide a place of storage for perishable medicines for the A. E. F.

The cellar will serve as a distributing center for hospitals back of the front. The American Red Cross sought several weeks for a place of darkness and constant temperature before finding the cellar, and when they did discover it and inquired about its use, the owners insisted on removing their stock, valued at several million dollars, and turning it over to the use of the organization gratis.

THE AUTOSTROP RAZOR

in its New Military Kit and Other Styles

The Military Kit in Three Styles---Khaki, Pigskin and Black Leather. Contains Trench Mirror, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, ready for use when hung up attached to case.

THE ONLY RAZOR THAT SHARPENS ITS OWN BLADES

It strops them, keeps them free from rust, shaves and is cleaned--all without taking apart. A freshly stropped blade is easier to shave with than a new blade. The Twelve Blades that go with the razor will get at least 500 FRESH, CLEAN SHAVES.

The AutoStrop Razor can be purchased in French Shops, Canteens and Post Exchanges

ALWAYS A SHARP BLADE

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.
345 Fifth Avenue, New York

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. Ltd.
83 Duke St., Toronto, Canada

TO DEALERS:---Write to us for full particulars about our 30-day free trial offer, which has proved so successful.

BIG LEAGUE SEASON OPENS IN TWO HEMISPHERES

They're off! The season starts once more. And big league players slam the pill just as they did in days of yore.

They're off! The season over here has opened—this the game of death—wherein men play who know not fear.

WILLARD AND FULTON ARE NOT STRANGERS

Champion and Challenger Swapped Punches Nearly Three Years Ago

GOOD PUFF FOR PLASTERER

Minnesota Boy Laid Johnson's Conqueror on Boards During Exhibition Bout

Now that Jess Willard and Fred Fulton have been matched for a championship battle, boxing fans will find the outcome of the encounter...

There were many witnesses present, and at once the report was sent out that Fulton had floored the champion...

Shortly after that Fulton stopped Fireman Jim Flynn in Milwaukee. This bout looked like a rank fake to many of the spectators...

Next came Frank Moran, and Fulton's decisive win over Frank in three rounds was really the making of Fulton...

Willard got his chance at Johnson's title simply on account of his size and he merely wore Johnson down in 26 rounds...

NEVADA BANS BIG FIGHT

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 18.—Governor Boyle of Nevada says that Jess Willard and Fred Fulton can't hold their fourth of July fight in his State...

FULTON'S RING

Table listing boxing matches and results, including names like Tom Fitch, Frank Moran, and Jess Willard.

MISKE-COWLER BOUT STOPPED BY REFEREE

St. Paul Boy Spills English Heavyweight Boxer in Seventh Round

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 18.—Billy Miske of St. Paul stopped Tom Cowler, the English heavyweight, in the seventh round of a ten round bout in Minneapolis...

STAR SHELLS

By Q. M. SGT. STUART CARROLL, Q. M. C. S' DEATH The man who put the numbers on the houses in Paris will always be a much hated enemy to me...

I started out, a happy lad, with invite in my mind. To him at noon with Madame Boone, and afterwards to sit within her garden where the sun comes sneaking through the trees...

SUNDAY BALL LOSES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 18.—New York State fans will have no professional Sunday baseball this year. The legislature, at the last minute, turned it down...

GIANTS AND INDIANS END SERIES IN TIE

Each Team Takes Three Games, With Last Battle a Draw

DODGERS LOSE TO RED SOX

Braves Are Victors in Only One of Eight Pre-season Brushes With Yanks

NEW YORK, April 18.—The home coming big league clubs were welcomed by a little blizzard on their way up north. The Cleveland-New York pre-season engagement ended with each team winning three games and the seventh tied...

SEA AND SKY MEN MEET ON DIAMOND

Dirigible Station Team Dies Hard After Nine Fast Innings When you look out at the sea from the deck of the transport it's hard to tell where sky and water meet...

Giant Twirlers Hold Indians

At Chattanooga the Giants won the sixth game, 5 to 1. Tesreau allowed the Indians two hits in five innings, and Burns held them without a hit...

Dodgers Beaten by Red Sox

The Brooklyn Dodgers lost their pre-season series to the Red Sox. One game was tied, in 13 innings, and there were two other extra-inning games...

THEY ADMIT THEY'RE GOOD

Company A, Supply Trains Motor, R. E. G., is out with a challenge to any baseball nine in the A. E. F. with whom it may be convenient to arrange a game...

WHAT ABOUT ALEXANDER?

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 18.—There has been great excitement because Grover Cleveland Alexander, the Chicago National League pitcher, was called in the draft...

IN THE ARMY NOW

The outcome of the major league baseball seasons is somewhat complicated by the fact that every team has lost a number of players through the draft and enlistments.

MACHINE GUN NINE SNOWED 'WAY UNDER

Headquarters Company of Engineers Finds It Has Lots of Talent

Table showing baseball statistics for the Machine Gun Nine, including names like Sloan, Johnson, and Haneey.

