

HUN ATTACK SMASHED BY YANKEE DEFENDERS

Day-Long Encounter Northwest of Toul Results in Expulsion of Enemy From Our Lines With Heavy Losses

BY FRANK P. SIBLEY Correspondent of the "Boston Globe" With the American Expeditionary Forces

Once more the American troops holding a sector of the line northwest of Toul have withstood a German attack. This time it lasted only one day, instead of five. But it was stiffer; more Germans came over, and their losses were exceedingly heavy.

Fifteen hundred storm troops took part in the attack, which was intended to occupy permanently our front line and consolidate it. One captain telephoned into headquarters after the attack was over that there were at least 300 Germans dead in front of his company. In another place, where the Boches had faced machine gun fire in a ravine, the dead lay in heaps.

On the right of the sector there are woods, and it was through them that the German attack was directed.

It began at 3 o'clock Saturday morning, with a terrific barrage, directed at right angles to the coming infantry attack. By this little trick, the Boche was able to bring his infantry right up to the edge of the barrage, so that when it lifted his men were right on top of our positions.

Fought It Out in the Woods

In the woods, when the barrage came down, alternating gas with high explosives, our men were driven into the dugouts for shelter. A few, in one company, fell back to the next trench, but for the most part the men simply stood to their arms and stayed there. Two platoons, in one wood, were given up for lost before the day was over. Nothing more was heard from them, for the simple reason that they stayed where they were and fought it out. But they reported next morning.

The Germans were able, in the dark of a foggy morning, long before daylight and long after moon-set, to go between our isolated strong points and to our first-line trench.

The first wave of the Boches went on, and into the first village behind our line. Here there was a major, with only one platoon of infantry held in the village, and a first-aid station of the hospital corps. The major took his men right out into the middle of things when he saw the Boches in the village street, and for half an hour there was a lot of confused and desperate hand-to-hand fighting in the village street. Then the Germans fell back, carrying their dead.

In the aid station was a doctor, an M.R.C. man, with one husky private of his own corps as assistant. He also had with him a sergeant and three hospital corps men, with four ambulance company men, as a crew.

Unseen in Roadside Ditch

The private stepped out of doors when the barrage came down, curious to see the shells falling. He had barely got out when the Germans arrived, and he had only time to throw himself into the nearest ditch. The Hun swarmed past him and into the aid station, where they apparently gobbled up the whole personnel, doctor and men alike.

The private out in the street lay very quiet in his ditch, even when the street fight swept past him. He was not seen, grabbed the first wounded man he saw, carried him into the aid station

BATTLE'S NEW PHASE INDECISIVE AS FIRST

German Attacks Gain Some Ground, But No Objective Is Won—Drain on Enemy Manpower Exceeds Verdun Effort

When, on Sunday of this week, the first month of the German offensive came to an end, the enemy had thrown into the fight a total of 130 divisions, or nearly 2,000,000 men. In his desperate lunges forward he had been obliged to use as many troops in four weeks as he had used at Verdun in four months.

As an offset to his heavy losses, he may derive what comfort he can from the fact that he has made some territorial gain along the line from Noyon to Ypres, has struck hard at the British Armies, has compelled the French to stretch their line to the northwest and obliged the Allies to draw to some extent on their reserves for use in Flanders.

In miles, he is a little nearer Paris and the Channel ports than he was before, but despite the heavy price he has paid and for all the violence of his effort, he has gained no measurable strategic advantage. In reality, he is no nearer those objectives. He is no nearer in the sense that there is today no more reason for thinking he can attain them than there was before the offensive was launched.

Hope of Separation Gone

As for his hope of separating the French and British, so as to crush the one before turning with his full strength upon the other, that hope went a-glimmering when General Foch was made Commander-in-Chief of all the Allied forces on this front. The Germans in the field received fresh and dismayingly evidence of that new solidarity which, though their second thrust was made far to the north, they found themselves facing on April 17 the oncoming troops in horizon blue. Furthermore, the Hun has made his gains at a ghastly cost in German life, for the offensive has been pushed with that cheerful disregard for the lives of people that can always characterize the High Command in a country where the people do not count.

Two phases of the Battle of 1918 have already unfolded and are now a part of history. The first came to an end on the night of April 5, when the Germans were repulsed before Amiens after suffering the heaviest losses they had encountered since the offensive began. Heralded by a vast amount of gas-shelling, the second phase opened to the

and went to work. The regimental surgeon came down from headquarters presently, and the two began the work of first aid as calmly as though the Germans had not been within a hundred miles of the station.

The German artillery shifted its aim to the rear positions, and to the roads by which reinforcements must come up. The reinforcements came up, nevertheless, and—were not needed. The Boche fought their way back past our isolated platoons, and to our front trench. American and French artillery shelled them out of there, and they broke back for good, leaving the front trench empty.

Back Toward Germany

As the Germans came back, they caught an officer and several of his men. The captain had taken the little detail away from the company for a moment to fetch a supply of grenades. Along came the back-lash of the Boche attack, and the party was gobbled up. It started along towards Germany, when the American shelling of the front line trench began, and the big gas began to tumble in the midst of the captors.

"They scattered, and so did I," reported the captain later, "and I kept right along scattering, too, until I got back into my own lines." The captain is in a hospital, suffering from shell shock only.

Two platoons of a machine gun company were placed in the head of a little ravine, on our extreme right, and to the rear of the wood which was the first place reached by the Germans. These machine gunners got the worst of the barrage, and then faced the first vigor of the oncoming attack.

This outfit made us as good a fight as ever has been seen. A French colonel, coming over to congratulate the colonel of American infantry on the repulse of the Boche attack, passed an emplacement that belonged to the machine gunners, and beside it two dead Hun; in front of one lay two dead Hun; in front of the other there were three. Our fellows had sold out dear, and held out long, as the heaps of cartridge shells round the gun showed plainly.

Handling the Reinforcements

The handling of reinforcements for this fight, in spite of the barrage, was very pretty. When it seemed as if the Germans were really gaining a footing, a battalion of the regiment which was in reserve was sent up to the next defensive position. A company of engineers which was working in the sector took its place in line, and the next regiment to the one attacked later in the day sent over two companies which sat all night in the meadow waiting for action—and never getting it.

The battalion of the regiment which had been relieved during the night before the attack, and which was on its way to rest billets when the barrage came down, simply turned in its tracks and went into position. There it waited through all the long day and the long night following—for things did not really quiet down until midnight.

The engineer company comes from an organization formerly famous for giving comic operas. It fought abreast of the

Continued on Page 2.

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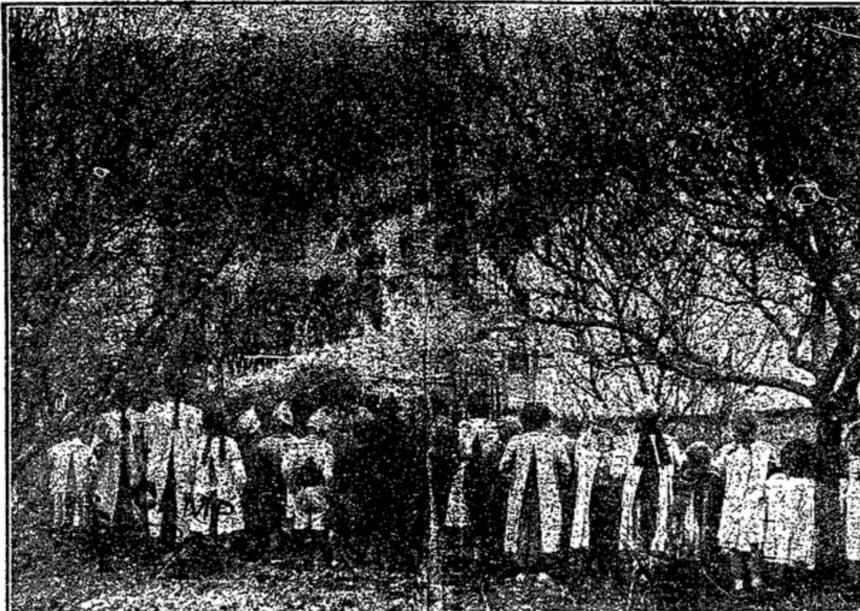
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OUR BEST FRIENDS SPEED US ON OUR WAY



BOUT BOOSTERS SCOUR COUNTRY TO NO PURPOSE

Willard-Fulton Mill Promoter Seeks Stage for Battle in Vain

GOVERNORS ALMOST SASSY More Unkind Remarks Made About Plenty of Fighting Ground in France

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 25.—"All dressed up and no place to go" pretty accurately describes the condition of the great Willard-Fulton mill, which has been as widely advertised as the German offensive—and as effectively checkmated.

"You can't play in my yard," governor after governor of the 48 sovereign States of the Union has told Jess and Fred and their managers. Some of those excellencies have been real rude, too, and have said (as was reported last week) some cutting, naughty things about giving the big boys their full permission to fight it out in France any time they want to.

No Room in Washington

It is rumored that the Colonel has had his eyes on the District of Columbia as a sort of neutral ground, thinking forsooth that he might be able to persuade the House committee on the D. of C. to be more lenient than mere governors. But the national capital is so full of official offices, quartermaster corps officers, purchasing agents, woman suffrage advocates, dollar-a-year men, anti-tobacco lobbyists, censors, assistant censors, food administrators, fuel administrators and guardians of the public morals that it is unlikely even if he didn't happen to be willing to defy the anti-boxing vote and allow the bout to be held, that room could be found for the ring itself, without having the water-pails in the corners set over in the neighboring commonwealths of Virginia and Maryland.

The Yellowstone National Park loomed large in the Colonel's eye for a while, but the wild deer and the groundhogs and the gophers and the other furry inhabitants, who have been sticking to a vegetarian diet in order to aid the Allies, stoutly refuse to fork over their hard-earned acorns and moss for the rather doubtful privilege of watching Jess and Fred work out so far from the only really necessary working-out continent.

So the Colonel gallops madly off to towns that wave large packets of green kale at him in the guise of guarantees, only to find that the guarantees are cancelled or withdrawn the moment he arrives on the scene.

10,000 VIEW SENATOR'S BODY

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 25.—The death of Senator William Joel Stone of Missouri opens the question of his successor in the Senate, and also the question of who will succeed him in the post of chairman of the important Senate committee on Foreign Relations. Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska is his probable successor there.

U. OF P. CREWS BEAT MIDDIES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, APRIL 25.—The varsity and freshman crews from Pennsylvania won from the first and fourth year class crews from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, over the Henley distance of a mile and five-sixteenths. The water was choppy. The Quakers won the main event by a length and the junior race by almost two lengths.

GIRLS MOST IN DEMAND AS AMERICAN MASCOTS

Fourth Week of Campaign Brings Orphan Adoptions Up to 66—Aviation Units in Lead With Total of 19

Sixty-six. That is the total of "adoptions" in the A.E.F. now, at the close of the fourth week since THE STARS AND STRIPES announced its plan to enable units of American soldiers to take as their mascots French children bereft of home and father by the war, and by a contribution of 500 francs, support one for a year.

Sixty-six and going strong. Every mail brings its requests for a "mascot," its assurance from the soldier that "we're glad to help." The first month's response has exceeded expectations and laid the foundation for a charitable achievement which will sustain in France the memory of the soldiers of the United States long after we are gone.

The aviators still are sailing ahead of the field with a total of 19 adoptions, and the infantry is second. Army field clerks have taken five children. The infantry, though, according to one informant, will be leading soon—just as soon as it gets time to gather the money and send it in.

Watch the Infantry "We were just getting a collection together," said one doughboy from the trenches, "when Fritz got so busy we didn't have time to do any more collecting for five days. It's things like this that make the infantry seem a little slow in starting—pressing business. But we'll be over the top with a bang as soon as we get a little time on our hands. There was a protest in our company as soon as they found out we were going to take up a collection, but when they found out what it was for, they couldn't get their money out fast enough."

There also were four adoptions by individuals this week, although this method of adoption was not provided for in the original plan. The authors of the idea, with a \$33 a month viewpoint, didn't happen to think that anything smaller than a company, or sizable detachment, could afford 500 francs. We realized the worthiness of the enterprise, the need of the children and the desire of the American soldiers to help, but we just didn't happen to think that some individuals might be able to bring 500 francs in a mascot, just for themselves. But they have—six of them, all told, so far, and the Orphan Department wants to announce that they are welcome.

More Adoptions by Individuals One of the four personal contributors is a woman, Mrs. Florence Hales, of Midland Park, New Jersey, who, after working for the Red Cross in France eighteen months, turned in 500 francs for an orphan the day before she sailed for home. A captain and a lieutenant, both of the infantry, and a lieutenant of artillery took a child each, and all requested that their names be withheld. Two aviation cadets took one between them.

The preponderance of requests so far has been for girls. Of the 66 "mascots" taken nearly two-thirds are girls, and the only way the boys have made any showing at all is in the fact that the Red Cross committee co-operating with THE STARS AND STRIPES fills most of the requests for orphans in which no choice of boy or girl is made with boys.

Fractional individual contributions also will be accepted and retained in a separate fund until 500 francs is accumulated. This amount then will be bestowed upon some child who cannot, of course, be assigned to any particular company or detachment, but who will have to be a sort of "mascot at large." The fund now totals 168 francs, and the contributors to this fund this week are Craig C. Condit, \$10 (57 francs), and Pvt. S. D. Boyer, one franc.

This Unit Holds Record

The Aero Squadron, through Sergeant-Major James D. Meehan, sent in 1,750 francs, payment in full for the support of two orphans and half payment for two others, and said: "It is gratifying to know that our rating in the number of children taken is high, yet we feel that it is but a slight return to France for the great debt we all owe her." This squadron holds the record in the number of adoptions in a single unit. Another aero squadron, which two weeks ago adopted an orphan, sent in a check for the care of another child in the same family, with the promise of more, if it is needed, for the mother of the children, who is ill. The commanding officer wrote that the squadron is happy to help the children of France "while it is eagerly awaiting the day when the order comes from General Foch calling us to stand shoulder to shoulder with the valiant sons of La Belle France."

THE TANKS ARE COMING

The Tanks— Aw, quit laughing; here's the dope. The Tank Corps— C'mon, cut that giggle! The Tank Corps has its insignia at last.

It isn't a leg couchant and a bung starter rampant; it's a tank itself, resting on top of two salamanders.

The salamander, being an animal of the lizard family (a well known crawler), and also the only animal known to be able to pass through fire, is considered emblematic of the genus tank. These salamanders have their heads tucked in, like ostriches. Consequently their tails are out. And as the British say, "they have their tails up" all the time. Their tongues are out, too, as if panting to get at the Boche.

Beneath the salamander-Siamese twin effect, there is a half wreath. The tank-tending lads will tell you it means that the minute the tanks appear, the wreath of victory is won.

Anyway, the Tanks have their insignia.

