

CROIX DE GUERRE FOR 117 MEN OF 104TH INFANTRY

Regimental Colors Also Decorated After Impressive Ceremonies

CORPORAL DIED GALLANTLY

Passed Grenades to Comrade, Saying, "Hurl These at the Enemy"

CHAPLAINS GIVEN CROSSES

Lieutenant Who "Fell Gloriously at the Head of His Men" Honored in Citation

ON THE FIELD OF HONOR

HENRY F. CARON, Corporal.—Courage and devotion in the combat of the 10th of April. At the end, mortally wounded, he passed the remainder of his grenades to a comrade, saying: "I cannot use these; you hurl them at the enemy."

HENRY R. KNIGHT, Lieutenant.—Remarkable coolness, judgment and valor in the combat of the section through a barrage to reinforce our first lines during the attack of April 12. He fell gloriously at the head of his men he was leading to the counter-attack.

On a high plateau within a few kilometers of the German lines, with the sun just smiling through the mist, like a mother through her proud tears, a French Army Corps commander decorated 117 members of the 104th Infantry, Massachusetts, with the Croix de Guerre on Sunday afternoon, April 28. The regimental colors of the 104th also were decorated.

The 104th Infantry is the first American regiment in any war to be so honored. The award was made for the gallant and brave conduct of the section through a barrage to reinforce our first lines during the attack of April 12. He fell gloriously at the head of his men he was leading to the counter-attack.

Regiment Passes in Review — Except for the sound of the German guns reverberating through the lowlands, the plateau where the decorations were made might almost have been Boston Common. The men were the same kind of men who, one April day one hundred and forty-three years ago, at Lexington and Concord, fought for the same ideals of world honor and democracy.

As the regiment arrived at the reviewing ground, it was formed in line and prepared to pass in review. At the reviewing stand were the regimental colors and the soldiers who had been decorated. These faced the regiment, and stood about six paces in the rear of the reviewing officers. Led by the regimental band, the entire regiment, in column of companies, passed in review. And as the regiment, sturdy and upstanding, marched by their commanding general and the French commander, it was an effort for the onlooker to restrain a cheer; it was impossible, by any effort to keep the lump out of the throat; and the eyes of many French and Americans watching the inspiring sight clouded up with pardonable tears.

NATIONAL CAPITAL OVERFLOWS BOUNDS

Maryland and Virginia Aid in Housing Horde of Workers

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—Since America entered the war, Washington has rapidly become not merely the nominal and political capital of the United States, but the business and financial capital as well, with the result that it is not big enough to hold its daily crowd. Already the city has overflowed the District of Columbia and is spreading into Maryland and Virginia.

NO JERSEY PEACHES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—A nipping Teutonic frost has killed New Jersey's peaches—but not the kind of peach that wears the striped hose on beaches. It's blighted all the tender shoots and doomed them all to failure, resisting nitrogen and such, and even sulphur spray-lure.

OVERALLS FOR NEWPORT

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—The greatest stronghold of loafing de fuzze fell with a crash when the name of Rhode Island was added this week to the list of States that have passed Bills to make idling in war time a misdemeanor. For Newport is in Rhode Island.

SUCCESS OF LOAN EASILY ASSURED; HOW MUCH OVER?

West Continues to Show East How to Boost Liberty Figures

NEW YORK FAR DOWN LIST

City Hasn't Done So Poorly, However, With \$539,000,000 Already Subscribed

STATES IN THRILLING RACE

Iowa, Arkansas, Kentucky, North Dakota, Montana and Minnesota Exceed Their Quotas

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—We have been so busy with the Liberty Loan the past week, from end to end of the country, that we have left the little news from the Western front, important as it was, wholly to our journalistic military experts.

These inspired strategists and seers, undismayed by four years of colossal misadventures in prophecy, filled the aching void voluminously, and have produced geographical and military wisdom exceeding in wonder even their past efforts.

In the meantime, the rest of us have worked on the naive idea that the best we could do was to boost the loan and let you do your job over there in your own way, while we satisfied our strategic craving by making tactical calls on the reserves in the American pants pockets.

West Wallops East

These American pants have done quite well, and the sex lacking that important garment have done equally well by exploring—by exploring, oh, whatever they keep money in.