SEA AND SKY MEN MEET ON DIAMOND

Dirigible Station Team Dies Hard After Nine Fast Innings

When you look out at the sea from the deck of the transport it's hard to tell where sky and water meet. They do meet, though. They meet on the diamond, quite recently, when the Flying Bluejackets of a U. S. Naval Air Station defeated the nine from a certain U. S. Naval Dirigible Station...

U. S. DIRIGIBLE STATION

Table showing baseball statistics for the U.S. Dirigible Station team, including names like Morin, Gelin, and Durham.

RESULTS OF OTHER GAMES

In the preliminary games of the Paris baseball league played last Sunday, the second Navy team won from the Military Police in a short contest...

HOTEL CONTINENTAL

3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

WALK-OVER SHOES

34 Boulevard des Capucines 19-21 Boul. des Capucines PARIS

LYONS, GRAND NOUVEL HOTEL

11 Rue Grolee

WALK-OVER SHOES

All soldiers are welcome at the WALK-OVER Stores, where they can apply for any information and where all possible services of any kind will be rendered free of charge.

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LOUIS LEONARD IS READY

The challenge of Corporal Johnny Boyle of the Fighting Infantry has been taken up. Louis Leonard, of the equally Fighting Infantry, has been heard from. Louis, according to his manager, Leo Lipsic, of Company H, Infantry, "to the club offering the best amount, will meet Boyle or anyone of the Allies in six to ten rounds. He adds that his charge will weigh in at 118 to 123 pounds, and calls him "one of New England's best boys."

BOYS! No War Prices for 'SWAN' Fountain Pens

PAPER WAR-MONEY COLLECTORS OF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BILLS AND BILLS FROM THE INVADED DISTRICTS should apply for CATALOGUE Write for appointment and consult A. LIONEL ISAACS, 29 Rue de Moscou, PARIS.

STONES for Cigarette Pocket Lighters

Table showing prices for various items like stones, lighters, and pens.

To Send Money Home GO TO ANY BRANCH OF THE Societe Generale A Bank with more than 1,000 branches throughout France.

BRENTANO'S (Societe Anonyme) Booksellers & Stationers, 37 AVENUE DE L'OPERA, PARIS. Latest American, English & French Books MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS. Dictionaries, Phrase Books in all Languages.

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR No Stropping—No Honing Gillette U.S. Service Set UNITED STATES War Service Regulations Require a Shaving Outfit—and the soldier and sailor must provide his own Razor.

MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

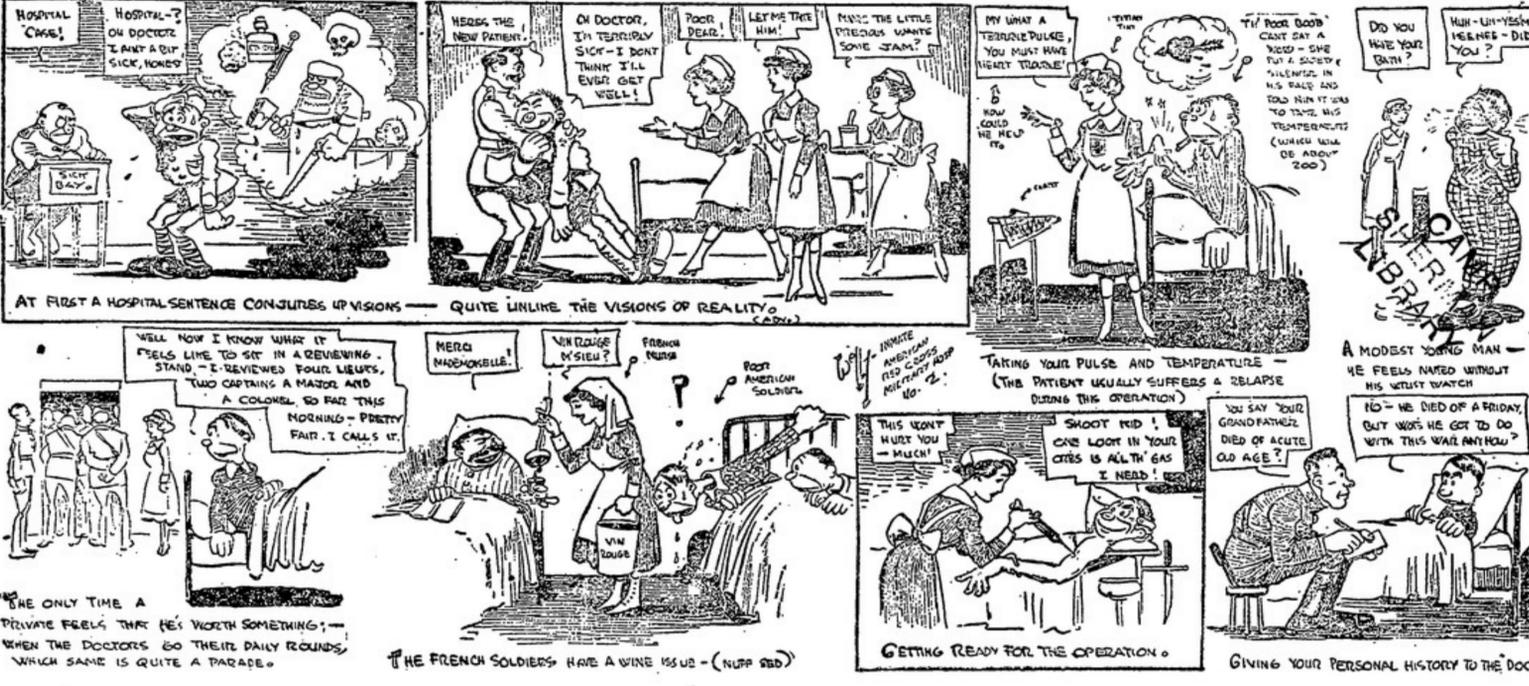
Plans, Guides, Aeronautic Maps for American Officers and Soldiers. CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE (Librairie des Cartes Campbell) 7, Rue Saint-Lazare, Paris (Métro: Railway Station, Nord-Sud, Notre-Dame-de-Lorette.