BOILING WATER ONE INSTRUMENT OF HUN TORTURE

Horrors of German Prison Camps Told by Released French Officer

TYPHUS VICTIMS DESERTED

Machine Guns Trained on Sufferers in Pen When Epidemic Breaks Out

BRUTALITY WINS PROMOTION

Soldiers Who Faint When Hung Up by Wrists Revived by Whip or Rifle Butt

The systematic cruelty devised by the Germans and practised by them on the helpless inmates of some of their great prison camps is testified to afresh by Captain F.—, an infantry officer of the French Army who has finally left those prisons behind him for good and all. Rescued from Germany by the Medical Commission and interned in Switzerland, he has sent from there a letter which tells an unvarnished tale of the infamies he experienced and the infamies he saw—a letter which recently arrived in France and which has never before been published.

Boiling water poured over prisoners who refused pointblank in the war work their captors had no demand of them, prisoners had. Men of indescribable silt, sick, beaten and thrown into the cells, fever prisoners deserted during an epidemic, prisoners half-starved and innocently tortured in the name of "discipline" and "repression"—such is the treatment of prisoners of war in the domain of the Hohenzollerns as Captain F.— felt and saw it during the many, weary, hopeless months that he was one of them.

It is small wonder that many a French aviator saves one shot of his automatic to use against himself rather than to be taken prisoner should his machine bring him down within the German lines; small wonder that, once captured, Garros asked to be shot, and small wonder that Captain F.— sends this message to his comrades-in-arms



MADALINE CAULIER—SHE'S TAKEN

five or six year old girl with dark eyes similar to those of Marie Gronyet, whose photo appeared in the issue of April 12. "We trust that our action may result in further adoptions in this regiment and wish you success." The army field clerks of the American Section, Supreme War Council, held a

GOLD SERVICE CHEVRONS FOR ALL A. E. F. MEN

Washington Gives Coveted Decoration to Z. of A. and S. O. S. Alike

ONE FOR EACH HALF YEAR

Stripe of Blue Cloth for Fraction of Six Months in Theater of Operations

MUST SHOW RIGHT TO WEAR IT

Company and Higher Unit Commanders Will Certify to Every Claim for Sleeve Insignia

The great A.E.F. service chevrons controversy has been settled.

It started on February 22, when THE STARS AND STRIPES announced that Washington had authorized a gold service chevron to be worn by each officer and enlisted man of the A.E.F. who has served six months in the Zone of the Advance, and an additional chevron to be worn for each six months of service thereafter.

Loud echoes of the controversy reached back home, and now Washington has definitely prescribed the gold service chevron to be worn by every member of the A.E.F., one for each six months of service in the Theater of Operations.

In this connection, the term "Theater of Operations" is defined in the Army Field Service Regulations, 1914, as corrected to April 13, 1917.

What "Theater of Operations" Is

"In time of war," says the Regulations, "the activities of the military establishment embrace (a) the Service in the Interior; (b) the Service in the Theater of Operations. The Service of the Theater of Operations is carried on by the commander of the field forces. The Theater of Operations is divided into two zones: (a) the Zone of the Line of Communications; (b) the Zone of the Advance."

So—any member of the A.E.F. serving six months in France or England, or in both countries combined, whether in the Z. of A. or in the S.O.S. (the new name for our L. of C.) is entitled to sport the gold service chevron.

It was also definitely decided by Washington that any member of the A.E.F. leaving the Theater of Operations prior to completing six months' service therein will be entitled to wear a blue cloth chevron as a mark of such service in the Theater of Operations.

This new regulation is a definite advance to the A.E.F. in that it entitles every member of the A.E.F. to wear a chevron after completing six months of service in France may display a blue cloth chevron to all beholders—male and female—as he takes his first at-home stroll up Fifth Avenue, New York, around four o'clock on a sunny afternoon.

Men With A. E. F. Eligible

Members of the A.E.F. serving with units of other armies—for example, American hospital units with the British forces—are eligible for the service chevron under exactly the same conditions governing every other soldier in the A.E.F.

Whether army field clerks will be entitled to wear the chevron is still to be determined. At present, service to wear in the wearing of the chevron must be service as an officer or enlisted man in the A.E.F.

Company and other higher unit commanders will determine what officers and men of their command are entitled to wear the chevron and so announce in orders from time to time. Any individual officer of enlisted man not provided for in this manner may forward to G.H.Q., A. E. F., through military channels, a request for permission to wear the chevron, this request to contain details as to service. In no case will the chevron be worn without the requisite authority having been given by the proper commander.

Requests for the issue or purchase of the chevron will be accompanied by a list of persons for whom it is desired, for the information of the commanding officer who authorizes the issue. The officer, before approving a request for issue or purchase, will verify the issue of the persons concerned to wear the chevron.

PROHIBITION RACE NOW NECK AND NECK

Twenty New York Cities Dry, Nineteen Wet, and Dopesters Give Up

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 25.—The great New York State race between John Barleycorn and the dry forces of Prohibition is going nearly neck and neck. Nearly, but not quite, because at the quarter post Prohibition is leading by a nostril. Thirty-nine cities have voted on the liquor question, and of them 20 have gone dry. Nineteen have decided not to see the error of their ways—yet.

There are a thousand political complexities entering into the New York situation, with the result that even the most hardened dopesters are chary on making deductions. For instance, women are voting. What with this vast and unpassable addition to the electorate, and the mystifying sea-saw of the liquor question from city to city, it is an admitted impossibility for anyone to surmise what the outcome will be—as regards booze or anything else. Every issue has been split wide open again, and some have even flowered out into half a dozen new ones each. The only certainty in the situation is that the New York campaign next fall will be the most intricate the State has ever seen.

MADALINE CAULIER—SHE'S TAKEN

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WESTERN TOWNS WHOOP UP LOAN, GOTHAM JEALOUS

New York Swears to Equal Record Set by Villages or Bust Trying

ST. LOUIS LEADS COUNTRY

More Than Half of Three Billion Liberty Bond Total Already Subscribed

WAR PLANS WELL IN MOTION

Aircraft Production and Shipping Situation Now Getting into Satisfactory Shape

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 25.—The news from Pictorial and Flanders is watched here with deep earnestness and with full comprehension, but with full faith in the men who are holding the line. Not much time is spent in discussing it, because the country knew that the best response was to push the third Liberty Loan along, and everybody, from kids to millionaires, is kept busy.

A good many ardent Americans have been worrying some time past because America was not seeing with war excitement. America prefers, evidently, to do its seething by digging down into its pants pocket, and we are beholding some mighty good digging.

Every public place, every important street and square, is filled all day with people and loan speakers. The race for the record loan between various sections and cities of the country is getting a lot hotter than any pennant race, and the West is apparently rolling up its sleeves to beat the East, with the East fighting back hard.

West Comes Through With Wallop

The New York district is far ahead in the amount subscribed, but the Western districts are knocking us stiff in the percentage of the quota obtained. Easterners who talked about apathy in the West now can't see her for dust.

The Kansas City district is next, with 56 per cent and going strong. Chicago has 52 per cent, Dallas and San Francisco 51, Minneapolis 49, Boston 48, Philadelphia 42, with New York and Cleveland tied for ninth place with 41.

New York's record is \$373,000,000, and the total is getting mad and swears it will catch some of those Western villages or bust.

More than half the \$3,000,000,000 set as minimum goal had been subscribed by the nation at the end of last week, and there was no sign of flagging as it entered the home stretch. The Liberty Loan occupies the entire public mind and all other discussions are temporarily in abeyance.

Aircraft Production on Move

The general feeling seems to be that aircraft production will hereafter move along at a satisfactory gait, inasmuch as President Wilson has decided to reorganize the production of aeroplanes throughout the country. The expert who, it is announced, will be placed at the head of the aircraft department has not yet been named.

Optimism also prevails with regard to the shipping situation since Charles M. Schwab has become the head of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Mr. Schwab has already taken nine floors of a big office building in Philadelphia, and will bring several thousand employees to work there within the next week. His contagious enthusiasm and go-ahead-iveness are expected to do wonders for the whole organization.

Another change of nation-wide importance which is generally favorably viewed is the taking over, by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, in his capacity of director-general of railroads, of the Erie barge canal, in New York State. It is hoped that this move may be the forerunner of a nation-wide scientific co-ordination of rail and water transportation.

The plan in the case of the Erie canal provides for the building of barge barges, and the aim is to start the flow of freight from the Great Lakes to the sea in the swiftest possible time.

GIRLS IN DEMAND AS AMEX MASCOTS

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vote on whether a majority was in favor of taking a girl and found the sentiment unanimous.

"Best money I ever spent," voted one field clerk.
"I give it willingly," said another.
A major in the office tried to edge in on the contribution, but was refused admittance. He announced that he would take an orphan on his own account and, although we haven't heard from him yet, we confidently expect to.

The army field clerks of the Casual Officers' Depot, S.O.S., asked for "one of the homeless waifs from the invaded districts of France, an orphan, and, if possible, a girl about five or six years of age."

A lieutenant, two non-coms and two field clerks at Headquarters, Division, asked for a "bright girl of school age whose father died for France."

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

The dream that the soldier dreams and dreams
Is never a dream of war and hate,
But of homeland fields where the sun-
shine gleams
And of vesper bells when the hour is late.

He dreams of an hour and a day and a night
When his hand was free from the strain
Of war, with its bitterness and blight;
He dreams of a little checkered dress.

He dreams of home and the firelight there
Of a lonely woman kneeling low
Beside a bed at her evening prayer;
In his dreams to her side would he yearning go.

He dreams of another summer day
When the birds sang sweet, as he
Tilled the soil,
He dreams of a little child at play;
And he prays for the peace of a kindly toll.

Yes, the soldier dreams of a thousand things
But the dream of them all is of war and hate;
He dreams of his home when the vesper rings
And his child a-swing on the gate.
Wm. L. STINGER.

TRENCH TROT HERE, NEWEST OF DANCES

A.E.F. Steppers in London Discover Glide All Their Own

DUCKBOARD FALL FEATURE

Real Ebony Jazz Band Is on Hand To Impart Pep in Latest Ballroom Find

Special Correspondence of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, April 25.—As Sergeant M— said when the memorable evening had ended, "We believe we have achieved something. History has been made."

And the warj was righter than a fox. More power to the topaz mouchou with which he pecked at the dainty beads of sweat on his forehead.

Between the hours of ten and 11 on the night of April 20, this year, at the Palace Hotel, Bedford Place, Bloomsbury Street, in the West End of London, this Prime Event occurred: THE TRENCH TROT WAS GIVEN TO THE WORLD!

Even so, my hearties—the Trench Trot.
Or as you bucks across the Channel would say, "Le trot des tranchées." Compréciez-vous, maintenant!

Hundred—Count 'Em—Hundred
One hundred couples kicked off the big thrills to the world, and if any little enthusiasm visited you about the period mentioned, you know now what was the cause.

Composing the 100 couples were 100 lumber lads of the American E.F., and 100 lissome lasses of London. And a laughing, lightsome, lovely, lovely lot they were!

The boys organized the party with the help of the many Ladies Bountiful to us, Mrs. Shorwood of Fairfax Court, Tedcliffe Gardens, Mile, Amy El professional danseuse, who led the gawky at the first A.E.F. dance, was again on hand, and Sergeant M— once more presided as major domo. Then there was Murray's Jazz Band, solid ebony, to give the St. Vitus quivers and jerks as necessary to a successful Yank hop.

"We wanted to make this real American," the handsome sergeant said to me at the dance—for your staff correspondent was there on the spot—while we watched silken ankles and tightly wound puttees repeating the curious evolutions of the Trench Trot.

"So we thought we'd bust out with a few hesitations and glides and dips just to show the girls what's possible in a ballroom. Then we thought we should have a big surprise for the evening, a brand new dance, something to make history—got me? And there you have the Trench Trot? Oh, boy, look at 'em would you?"

How You Dance It

From a calculating scientific standpoint, it was an interesting demonstration. The Trench Trot seems to be a combination of the Castle Walk and the Lane Duck, with a little sashay now and then as if you're following the zigzag of a trench bay. Some of the boys even put a few extras into it. One Yank who must have been down in Lorraine faked a fall every now and then. You know how the duckboards are down there. Pretty realistic, his show was.

I suppose when the boys write back home about the party they'll say: "Dear Gladys—We went to a little dance Saturday night. Nothing much doing because we can't spare the time to take interest in such things. Well, I hope you are feeling well. They had a pretty good lunch at the dance. I got your fine letter yesterday telling how you're working hard every day at war work, and don't want you to think our work is only going to dances. That was a very dull dance."
No, no! It was one of the shuffiest, shrillest, keep-right-on-dancing-ob-dear-ain't-it-entrancing hops you ever did see.

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 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 a 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.

BOILING WATER AS HUN TORTURE

Continued from Page 1

board, very hot of very cold according to the season. The men thus shut up half naked in this cupboard are deprived of food, and the Germans have gone so far as to make these men take hot douches to increase their hunger. And I will add that those tied up by the wrists are often placed under rain spouts.

"I was employed in a bank in Paris before the war and married to a French woman. He was a non-commissioned officer in the reserves at the time of the mobilization and his first service was in the prison camps at Koelnigsbruck, Saxony.

"His greatest distraction was to the soldiers up by the wrists to a post, after having them stand on bricks which were withdrawn afterwards, so that the cords, previously dampened, would be drawn tighter. The victims fainted often, but he revived them with blows with his whip or the butt of his gun in such a way that they often had to be taken to an infirmary.

"This non-commissioned officer, who had never seen war, loved to see the blood flow, and one day his barbarity led him to cut off a French soldier's ear with a blow of his sword. As a reward for his zeal, he was promoted to first lieutenant, and finally lieutenant."

Prisoners of Reputation

Sometimes peculiar cruelty was practiced on a prisoner because, by his valor and his skill, he had been peculiarly damaging to the Germans before he was caught. Such a case was that of a French aviator, who was finally captured alive from Germany.

"Since being taken at Roulers, Belgium," our witness testifies, "this unfortunate had been led about with his hands tied, guarded by four men, one of whom was an officer, unbound only when his physical needs demanded, and forced to keep his arms in a horizontal position and made to sleep face downward. While at Kustrin, an order came from Berlin that he should respond every two hours to roll-call, even during the night. This aviator, dragged from camp to camp, allowed only ten minutes' notice of departure, was submitted to such horrible torture that he asked the German government by letter to be shot."

But most of the cruelty practiced so systematically throughout the prison camps, and particularly aroused the German malice. It is wholesale cruelty, done to order. It went specially hard with a prisoner if he tried to escape, if he refused to do war work against his own people or their Allies, or if he inconvenienced his captors by falling sick.

Caught in Typhus Epidemic

The captain was caught in the epidemic of typhus which broke out at Kottbus and at Wittenberg in 1915. "The Germans left the prisoners without medical attention, even quitting the camp. They established, however, a line of machine guns five hundred yards away, forbidding us under pain of death to cross the former enclosure. Our food, carrots and turnips, they sent to us down a wooden chute. The suffering of the prisoners in the camps where the fever raged was appalling. They died by the thousands. Only at the end did the Germans send some English and French doctors, but they sent them without medicines, and out of 12 doctors sent to Wittenberg, only one, an Englishman, survived.

"I only cite these two instances of Wittenberg and of Kottbus, where the conditions were the same, because they were the only ones I know about personally.