The feature of the campaign is the hot contest between the different sections of the country, and the joyous way in which the West is putting it over the East. It took the East some time to realize it could be true, but it now realizes it and answers with a roar of mingled wrath and hurt pride.

The daily reports published throughout the country give the comparative standings of the rival sections, and the winners exult selfishly at the expense of the tailenders.

When the third week of the campaign closed, with seven days more to go, the Kansas City, St. Louis and Minneapolis central reserve districts had oversubscribed their quotas and Chicago had drawn ahead of San Francisco by a head in a neck and neck race for fourth honor place. Dallas, Boston, Philadelphia and Cleveland followed in the order named, and Poor Old New York remained to fight a grueling but vain attempt to get a grip on Cleveland's coat-tails.

Passionate New Yorkers were hoping vindictively that the Tenderloin City would prove to have a big surprise up

Continued on Page 3.

"SOLDIER'S MAIL" NOW OUT OF DATE

Upper Right-Hand Corner of Envelope to Be Left Blank

It is no longer necessary to write "Soldier's Letter," "Soldier's Mail," "Officer's Letter" or "Officer's Mail" in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope when you post a letter in the A.E.F. Those expressions are now obsolete and need not appear on the envelope at all.

"MOTHER'S LETTER" PLAN GIVES EVERY MAN IN A. E. F. SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY FOR OBSERVING MOTHER'S DAY



"MOTHER'S LETTER"

You know what Mother's letters mean to you. You know how much she puts into them, how much you can read between the lines of her longing for you, of her prayers for you, of her hopes for your safety and uprightness and well-being.

NO SICK IRISHMEN—CHAPLAIN'S ORDERS

Don't Catch Diseases You Could Just as Well Have Had at Home

If you're Irish, don't get sick. Because, if you do, you'll get well. And you'll get it from one of your own chaplains, too.

ARMY'S SMOKE FANS FALL DOWN ON PLUG

16,000,000 Boxes of Cigarettes a Month Used by A.E.F.

You smoke every month enough cigarettes to reach from where you are to where you come from, be it Salem, Mass., or Salem, Ore. You smoke, to give an average figure for the A.E.F., that may be exceeded some months and not quite reached in others, 16,000,000 boxes of the pills; you also find time in that period to dispose of 3,000,000 cigars, 500 tons of cookies and crackers, 433 tons of her chocolate, 850,000 cans of jam, jelly and confiture and 20,000,000 sticks of chewing gum.

SAILOR NINE DISBANDED

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—The Boston Naval Reserve nine, composed of many former big league baseball stars, has disbanded because the cruel Navy prefers cannon ball pitching for them. Included in the list of stars is Jack Barry, former Red Sox manager.

IT'S THE STEEL STETSON

They're calling them the "steel Stetsons" now. Since the Stetson itself has gone the way of all flesh, there is no danger of confusion, and the "tin hat," the "Carnegie derby," or "Charley-schwab bowler," as it has hitherto been variously known, has in consequence acquired a new name.

GENERAL McANDREW NEW CHIEF OF STAFF

Gen. Harbord Given Field Command in Accordance With A.E.F. Policy

Announcement was made Wednesday of this week of the appointment of Major-General James W. McAndrews as Chief of Staff of the American Expeditionary Forces, taking effect immediately.

LIGHT ON MAIL DELAY

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—The first gun has been fired in Congress in the inquiry into the mail delays.

COLLEGE BASEBALL

Harvard 8, Princeton 7. Annapolis 11, Johns Hopkins 0. West Virginia 2, West Point 1. Yale 4, Cornell 1. Lafayette 8, Lehigh 4. Wesleyan 9, Amherst 0.

Every Bit of Army and Government Postal Machinery Will Help to Speed Your May 12th Message Home If You Follow the Rules

MAGIC WORDS WILL INSURE IT RIGHT OF WAY Company Censors Will Work Overtime, Y.M.C.A. Will Provide Plenty of Paper, We Shall Remind You of Date, So Go to It

Sunday, May 12, is Mother's Day. Let the A.E.F. celebrate it by having every soldier, young and old, high and low, write home to his mother on that day. Over the cable will go the news that these letters are coming, the tidings will be spread in every home town newspaper in America, and the dawn of Mother's Day will bring to every mother of the A.E.F. the promise that, before the day is done, a letter for her will have started on its way from France.