Standard-Bearers of America!

Perrier The Champagne of Table Waters. Delicious with lemon, sirups, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France. DRINK IT TO-DAY

SK IN HOSP (IN LINE OF BEAUTY)

-By WALLGREN



NO, YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET BY WITH A JOKE

April Fool Is Gone and Past, and There's No Need of Mentioning Anybody's Name Anyhow, But Someone Got a Laugh Out of It

I'd been in the service about a week last year when April first rolled round and caught me napping. Our Top put over a fake phone call on me first thing off the bat. Just as he expected, I fell for it and spent a dollar and 40 cents calling a number on long distance, to find that my party had nothing in particular to say to me other than that she was sorry such a mistake had been made.

Many things have happened since April 1, 1917. Our Top's a lieutenant now and I'm a corporal. When All-Fool's day came around this time I hadn't forgotten the phone call. Over here in France it isn't so easy to dope out fake calls, so I had to resort to something else.

I enlisted the services of Buck, who also had numerous grievances against our old top cutter; and soon preparations were under way for an unpleasant surprise for the lieutenant.

We went over along officers' row and found a discarded tin box that has safely conveyed a cake or something past Fritz's nos. Next we found the wrapper that had accompanied it. The rest was easy. We changed the name of the officer and the regiment and company address, then with the tin box we retreated to the horse corral.

After we'd tied it all up and kicked it a few times to give it the appearance of having crossed the ocean, we tossed it into the morning's mail and hid in the mess tent, where we had an excellent view of officers' row.

Only Once a Year

Presently, the lieutenant sauntered over to the Top's tent, collected his mail and walked back again.

"Won't he be sore, though!" Buck says.

"I'd hate to have him know who did it," I says.

"April First comes only once a year," Buck laments.

Well, there wasn't much happened. We watched for about an hour, but when the lieutenant came out of his tent again it was to take a squint at the weather. Buck guessed he hadn't opened his morning's mail yet. I had my doubts about that.

Along about three in the afternoon the Top calls Buck and I into his tent. We were relieved to find that he was alone.

"Now," says Top, "you fellows have a little trip coming to you. I guess. The lieutenant was over here a while ago and said to have you dress up in your best, clean up your side arms, and report to him at four. I think you're going to lug some prisoners away. Now get busy and clean up. You couldn't get past the cook shack looking like that!" He points to my trousers where I'd sewed up a rip. "You look like you'd been through a bayonet charge."

"April fool," I says. "I ain't been nowhere."

"Well, you're going somewhere too sweet," he says.

So Buck and I slick up. I shined his shoes and he shined mine. I togs up in my best uniform—I've only got two besides a pair of English fatigue trousers—and gets out my brand new hat that I've been saving for my trip to Aix.

"I'll let we're going to Paris, maybe," Buck says.

"Sure we are," I says.

Scratching on the Canvas

Over at the lieutenant's tent I scratched on the canvas and was saluted with the word "Well!"

"I have instructions to report to you, sir," I tells him.

"Oh, yes; come in."

Buck and I stepped inside, looking like a million dollars just after it'd come out of the mint. On a table in front of him the lieutenant has a lot of papers spread out, which looked like ready transportation. It was a happy moment.

"Now," says the lieutenant, after he's spent some time looking over an official order, "you fellows know when that train leaves for Paris this evening?"

"About six," Buck says.

"And do you have any idea what a fellow could do in Paris for five days," he goes on—"I mean what could he do to pass the time away?"

"Five days?" I almost choked. "Why, he could— he could— there's a lot of theaters and things, you know. That would be easy."

"Five days is a lot of time," the lieutenant says, meditatively.

I looked over at Buck and he looks as though he's going to do a flop right there in the tent.

I waited a minute while the lieutenant does some figuring on a piece of paper. Then he tosses the pencil away and looks up at us.