"The sick are almost never recognized; if they ask to be examined by the doctor at the Zwicken camp, they are struck or put for three days in the cup-

board, very hot of very cold according to the season. The men thus shut up half naked in this cupboard are deprived of food, and the Germans have gone so far as to make these men take hot douches to increase their hunger. And I will add that those tied up by the wrists are often placed under rain spouts.

"Hidocous is the story Captain F— tells of the punishment the Huns staged at Mannheim when they brought back from France three or four hundred Russians who had refused to work there on fortifications.

"They stayed at Mannheim three days without food and then were brought in to the courtyard and the roll call began. They were asked to take up their work again, but most of them refused. Then the German soldiers of the Landstrum, under orders, fell upon them with their gun butts and even with bayonets until they were beaten to the ground.

"On top of that, the German officer sent to the kitchen for boiling water, which was poured by the bucketful on these unfortunates. The French prisoners were present and were trembling with rage, but a line of machine guns were trained against them in front of their wire fence.

"Captain F— was at many prisons and at all of them the food was insufficient. Sometimes there was none at all and the prisoners had to depend on the boxes from home. It was that way at Wiesau.

Where Food Doesn't Exist
"In this camp, food was non-existent; the weekly ration of meat was continually decreased. It became even less than three ounces—that is, of raw meat, including bones. The rest of the time we got rutabagas, and only occasionally two or three little potatoes.

"This state of want was so bad, the name of food was frequently changed, it being called alternately porree of peas or scarlet runner or beans. In reality, it was a mixture of scraps spoiled and inedible. Often turnip leaves were boiled and baptized as spinach.

"The state of want was not confined to the prison camps, however, but was shared with the civilian population.

"In the cities we passed through on our way from one camp to another, we saw empty stores; the people in the streets were emaciated and looked famished. In the camps the German soldiers collected from the garbage cans the empty tins which we threw away, to scrape what little grease was left in them. They would grab for pieces of bread, mouldy bread which arrived spoiled in our parcels from France. In Saxony, more than anywhere else, the misery was terrible."

Those parcels from home—they were life-savers, literally. But they did not come through intact and, by way of discipline, they were often withheld entirely.

PARCELS FROM HOME CONFISCATED

"The little comforts we received from France (in Wiesau) were confiscated for the duration of the war, including even our dentifrice. The wine in our parcels was taken outright. In another camp, at Plassenburg, Bavaria, they gave us the cigarettes and cigars which came from France, but only after having cut them in two in the middle."

So it was sometimes wanton cruelty and sometimes mere idle malice, but in spite of all the prisoners have not lost their nerve and some of them cannot be persuaded not to taunt and kid their guards.

"In spite of the German papers," so the captain testified, "in spite of their weariness, their fears, in spite of the lies they are told, in spite of their sufferings, the officers and soldiers are perfectly sure of final victory and they have kept their morale."

HUN ATTACK SMASHED BY YANKEES

Continued from Page 1

infantry, and put up a scrap that is talked about all over the regiment.
At first, and in many cases for the whole night, whole detachments were missing altogether. At daylight on Sunday they began to come in, reporting quite casually that they had not been relieved before, and so, of course, they wouldn't come in. This is the only report they made, the men who had stayed at their desperate posts, and fought against apparently hopeless odds.

Three ambulances were hit and overturned. One was right down at the front, and neither the driver nor the orderly with him was hurt. The regimental surgeon, who happened to see the shell hit just at the rear of the ambulance, saw it skid completely around and flip itself off the road and into the ditch, upside down.
He saw the two men come out of the wreck, and hurried up there to see if they were hurt. But the shells were dropping closer and closer, and he had to get into the trench. When he came to the top again, at the ambulance, nobody was there. The two men had gone away up the trench to headquarters.

Just a Bruised Shoulder
One of them asked the sergeant there to look at his shoulder, which "felt bruised."
"And get a move on," he added, "because I've got to get back to work."
The slightest examination showed that the shoulder was badly smashed.
"You for the hospital," said the sergeant, and the man climbed into another ambulance, still growling. The other man wasn't hurt at all.
The second ambulance was hit just at a curve in the road where Fritz has been in the habit of shelling every wagon that passes. Here again the driver and the helper got away unhurt.

PEACEMAKER'S TASK PROVES UNWELCOME

Scotland and Ireland Have It Out Over C.-in-C.'s Name

Dear Bill:
I was shure glad to git your letter and to no you are in French at last with all the rest of us and are making plans to kill several germans. I felt tremendous good reading what you rote about my gal not going back on me like what the top had sed she had the time I didnt git no letter for seven weeks.

I nearly got my fool head knocked off this mornin tryin to play peacemaker. It was the first time I ever played the payfist game and take it from yours truly I will never try same anymore.

To fellers was havin a argymont and one of them sed his folks was from Scotland and the other one sed his was from the old sod (I think he was a liar as he looked like an Irishman and proved same later on). These two galoots was argyng about which country was the best. Sandy sed that Scotland was the best country for they just tore down a cussel over there what had been bld 300 years ago and they found wir under it which shows that the Scotch new all about telegrafy 300 years ago.

Then the Fur Files

Then the Irishman sed that was rotin at all for they was a tearin down a cussel in Ireland which was built 300 years ago and didnt find any wire which proved that the Irish new all about wireless telegrafy 300 years ago.

They kepp on an argyng and argyng and gittin madder and madder and the fur began to fly when Sandy got to talk about General McPershing which he sed was the proper full name which made Pat call him a liar for he sed it was General O'Pershing.

Here was where I was goin to play blessed be the peacemaker and told them they was both rong but when they fin-ished with me I new I was the one what was rong and went away foot sweet (see I can speak franchay). I gess they are still bitin but no more peacemakin for yours truly.

Our company just adopted a STARS AND STRIPES war orphan.
Hopin to here from your pal,
Your pal,
DAN.

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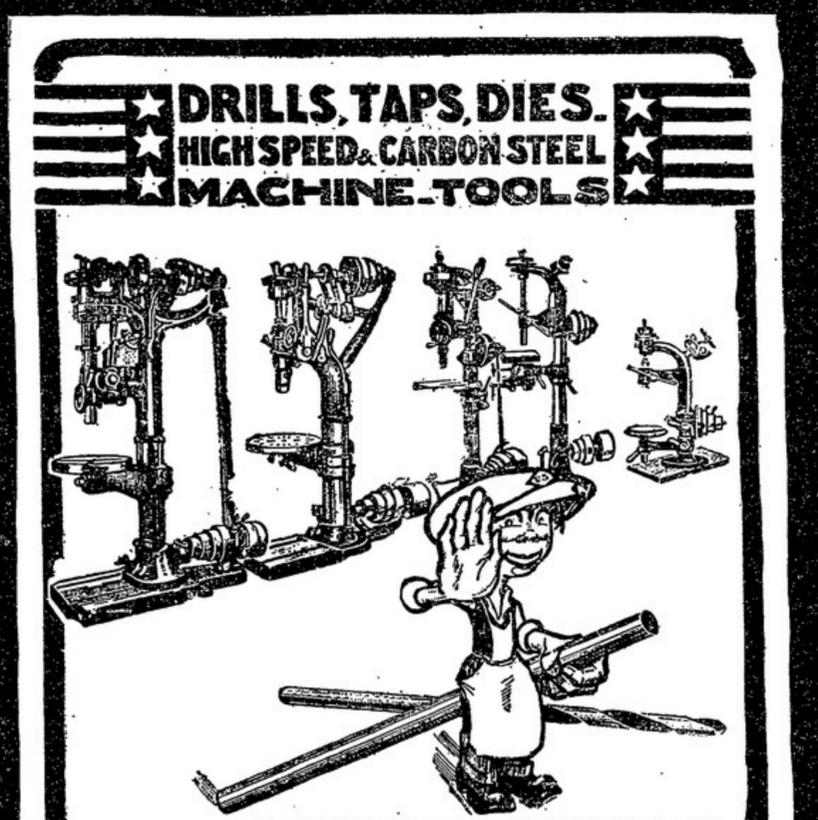
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Wrecker of Cabinets Adds Austrian Scalp to His Belt Ornaments

ONCE TAUGHT IN AMERICA

Former Premier Is Recalled to Helm of French Ship of State in His 77th Year

FORESAW GERMAN MADNESS

Republic's Grand Old Man is Crack Shot, Expert Swordsman, Physician and Novelist, Too

Crack shot and swordsman extraordinary, physician, skeptic, playwright, novelist, editor, a political writer of ever-increasing loftiness and a power, a leader of men with a Rooseveltian genius for delighting and winning the common man, one of the foremost orators of his generation, and above all else, a fighting statesman who has loomed large through the battle smoke of half a century of politics—such is Georges Benjamin Eugène Clemenceau, Premier of the French Republic.

Such is Clemenceau, the Grand Old Man of France, who, in the 77th year of his age, at a time of life when most men would be allowed and expected to sit back and watch the youngsters do the work, was, in the great crisis of November, 1917, called to the helm of the French ship of state.

There today he administers for France the power that in America is Woodrow Wilson's and in Britain Lloyd George's. The war had to run to its fourth year before General Foch, the brilliant strategist of the Marne and the Yser, was created Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces on the Western front and before Georges Clemenceau was named civilian chief of France. And Clemenceau, who, in his day, had fought so many French ministries that they called him "the Wrecker," has just brought crashing down a ministry on the other side of the Continent, for only the other day he emerged triumphant from an encounter with Count Czernin, of Vienna, in the course of a bitter and bitter-tender, he called the Austrian a liar. Today Count Czernin is in retirement and his scalp swings at the belt of the Wrecker.

France's Reserve of Strength

"What a reserve of strength for France this emergency force is!" exclaimed the late Edward VII, who knew France as few Englishmen knew her and who had a weakness for the innoxious, haughty Clemenceau. Yet when the great war came, four premiers had to rule and fall before that force was really called at its full strength. He was called at last because, for years, his had been the most penetrating vision, his the voice raised most clearly in the gospel of preparation against Germany, because, when the calamity he had predicted finally fell upon his land, he proclaimed the policy of no compromise, gave voice to the demand for Allied unity and ever took his place as the greatest of all the "Jusque-auboutistes," as France calls her "Fight-to-a-Finish men."

How clear was his vision you can judge best by turning back to the files of his then newly launched journal, L'Homme Libre, and reading what, in his preparedness propaganda, he wrote in the spring of 1913, more than a year before the German hosts first trampled on plucky Belgium:

"All Europe knows that we are on the defensive," wrote Clemenceau then, "and Germany cannot have any doubt on that score. Under the pretext of protecting herself against French aggression, she continues to pile up armaments till the day which she judges suitable to finish with us. For one must be voluntarily blind not to see her madness for predominance, of which the explosion will shake the whole continent and involve her in a policy of extermination against France."

"That Nameless Calvary"

"If the catastrophe be inevitable, we must prepare to meet it with all our strength. That is why I am disposed to support all the Government's defensive measures. Those who saw 1870 cannot allow the slightest loophole for a return to the events of those frightful days, of which the horror nowadays would be increased a hundredfold. If my destiny is to inflict me again with that nameless Calvary which still haunts me, I have at least resolved not to incur the slightest responsibility for anything that might weaken my country in her supreme struggle for existence."

Clemenceau had been a withering critic of America and President Wilson during the months before we entered the ranks of the Allies, but he is, of all French leaders, the one ablest to deal with us because he speaks our tongue as well as we do. There is a ludicrous misconception in France that the Premier speaks English. He does nothing of the sort. He speaks American, speaks it with an unmistakable Gotham tang and no French accent whatever. He learned it at no lycée, but in those odd corners of New York he haunts in the days of his adventurous twenties.

After a lively and memorable youth spent among the free-eating radicals of the Latin Quarter, he was graduated as a physician and set sail for America to make his fortune. His profession did not prove profitable, nor did he grow rich on translating John Stuart Mill into French and sending occasional dispatches to the Parisian newspapers.

So, to butter his parsnips, he was obliged to teach his beloved French language and literature at a school for young ladies in Stamford, Conn.—of all places. Most Frenchmen shake with Homeric laughter at the very thought of the Tiger caged as a teacher in an Ecole de Jeunes Filles.

He remained in America four years—from '65 to '69—during which time he acquired an American vocabulary and an American wife. He returned to the France for which he was to labor all his days in time to be chosen Maire of Montmartre when the Republic was declared in 1870 and to serve in that post during the searing days of the Commune.

"The Tiger" is one of two nicknames that have stuck like a burr to Clemenceau. He is also known as "Le Tombeur," or "the Wrecker." "Tiger,"

"THE TIGER"



because of his great ferocity as a fighter and because he rather looked like a terrifying sabre tooth as he prowled about the columns of the Palais Bourbon seeking what incompetent ministers he might rend and destroy; "Wrecker," because, all through the eighties and nineties, as well as during the bitter years of this war, he brought down in dust ministry after ministry of which he, as the great Critic-From-Without, had relentlessly exposed the weaknesses.

Long a member of the Chamber of Deputies, later a Senator, and always as a journalist who shook a very wicked pen, he was the terror of all governments.

As editor, at one time or another, of La Justice, L'Aurore, and L'Homme Libre (his present paper), Clemenceau has always led the fight for free speech. Indeed, in the days of his radical youth in Paris, he suffered imprisonment for a too revolutionary article intitled in the declining days of the Empire, a memorable captivity which must not be confused with the two weeks' sentence meted out to him as principal in a sensational duel long ago.

In L'Aurore he fought the good fight for a re-opening of the Dreyfus case, and in L'Homme Libre he said his seldom welcome nay about this war and the way it was being run. That war had not been under way many weeks before L'Homme Libre (The Freeman) was squelched. It was suppressed. Clemenceau, however, was not. Next day he appeared before the public as the editor of L'Homme Enchaîné (The Man in Chains) and under this bling title, his journal flourished until the morning after he was made Premier, when it reappeared as L'Homme Libre. You can buy it on any newstand.

On the Inside Track

L'Homme Libre flourished, but not undisturbed. As leader of the Wartime-Limit group and as President of the Senate's Commission for the Army, its editor always had an unrivalled opportunity at the inside news and an embarrassing disposition to speak his mind in print. In particular, he spoke his mind about M. Caillaux. In fact, he "wrecked" M. Caillaux.

Finally, in the days of the Ribot ministry—this was less than a year ago—the censor ventured an attempt to dray the Tiger's claws. He was censored, his paper appeared only on his signature left in the column usually assigned to his blast of editorial opinion. The same thing happened next day.

It was too much. Clemenceau rose in the Senate and announced that if he were censored again, he would, for the first time since the war began, open his lips in the Senate and speak. He was censored a third time. He opened his lips. The memorable speech that followed flayed alive the unhappy M. Malvy, then Minister of the Interior. Down crashed the Ribot cabinet. The Finance ministry which followed lasted but a few months, and at last the Wrecker of Cabinets, who had studiously remained outside all the war cabinets which had been formed, was called upon to form his own. Once in the saddle, he was true to his ancient journalist's hostility to political censorship and with a characteristic gleam of ironic humor, promised faithfully that nothing should deprive any writer of his inalienable "right to injure the members of the Government."