Write "Mother's Letter" on the Envelope

Write home. Pack the page with love and good cheer. Fill it to the brim with reassurance, for you know how mothers worry. Then—and this is very important—up in the right hand corner of the envelope, where, according to an order no longer in force, you have been accustomed to writing "Soldier's Mail," write instead "MOTHER'S LETTER."

Speed Assured on This Side, Too

John Clark, as head of the postal system of the A.E.F., has promised that every facility will be strained on this side of the ocean to hurry the Mothers' Letters on their way, from the moment they are dropped, bag after bag of them, in an Army post office till the moment the sorted mail is stowed away in some home-bound ship.

May 12—Don't Forget the Date

Remember the date—May 12. Make a memorandum of it on whatever you write memoranda on, now that your cuffs are no good for the purpose. We will remind you of the date next week. We hope—and hereby ask—that every chaplain will speak of it on the two Sundays, May 5 and May 12, that every bulletin board in the A.E.F. will, from some hand, acquire a reminder, that a final word on the subject will be said at every reveille on the morning of Mother's Day.

"FIRST SHOT" GUN TO BE SENT HOME

Veteran 75 Will Probably Be Set Up at West Point

The 75 millimeter gun that fired the first American shot of the war on October 23 probably will be sent to the States and set up as a trophy at West Point. This famous piece of armament has been withdrawn from the front and taken to a repair shop, having done worthy service.

FUNNY SECTIONS FORCED TO QUIT

Hooligan and Lady Bountiful Unite in Paper-Saving Campaign

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—The War Industries Board has become a sort of Foxy Grandpa. Nay, it has become, in the eyes of the artists whose work appears in Sunday supplements, a sort of gigantic Mommer Katzenjammer, with the artists themselves across her knees in the suppliant roles of Hans and Fritz. For the War Industries Board has decided that, in order to keep conserving the white paper supply of the country, the comic supplements of our palladiums of liberty had better go by the board.

WOULD SLASH RED TAPE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—Washington prophets tell us that all signs point to an early passage of the Overman Bill, which, when it becomes a law, will empower the President to cut through red tape as never red tape was slashed in Washington before.

Crepe-hanger!

With its provisions in force, he would be able to reorganize Government departments for greater war activity without ceremony and without delay.

CROIX DE GUERRE FOR 117 MEN OF 104th INFANTRY

Continued from Page 1. ciation and congratulation, every man in the regiment and every other man who witnessed it knew that the general was the spokesman of the whole United States, here and at home. The nation, great and grateful, was thanking, through the general, these men for their part in keeping it great.

Croix de Guerre on Colors. As the regimental band played the first few bars of "The Star Spangled Banner," and merged into "La Marseillaise," the French general, expressing his pride at deparading the colors of a regiment that had shown such bravery, walked to the regimental colors and tied to the top of the staff the red and green ribbon, the bronze Croix de Guerre hanging therefrom.

Chaplain's Devotion. FATHER JOHN B. DESVALLES, Chaplain. Extraordinary heroism and devotion to his duty. Under unintermitted fire of the enemy at the constant risk of his life, he never ceased from aiding the wounded and encouraging the men weakened by hard fighting.

George A. Roberts, Captain. He showed his high military qualities in the command of his battalion during violent and continuous bombardment, furnishing to all a fine example of courage and coolness.

William E. Rainey, 2nd Lieutenant. He showed the fine quality of calmness, courage and judgment in commanding Company G under fire the 12th and 13th of April. He was wounded while the French, he led his men in counter-attacks with great valor, and saved the enemy to retire into his own lines.

Joseph R. Blaine, Private. Exceptional courage and devotion. He refused to take shelter in a dugout during the bombardment, but remained at his post, exposed, and was wounded for the enemy's attack. Killed at his post.

William R. Davis, Private. Exceptional courage and devotion in combat. Seriously wounded the 12th of April, he remained at his post until he had been thrown and thrown grenades upon the enemy.

Joseph J. Gannon, Private. Exceptional courage and devotion in combat. April 12. Volunteered to accompany in the course of an attack, a comrade to an advanced post. He held off the enemy with an automatic rifle and prevented his advance up to the trench that his comrade was killed and he himself seriously wounded.

Richard A. Hoyt, Corporal. Exceptional courage in combat. April 12. Volunteered to accompany, in the course of an attack, a comrade to an advanced post from where he kept the enemy from advancing, with an automatic rifle, up to the time that he was killed at his post.