"Do you remember that prisoner you

AS WE KNOW THEM

Some kids was born with golden spoons, our Top was born with nulla A-sandwiched in between his lips—or maybe two— like that, I bet. For verbal lightning he can wield as can no other guy. And if you have a button off, you'll know the when and why!

He's served his sev'ral hitches and has hitched it on the plains; He thinks it's too darn lady-like for us to ride in trains Or open trucks or camions; and if he had his way He'd all get fallen arches from a-walkin' 'round all day.

He bawls at us at dawning and he bawls at us at night— The only thing he lives for is to give recruits a fright; He's harder than the Skipper and the first and second loots, And six foot men, when factin' him, just shiver in their boots!

I wish they would commission him, and rob him of his sting; Before I'd ask his favor, I'd take double shots of bling— But still, he has his uses; if he didn't use us rough, We'd get it from the Skipper and—well, one such guy's enough!

WHOLE HOSPITAL CURED BY ONE ART DEPARTMENT

The Art Department of your newspaper has been sick. The Art Department has had boils under its left arm— eight of them, as big as New England hallstones.

While that didn't bother the Art Department much—for its right arm was still able to salute, to hoist things to its face, to scratch its head in search of ideas, and occasionally to make cunning little chicken tracks with an art pen on a piece of perfectly good Bristol board—still, the Art Department thought something ought to be done about it. That left arm incapacitated its style in trying to speak semaphoric "French," and making up exercises anything but a pleasure.

So the Art Department went to the sick bay. The Art Department, being a marine, persists in calling it the sick bay, when any other mortal would refer to it as the infirmary. The medic in charge of the sick bay took one peck, and shipped the Art Department off to Dr. Blake's Red Cross hospital in the Rue Piccini, just off the Avenue Malakoff, in Paris.

"Hell, I'm all right," protested the Art Department. "I don't have to work with two hands like these ordinary typewriting guys. I can get along all right; honest, I can. I feel good as anything."

Art Department Gets Free Ride

"Better have 'em out," advised the medic; and without another word the Art Department was bundled off in the Red Cross Black Maria.

They took the Art Department tenderly and divested it of its marine green and wrap puts and other impediments. They gave it clean pajamas and a mauve dressing gown. Rumor has it that they also gave it a bath.

Thus equipped, the Art Department felt quite chipper. It sat up in bed and fairly beamed. Finally, it called for pen and paper.

A kind nurse brought them. And then the fun began.

First, a youngish surgeon, sporting only single shoulder-bars, was sketched. It made the nurse awfully uncomfortable, for she doesn't like to laugh at superior officers behind their backs. But that wasn't an instance to her discomfort when one of the Big Mogul surgeons happened by, and the Art Department, which ain't got no sense of shame, sketched him, too. It simply couldn't resist the beard.

The nurses, who were now beginning to gather in force, stuck a thermometer in the Art Department's mug in an effort to quiet it. But the Art Department wouldn't quiet. Propped up in bed with the thermometer elevated six points north-by-northeast in the rakish angle of the accustomed cigarette, it proceeded to sketch the nurses, dimples and all. And then it turned to its fellow sufferers on the adjoining cots, and proceeded to sketch them.

By this time, the wing of the hospital in which the Art Department was segregated had lost all sense of discipline. Those who were able and well were lean-

THOSE SERVICE FLAGS

Want to start an argument? Then some night when time hangs heavy in the barracks, ask someone across the aisle to tell you the color scheme of the American service flag. You know, the one they've hung out in the bay window back home to show you're in the Army, and which will probably get in the way of the ice card this summer and have to be moved. Here's how to go about it:

You: "Say, Bill, what's the color of a service flag?"

Bill: "Why, red, white and blue, I s'pose, just like any other flag."

You: "Yeah, but how are the colors arranged?"

Bill: "Why, er—er—red border, white center, and blue—no, that ain't right. Blue border, blue star—lessee—"

Bill's Bunkie: "Naw, you're all wrong. It's red border, blue center, white—wait a sec—white border, red center—"

Cook (passing through to bunk on return from day's final chow): "Wasn't? Service flag colors? Ask me; the folks have got one hung up on the weather vane on the barn. It's a blue border, red center, and—"

Bill: "That's just what I said—blue center, red border—"

Bill's Bunkie: "Naw, you didn't! That's what I said. Blue star, red border—"

Etc., etc., etc.

Try it and see how it works.

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THE GROANING BOARD IN GERMANY

One of the postcards most popular at present with Germans who are disposed to try and make light of the empire's food difficulties is one bearing the following recipe for preparing a war meal: "Dip the meat card in the egg card and bake it in the butter card to a nice brown on both sides. The vegetable card is to be steamed with the flour card until partly tender and then cooked with the potato card until done.

"For dessert the leftover pieces of the dough cards are to be sprinkled with the cheese card, covered with some small pieces of extra cards, and served with the pitted fruit card. Then put the potato card in boiling water, add the milk card, dissolve the sugar card in it, and throw in some toasted crumbs of a white bread card.

"Be sure to remember that the kitchen fire is to be made with a coal card and your hands washed with a soap card and dried on a clothing card."