The Woodrow Wilson of France

So the fall of 1917 saw Clemenceau installed as Premier of France. He had held that post before from 1906 to 1909, with one exception the longest premiership in French history. To estimate his power, you must think of him as the Woodrow Wilson of France. As the Premier of France can hold only a portfolio in his own cabinet, Clemenceau is his own Minister of War, so that he is, in some respects, President Wilson and Secretary Baker rolled into one, besides being the leader in the legislature of his own—the party in power.

It is because he has no four-year leasehold on his office, because he must, in all great matters, carry with him his party, or, if it comes to that, the voters of the day, that the Premier in France cannot hope to rival the American President as the most powerful ruler in any democracy the world around.

It is a man of 76 who holds this power in France. He is, however, not merely young for his years but, literally, as alert, as vigorous and as vital as any man of 40. None other could shoulder so easily his great burden of responsibility, his great volume of work and on his office, because he must, in all great matters, carry with him his party, or, if it comes to that, the voters of the day, that the Premier in France cannot hope to rival the American President as the most powerful ruler in any democracy the world around.

The reserve of strength for which King Edward envied France is still at France's service because the Tiger has lived frugally all his days. He is astir each morning at 3, and daylight saving means nothing in his life. He eats little, he exercises rigorously and he neither smokes nor drinks. For many years he has not used tobacco in any form and let all doughboys remember that the leader of France in her most tremendous hour is a Frenchman who drinks nothing but water.

LITTLE LOST DOUGHBOY WAS STUDYING GAME

He was a morsel of a doughboy, as small as the few allows, and that may have been one reason why no one paid much attention to him when, fresh from a replacement division, he showed up at the front the other evening and, after reporting to every one he saw, dropped almost unnoticed into the ranks of Company G. The other reason was because Company G was all absorbed at the moment with the immediate preparations for going over the top.

They paid a good deal more attention when, tired but triumphant, they were back in the trenches again. For the little doughboy had, in swift succession, jabbed his bayonet through three mountainous Hunns and emerged none the worse for his experience. He was looking pretty grim about it, however, as he squatted down and devoted his first free moment to cleaning his bayonet.

Got Too Darn Excited

"Never mind, old timer," said the corporal, patting him on the back. "You did great work. It comes hard at first, but you'll get used to sticking them after a while. They're a dirty bunch and they've got it coming to them."

"Oh, I don't mind killing them," said the newcomer. "I like it. But I didn't do it right. They told us to be sure and not run the stick in too far. There's no need and you waste too much time taking it out. Now I meant to remember that, but each time I got so darn excited I forgot all about it. I didn't do it right."

The corporal swallowed his laughter

until later when he could regale the platoon sergeant with the story. "Say, he's a game little devil," the corporal concluded. "Where in Gawd's name did he come from?" "Where did he go to?" was the question being raised in Company H of that same regiment—which hadn't been in the scrap at all—for they had no sooner put the little doughboy down on their rolls than they had mislaid him in the shuffle, and he was down on the books as missing a day or so later when his rightful top spied him swinging solemnly along the road in the hindmost squad of Company G. The top was minded to be disagreeable in his most expert manner, but when he heard the story, he merely pounced on the innocent stray and carried him off in triumph to the ranks of his proper company.

Then he explained that he had reached the war late in the day, that the corporal who had escorted him forward never had told him what company he belonged to, and that all companies looked alike to him, anyway. So the little doughboy is where he belongs now and he is entirely happy—except when he remembers that whereas he disposed of three Germans, his technique was rotten.

"How do you manage to fill up the paper?" Queried a French little miss. "Well, when we have to, we cut a young caper. Just as delightful as this."

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IF*

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

If you would keep your job while all about you Are losing theirs, and bluff right through this war, If you would side-step when superiors frown at you, And seek a "goat" that's often served before,

If you would slack and not get caught at slacking, And trust to luck, not study your supply, But fear that some day you'll be sent a'packing, And wish an always-trusty Alibi;

If you're a "dead one" and desire to hide it, And Foresight tires what you call your Brain, And Nerve won't do the trick (cause you have tried it), And "hunting cover" is the game again;

If passing of the Buck's your sole endeavor, And no "indorsement" serves to see you through, (Although at writing them you're really clever), There's always one thing more that you can do;

If you've postponed until the latest minute And S.O.S.'d about "Emergency," Though everyone may know there's nothing in it, But sheer neglect, you still can get soot free;

If you have made a mess from the beginning Of everything you've tackled up to date, Don't fear you'll have to reckon with your sinning, You've still another chance to stall with Fate;

No matter what you've done or what omitted, There's one excuse that's good in Army law: It serves the shirks and shields the minus-witted, Just blame the ——— QUARTERMASTER CORPS! Only there isn't any "IF" about it. ——— It's a cinch.

F. T. H.

WELL, HOW DOES IT?

(A Play in One Act and Several Compositions, produced for the first time in the Theatre de la Guerre. All slights deserved—by the congregation.) The time—A certain Sunday morning, not long ago.

The place—A certain underground improvised chapel, up front.

Enter the chaplain. After mounting his improvised pulpit, he looks his congregation squarely in the eye, and begins:

"You ————!" (Gasps, wheezes, short panting breaths from the congregation.)

"You ————!" (Groans, sounds of men collapsing, near pandemonium.)

"You ————!" (By this time the audience is so weak and faint and all in from suppressed surprise, astonishment and general tactlessness that it is quiet, hushed, passed-out. The chaplain proceeds:

"That's what I hear every day, going around among you! Now, I ask you, how does it sound?" (Quick curtain.)

For the first few days, anyway, the new service chevron will prove useful as well as ornamental by drawing attention toward the sleeve and away from the overseas cap.

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MANUAL FOR 'War-Women' in France (50th Thousand)

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FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1918.

THE DRAFT ARMY

In the minds of some of the folks back home and in the mind of many a man whose immediate, whole-hearted enlistment brought him to France in the first of the teeming transports, there may be an occasional disposition to think slightly of the National Army—a draft army, forsooth, a reluctant army, an army of hangers-back. Some few even give voice to this sentiment, and they should be shot at sunrise, for they are without vision.

They are without vision of democracy. For, in a larger sense, the draft army of a democracy is a volunteer army. When a Kaiserless country, a free people, through the instruments of its own choosing, decides to raise an army by conscription, it is the entire nation, young and old, strong and weak, skilled and unskilled, rich and poor, which volunteers.

That day when the draft law became the law of our land, it was not merely the resolute, the adventurous, the ardent or the impulsive who held up their hands. Every American held up his hand. All America enlisted. Thereafter, it was simply a question of selecting for service overseas the ones best fitted to go—merely a question of enrolling by millions not only the most efficient, but the fairest and most democratic army a nation could have, a volunteer army, if ever there was one.

It is this army which is on its way in numberless battalions, the army for which, in these mighty days, the Allies wait expectant. It is the hope of the world. And as its multitudinous companies step forth upon the soil of France, let them and let all Americans remember that it was a draft army which through weeks of imperishable memory, faced the Germans at Verdun and said:

GRANT

He had guts. He had faith. He had patience—patience under reverses, patience under captious criticism, patience under the strain of personal, physical pain and discomfort. In stature a little man, he was endowed with the vigor of a giant. Other men might be more brilliant strategists, more dashing leaders at times, but it was Grant—Grant the plodding, the patient, the inexorable—that saw it through and saved the Union.

Old "Unconditional Surrender" was his great chief representative in the gallery of great generals. His daring in the Vicksburg campaign, when he placed the enemy between himself and his base, marked the first radical departure from established military precedent since the days of Napoleon. The principles he laid down, and proved in practice, have more than once rounded out the advantage of the Allied generals in the course of this war, as they themselves will bear witness. If the great military school up on the Hudson had done nothing more than produce him, it would have amply justified the labor and expense which the Republic has lavished upon it. It gave Grant to the nation; and the nation was saved by Grant, the "right arm" of his great chief, Lincoln.

The anniversary of the birth of the hero of Vicksburg and the Wilderness comes on April 27. That day should be one for reverent and profitable thought-taking by every American soldier, high and humble, of the present generation of fighting men. For the man whose anniversary it is given to us the most famous, the most heartening, the most courageous of our martial axioms: "To fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Fight it out he did. And let us last out our fight as he would have lasted it!

COMING FOR THE RIDE

History relates that "There was a young fellow named Hyde, Who once at a funeral was spied; When asked who his dead was, He just nodded, and said: 'I don't know; I just came for the ride!'"

Leaving out the many well-intentioned and loyal people who have come to do real good practical work over here, it seems to us that a good many of our fellow-countrymen—most of them in civ's clothes, some in skirts, and some even in khaki—"just came for the ride."

What they are doing over here is beyond us. They speak vaguely of "uplift," of "investigation," of "co-ordinating branches," and some even more brazenly speak of "getting atmosphere"; nothing more. Some—we will let the reader guess the gender—are so naive as to exclaim: "Why, didn't you know that France is all The Rage this year? Everybody's coming over!"

If that "everybody" referred to the millions of the National Army, all would be well; but we rather imagine that the young lady—you guessed it—who employed the word had reference to "everybody worth while" or "everybody in our set." Now, while "everybody worth while" or "everybody in our set" have their uses—when in

khaki, toting a gun or an automatic, or (in the case of the ladies) working in hospitals or canteens—we don't see how they can be so very useful if they approach the war in that spirit. People who come over to France without definite, concrete, telling work planned out ahead of them, people who merely drift over here because they have the drifting money and because "it's the thing to do," are really hindering the cause more than they are helping it.

We are cheerfully foregoing a lot of expected parcels from home because we are told that they take up too much space in ships destined to bring men, steel, beef, and the other rock-bottom essentials of war over to us. It doesn't add to our cheerfulness to see our forfeited ship space taken up by a lot of folk who "just come for the ride."

HOW IT MIGHT BE STAGED

Willard and Fulton will not meet in Nevada, our American correspondent cables. Nevada doesn't want them. "To rub it in," he says, "Governor Boyle adds that they have his unqualified permission to fight in France any time they wish." Well, why not?

Why not bring Willard and Fulton over here, have a couple of squads of Engineers build a ring out of a pile of lumber cut by another squad of Engineers, bring down a division or so of Yanks who have just come out of the trenches to look on, and let the battlers for the world's heavyweight title go to it?

We couldn't all see it. But some of us could. And "some" ought to be the men who have been in the line longest, provided G.I.Q. could arrange it and the Germans were unobstreperous enough at the moment to make it possible.

Of course, it couldn't be done. Not as things are now. But if Willard and Fulton should get into O.D., the Government would be glad to pay the expense of the trip over—and their Tops and C.O.'s might be able to arrange a day off for them on July 4.

COURAGE

With the battle lines stretching for hundreds of miles, with men massed by millions, with soldiers toiling over cannon that, week in and week out, dealt death to an enemy they could not see and had never seen, it seemed, to those who watched it from afar, that war in this age of science and machinery had become an impersonal thing, and that, except for the combat aviators darting across the lonely skies, the individual had passed from the scene.

Yet in such fighting as now shakes the world, here and there amid the smoke and roar of battle, holding out as though the fate of all mankind depended upon him alone, the individual emerges. He counts. He is counted in the Battle of 1918 as surely as he counted at Gettysburg and at Thermopylae.

The hero in this war, as in all wars, as in life itself, is the man to whom nothing is impossible, the man who does not know what it means to yield. Whether at the turn in some communicating trench he faces, alone and dauntless, an oncoming file of Germans, or whether at his desk in some far distant base he faces a crushing task of administration, he does not yield. And this war will be won by the side which, on high and in the ranks, back home and in the field, can show in greatest numbers the men who never yield. For in war, from the dawn of history to the spring of 1918, only one thing has ever counted. It still counts above all else. And the name of that thing is courage.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE?

What is the best all-round song in common use in this man's army? What comes the nearest to filling the bill for all occasions—on the march, in camp, after evening show, at entertainments, and just plain in-between-times?

We've been asked those two questions time and again, and, for the life of us, we don't know what to answer. So many troops, from so many parts of the country, are over here, each with their own pet anthems, the early arrivals knowing lots of stuff that is now passé in the States, the later arrivals knowing lots of new and zippy tunes, that it's pretty hard to figure out just what is the most popular song a-going. There are so many song writers on the job, and the art of song-writing has been practiced for so many years, that it's far different from the old days of the Crimean War when

"Each heart recalled a different name But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

"The Long, Long Trail," "I May Be Gone for a Long, Long Time," "Over There," "Over Here" (thanks to Elsie), "Oh, Boy, Where Do We Go from Here?"—those are just a few of the hardy perennials that come to mind right off the reel. There are others—lots of others—not to mention the old Army classics about the grasshopper and "You're In the Army Now," and "Home, Boys, Home." Anyway, help us out. Send in the name of your outfit's favorite all-round, catch-as-catch-can song, so that we can answer these questions we put at the beginning of this piece. The odds are billions to biscuits that it'll be a good one; shoot it along!

MUCH OBLIGED

Old George W. Private is bearing up splendidly in the face of the news that there is to be no whirlwind campaign to persuade every doughboy in the A.E.F. to burrow into his money-belt and subscribe to the new Liberty Loan.

Having left his home anywhere from three to six thousand miles behind him, having taken out insurance in his mother's favor, bought one or two of the earlier bonds, made an allotment, subscribed to THE STARS AND STRIPES and invested in one two-hundredth of the happiness of a luckless French kid, he has crawled into his bunk every night lately haunted by the fear that he would be thought a slacker if he did not blow all the rest on the Third Liberty Loan.

He thinks well of that loan. He believes with all his heart that it is backed by the best security there is in all the world. When his finances become a little less complicated, when he has settled with Mme. Marie for washing his other shirt, when he has bought a bag of Bull and put aside two francs for unexpected extras on his leave, he intends to drop in at the orderly room and loitely order a bond. But he doesn't have to if he doesn't want to. And he's much obliged.

The Listening Post

IF THE POETS HAD BEEN MEMBERS OF THE AMEXFORCES

The free, unbridled manner of most of the poets was well known in its day, but as Rutgers of Red Gap used to say, it would never do with us. The way the bards of an elder day used to hand out military information is almost unbelievable. Take, first, the author of "Bingen on the Rhine." If he—or maybe it was he (out here in East Somewhere Junction one has no reference books, and one's memory simply won't get warm this morning)—had been an Amexforcer, the chances are that the poem would have thundered down the ages.

A soldier of Infantry lay slightly wounded in a Mediterranean port; There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears. "Oh, tell my folks," he said, "that I am at Base Hosp. Number 9— For I was born at A.P.O. 842, at A.P.O. 842 on a certain German river."

And Old Ma Goose might have written "Banbury Cross" this way: Ride a cock-horse to a certain British suburb, To see a fine lady ride on a fine horse!

While Tennyson, whether he like it or not, would have had his stuff treated by the censor thus: A certain distance, A certain distance, A certain distance onward! Into the eastern sector, Rode a certain percentage of the— Division.

The Ellis would have to sing it like this: Here's to a good old Connecticut university founded in 1701, She's so hearty and so hale, Drink her down, drink her down, drink her down!

And we should all be singing: My bonnie lies somewhere in Europe, In the dear S.O.S. L. of C.; My bonnie lies somewhere in Europe— She's at A.P.O. 843.

And: "Way down upon a certain Florida tributary Far, far away—

As to a thing like "London Bridge Is Falling Down," that info would give the enemy so much comfort that any censor would be justified in not letting it pass.