Edward H. Phillips, Lieutenant. Exceptional coolness, courage, and judgment in the execution of the attack of the 12th and 13th of April. He held intact the line of trench of his company, in spite of the repeated attacks of the enemy, penetrating the line to his left, menaced his flank and rear.

Stokes mortars on the 12th of April. Replied instantly to an order from the front for a barrage, and continued firing his two pieces for over ten minutes under the most violent bombardment until the barrage was ordered to cease. He was fearless of the danger which he knew that his position involved. He contributed largely by his fire towards breaking up the attack on the trench of the enemy.

John A. Dickerman, Sergeant. Earl F. Snow, Sergeant. Carl H. Alsen, Private. Joseph F. Campbell, Private. David A. Casagrande, Corporal. Roland E. Cole, Private. Walter L. Howland, Private 1st Class. Charles B. Knutson, Private 1st Class. C. S. Maltz, Private. Arthur L. McDonald, Private. Hugh D. Savage, Private 1st Class. Showed coolness, courage and devotion in the execution of stretcher bearers in the command of stretcher bearers of the 10th, 12th, and 13th of April. Was constantly exposed to the enemy fire, running the front line trenches and engaged in search of wounded. He himself acted as bearer, replacing exhausted men; encouraged the men to renewed efforts by word and example; remained at his post continuously for 24 hours after the relief.

William R. Connolly, Sergeant. Gave evidence of courage, strength of character and judgment in commanding a detachment of stretcher bearers in the combats of April 10, 12 and 13. He continuously risked his life in order to insure the rapid evacuation of the dead and wounded from the first line trenches, encouraging his detail by words and example.

Robert R. Twiss, Musician 1st Class. William F. Wruck, Musician 2nd Class. Showed courage and strength of character in the service of stretcher bearers. April 10, 12 and 13; exposed their lives in the front lines in order to assist in the evacuation of the dead and wounded; encouraged their men by words and example.

Ray D. Jackson, Sergeant. Proved his courage, judgment and strength of character in the command of the communications of the 10th Battalion during the combats of April 10, 12 and 13. Constantly exposed his life under violent bombardment in order to assist in keeping up the communication.

Harold E. Hobson, Private. George A. Rohlf, Corporal. Arthur J. Hall, Corporal. Proved their courage, character, and endurance in the service as runners of the 2nd Battalion during the combat of April 12. Continually exposed their lives under violent bombardment in the repair of the telephone lines, constantly out of order. Constantly encouraged their men by word and example.

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counter-attack given to a neighboring detachment. He and killed two Germans at the point of the bayonet. JOSEPH HOLLIG, Private. WILLIAM J. KELLEHER, Private. Courage and devotion in the battle of April 12. On a ration detail and during a violent bombardment, he continued his way through the barrage and brought rations and coffee to the front line trenches.

Charles F. O'Leary, Sergeant. Exceptional courage and judgment. Assumed command in the battle of April 12 after the evacuation of the commander; maintained the morale of his men, and continued his work despite a wound.

James A. O'Leary, Private. HAROLD L. SLEEPER, Private. Calm and courageous in the preparation of counter-attack during the battle of April 12, a successful operation which resulted in the capture of several prisoners.

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Richard S. Hull, Private. Remarkable calmness and courage during the battle of April 10. Meeting an enemy detachment which had penetrated our lines, immediately opened fire, dispersed it, and captured a few prisoners. By his fine example he encouraged all those around him.

George S. Irwin, Private. Remarkable courage in the battle of April 10. Made numerous trips between dugout exposed to enemy fire.

James E. McGuire, First Sergeant. Remarkable courage and coolness in the first aid post and first line trenches between the first aid post and the first line trench under very violent bombardments and great risk to his life, to aid in the evacuation of the wounded.

John Robb, Private. Remarkable courage and devotion. He volunteered for several successive trips between the first aid post and the first line trenches to assist in the evacuation of seriously wounded comrades during the battle of April 10.

William F. Tanner, Sergeant. Courage and devotion remarkable; volunteered for successive trips between the first aid post and the first line trench to aid in the evacuation of comrades seriously wounded.

Nickolas Waskewich, Private. Courage and devotion remarkable in the course of the combat of the 10th of April. Attacked behind and wounded while hurling grenades at the enemy opposite, he nevertheless held his position and resisted until he was relieved.