The young lady across the water thinks that those things the Ordnance Department men wear on their collars are awfully cute; but why the pineapple?

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BASE CENSOR IS WISE TO ANYTHING YOU SAY

And If You Come in a Language He Isn't Hep To He'll Find Someone Who Is—Right in This Man's Army, Too

Yes, you can still call him the Base Censor; but don't forget that the accent is not on the adjective, at least in his hearing. And his hearing is remarkably good; he's liable to be listening in on you almost anywhere.

He's grown pretty numerous since that autumn day when he blew over from—but here I have run up already against one of our own rules—from wherever he was in the beginning to where he is now.

In those merry days he consisted chiefly of an officer and a chair. Now he's—but here again I've hit that stone wall of G. O. 13 and must scissor my own remarks before they are made.

At least, though, I can say this: That today he is so numerous that he can keep one mess sergeant jumping side-wise three times a day, even after leaving to the tender mercies of a French *garçon*—who is so often of the other gender nowadays—all those parts of that wicker sofa specialties, gold or silver braid on the ends of their shoulder-blades.

During working hours and they are real working hours all day with the Base Censor—you can express yourself on his general subject quite safely—anywhere outside his office. But when the only place he is just then. But when the sad, illegible day is over, when he staggers forth from his den in the 19 different directions that the lay of the land—or does that give you forbidden information as to his whereabouts?—misses nothing, not even the intentions on him, and particularly the accent on that adjective, pretty silent. For he's likely to be almost anyone in an American uniform, from the owner of a pair of silver oak leaves to the private who hasn't earned the right yet even to call himself first-class, except in his own mind and in his letters home.

Why Stop at Two Languages?

Just here our Polish-Russian-Bohemian-Serbian-Hungarian-etc. expert, who outside the office looks like any other stumpy doughboy, with nothing heavier on his mind than his new monkey cap, breaks the more-or-less silence with what from a less gentlemanly youth would sound like a cuss word. No wonder. He has just finished wailing through a Polish letter beginning: "Dear Sweetheart"—Oh, yes, they have 'em even in Polish; that's one disease no one seems able to escape, even with vaccination—"I am writing you just two lines to tell you that"—and continues to tell her the same thing in exactly 15 and a half closely written pages.

Now tell me the truth: If you were our Polish-Russian-Bohemian-Serbian-etc. expert, would you save up that boob's address in the hope of meeting him some dark night out in No Man's Land, or would you, being of a soft and well-willed nature, just write him, in Russian, or Serbiant, or Bulgarian, or whatever language you happen to be thinking in at the moment, "Oh, c'est la guerre," and let the volume go on to her?

And before I can get that down one of our Italian artists—*ah, signora*, we have a bunch of them, because Italian is the most popular language, with the exception of American and English, in this little old A. E. F. of ours—*signora in testa*—I mean, turns his neck and gives us a sample line from Private Giuseppe of the 4th Infantry, who writes something like this back to his wife in Little Italy, Hartford, Mass., three times a week:

A Transatlantic Tragedy

"Mi Unico Pensiero — My Only Thought: I do not understand why it is that we can never agree. We must be fundamentally misadjusted. I asked you for candy and here you send me chocolate. You—! but we don't mean to dip any deeper into such domestic tragedies. And lastly, for today at least—here comes our distributor, his chest swelled out, but with a wet cloth tied about his head—wearing indignantly. "Another language! That makes 48—"

But on closer examination we have to break the sad news to him that it is not so after all. It's only English—not exactly the kind of English all the A. E. F. writes—fortunately for the Base Censor and company officers—but the kind that a doughboy who originated in Russia uses.

If the Top is calling to you to fall in with rifles, belts, and hand grenades, better drop it here. But if you haven't anything better to do, except dodging an occasional shower of shrapnel, just give yourself a bit of practice in reading English as she is wrote somewhere out along the front line:

Any Language Goes

The mere fact that he speaks his English like a Hungarian goulash doesn't bar him, for he may be one of the experts in the "foreign language section." Just as responsible as the most college graduate of them, and after a long day, an honest, non-labor-union day, of straining his eyes over your scrawl, he who dreamed in those far-away days when he saw the Statue of Liberty go bill down on the horizon that he was coming over here to fight, there's not a bit of that ungodly, war-time, "I'm glad you're here" in his mind—it would sometimes need even less than an adjective to make him burst forth in his gory primitiveness.

His is a sad life at best—and it is mostly at its worst. Put yourself in his shoes—which are generally hob-nailed—and if the stars were to be placed are all enclosed within multi-colored envelopes.

Back in the States he raised his right hand because Uncle Sam had promised him a real, flesh-and-blood job at the Kaiser. And here he is practicing all kinds of bayonet drills, bayonet thrust, short jab or butt stroke—with a pair of scissers, against the bloodless penmanship of his fellow Yanks.

Do I hear you murmur from your dugout or your mudhole, "Soft! Pretty soft!" Don't kid yourself. Out there it's a real, hard, long, hot, and tiring job at the corner, street cars past the door, theaters just over the hump—but if I say much more you'll begin to suspect the village he is stationed in, and that would never do.