It occurs to us why Ibsen never has been the national pastime of France. The double-headers would pile up so that when a sunny afternoon came along there'd be about thirty-two games to play off.

The weather in the States used to be so changeable that it wasn't safe to write about it. By the time the paper was on the street, the comment would no longer be pertinent. But it is safe to take a chance here, even if you write your stuff a month or two ahead.

BLESS HIM!

A bloke we like Is Otto Darmee; He never calls it "This man's army."

And Basil Underwood contributes: A girl I like Is Katherine Dooley; She sends me cats, But signs, "Yours truly."

The lyric urge is strong in this contrib, who makes us violate our peace time rule of never printing limericks with: There was a Commandaundor named Foch, Who bossed the decess of the Boche. Their devilish deeds Fell short of their needs. So he chased them clean into the oosh. *Poetic license for the briny.

One rainy day last week—which is rather indefinite, it is admitted—a corporal confided that he thought the government ought to issue the O.D. umbrella.

NOR IS THE PRUSSIAN ANY TOO DELIGHTFUL, EITHER The German nation is vexation; The Boche is just as bad; The well-known Hun ain't any fun, And the Teuton drives me mad.

Caesar it was, or some other officer who censored his own staff, who remembered the names of all his soldiers. Caesar had nothing on a descendant of his, a doughboy in the A.E.F. The other day he went up to a Y.M. sec. with "You live in New Haven, don't you?" "Yes," said the sec. "Well," said the private, "I sold you a New York Times on the station platform two years ago."

A COOTIE'S GARDEN OF VERSES

In winter I get up at night, And have to scratch by candle-light; In summer, quite the other way; I have to scratch the livelong day.

A soldier boy should never swear When coots are in his underwear. Or underneath his helmet label— At least, as far as he is able.

The trench is so full of a number of coots, I'm actually growing quite fond of the brutes.

A certain company has a number of cootie mottoes, which they are going to have printed for framing. Among those suggested are: ONE GOOD COOT DESELVES ANOTHER IT'S A LONG COOT THAT HAS NO TURN-ING

ALL THAT ITCHES IS NOT COOT A COOT MAY LOOK AT A KING NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE COOT

FRANCE FLICKERING

***A certain party in a certain regiment get a letter from a certain party on a certain day last week. Have a care, Bert.

***Old Irv Cobb, the w.k. Kentucky col., was a pleasant caller at our sanctum recently. Come again, Irv.

***Some of the houses around here seem to need a little painting.

***George Ade of Brook, Ind., says he is going to write a piece for THE STARS AND STRIPES soon. Hurry up Geo., say we.

***Our billet has no auxiliary lighting system, but it is air-cooled all right, all right.

***Four of the boys we used to know at home sent in their subscriptions last Tuesday. Much obliged, boys, say we.

***There was a game of croquet in the Luxembourg Garden yesterday, which we should like to have known back home that we watched with great interest, so please regard this item as confidential.

***There is plenty of news this week. If we were allowed to print it and if we knew what it was.

DISOWNED!

AND I USED TO THINK DARWIN FLATTERED ME!



—By WALLGREN

A CHICAGO VIEW OF US

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: A copy of your paper dated Feb. 15 reached me, or rather my daughter, in the last mail, March 25. Permit me to compliment you. In all my experience in the printing business, extending over a period of 31 years, I have never seen its equal, typographically, for a beginner. Looks to me as though those printers "spread" themselves—possibly anticipating criticism.

I called up the Chicago Journal's city editor, telling him what I had, and he assured me he would like to look it over, as he had not as yet seen a copy. I turned it over to him upon his solemn oath that it would be returned to me. It was mailed to my daughter by a private in the Marine Corps.

No doubt you have often read of a bargain counter rush by the fair sex and of the American here who wears a bargain counter rush and you will understand the reception to THE STARS AND STRIPES. Everyone wants to read it, and by the time I get a chance to sneak off in some corner with it, I am afraid it will be read to pieces. I have never seen anything get an equal reception. Everyone here wants direct news from France, that is, the A.E.F. The dailies here do not fill the bill.

We want the real stuff, and are willing to pay for it, so if you can accept my subscription, kindly let me know, and I will remit in money, or merchandise, as I understand the Americans here value is more valuable than money. I have a number of friends over there to whom I send cigarettes, playing cards, tobacco, etc., and from letters I get they are rather welcome.

With best wishes for the success of your efforts, and kind regards to your literary operators, some of whom no doubt I know, Chicago, March 26. GEO. I. BRADY.

CHEER FROM WYOMING

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: We hand you herewith our Paris-draft for five francs, for which please place us on your subscription list for three months, beginning with the first number published. We would place our subscription for a year, but are not sure what the price is.

The first issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES was sent to a Hanna girl by her sweetheart, and probably a hundred people have already read it. You should have a great subscription list in this country. I never in my life have found a newspaper that had in it so much of interest. In fact, everything is of interest, even the advertisements.

We know a great deal less about you fellows than you can imagine, and we are hungry for news that you realize. We can not get news of how many Huns you have accounted for and how near to Berlin you are, but we can learn about your way of living, your food and your drink (let's hope some of it is water, notwithstanding stories of how sweetheart has been on English beer and French wine), and your temperament. If you get plenty to eat and are fairly happy, we shall feel easier, for then we shall know you are representing us well in the battles that must be fought before you get the Kaiser.

Boys from this town are now in France, and one has been on English beer and French wine), and your temperament. If you get plenty to eat and are fairly happy, we shall feel easier, for then we shall know you are representing us well in the battles that must be fought before you get the Kaiser.

We are doing pretty well in this little town of 1500 people—mostly foreign born coal miners. Every wage earner in town has pledged to pay (not give, mind you) a certain sum to the Red Cross, and the monthly income will be over \$100. Just \$55,000 in Liberty Bonds were purchased here. Every pupil in the school, 343 of them, is a Red Cross member.

When we learn what the American subscription price is, I am sure we will have a list for you. We are with you. Hanna, Wyo., March 15. ROY PAINTER.

WE'LL STICK

OUR HISTORY HAS A WAY OF REPEATING ITSELF

By FRANK BOHN

Sure enough, there are a great many things we don't do very well in America. We are rather careless and shiftless about matters which we should consider more important. Any of the boys who have been to Paris will come back and tell the bunch that the old town certainly does look better than New York or Chicago or New Orleans. The French know how to live beautifully, and their manners are the best in the world, amongst the poorest country-people as well as in the fashionable circles in Paris.

However, one considerable fact we can confess, just among ourselves. We can stick to a job until it is done.

When our fathers, or may be, our great grandfathers, went west into the big woods, they always had a considerable piece of work cut out for them. Living in a log "shanty" and making a living for a bunch of kids who played hide-and-seek among the stumps was no snap. I think, everything considered, that the old folks did a pretty good job of it.

How they lasted through the eight years of the Revolution! Hungry and ragged, freezing through the winters and shivering from fever and ague in the summers, licked out of their boots again and again, they had just one quality that saved their cause—they always "came back." Three years after the war started, the financial verdict was thirty-to-one against that bunch of frazzled rebels, who had been driven out of almost every town in the country. But they never quit a minute.

In the Civil War both sides hung on with a desperation that knew no weariness. When Lee's army surrendered, his colonels and generals were in rags and tatters. With their horses they ate grass and the leaves of beech trees. When they were clean shaven, no clothes and no food, no money and no credit, no strength left and no possible help coming from any source—then they quit, but not before.

The North started in with 75,000 men for a three months' war. When twenty millions of people had furnished 2,500,000 soldiers, when half a million were dead or desperately wounded, our people at home or in the ranks

never batted an eye. In my own State of Ohio, when a man talked of quitting, he was beaten up and kicked out of town.

Well, here we are again, the same old stuff. And here we're going to stick until the game is finished. The principles which have inspired our whole history are going to be vindicated once more by the sheer power of our people to endure anything and everything for the sake of principle.

Sometimes you will run into a man who has been here two or three years and feels a little weary. It is your business to cheer him up. The best tonic for weakness in the stomach, if you happen to find a sufferer, is absolute confidence in the victory that shall be ours.

THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH IS THAT WE CAN'T POSSIBLY LOSE THIS WAR. Our enormous resources, as well as the proved character of our people, are prepared to meet successfully any condition which may arise. The forces which we are developing will stagger the imagination of the world.

The rulers of Germany wanted war. It is their one famous sport. Very well! They shall have war and yet the victor will be the misguided people of Germany and Austria and all they have will be pounded to a pulp.

Every clear voice from out the great past of America, every consideration regarding the safety of our common future, calls us to this task. If any man thinks it will be left to him to do, he is profoundly ignorant of the forces that are arrayed.

Concerning the Russian situation. If you are so unfortunate as to have some gloomy, sad-eyed weakling in your company who thinks everything depended on Russia, tell him he doesn't know what he is moping about. Russia has been down for nearly two years. Germany simply got a home run in the fourth inning, that was all.

Our bunch is hanging together well and going strong—from Jerusalem to Edinburgh and from Yonon to San Francisco. Anyhow, the cheerful ones is the one who has four chances of getting back home to one that gloomy Pete will draw.

What is more, you are saluting one of these in authority in an Army which has the proudest record of any army on earth. As you know, America has never gone to war save on behalf of a just cause, and in none of its wars has it been defeated.

"When an officer returns your salute—a thing he is bound to do—he is not acknowledging a personal compliment. He is saluting the whole rank and file of the American Army—and, beyond it, the great people from whom it was recruited. In other words, when you salute the officer and what he stands for, you do it on behalf of the people of the United States toward the representative of their President. When the officer returns it he does it on behalf of the President of the United States, from whom he derives his authority, and from Yonon to San Francisco. Anyhow, the cheerful ones is the one who has four chances of getting back home to one that gloomy Pete will draw.

WHY I AM PROUD TO SALUTE

By A PRIVATE

This business of saluting is all part of the game, and I rather enjoy it than otherwise. It proves I "belong" to the organization when an officer returns my salute, and I prove that I "belong" when I exercise my right of saluting him. Consequently, it puzzles me quite a bit when I see men who have been long enough in the service to know better trying to "beat the Old Man on the salute" by becoming absorbed in the landscape just as he is going by; or, if they get caught at it, handing him one of these eye-wiping affairs that is neither a salute nor a mockery; just neutral, and "unfriendly neutral" at that.

Fortunately for me, I was "caught young" by a top sergeant whose inexorable sternness and "stickler" qualities were mixed with a large amount of intelligence, thereby making him a veritable jewel. He not only told us what, when, where, and how to salute; he told us the reasons for it. After listening to him, I never had the slightest trouble in getting adjusted.

Perhaps his words are worth passing on. Here they are, as near as I can remember them:

"The military salute is the 'high sign' of the oldest and most honorable fraternity in the world. When you give it to a superior, you are thereby announcing that you, too, belong to that fraternity. If you give it correctly and snappily, you prove that you are proud to belong to the brotherhood of arms. If you give it clumsily, half-heartedly, you prove that you don't think much of the organization you have joined. And none of you feel that way about it.

"When you salute an officer, you are not saluting that particular man alone. You are saluting him as the representative of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States—the President—from whom the officer derives his authority, in his commission.

When you salute an officer, you are not saluting that particular man alone. You are saluting him as the representative of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States—the President—from whom the officer derives his authority, in his commission.

Reasoning that way, I have come to the conclusion that the man who passes up, or slopes toward a representative of the President through a salute is by that act proclaiming himself no true champion of democracy; for he believes the very democracy that sent him forth. And where, pray tell, shall we get off if we dedicated to the task of making the world safe for democracy, end up if we neglect to respect the principle which we have sworn to defend?

MULE SKINNER'S LIFE ISN'T WHOLLY DULL

But Missouri Coachman Himself Won't Ever Admit It

GOSSIP WHILE SHELLS DROP

Animals and Correspondent Only Ones to Get Skittish on Trip to Front

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

"You've got to take off your hats to the boys who drive the mule-teams up to the front," said an old Army officer at mess one evening.

"They travel these roads night after night regardless of how many shells the Germans throw over at them. I've seen the shrapnel and the high explosives breaking all around them, but they merely stop occasionally to inspect the holes in the road and then drive on with their loads of food and ammunition for the men in the trenches.

"They expose themselves a lot more than the men in the trenches." I decided one dark night I'd ride up to the trenches with one of the supply trains.

I halted one wagon as it came along and climbed up on the seat. A boy named Harve was driving the four mules, while the other boy, Butch, had to see that the supplies reached the right trenches and were properly distributed.

Here is the talk I heard on the ride up to the trenches, as I remember it: Butch: Didja know today's my birthday, Harve? Twenty-four.

Harve: That so? Whatcher girl send ye? Butch (proudly): Nice pair bedroom slippers.

Harve (kiddingly): Nice pair bedroom slippers? Say, they'll be fine in these muddy dugouts, won't they?

Had Something on Butch Butch (rather peevish): You've got no room to talk, kid. I noticed you didn't get a doggone thing from your girl when you had a birthday in January.

Harve: My girl's too sensible to be wastin' her money on birthday presents, Butch. We're both savin' our coin these days. We're going to get hitched when I get back home.

Butch: That's right, Harve? You're really goin' to get married? Putter there, old fop! Here, too, Me and Mary fixed it all up in our last letters.

(Here followed several minutes of silence.) Harve: Why not have a double wedding, Butch?

Butch: How could we when we don't live in the same town?

Harve: Well, we could all clope to Covington, Kentucky, couldn't we? Butch: Say, boy, your head guess so. I'm solid after that. That would be fine, wouldn't it? Guess I'll write Mary about it. You write your girl, too, will you?

Harve: Sure th— B-A-N-G!

(A big German shell exploded about ten yards to the left of the mules and about 50 yards ahead. The mules reared and kicked and tried to run away.)

Them Skittish Army Mules Harve: Whoa, doggone you ornery hives. Damn these Army mules, anyhow. Never saw such fools in all my life. The more shells they hear, the more skittish they get. Never will have any sense. There, that's more like it. Now, go along.

Lyon (somewhat nervously): That was SOME shell, wasn't it, boys? Do you think they'll be encoring us?

Butch (disinterestedly): I usually shell this mule about the time we're taking up the supplies.

Harve: Sure thing, I'll write my girl, Butch. And, say, I've got an uncle down in Paducah, Kentucky; we'll all go down there and visit him on our honeymoons.

Butch: Now you said it, ho. Count on Little Willie here.

(Another considerable silence, during which time much machine gun firing could be heard off to the left.)

Harve: I'm homesick as the devil to see my girl. When do you think it will be over, Mr. Lyon?

Lyon: Well, it's hard to tell, boys. I'm going home to see my son graduate from high school whether the war is over or not. He'll be six this coming August and is starting to school in September.

Hope in a Nutty Kaiser Butch: Say, just listen to this crepe-hancer, won't you, Harve? Gee whiz, we'll be too old to get married then. They'll be sendin' Harve and me to an old gentlemen's home.

Harve: Don't let 'im kid us, Butch. I heard an officer say 'em today that the Kaiser has gone nutty and that he'll be throwin' up the sponge before the Fourth of July.