Henry F. Caron, Corporal. Courage and devotion remarkable in the combat of the 10th of April. At the end, mortally wounded, he passed the remainder of his life in the hospital, saying "I cannot use these; you hurt them at the enemy."

Harry B. Roche, Sergeant. Exceptionally meritorious. Volunteered to aid in the gathering, identification and interment of the dead in the course of the combat of the 10th of April.

LeRoy S. Wilcox, 2nd Lieutenant. Calmness and courage remarkable in the combat of the 12th of April. Volunteering to accompany a detachment in attack after the relief of his unit, he contributed to the capture of several prisoners.

Oscar A. Dudley, Captain. Great valor and untiring devotion during and after the combats of the 12th and 13th of April. He successfully gave first aid to the wounded and directed the work in the first aid post under a violent bombardment; he encouraged the workers and the wounded to new efforts by his words and his example.

Richard M. Weiser, Private. Courage, endurance, and devotion remarkable. He gave first aid to wounded comrades in the combats of the 12th and 13th of April. He gave assistance to the advanced first aid post, and served as a runner between the posts across the zones swept by artillery fire.

YANK SEEKS BOUT WITH CARPENTIER

Pittsburgh Boy Would Try Conclusions With French Champion. There are fighters and fighters in the A.E.F.—just as there ought to be—but it has been left for one of them to go out after real big company. Battling Schroeder of Base Hospital— is so anxious to get a bout with Georges Carpentier, French heavyweight champion, that efforts are being made to secure the match through the French Army authorities, as Carpentier is in the service.

Tiffany & Co. PARIS. LONDON, 221, Regent Street, W. NEW YORK, Fifth Avenue and 37th Street.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

OF ALL STATIONERS IN FRANCE. AMERICAN MILITARY and NAVAL FORCES. CREDIT LYONNAIS. Head Office: LYONS. Central Office: PARIS, 19 Boulevard des Italiens. BANKING BUSINESS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION WITH ENGLISH-SPEAKING STAFF. EVERY FACILITY FOR FOREIGNERS. Branches in all principal French towns, amongst others the following: Amiens, Angers, Angoulême, Bar-le-Duc, Bayonne, Belfort, Besançon, Bordeaux, Bourdeaux-Mer, Brest, Caen, Châlons, Compiègne, Clermont, Dieppe, Dijon, Dunkirk, Epervain, Epinal, Fécamp, Havre, La Rochelle, Limoges, Marseille, Nancy, Nantes, Nice, Orleans, Rennes, Rochefort, Rouen, Saint-Dizier, Saint-Malo, Toulon, Tours, Valenciennes, Vannes, Versailles, Vitry-le-François, Bourges, Clermont-Ferrand, Isigny, Nevers, Saint-Raphaël, Vézère.

ASK FOR ADAMS EXPRESS CO'S CABLE AND MAIL FORMS. When Making Remittances to U.S.A. through the CREDIT LYONNAIS and the COMPTOIR NATIONAL D'ESCOMPTE. At their Branches throughout France. THE ADAMS EXPRESS CO., PARIS, open DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS—subject to check—and Funds may be handed to Branch Offices of the above Banks with instructions to remit same to: ADAMS EXPRESS CO. 28 Rue du 4-Septembre, PARIS. SAVE TIME IN SECURING YOUR PAY by requesting Quartermaster on your endorsed Pay Voucher to assign pay checks direct to ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY, for your credit. REGIMENTAL COMPANY AND MESS ACCOUNTS RECEIVE SPECIAL CONSIDERATION.

FRENCH CYCLIST KILLED

Louis Darragon, noted French cyclist, was killed in an accident at the Paris Velodrome of Tuesday, when a pedal on his bike broke, throwing him off the track. Darragon, who was 34 years old, established the world's record for 10 kilometers in 1902. He also won the world's championship for 100 kilometers.

CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY

Messrs. BONBRIGHT & CO., Bankers, announce the removal of their offices to 0 Rue Saint-Florentin, Paris (8<sup>e</sup>), on and after May 6, 1918.