February 25, 1918.

"Dear Brother Jahán

Am kara brother from lus lam klat in notigearer mi main bli purivell nau al bin fald deis na front lain trenches dis taim herotim rest al narlar am bin toled co wik nugaran taim rat tedor tufo in lat leders steying tum al gearait tur lu Jahán probli karat pikcher lus uniform sen tu mi al tek prolu main al sen tur wan mi kara wader dis kontri nowerbet luck lark sprink taim mi karat tedor turkiez diner in lus in cigarets fry gack turk turk.

There, I guess that will hold you for a week at least.

And They Don't Like It

It's true I've known him to slap himself on the back with just such happy thoughts when the C. O. called him in out at the front and showed him the order that transferred him from layonet to scissers practice. But in about a week—or a month at most, if he's made of real stern, he'll quit. New York's seen one of him who hasn't gone down on his hands and knees, with tears streaming down his manly O. D. shirt, figuratively at least, begging to be shipped back to the front line trenches.

Just to make a beginning, here are a few of the more common words in mention to that effect, are the Base Censor orders. Simple, absurdly simple, easy as falling off an artillery mule.

But suppose when you open an innocent looking Y. M. C. A. envelope addressed to Sing Song Hum of Quong Sing Quam, "To Miss Street, New York," you find it written on a kind of glorified tissue paper two feet wide and three yards long, covered from end to end, or rather side to side, with a side-wise flow of those pen-and-ink insensitivities that decorate the banners hanging from the Chinese resident's door?

Will you sit down and read it; will you send to China for an interpreter; or will you conclude that the writer, for all his almond eyes, is as good and trustworthy as an American doughboy as the picture of himself at port arms he encloses with the ink's spasm indicator?

Official Designations Will No Longer Appear on A.E.F. Letterheads

Save paper.

A new general order states in no uncertain terms that it is essential that all members of the A. E. F. avail, in their official capacity, exercise the greatest economy in the use of paper.

Official correspondence will continue to be conducted on paper of the required dimension, but the order adds that the economical use of paper will be enforced in the following manner: In the earnest of the way the saving campaign to be conducted, it is stipulated that hereafter official letter heads will be printed without any particular office designation, bearing only the words "American Expeditionary Forces."

It means, too, according to the order, that the printing of publications such as pamphlets, manuals, etc., which involves considerable expenditure of paper, will be allowed "only after due consideration has been given to the importance of the subject matter and the probable demands for its distribution." In other words, the need for such publication must be shown to be urgent before the necessary authorization can be obtained.

Sizes of Paper Available

For the benefit of field clerks, company clerks, hospital administrative clerks, Q. M. personnel, etc., who have to use a good deal of paper, it is announced that the following sizes of paper will be kept in stock when practicable for supply to all organizations, and that other sizes will not be supplied except under special authority of G. H. Q.

Let's handle sizes 8 1/4 x 11 1/2 original sheet; 2nd, 3rd and 4th sheets unprinted; Typewriting paper, legal size, 8 1/4 x 11 1/2; 1st, 2nd and 3rd sheets all without printing; Mimeograph paper, legal size, 8 1/4 x 11 1/2; letter size, 8 1/4 x 10 1/2. Note paper, size 10 7/8 x 8 1/4, folded once; 1/2 sheet, penmanship white, size 8 7/8 x 7 7/8 and 1 1/8 x 9 1/2; 2 good paper, size 4 1/2 x 5 3/4, decorated with "American Expeditionary Forces," but without other printing; penalty, Manila, size 1 1/2 x 10 3/8, 6 1/2 x 10 1/2 and 11 x 14 3/4.

Job for Wun Lung Sing

Alas, censorship rules won't let us do any of those things. So, unless Wun Lung Sing makes up his mind to write in English and tell the old people back in Mott Street to get someone to translate all same to them, he is in danger of being suddenly and unexpectedly detailed to the Base Censor's office—to read and censor his own letters, and those of the many good American sons of China that are coming over here with every expedition.

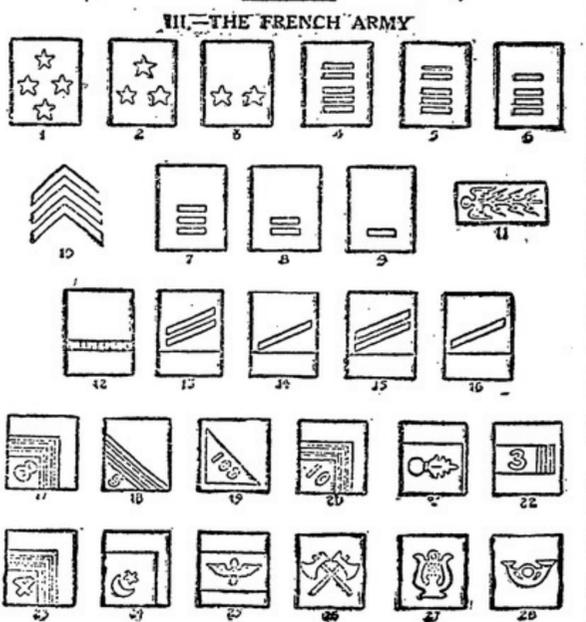
Now you think the American soldier isn't a believer in, as well as fighter for, democracy, just cast your lamps over this letter from Pvt. So-and-So, Co. J, Umy-unit Infantry, addressed to:

"Sa Majesté Catholique Alphonse XIII, Roi d'Espagne, Madrid. The writer, as you see, knows his Catholic Majesty's habits clear down to the town he is accustomed to wear his crown in; moreover, he can write in a genuine, up-to-date, honest-to-Francis French, which everyone knows his Majesty reads—even if they don't know that he also speaks English better than most of us in the Army. (I mean he would never, for instance, say *cavalryman* when he meant one of those birds who back in the dark ages used to sit straddle of a four-legged animal without horns, instead of wading away in a swifly chair.)"

Private So-and-So is writing these few lines to ask what has become of his brother Thus-and-So, who used to hang around his Majesty's kingdom somewhere or other. As we once had a letter from his Majesty ourselves—there we go, drifting into the royal and edi-

torial we in spite of our best resolutions—we feel sure that Alph will ask Ema to mind the children a moment and sit right down and write Private So-and-So all about it.

INSIGNIA OF OUR ALLIES



If you don't know what a skeleton's squad is, if you have never heard of the Lorraine line, if you cannot recall the taste of slum, then there is possibly some excuse for your not knowing at least a few of the insignia of the French Army. You may be pardoned for not knowing them all, for there is a lot of them. But if you don't know some of them—well, how did you get by the eye test when you went up for your physical exam?

You ought to know Rule 1, which is that a French officer's sleeve bars are worn parallel to the cuff, while the non-com's are placed slantwise. That is the fundamental principle, and will save you, and probably has saved you from saluting sergeants and corporals.

You are also familiar with the trench chevrons, denoting length of service. You know that if a French soldier or officers wears six of them, he has been in the fight from the first crack.

You may be pardoned for not recognizing a general. Like our own generals, he can be distinguished by his stars—worn, however, on the cuff instead of the shoulder. The following table provides a key to the diagram:

Worn on the cuff.

- General.
- General of brigade.
- General of brigade.
- Colonel.
- Lieutenant Colonel.
- Major.
- Captain.
- Lieutenant.
- Sous Lieutenant.
- Trench chevrons. One denotes year's service at front, each additional chevron six months' additional service.
- Collar device of general staff.
- Non-commissioned officers' chevrons.
- Adjutant. Band of black and gold braid.
- Sergeant major. Chevron of gold braid.
- Sergeant. Chevron of gold braid.
- Corporal or brigadier. Chevrons of colored cloth.
- First class private. Colored cloth.
- Collar patches of branches of service.
- Cuirassiers and dragoons.
- Hussars and horse chasseurs.
- Infantry.
- Foot chasseurs.
- Artillery.
- Aviation corps.
- Zouaves. Wear khaki instead of blue.
- Sphais. Wear khaki instead of blue. Arm devices.
- Aviation corps.
- Pioneer.
- Bandmaster.
- Trumpeter.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Hospital Manners By BRAN MASH

Hospitals, which were thought to be so vulgar before August, 1914, have now become quite the rage, and are patronized by the best families of Europe and America. The better class of people, however, prefer not to patronize German hospitals, as the treatment accorded to visiting patients by their staffs is anything but polite and refined.

Since hospitals have become so popular, and their personnel has risen so in the esteem of the world of fashion, they have built up an etiquette of their own which far transcends the rougher code that sufficed for an earlier and less cultured day. Accordingly, those who contemplate visits to hospitals will do well to familiarize themselves with the rules of patiently deportment.

In the first place, never refuse an invitation to visit a hospital. You will regret it if you turn down such a chance. For broadening your mental horizon, for ridding yourself of useless physical appendages, for finding out about yourself and your construction and interior decoration scheme, hospital treatment cannot be beaten. Incidentally—quite incidentally—there are baths to be had there. A word to the wise—

Once in a hospital, conform to all its rules and regulations as far as is convenient and consistent with comfort. Do not attempt to initiate the vulgar precedent of getting up at meal-time, and thus betray your base army origin. Insist on having all your meals served to you as you recline on your cot. In that way, and in that way only, can the *morale* of the personnel—male and female—be maintained.

Tendling is rightly looked down on in the line of the army, but in a hospital something closely approaching it may be tried with impunity. Be nice to everybody, from the Chief Surgeon down to the orderlies and back again. If you show appreciation of their treatment, and give them a lot of trouble (apologizing profusely for it all the while), the chances are that they will ask you to come again.

A good line to spring on your particular doc is, "Oh, you're Captain Blank, are you?" "Oh, I heard a lot about you in the States, I did. My sister's brother-in-law says he won't ever forget what you done for his horse!" That puts the American entirely at his ease, and shows that you appreciate real surgery—when you hear about it.