Butch: Go on and talk some more like that, boy. I always did think you had a great head on you.

B-A-N-G! B-A-N-G! (Two shells exploded in quick succession near by. More mule antics and considerable strong language from Harve.)

Butch: Them guys are wastin' a lot of good ammunition on us tonight, ain't they?

Lyon (with increased nervousness): Yes, and I hope they waste everything they put over this way.

Harve: If the war— "B-A-N-G!" (It was the commanding voice of a sentry and he had a gun in his hand.)

Harve: Well, this is the end of the line. They have to carry the stuff from here on. You're going to walk back, Mr. Lyon? Well, so long. Remember, any time you want to come up again, this is YOUR wagon.

Butch: Them are my sentiments, too, Mr. Lyon.

Thus they gossiped as the Germans shelled.

HOME IS WHERE THE PIE IS



[Photograph by S. O., A.E.F.]

"Home is where the heart is"— Thus the poet sang; But "home is where the pie is" For the doughboy gang. Cruisers in the craters, Pastry in abris— This Salvation Army lass Sure knows how to please!

Watch her roll the pie crust Mellowed than gold; Watch her place it neatly Within its ample mold; Smell the grand aroma While it slowly bakes— Though the whine of "Minnie" shells Echoes far awakes.

Tin hat for a halo! Ah, she wears it well! Making pies for homesick lads Sure is "beating hell"; In a region blasted By fire and flame and sword, This Salvation Army lass Battles for the Lord! Call me sacrilegious And irreverent, too; Pies? They link us up with home As naught else can do! "Home is where the heart is"— True, the poet sang; But "home is where the pie is" To the Yankee gang!

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Church Manners

By BRAN MASH

To people who have not been in the habit of going to church before joining the Army, except to other people's funerals and weddings, the how, why and whereof of good behavior in church is, in large measure, all Greek. In the Army, however, when there is nothing else to do on a Sunday morning, the chances are, like as not, that you may be inveigled into attending a service. Some colonels anxious to coddle the nother vote at home, institute church services for the whole regiment, and get everybody to go by the simple expedient of falling everybody in, presumably for a wood detail, and then springing church on them.

But whether your attendance at church is voluntary or involuntary, there are certain rules of deportment which must be lived up to, or the visiting brethren and sistren may put you down as a most irreligious young man.

And, as religion has not entirely gone out of fashion in the United States, it is even safe to be patronized more than ever by some of our best people (who have to do something to "help win the war"), it is a good thing to get hep to.

With the spring coming on as it is, it is a safe bet that most of the church parties held from now on will be social in the open. Accordingly, a few words about the open air service, its limitations and its exigencies, are now in order.

Never spit in ranks during the course of the sermon. If you haven't had time to stow your plug before you'll be stuck in the open. Accordingly, if you've got to spit, but don't spit audibly. Let it trickle gently, and—if you have one—try to conceal it by use of a handkerchief. If you have no handkerchief, let it drip—as inaudibly as you can—taking care to have it carom off your corporal's newly shined shoes.

The proper position during the course of the sermon, hymns, and so forth is a modified parade rest. You are commonly supposed to be standing at ease, but the half-and-half parade rest looks more proper. The militariness of the attitude need not, however, prevent you

from murmuring "Old stuff!" to your neighbor when the parson gets reminiscent or forgetful and repeats himself.

If you are in the front rank, adhere to a perfect parade-rest position throughout the course of the ceremonies. You are right out there where the colonel and the staff and the dominie can spot you, so there isn't any other choice. The only thing to avoid is the colonel's eye when the parson starts to dilate on the evils of shooting craps.

Don't be in too much of a hurry to time the preacher. Incessant lifting of the wrist watch arm is quite out of place. You'll get plenty of time to inspect the face of that interesting piece of chronometry when the Good Man begins on his 20-minute prayer.

If they pass hymn cards or hymn books or prayer manuals or anything else down the ranks, help yourself, and pass them on. Adhere to the old Army rule of taking anything that's free and some things that aren't. If you are arrear at the art of reading responses, try to time your reading with that of the nearest Episcopalian. Get your cadence from him, and don't hit up the stride.

When it comes time to sing, sing the air. Never try to fake a tenor as you sing down the line to grief. Besides, if he gets an idea that there are too many tenors in the outfit, the colonel is apt to be a bit scary about taking you up front, and may transform you all into labor battalions. If you must fake any-thing, fake a bass.

Don't look up during the prayer—not even to study the adjutant's face. The chances are he might be looking up, too, and that would prejudice your next application for leave. Keep your eyes demurely down—just as French girls are said to do, but don't.

The only difference between an indoor and an outdoor service is that the former is apt to be longer, because the preacher doesn't feel cold. Also, there are usually seats, in which case the parade rest position may be abandoned. Simply squat in the accustomed manner, but don't cross your legs. And never, in any account, go to sleep. Nobody sleeps in the Army.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE STABLE SERGEANT

He always calls for details and he always makes 'em hump— With currying and harnessin' you're always on the jump; He never makes it pleasant there for skinner or for beast, And of all the freaks I've met with I can grant that gay the least!

He's fussier 'bout those cussed plugs than mothers are with kids— In handlin' the bloomin' orties we do just as he bids; For he ain't got no conscience 'bout reportin' us at all, And when he starts to cuss us out—'he oughter hire a hall!

He lives up to his orders 'bout not swearin' at the teams; He saves up all his swearin', though, to use on us, it seems. He blisters all the atmosphere and makes the chaplain wild, But when he drives a sulky mule, he's gentle as a child.

He's got no use for humans such as us, who do the work; He beats us as if he was a bloomin' Rocho or Turk. The only thing he cares for are the animals he's got— If we don't treat 'em proper, Gosh! that man can make it hot!

A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

Service stripes are now being worn among the older set in the A.E.F., lending quite an air of distinction to the same.

Some of the boys in the British aviation service tendered the Boche across the way a neat little bomb-shower last week, a couple of their American cousins taking part in the sport. A pleasant time was had by all except the Boche.

The exclusive skinner family is contemplating an all-A.E.F. mule show for an early date in the spring, to take the place of the historic New York horse show. The contesting teams will have their whips tied with red, white and blue ribbons, and their mouths tied up with gas masks. Leaves—vacations, not the kind the major wears—will be awarded to the contestants getting the most work out of their charges. A beauty prize, for which both mules and skimmers will be eligible to compete, will also be contested for.

Most of the better class of people hereabouts are going in for aviation this season rather than yachting and golf. Many prominent baseball fans in the

KNEW HE WAS UPSIDE DOWN

He was a cadet aviator, and came, as lots of cadet aviators do, from the South. They were asking him—"they" being his women-folks, in this happened before they left the States—what it felt like to fly upside down. Looping the loop in the air isn't nearly so thrilling as it seems—not nearly so thrilling, for instance, as the precipitate plunge of the Coney Island variety of loop. But when he told them so they could hardly believe him.

"Ah couldn't believe it mahself," he explained, "but when mah pipe rose right out of mah pocket and went sailin' up past mah head, when I jes' figured Ah must be upside down."

SNORING HATH CHARMS, BUT WATTELL ARE THEY?

'Twas the Night Before April, and All Through the Barracks Not a Creature Was Stirring, Until—

After six weeks in one barracks, we thought we had learned all there was to know about military snoring. A writer on Pneumonia Alley had taught us so many tricks in plain and fancy midnight snorts, sounded so many keys in nasal music hitherto unheard by normal ears, that we believed there was nothing more to know.

There was the Jersey Snore, pitched in A sharp, with something about it that reminded a man of a muggy summer evening in the itchy sands.

Then there was a Philadelphia Snore—the habitual kind. It reminded a man of a saunter down Chestnut Street, a sort of perpetual, habitual cadence, the ebb and flow of an easy life, unconscious of the existence of anything but Philadelphia.

Also the raucous Chicago snore, that had an elevated sound to it, with a rattling loop of racket at the end of each agitation, and a dance of the feet, a music movement par excellence, born of the spirit of git-there, thick with the suggestion of the redolent stockyards. You could fairly hear in it the phonographic record of a "night-drag" taking a compound-cross-over in Englewood, at 38 miles an hour, hie-tun-forpeoria.

Something New Under the Sun These were great snores of their kind, and as we got accustomed to them, while throttling our curses in the darkness and damping the transports that left us with half a lung apiece, to curses (with no lights, livors or tummies)—well, as has been hinted, along came April, and sweet peace and then—and then—in walked the Brand New Snore.

The writer has slept on the shores of the soothing Pacific lulled to dreams by the Chinese orchestra in Monterey, Calif., and the ecstasies of an all night "movie party" at a nearby cafe. Also, he has hob-nobbed with Morpheus amid the murmuring cedars, while far below him sighed the uneasy waves of Puget Sound. The yamp-wangee bing-bong of the Chinese orchestra in Monterey, Calif., and the ecstasies of an all night "movie party" at a nearby cafe. Also, he has hob-nobbed with Morpheus amid the murmuring cedars, while far below him sighed the uneasy waves of Puget Sound.

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In short, he thought he was a pretty fair sleeper, until the coming of the Brand New Snore.

It had been a quiet March day, the last one, in fact, on the calendar. Some of the boys had been en route to see March-April. None of them, our frizzle-wrinkle friends, had come to the barracks, notwithstanding, was "bookoo zig-zag." The nightly business of chinning was *fin m'sieur*, and all went merry as a bean into a mess-kit. But hark! What is it slithers the silence like the voice at the feast of Belshazzar? We know the sound at home to the contrary, notwithstanding, was "bookoo zig-zag." The nightly business of chinning was *fin m'sieur*, and all went merry as a bean into a mess-kit. But hark! What is it slithers the silence like the voice at the feast of Belshazzar? We know the sound at home to the contrary, notwithstanding, was "bookoo zig-zag." The nightly business of chinning was *fin m'sieur*, and all went merry as a bean into a mess-kit. But hark! What is it slithers the silence like the voice at the feast of Belshazzar? 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The queer mustache, the little cane, He had when on the screen we met him, And, once we saw him leave a pie, We never could forget him.

ALLIES AHEAD IN BIG EXTRA INNING BATTLE

But Charlie's in the Army now, And since it's victory we're after, Let's put him in the front line trench To kill the Huns from laughter.

GIANTS AND RED SOX GOING AT GOOD CLIP

First Games Upset Pre-Season Dope on Big League Race

WALTER JOHNSON HUMBLED

Phillies Make Good Getaway, While Athletics Still Cling to Dugout

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 25.—Although the pre-season predictions were that the New York Giants and the Boston Red Sox would have a hard time of it keeping ahead in the pennant race this year, the early games do not bear out these prophecies.

The Giants have started off at a fast clip, downing the Dodgers in three straight games played, while the Red Sox played havoc with the Yankees and Senators.

Despite severe losses through the draft by these two clubs, their leaders have managed to grab up enough material to put their teams in the fight from the start.

The Giants started off on the opening day by downing the Dodgers 6 to 4 before a crowd of 28,000 fans. Driscoll General Mann threw the ball that started the battle. Jake Daubert of the Dodgers came across with a double, but it failed to help his team to victory. Anderson, who relieved Tesreau, twirled good ball for the Giants.

Giants Take Second In the second game, the Giants again won, the count being 2 to 0. Jess Barnes made his debut with the Giants and stuck out the game, whitewashing the Dodgers. Jack Combs worked on the mound for Brooklyn and allowed the Giants but five scattered hits.

The third game was a nip and tuck battle, the Giants winning 5 to 3. The Giants were kept on the anxious seat throughout. Next came the Boston Braves, and although Buck Herzog was in the lineup, the Giants walked away with this one, the score being 5 to 0. Larry Doyle came across with a home run, and Benny Kauff slugged out a double.

The New York Yankees started the season with a win at Washington, grabbing the first game 6 to 3. Walter Johnson helmed for the Red Sox. Over 15,000 fans attended the battle. In the second game, the Senators threw the tables on the Yankees, downing them 7 to 6, after a see-saw battle. In the eighth inning, Dumont slugged out a double, which brought in two men.

The next day the Yanks humbled the great Walter Johnson again, but it required 12 innings to gain the victory. When the Yanks started off in Boston, poor base running lost the first battle for them to the Red Sox.

Phillies Make a Good Start Although the Phillies had not been counted upon as a factor in the National League race, they got away to a good start. They beat the Braves in two out of the three games played and then downed the Dodgers, Rube Marquard proving easy picking for them. The Chicago Cubs are playing a strong game and captured the first two out of three games.

Rala prevented the Champion White Sox from playing most of their early games, but they finally got going. They lost their opening game at Chicago to the Browns by a count of 6 to 1, but captured the second 5 to 0.

The Cleveland Indians and the St. Louis Browns are playing a strong game and should be heard from this season. Connie Mack's Athletics and the Brooklyn Dodgers are raring true to form, bringing up the rear in the two leagues.

MANAGERS' QUINTET MUST MEET TEST

Huggins, With Yankees, Is Facing Difficult Task Among Newcomers

Five major league managers must meet the big test this season. They are Miller Huggins, transferred from the St. Louis Cardinals to the New York Yankees; Christy Mathewson, manager of the Reds for the third year; Ed Barrow, former president of the International League, now leader of the Boston Red Sox; Jack Hendricks, former Indianapolis leader, now manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, and Hugo Bezdek, with the Pirates.

Huggins, for years a successful leader of the Cardinals, made his debut in the American League the other day. He faces the most difficult job of any of the newcomers, with the possible exception of Bezdek of Pittsburgh, who is tackling the problem of rehabilitating the Pirates, disorganized for several years past. Huggins feels confident that he will be able to fill the bill with the Yankees. His team got a bad start in the early games, but he is not discouraged, according to reports from New York.

What Will Bezdek Do? So little is known of Bezdek in baseball circles that it is difficult to gauge his abilities as a leader of ball players. He has the reputation of being a man and this may help him to get good results. Ed Barrow faces a much easier job, as he has a strong team to start out with. Frazee and Barry built up the team, and Barrow will only have to keep it well oiled and going.

Jack Hendricks, 12 years manager of the Denver and Indianapolis clubs, always kept his teams in the pennant chase, and he has fairly good material to start off with in the Mound City. Jack is agreeable, but a disciplinarian. He studies the game and his men keenly, and he usually gets everything possible out of his players.

This will mark Matty's third campaign at Cincinnati and fans generally are wondering whether he will be able to make good this year in that graveyard city for managers. Redland fans are with Matty to a man and that is a big factor in his favor.

YANK-CANADIAN GAME IN LONDON ON MAY 18th

Special Correspondence of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, April 25.—The date of the American-Canadian baseball game for the benefit of the British Red Cross has been postponed one week to May 18.

The game will open the season for the London Baseball League, which will be a different league from most that we know. There will be no scheduled games, for the war is no friend to military sport schedules. Whenever possible, there will be Saturday afternoon games, and some sort of a resplendent trophy is to be presented to the victorious team whenever the season is deemed to be at an end.

The givers of the trophy will be certain magnificent Americans in London. Besides the American Army and the Canadian Pay Record Office, there will be one from the United States Navy headquarters and a civilian.

There are many forms and gracious. They are and simple, thick and spacious. Which, in hitting down the road of Time.