Wrigley's. The use of WRIGLEY'S by the fighting men has created much comment in war correspondence. Even before American soldiers and sailors landed, the British, Canadian and French forces had adopted WRIGLEY'S as their war-time sweetmeat. And now that Uncle Sam's stalwart boys are hitting the line, WRIGLEY'S is a very noticeable ally of the Allies. At Canteens, at Y. M. C. A. Huts and wherever confections are sold, after every meal. The Flavor Lasts. Wrigley's Doublemint, Spearmint, Peppermint, and Juicy Fruit. 228 Rue de Rivoli (Opposite Tuilleries Gardens). Restaurant Open to Non-Residents. Home Service For American Soldiers. 11 RUE DE CASTIGLIONE, PARIS. ESTABLISHED 1915. MRS. ALICE S. WEEKS, Director. Rooms Open from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. FREE OF CHARGE. WALK-OVER SHOES. 34 Boulevard des Italiens 19-21 Boulevard des Capucines PARIS. All soldiers are welcome at the WALK-OVER Stores, where they can apply for any information and where all possible services of any kind will be rendered free of charge. LYONS, 12 Rue de la République. NAPLES, 215 Via Roma. The WALK-OVER "French Conversation Book" and Catalogue will be sent gratis to any soldier applying for it.

Disarmed Wounded German

Alfred G. Champagne, Private. Showed remarkable courage in disarming a wounded German prisoner who attempted to remove his revolver from his holster during the battle of April 12. Took part in a combat which proved a real advance by the enemy on his position.

Squad Leader's Courage

Harry Nelson, Corporal. Remarkable coolness and courage in the command of his squad under violent fire; was mortally wounded on April 13.

Crossed Dangerous Areas

Bert A. Forstberg, Corporal. Remarkable courage, character and endurance in the command of a supply detachment in the front line trenches on April 12 and 13. Voluntarily and untiringly crossed the most dangerous areas.

Musician Aided Wounded

Robert R. Twiss, Musician 1st Class. William F. Wruck, Musician 2nd Class. Showed courage and strength of character in the service of stretcher bearers. April 10, 12 and 13; exposed their lives in the front lines in order to assist in the evacuation of the dead and wounded; encouraged their men by words and example.

Kept Lines Working

Ray D. Jackson, Sergeant. Proved his courage, judgment and strength of character in the command of the communications of the 10th Battalion during the combats of April 10, 12 and 13. Constantly exposed his life under violent bombardment in order to assist in keeping up the communication.

Encouraged His Comrades

Harold E. Hobson, Private. George A. Rohlf, Corporal. Arthur J. Hall, Corporal. Proved their courage, character, and endurance in the service as runners of the 2nd Battalion during the combat of April 12. Continually exposed their lives under violent bombardment in the repair of the telephone lines, constantly out of order. Constantly encouraged their men by word and example.

Fell at His Post

Joseph R. Blaine, Private. Exceptional courage and devotion. He refused to take shelter in a dugout during the bombardment, but remained at his post, exposed, and was wounded for the enemy's attack. Killed at his post.

Sergeant Led Attack

John B. Boegehold, Sergeant. Coolness, judgment and valor in the combat of April 12. He took command after his section leader had been killed. He repulsed the enemy by organizing and leading a counter-attack upon the advanced occupied positions.

# MODEST BUCK PRIVATE TAKES FRENCH ORPHAN

## "Parrain" Who Provides Mascot With Year's 'Care Doesn't Want Names Mentioned—Total Now Stands at 85

Eighty-five. That is the total of "mascots" adopted by units and individuals of the A.E.F.—of French children bereft of home or parents by the war who now, through the generosity of the American soldiers in France, are assured of food, clothing and comfort for a year.

Funds for the support of 19 children were received this week by the War Orphan Bureau of THE STARS AND STRIPES. At this rate the total of adoptions will pass the 100 mark next week.

The Air Service was again in the foreground in adoptions, leading, by a narrow margin, the Infantry, the Engineers and the Medical Corps. The first private to make a personal adoption sent in his 500 francs for a six-year-old girl, at the same time modestly forbidding mention of his name, and the Y.M.C.A. hut at Base Hospital No. 8 gained the distinction of being the first unit to raise a fund for the care of a STARS AND STRIPES war orphan.

The week also brought the first expressions of gratitude from the children adopted. In some instances, from their mothers. These letters tell a tale of thankfulness that is almost pathetic. Five hundred francs isn't much to a company or the average detachment, but it will provide a monthly payment of \$7.00 to the mother with a family, or to a child who has lost home and parents, means the solving of a vital problem that appears insoluble. The letter received from the mother of little Marie Louise Patriarche, adopted by the staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES is typical of those at hand.