Always discuss your ailments, upon every possible occasion; be sure to pitch your voice loud enough so that the pink down in the end of the ward can take it all in without having to strain his ear. Brag at all times about the amount of weight you have lost—particularly in the hearing of the nurse who has charge of the messing. If this is subtly done, it will procure you jellies, jams, confitures, marmalades, and so forth galore; plus much more.

Try to dissociate your thoughts from the operation in hand when a dainty-fingered nurse insists on taking your pulse. Undue concentration of mind is apt to send your pulse beats up far too rapidly. Gaze off into space, at a blank wall, or something, but counting sheep or overcast buttons or anything. If she puts a thermometer in your face at the same time tilt it (the thermometer, not your face) at a rakish angle and pretend that you like it. Never cheat by warming the end of the thermometer with your hands. Never propose to more than one nurse; nurses exchange confidence just like all other women, and you're apt to land in bad if your duplicity is discovered. Act as though you were going to propose to all of them, and keep them dancing attendance on you. In that way you will please everybody—and pleasing everybody is the mark of the truly gentlemanly patient.

AMERICAN CAMIONS AID IN BIG BATTLE

Trucks Carry Soldiers to Fight, While Red Cross Removes Civilians

VILLAGES QUICKLY EMPTIED

Inhabitants Taken to Safe Place First, With Loads of War Material Following

For almost an entire week during the second battle of the Somme, an American camion section, consisting of 200 big trucks, was on duty, hauling French soldiers from their sectors to the front. From 40 to 50 soldiers were packed in each of the trucks and hurried to the scene of the battle.

The roads were dusty, and the American drivers suffered, "eating the dust" of the cars ahead of them. But they stuck to their jobs day and night, and each day a return journey was made, thus giving the French a chance to have a new lot of soldiers ready for transportation each morning.

It required almost two hours for this big camion section to pass a given point. Traffic rules were in effect over the entire route, and little delay was occasioned in the trucks and the reinforcements. In addition to transporting thousands of troops, the American camions also carried munitions and supplies, and they are still busy helping our Allies in meeting the emergency.

Many ambulance sections also worked in conjunction with the French Army during the attack, and many wounded soldiers were carried back in American ambulances.

The American Red Cross and its numerous workers and automobiles were busy behind the firing lines too, carrying on a vast work.

As the German offensive started, camion and ambulance sections were hurriedly organized and rushed to the front. The ambulance drivers were assigned to the field hospitals and wounded soldiers were cared for at the various Red Cross hospitals stationed near the front, where Red Cross nurses awaited the arrival of the *blees*.

Whole Populations Moved

In evacuation of the civilians and their personal effects, excellent work was also done.

Whole populations were moved from the danger zone to cities and villages far from the firing lines. After the people had been taken from the threatened cities and towns, work was started in the removal of valuable war material, the camion drivers working hand in hand with the French sections.

The American Red Cross had numerous stations in the section now occupied by the Germans, but all workers and the materials were taken out before the enemy could reach these places. The losses of the Red Cross were small; as the work was rapidly carried on. Only one automobile was lost in the entire district, this being in such poor condition that it could not be started.

The Red Cross not only removed the refugees from the various villages, but it also provided food, clothing and funds for those in need. Stations were established all along the line, and here the refugees were fed as they were being transported. French and English soldiers were served with hot drinks and sandwiches, also smokes, as they passed these stations, both going up and coming back from the firing lines.

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THE AMERICAN ARMY

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OLD NAT GOODWIN IS AT IT AGAIN

Celebrated Husband Sued for Divorce by Fifth Mrs. G.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 18.—Not every thing in America is transformed by the war, and some of the good old national institutions go on in the same old way. Nat Goodwin, America's most celebrated husband, has been sued for divorce once more.

The action is brought by the beautiful Margaret Moreland, fifth in the series which includes the names of Eliza Weatherly, Nellie Baker Pease, Maxine Elliott and Edna Goodrich.

A certain piquancy is added to the now monotonous Goodwin chronicle by the fact that both he and Miss Elliott have been playing in different theaters in New York this winter, and that both he and Miss Moreland have been appearing together in a comedy which just happened to be called "Why Marry?"

Why, indeed! It is assumed that Mr. Goodwin will now get out a new edition of his memoirs, for, with exquisite and characteristic taste, he published a few years ago a rather intimate, though one-sided, account of his adventures in wedlock.

IT WAS NEW SOMETHING

An English and an American soldier were discussing the United States and both were agreed that it was a wonderful place.

"I've got a brother over there," said Tommy, "and he tells me all about it. Say, maybe you know him. He lives in New Jersey."

"That's so?" said the American, "what part?"

Tommy searched his pockets and produced a thumbed letter.

"He lives at—Ah, rats! It ain't New Jersey. He lives in New Mexico."

Recruit (in loud voice): Think it'll be safe for patrolling tonight?

Old Sergeant: Not if we take you along.

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