Have met my weary sight; There are forms whose classic curving Makes a spectacle deserving Of a better lilted lay than I'm About to write.

When we soldiered on the Rio, (Where the weather's never frigid), There were forms which offered pleasure to a geometric eye:

On a farm in South Dakota Many a day I stopped and wrote a Chansonnette in waltzing measure to A form which fitted by.

Just one summer in the Rockies Ere we donned O.D. and khakis, Proved that western forms are also gay.

If viewed beneath the moon; While in Gotham, Chi or Philly There are forms which knock you silly, If you lamp 'em coming down the way On Sunday afternoon.

But I've met the Queen of Beauties In my military duties; Just a little printed form, but, oh, To me it's superlative; It's the form I'd look all day on, For, you see, I draw my pay on Quartermaster form Three Hundred Sixty-Nine.

Their latest pet peeve at home is the "sunless hold-up," a gentleman or lady who enters a store, points his or her finger from beneath his or her coat, in a loud or clear voice, demanding all of the mazzama that may be lying conveniently adjacent to the man behind the bar—or counter.

Tiens, but we'd hate to be held up by a lady finger!

Sportively speaking, the Huns aren't good sports at all. They try to spike the opposing runners, their pitchers are trained only in the use of the bean ball, and they even admit that the umpire is on their side.

Since Charlie Chaplin, too, has "lined up," the picture we'd like to see him in is the one when, after six months in the trenches, he is yearning for a couple of those custard pies with which he used to crown his fellow actors.

WHO'LL ACCOMMODATE TEDDY? Teddy Fabryk wants a bout. Teddy is little, but Teddy has boxed quite a bit in Bridgeport, South Norwalk, and way stations of the Danbury division of the New Haven road, having taken to the game in early childhood and quitting it only for the just an entertaining game of war.

Teddy is willing to take on anybody between 125 and 140 pounds, anywhere in the vicinity of C Company, Machine Gun Battalion. Yes, Teddy is a machine gunner, and his ribs poke out the rapidly of the Hotchkiss gun's justly famed product.

Teddy may be arranged with through his second and campaign manager and press agent, Pvt. Billy D. Funn, mail orderly to the Machine Gun Battalion, care of THE STARS AND STRIPES. And, since Teddy's sparring partner has been sent back to the States to tell the folks how we do it over here, he's awfully lonesome for somebody to pick on. So please oblige with a takeup of his offer.

"BATTERRRRIIEES!" Duck, you frazzle, glass-armed, puny-pinned, slack-serving pitchers—duck! The Heavy Artillery is going in for baseball.

Yes-sir! Battery G, of the Heavy Artillery, has a baseball team. Having no quarrel with the American F.F., it doesn't issue a challenge; it merely says that its team "will be pleased to receive a challenge for one or more games of baseball from any team in the American Expeditionary Forces."

So add to catcher's and ump's equipment one steel helmet, put a dugout right under the pitcher's mound, and let the contestants step right along up. Address all communications on the subject—at safe long range—to J. Elvin, Y.M.C.A., A.P.O. 768, American F.F., France.

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS Tommy Gibbons gave Silent Martin a frightful beating at Baltimore. Jack Kearns, manager of Jack Dempsey, the new heavyweight boxer, set himself in a row with the American F.F. for his man. The Wisconsin boxing commission refused to permit Dempsey to meet the same old, but he is not discouraged, as he would have been no match for Dempsey. Denver promoters also cancelled a bout between Dempsey and Frank Miller.

Jimmy Regan and Al Baldwin fought a ten round draw at Hot Springs. Frankie Callahan won over Young Joe Borroll in a six round go at Philadelphia. Shamus O'Brien was victor over Joe Mooney at Stamford, Conn., in a 12 round go.

Baltimore authorities will not permit the Willard-Fulton bout to be held there on July 4. Jack McCarron won from Soldier Barnald at Philadelphia in six rounds.

TRAINERS FOR FLYERS URGES WALTER CAMP

Expert Would Have Aviators Put Through Real Football Test

SUMMER AUTO RACE PLANS Three Big Meets Are Already Scheduled—Joye Ray to Seek Mile Record

Walter Camp, former Yale football star, who has done so much for athletics in the United States as any one, urges that aviators be placed in the hands of competent trainers. He gives his reason for this method of preparing them for their strenuous existence. He says it would keep the men in the best physical condition as the trainers could regulate their diet, watch their hours of sleep and also arrange for the necessary exercise. These athletic directors could report to the commandant any one who is not in fit shape for a flight. By living the same life in barracks with the cadets the trainers could find out their nervous tendencies and their physical condition and keep a regular report on file at all times. The Aero Club of America has sanctioned Mr. Camp's recommendations and will try to raise sufficient funds to employ a number of physical directors to try out the new scheme.

Auto Racing Plans Devotees of automobile racing back home are not to be denied their favorite form of amusement this summer. Plans have been completed by the management of the Sheepshead Park Speedway in New York to hold three big races during the season, the initial affair being slated for Memorial Day. The Harkness Cup event, which drew over 75,000 persons last September, will again be the closing race of the year. The distance for this event is to be around Cooper Park to hold three big races during the season, the initial affair being slated for Memorial Day. The Harkness Cup event, which drew over 75,000 persons last September, will again be the closing race of the year. The distance for this event is to be around Cooper Park to hold three big races during the season, the initial affair being slated for Memorial Day. The Harkness Cup event, which drew over 75,000 persons last September, will again be the closing race of the year. 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WELL, HOW DO YOU SALUTE?

-By WALLGREN



TEA MAKES HIT WITH OLD COCKTAIL FANS

Many Who Came to Scoff at English Custom Now Remain to Imbibe

TO BE DRUNK LEISURELY But It Really Does Improve Your Appetite, If You Go Easy on Buns

We weren't much on tea over in the States. For one thing, it took too much time out of a busy afternoon—robbed us of the chance to make an extra sale or something of the sort.

But—and this is sad and shocking and terrible news to lots of people—some of us usually did go out in the afternoon and drink cocktails. Often we drank not one, but several. It took a lot more time to drink cocktails than tea, because we used to drink them by rounds, and hang around until everybody in the charmed circle had bought, so as to be sure, with Yankee thoroughness, that we got our money's worth.

With tea, it's different. When you've had one cup, you're through, and you can go back to work and make that extra sale or add up the last column. But, because cocktails went down quickly and seemed to quicken us for the time being, we stuck to them instead of resorting to tea—with the result that when we did go back to the office (which we seldom did), we didn't care whether we made that last sale or not and so, for adding up that last column, it was out of the question.

Learning Tea's Real Charms Now, however, that some of us have been sojourning in England for more or less time, we are beginning to see the real value of tea, and to appreciate its charm and potency and value. In the first place, we can't get cocktails either in England or France. In the second place, cocktails, at our present rate of recompense, are pretty expensive. In the third place, we, being Americans, are willing to try anything once, and so, being in the land of tea, have decided to do as the tea-toppers do.

In some parts of the States, the afternoon cocktail hour used to be invested with a certain ceremony; the oldest man present used to have the privilege of offering the first toast, and of buying the last round. In the main, though (no, no, not in Maine!) what little ceremony there was to cocktail drinking consisted of one gaffer after another; that was all. Over here, however, we find that tea has got to be taken seriously, and to derive full benefit from it. Tea must be approached as reverently as the pious literary pilgrim approaches Westminster Abbey.

Tea requires leisure. Like Boston, it requires a certain mental focusing before one really enjoys it. It requires calm, reposeful bearing. Though its consumption brings steady nerves, one must have fairly steady nerves to begin with, to handle all the paraphernalia that go with it. One must sit down to it, as one doesn't have to with cocktails. In short, while one is at it, one must make a business of it. The man who makes a business of cocktail drinking, on the other hand, usually finds out sooner or later that it is the only business he has left.

Actually Improves Appetite If we don't eat too many cakes and buns and tarts and slabs of toast and cookies and so forth along with our tea—as, in war time, we don't have very much chance to—then, instead of spoiling our appetite for the great Anglo-American dinner, it actually improves it. Good tea, hot tea, well made, sends a genial, peace-with-victory glow over our digestive organs, far different from the ferried "kick" and bite of the cocktail of former days. It may not give us as sharp an appetite as did the Bronxes and Stingers and Martinis and Manhattan and Bloodhounds, but it does give us a more rational, a more normal appetite. It is, in fact, just what the post said it was: "The cup that cheers, but not inebriates."

HE WASN'T MADE ORDERLY Officer of the day (inspecting the new guard): What is the eleven-th general order? Private Goop: Er—er—to be especially wakeful at night, to search all armed parties, and—to salute all officers not cased!

PAPER--PLENTY OF IT--ARRIVES FOR Y. M. HUTS

It looks very much as though the "no paper" excuse for not writing home was about played out. In fact, as though anybody within hobbling distance of a Y.M.C.A. but or tent ought to be able to connect with all the writing paper he needs, unless he is embarked on the job of concocting a real old mid-Victorian tripe-voiced novel. There is coming into France right now, for use in Y.M. huts exclusively, 25,000,000 double fold-over sheets of writing paper, with 20,000,000 envelopes to match. That isn't all. An order has already been placed for 185 tons of writing paper, to be delivered to the same use—and there are 250,000 of those double fold-over sheets to the ton, by the way. (Business of doing some rapid multiplication on a field clerk's white cuff.) That makes 46,250,000 sheets of letter paper, doesn't it? Yes; and there'll be 50,000,000 envelopes in the lot as well. The demand for writing paper among the pen-pushers of the A. E. F.—and that means everybody—is estimated at from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 sheets a month. It has been found that divisions up in the trenches use up considerably more paper than do those in training back of the front. Whether this is because there isn't much of anything else to do up front—that's a mean slam on the Buche—or whether it's because the people at home seem nearer up there hasn't yet been determined; but that's the fact in the case.

Since Jess Willard and Fred Fulton have been matched for their title tilt for July 4 there are many tales of the poor chap on the champion is in and the weight he is forced to carry around at present. According to these tales, the big Kansan weighs anywhere from 325 to 400 pounds. But John Ganzel, former New York Yankee, now manager of the Kansas City Blues, says that he was on a hunting trip with Big Jess last winter and that he didn't weigh an ounce more than 275 pounds at that time. This is only 15 pounds more than he weighed when he whipped Frank Moran. Moreover, Ganzel says the champion is in and is taking good care of himself. He adds that Jess has a real manager in his wife, who has no idea of letting the champion title slip out of the family and will see to it that Jess is in shape for the scrap.

Ganzel wins up his statement by saying: "Don't believe the stories of Willard's lack of condition. They are all bosh."

They send us pocket Bibles. To make us lads behave. They send us bright trench mirrors, To help us when we shave; Powders for our face and feet, Cold creams and amporh ice, But never any poison. For the hungry Army lice.

They send us Wrigley's Double-mint. It's really very nice. They send us little sewing kits, Cold creams and amporh ice, Wrist watches and bright wristlets, And ukas on which to strum, But never any poison. For the hungry Army crumb.

Oh, yes, dear friends, we've got them. And we've got them mighty bad. The pesky things keep biting, Till they almost drive us mad; They're after us continually, Morning, noon and night, And every time they grab a chunk, We know old "Sharm" was right. CONR. JENNY JENOME - Headquarters Co.

CAPPING THE CLIMAX The mmmmmmm—whaddayacallit? Oh, yes, overseas cap has been discovered again. This time it is the "9 Times," the publication of Base Hospital No. —, that takes the role of Columbus. Right in the middle of its first page, under the same kind of headline (yes, it reads "EXTRA") that they used to use when presidents made messages to Congress—looking as though the article had been slammed in at the last minute (just like the thing it describes)—Sister "9" has this to say: "As we gallop to press, somewhere downtown, we are informed over the phone by an excited war correspondent that overseas hats are being issued at the hospital and that strong men are weeping at the sight. Although the enemy was superior in numbers, according to our informant, large reinforcements of nurses, armed with safety pins and needles and thread, were speedily hurrying up from the rear. When pressed for a description of the new cap, our correspondent was mute, confining himself to noises indicating apparent disapproval. His comment on the appearance of Private Sinuk and Corporal Ludlow can not be printed.

"From a high authority we learn that the hats were designed by a close relative of the French chef, the latter sitting as model. The designer, we understand, lost his eyesight several years ago in an unfortunate accident."

ENGINEERS TURN MINSTRELS Syncopated Soldiers Tour the Neighboring Camps At one of the Y.M.C.A. headquarters in the S.O.S., a bunch of engineers, bored by the lack of girls and gunfire, recently put on a minstrel show to while away a weary evening and made such a hit with the 1,500 soldiers who saw it that they had to repeat it at a nearby aviation school and are now threatened with being turned into a traveling company booked for all the camps in the vicinity.

Monologues, ragtime songs, whistling solos, jazz band music of the most violent sort and chorus numbers by a chorus of 27 leather lunged artists made up a show that was put on with the minimum of preparation. No time was wasted on scenery and only two of the entertainers took the trouble to put on camouffage.

Nights in dugouts all remind us War can have its uses, too, For we cannot leave behind us Gasbills that are overdue.

WILLARD TOO FAT? BOSH, SAYS GANZEL

Champ's Wife Highly Anxious to Keep Title in Family

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FLYING BLUEJACKETS TROUCE ENGINEERS

Naval Air Station Players Pound Out 11 to 3 Victory

The Flying Bluejackets, the mitt-and-stick-wielders of a certain U.S. Naval Air Station in the champagne part of France, took into camp not long ago the team representing the — Engineers, A.E.F., by a score of 11 to 3. Schofield, the winners' short, and Paymaster Bequette, their backstop, divided the swat honors with Gilch, the engineers' shortstop; Mitchell, their catcher; Ferguson, their first baseman, Kahurski, one of their pitchers, and McGuider, their second bag coverer—the septette thus honorably mentioned annexing two hits apiece. Lieut. Corry of the winners had seven strikeouts to his credit.

—ENGINEERS.		FLYING BLUEJACKETS.	
	RH		RH
Bullcock, ss	0	Schofield, ss	2
Gilch, 2b	0	Paymer, 2b	1
McGuider, 2b	0	Stone, 2b	0
Bout, 1b	0	Mireau, 1b	2
Mitchell, c	2	White, rf	1
Brown, 3b	0	Wright, lf	1
Hall, rf	0	Williamson, lb	0
Ferguson, lb	0	Long, rf	0
Kahurski, p	1	Tay, Requisite, c	1
McRee, p	0	Lieut. Corry, p	1
Total	3 11	Total	11 11

Strike outs, Lieut. Corry, 7; Kahurski, McGuider 5. Summary: Flying Bluejackets..... 11 11 5; Engineers..... 3 11 5.

Our idea of the outest of out of luck is to take part in a trench raid, go through the Hun barrage, unscathed, grab a couple of prisoners, come back through the Hun barrage unscathed and then stumble and break a wrist entering the home dugout.

Germany, the Kaiser still insists, will fight to the last man. Here's betting ten to one that it'll be the Crown Prince.

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1	1.40	4.50	11	56	115
2	1.60	5.00	12	62	125
3	1.80	5.50	13	68	135
4	2.00	6.00	14	74	145
5	2.20	6.50	15	80	155
6	2.40	7.00	16	86	165
7	2.60	7.50	17	92	175
8	2.80	8.00	18	98	185
9	3.00	8.50	19	104	195

Buy now until you have asked for sample which costs 30 centimes in postage stamps.