**What Marie's Mother Says**  
"How will I ever be able to thank you enough for having adopted my dear little Marie Louise in your fine generosity? How can I express my gratitude and joy?" she writes.  
"As with all good mothers who see the future of their children made safe, the words which I would be able to say would not sufficiently express my thankfulness, but be sure, gentlemen, that my gratitude is infinite. It is a genuine good fortune to me, who, in my continual sickness have only this one thought: Suppose that I should not be able to work any more, who would take care of my dearest?"

"It is a great thanks from the bottom of my heart which I send you because I cannot tell it to you with my own lips. I am going to have little Marie Louise write a letter while I guide her hand. It will be only a little scribble, but I hope it will please her dear parrains. I will always be glad to give you news of my little dear, for she is ever so pretty and good."  
Madame Patriarche and her daughter are refugees from the invaded district. The father and husband was killed at the front. The mother worked for 25 francs a month to support her child until she was taken ill. The Red Cross reports that her sickness was caused by overwork and that she probably never will be able to work again.

**Like Thousands of Others**  
The Patriarche case is no sadder than thousands of others. It is not so sad as many, but it serves as an example of the small sum which a mother gathered from a group of soldiers can do a service entirely out of proportion to its value from our viewpoint.  
G.H.Q. A.E.F. responded to the call again this week when the officers and clerks of the Administrative Section started to raise the 500 francs that they oversubscribed that amount 550 francs. The second 500 francs has been set aside for a second year's maintenance of the child and the Red Cross specialists requested from the old 500 francs size "with great pleasure at being able to help the children of France."  
Field Hospital No. 1 took two "mascots" and said:  
"Nothing would please us more than to add a kiddie or so to our list every couple of months and thus spring a little joy on the boys in the trenches."  
The Field Artillery fired its first shell, Battery A of the 1st F.A. sending over a New Englander in the form of a 500 franc size "with great pleasure at being able to help the children of France."  
Field Hospital No. 1 took two "mascots" and said:  
"Nothing would please us more than to add a kiddie or so to our list every couple of months and thus spring a little joy on the boys in the trenches."

# SUCCESS OF LOAN EASILY ASSURED

Continued from Page 1  
its sleeve, or rather in its pocket, and with due regard to the perils of prophecy, your correspondent ventures the prediction that the success of the campaign here to start things wide open, for at present only the Richmond and Atlanta districts are lower in quota than New York, and this city can't afford to leave the ring with a black eye which no beefsteak can remove.

**Full Subscription Certain**  
New York's showing in actual money is not so bad as its standing in the pennant race indicates. It has raised \$529,000,000 against \$350,000,000 by Chicago, its next competitor, on the amount of money.  
There is no doubt whatever that the full loan will be subscribed before the end of the campaign. The only question is, how far beyond will we go? There is every indication that the big punch will come toward the end from the canny strategists.

The States are racing one another, as well as the Federal Reserve Sections. Iowa, Arkansas, Kentucky, North Dakota, Montana, and Minnesota all exceeded their quotas early in the week. Northern Wisconsin has heavily oversubscribed its quota. The San Francisco reserve district reported early that every State within its jurisdiction had filled its quota. Arizona, Washington, Oregon, Utah, Idaho and Nevada all went over the top early in the third week.  
The Agricultural States have all reached out money in excess of their quotas as their answer to the hectic Eastern pessimists who have been proclaiming for the past few months that the farmers are not awake to the war. The rural districts of most of these States have beaten the big cities in percentages. In fact, McLeod County, Minnesota, oversubscribed by 33 per cent.  
The Cleveland reserve district has 592 honor communities. The city of Cleveland alone has taken \$26,000,000. Detroit has oversubscribed its quota by 42 per cent; Des Moines by 39 per cent; Sioux City by 39 per cent.  
Many communities in Wisconsin and Michigan, where a big proportion of the population is of German descent, have gone heavily over their quotas. The Minneapolis banks report subscriptions from farmers that are astounding.

# ONE GAME AFTER ANOTHER



[Photo by S.C. A.E.F.]