TRANSPORT CHOW

The boy sat on the greasy deck A-eatin' of his chow; They'd run him off the forward hatch, And chased him out the bow.

He heard a voice ring through the air In accents loud and bold: "You like across the after hatch And scramble down the hold."

The boy stood on the dirty deck And swore if he had sense, He'd never cross the pond again At Uncle Sam's expense. S. D. BOYER, CO. E., - INF.

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LYONS GRAND NOUVEL HOTEL, 11 Rue Grégoire. Favorite Stopping Place of American Officers. Rooms from 6 to 30 francs.

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FARMER SERGEANT TILLS LONDON SOIL

Spare Moments Devoted to Allotment Garden by Yankee Cincinnati

REST CAMPS IN COUNTRY

Tommiannas Register a Decided Hit Among A.E.F. Stoppers-Over in Britain

BY GEORGE T. BYE London Staff Correspondent OF THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, April 25.—There are still a few stout-hearted people in these parts who can remember what London was like in the days before the war. I was talking with one of them Sunday, and he didn't have such a long beard either.

We were in Kensington Palace Gardens, leaning on the fence that goes around the palace—the palace where a little girl named Victoria was born and brought up, and where a lot of high hats went one morning to give her the unexpected news that she was queen of the British.

To our left extended the greater part of Kensington Palace Gardens, which merges with Hyde Park. Only a short distance away we could see the famous Round Pond, rendezvous of all the boy yachtmen and boat builders of London where the British admirals for centuries have learned their first lessons of the sea.

Sergeant at Work, Too But it was the scene straight ahead that interested us most. I was trying to keep my eye on the flexing figure of an A.E.F. sergeant, but he wouldn't stay put. There was a multitude bending and raising all about him, some in khaki brown, some in white, and a great many surmounted by the nervous plumes and pom-poms of huly millinery. The sergeant was comparatively near, yet when he stooped I would lose sight of him and would have to hunt hard before I spotted him again. A little farther down was a Yankee doughboy, but he was hopelessly hid in the billowing crowd from me.

This was an assemblage of allotment holders. A choice part of Kensington Palace Gardens has been given over to the raising of cabbages, spuds and other munitions of war. Each interested family was loaned, free of any cost, a plot equal to about 300 square feet. The two Yankees happened to be rooming with families whose Tommies were over in France and

Let's hear what Whiskers has got to say first. You fellows can talk with a Yankee any minute in the day. "The war has driven us to this," he said with a smile, waving a hand over the uneasy scene. "Thanks be to the war. It has given us busy, useful Sundays. In the days of peace how we used to dread Sunday. A month with five Sundays made us fidget a year before it was upon us."

The Newer Promenade "We loved outings as much as anybody, but the Sunday outing was a pompous promenade, a sort of compulsory institution. All of us disliked to start anything new, so we all promenaded gloomily. Now the war has given us allotments with a universal fashion that's a lot of fun. It's the best thing that's happened since the war. We've got to go to the allotment and see how gayly we all go in for it. Everybody is as happy as a cricket."

They were that—and after nearly four years of war. These allotments are all over Great Britain. Every section of London has them, and all villages and towns and cities. Vegetable patches extend along railway right-of-ways. They have taken all the vacancy out of empty lots. Hotels have their own garden plots. Consequently, England has an abundant supply of vegetables each year and that's one of two reasons why she faces the submarine menace so complacently. The other reason is her unshakable faith in her navy.

When I went back to talk with the two Yankees they were gone. They had promised Captain W— to be at Chelsea Recreation Grounds at 4 o'clock, and a fellow has to keep a promise made to a captain, especially when he is captain of a ball team. They're practicing for that game with the Canucks on May 11.

They told me in the early part of the afternoon that they were digging for a family with whom they roomed. Two Tommies of the family were in France and were not due for leave for some time.

Back in Cincinnati "We offered our services," said the sergeant, "and were glad to do it. It makes us think of home, some how. I always used to putter around in a garden in spring back in Cincinnati and— Cincinnati! When I first saw the two birds I thought immediately of that old Roman guy, Cincinnati, who flung down his plow to take up a spear and fight for his home and his old country. These two Yankees had sheathed their war pens and closed up their military ink pots to help out on a war garden. Two Cincinnatiuses, or to talk correct Roman, two Cincinnati. And one of 'em was from Cincinnati. May be the other was! I was afraid to ask. He might have been from Milwaukee."

Sunday afternoon is about the only time off at our busy A. E. F. offices here. If two men will break away from baseball practice on their one short loafing period of the week, it shows how infectious is the attraction of allotment gardening.

Down in the lovely country where the English girls till the soil, milk the cows and delonely the bees, are some Yankee rest camps. They wear a very fetching costume, these "Tommiannas"—white jacket and tight puttees and a wide-brimmed Maud Miller hat and some very starchy white jeans. Very restful to the eye for these tired young travelers in the rest camps, wouldn't you think? I shouldn't be surprised to hear that some of them get so rested that they ask to be allowed to help out a bit.

All of which, in a land of romance and poetry, might excuse the following: Jill Muller, on a springtime morn, Was plowing in a field of corn. A Yank, sans rank of beaucoup swank, Observed Jill from a primrose bank.

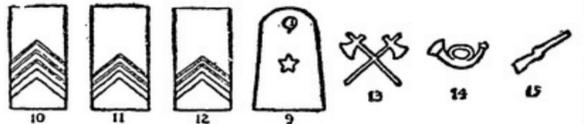
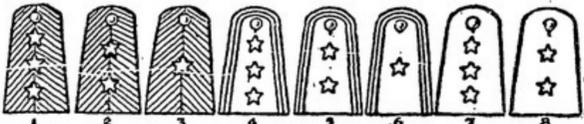
"Fair plow-girl Waac, permit a Jack, Who used to have a farming knack. To 'ill thy rill, O, jaunty Jill!" But Ta! Ta! went the bugle shrill.

NOT ON THE BOOKS

Lieutenant: Don't you know there's an order out prohibiting enlisted men from yearning leather puttees? Private Gethell: Yessir, but mine are only private miché.

INSIGNIA OF OUR ALLIES

IV.—THE ITALIAN ARMY



Italian Army insignia are probably the easiest to read of any worn on an Allied uniform. It's just our luck, of course, that most of us have seen very few Italian officers to practise salutes on, but it is pleasant to know that when we do meet them, all we've got to remember is this:

- Every Italian officer wears a star or stars on his shoulder straps. Every non-com wears chevrons. Here is the key to the diagram: Officer's Shoulder Straps. 1. General. 2. Lieutenant-General. 3. Major-General. 4. Colonel. 5. Lieutenant-Colonel. 6. Major. 7. Captain. 8. Lieutenant. 9. Under Lieutenant. 10. Staff Sergeant. 11. Sergeant. 12. Corporal. 13. Pioneer. 14. Trumpeter. 15. Sharpshooter.

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION

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B. M. T.—No, her mind isn't wandering if she repeats herself in her letters. It's just a way some women have of being emphatic. Besides, it all depends on the stuff she repeats. If it's "when are you coming home?" why, you're all right!

A. O. B.—Sure, write and tell her about those new chevrons you got. Don't ever let modesty stand in your way when you're trying to make a hit with her. The only thing to be careful about is not to get busted, so that the gang will have you the last when her letters come in addressed to you as "Corporal."

X. W. Q.—You say she's read about all those lads getting the Croix de Guerre and written to ask you why in hell you didn't get one too? Why—um! Just write her and say that you objected to being kissed by anybody but her, so that you passed up the one they offered you because you couldn't get it without being kissed by the French general at the same time. That ought to make you solid—at least until you have time to think up another one.

E. S.—Always ask to be remembered to her mother—whether you've ever met the old lady or not. It makes an awful hit. The time may come when you'll want to have her mother taking sides with you. Take a leaf out of the diplomatic guy's notebook, and never make an enemy until you absolutely have to.

Y. U.—Yes, it is certainly very unfair of her to write to you in French, because she has all the time in the world to study up on it and you haven't any time at all. She may think it's smart—and it probably is—but you ought to call her down, good and proper. Her term: be very firm.

I. D.—Don't try to write poetry to her. That's the surest way to spoil her, and you'll be out of luck if she asks you to repeat. If you've got any poetry in your system, send it to in to THE STARS AND STRIPES. (Advt.)

Mlle. Soixante-quinze Oh, mistress fit for a soldier's love Is the graceful 75; As neat and slim, and as strong and trim As ever a girl alive.

Where the steel-blue sheen of her mail is seen, And the light of her flashing glance, In the broken spray of the roaring fray Is the soul of embattled France.

Her love is true as the heaven's blue— She will fight for her love till death; Her hate is a flame no fear can tame, That slays with the lightning's breath.

For the sun of day turns fogged and gray, And night is a reeling hell When she swings the hail of the shrapnel's hail, Or looses the bursting shell.

From high Lorraine to the Somme and the Aisne, She has held at bay the Hun, That with broken strength he may pay, at length, For the sins that his race has done;

For Alsace, torn from the mother land, Ravished and mocked and chained; For Belgium, nailed to the martyr's cross, For holding her faith unstained.

Thou Maid, who can't, like a beacon flame, In thy people's darkest hour, Who bade them thrill with patriot will By the spell of thy mystic power.

As thou gav'st them heart to speed the dart From arquebus and bow, Give us to drive, with the 75, Our bolts on a baser foe.

That we who have come from Freedom's home Across the western wave, Such blows shall give that France may live As once for us she gave.

May our good guns play with a stinging spray On the Prussian ranks of war, And smite them yet as did Lafayette The hireling Huns of yore!

May we aim again at a tyrant's men As straight and swift a blow As at Yorktown came, with smoke and flame, From the guns of Rochambeau!

Oh, a mistress fit for our soldier love Is the soixante-quinze, our boast, Our hope and pride, like a new-won bride, But the dread of the Kaiser's host!

From the Golden Gate to the Old Bay State Our marching millions flow, Put the Girl of Gaul shall lead us all When victory's bugles blow!

J. M. H., F.A. L. Grés, Imprimeur-Gérant, 36, Rue du Sentier, Paris, Printing Office of the Continental "DAILY MAIL," LTD.

DARNED GOOD STAGE, EVERYBODY SAYS SO

One-Base Hospital Produces Two AI Artists for Its Theater

The curtain, deep purple and yellow, rises. What curtain? It was to be assumed that somebody would ask a question like that.

The curtain of the stage at the Y.M. hut at a certain A.E.F. base hospital, as the story started to say, rises on a scene of variegated and gay color. The curtain was painted by the deft hand of Private I. Van Driest, — Engineer, and the scene is the work of Private D. Morino, — Engineer, assisted by Private Van Driest. The stage adorned by their art is probably the largest and best equipped semi-pro stage in France.

Any time the boys want to put on "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—and stranger things have occurred in this rapidly growing famous army—there will be room for a complete company, including two Little Evans, two Uncle Toms (or should one say Uncle Toms?), two Elizas, two Toppies, and four blood-hounds—in France it would have to be an iceless river that Eliza would cross—any time they want to put on as big and pretentious a show as that, there will be plenty of room on that stage.

Strong on Mural Decoration As to mural decorations, these two disciples of the Dutch and Italian schools, respectively, are not idle, either. They are putting in their spare time on silhouetting, and nothing better than the recent silhouettes of artillery in action, with the shells spilling all over the place, has been seen in these parts.

Secretary Coleman, who runs the hut, gives the boys the paint and the canvas or paper and tells them to hop to it. It is not quite the same thing as a managing editor giving you a dictionary and a typewriter and telling you to write a poem. That is evidenced by the fact that the boys turn out the silhouettes and the pictures. As competent an art critic as Capt. Ernest C. Peixotto, E.R.C., who recently surveyed the stage, and as well equipped a judge as Miss Elsie Janis, of Columbus, Ohio, New York, N. Y., and France, Eur., who danced, sang, acted, mimicked, and gen-

orally jandised all over it, said that, to sum up the qualities of it in an apt phrase, it was a darned good stage.

WILHELM DORTOBEN

A man looking worn and weary and decorated with the Iron Cross rapped on the golden gate. The gate was promptly opened by St. Peter.

"Well," said St. Peter, "what can do for you?" "I want to see Gott," said the stranger.

"Who are you?" St. Peter asked. "I am Gott's partner." "St. Peter was gone several minutes, then he returned.

"Gott says he don't know you." "Tell him I'm Kaiser Wilhelm." Again St. Peter departed. "This time he returned in a very short while.

"Step right in," said St. Peter. "There's a lot of people waiting to see you." Presently the gate opened again and Wilhelm bounced out on his ear.

He got up and limped off down the dark road mumbling to himself. "Blamed if Gott ain't got a lot of nerve! Dem Western Yanks never was good for anything but M.P.s anyway!"

Private Ivorydome (who is just being initiated into the mysteries of poker): I can't win anything in this jackpot game. I've held three tens twice tonight and nobody'd open.

HOTEL BARKEEPS TAKE LIFE EASY

Campaign to Limit Drinks to Beer and Wines Gets Good Start

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 25.—"Bronx, Jerry!" "Sorry, sir, but we ain't allowed to sell no Bronxes."

"Awri, gimme Martini." "Sorry, sir, but we ain't sellin' no Martinis neither."

"Wassama'er? Your mixin' arm gone lame, or is you out of bitters? Gimme a straight shot o' the hard then!" "Sorry, but we ain't got no hard a-tall. Only thing we can give you is beer, and beer, and ale, and beer, and p'haps some of that confounded light wine from Cal.

Try a snifter of the Sacramento sherry; they're all comin' to it!" "Well, for the love Mike; Awri; I'll try anything once!"

Scenes like this will be enacted in almost every well conducted hostelry the country over as soon as the propaganda among the members of the American Hotel Men's association, advocating the limiting of liquor sales to light wines and beers, gets well under way. It's got quite a start now, and is going even stronger than the thing it is designed to cut out.

The general understanding is that this will mean in the long run the closing of hotel bars. The only hope for the arid is that the great American indoor game of hide-and-seek-in-the-teacup will not be abandoned.

MISSING LETTER CONTEST

Lieutenant P— arrived in France early in August. He immediately began writing letters to his wife back in Kentucky. He numbered each letter. He wrote a letter every other day for a month, then he began looking forward to an answer. But none came. He wrote more letters.

A few days ago Lieutenant P— received a letter from his wife. It started out like this: "Dear darling Rubby: Received your gist letter and, dear, I was so glad to hear from you 'way over there. But, dear, where are the other letters?"

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375,000,000 LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes a month! If you want to picture that, it means 15,000 miles of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes—from New York to China, the long way around.

Such a remarkable success in one year proves that smokers wanted the real Burley cigarette; that they wanted LUCKY STRIKE. And they like it because "it's toasted."

If you've never tried the LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette you will have a real pleasure—the toasted flavor. Think of a slice of hot buttered toast—delicious! Toasting has made LUCKY STRIKE famous.

There has never been a success like LUCKY STRIKE in the history of cigarette making.



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