# PARIS OR LONDON---HOW COULD HE TELL?

## You Might Get Mixed Up, Too, if You Were on Courier Service

# RIGHT OF WAY ALWAYS HIS

## So Far This Marine Sergeant Has Crossed Channel Only Forty-Three Times

By GEORGE T. BYE  
London Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES  
LONDON, May 2.—A marine sergeant—therefore a stiff, spruce guy with a jaw like a cow-catcher—was walking along ahead of me, and behaving very queerly for a marine.  
He would hoot ahead a bit, stop, stroke his cow-catcher, look around, then go on again. Once when he looked around I saw that there were tired lines about his face and that his eyes were bloodshot.  
"Poor guy," I thought. "Must have been high seas last night."  
For the second time in my life I had made a mistake, thought I didn't realize it then, for the marine sergeant nodded to me the next time he stopped, and asked:  
"Say, tell me—for the luvva Mike—is this Paris or London?"  
Would you have thought that he had just come over and, on top of an evening of boozing sociability, had lost his bearings? I didn't know about his face and that his eyes were bloodshot.  
"Aphasia?" I asked, smart-like.  
"Hell, no. It can't be," he almost shouted. "Must be either Paris or London."  
"You're right. It's London. But it's a funny mistake to make."  
"Oh, I don't know about that. What if you did nothing else but hop from Paris to London and back again?"  
"You—"  
"I'm a pelican," he interrupted, and grinned.  
Then I knew my guess was right. One in Chicago I was a curly wold. "I'm a pelican," he repeated. "See, here's my pouch," and he swung around a dispatch case that I hadn't noticed before. "I'm a pelican and I fly from Paris to London, and back again."  
Up went a dozen star shells. In great alarm I saw I had been horribly wrong in my judgment of the marine sergeant. He is one of six A.E.F. couriers assigned to the London-Paris circuit, of whom three are from Indiana, one from Washington, one Alabama and one Pennsylvania.  
"You'd be surprised how this foreign architecture gets your goat at times," he went on, "especially when you haven't had but a couple of winks of sleep in 24 hours. You see French and English uniforms on the streets in both places, and signs in both languages. A fairly good way to tell 'em apart is from the buildings. If the buildings look white, you are pretty certain to be in Paris. Grey is the war color of old London, but you'll notice they're starting to paint things up white, and it sure does confuse a fellow."  
"Pretty soft job for you."  
"Well, yes and no. But I'm not complaining. You know, we have to take god-luck on the trains out of Paris. Sometimes they don't stop where you think they are going to, and that means considerable hiking. It's pretty cold and uncomfortable on the trains, and you have to keep awake most of the night to make sure of transfers to other trains. And traveling on the boats over the Channel is not what you would call *de luxe*.  
"Say, do you know how many times I have crossed that big sloppy creek? This was my forty-third, and I don't hold the courier record by a long shot. I'm in Paris and London at least once a week, and our schedule calls for three days' rest in each place. And we sure need it after a few of the trips."  
"Before the war I lived on a nice little Indiana farm. Who'd ever thought then that I would spend month after month doing nothing but travel from London to Paris, wearing a nice big automatic and no cop to pinch me for carrying export weapons—having the kind-of-way everywhere—an official courier of Uncle Sam carrying important war dispatches! It's pretty soft, isn't it?"

# NAMES OF 50 MEN ON VISIT TO STATES

## A.E.F. Soldiers Who Made Good Here Tell Home Folks About It

There were 50 of them, you remember—50 members of the A.E.F. who had made good with such a bang that they were going back to the States to tell everyone about it. THE STARS AND STRIPES printed the story of their selection and departure two weeks ago. Word of their safe arrival at an Atlantic port has since been received. They are now booming the war in general, and the A.E.F. and the third Liberty Loan in particular. Here are their names. See if any one you know is in this list:  
Pvt. John M. Andrews, Sgt. Harold A. Andrews, Cpl. Edgar Barnes, Cpl. Herbert E. Bakes, Pvt. Louis P. Bonne, Sgt. Samuel L. Blyth, Pvt. Langhorn Barber, Cpl. Thomas Cosgrave, Sgt. Edmund B. Creed, Cpl. Osborn Devarilla, Pvt. John Faderuck, Sgt. Manning Grimes, Pvt. Raymond Guyette, Sgt. Paul A. Havenstein, Sgt. John J. Hoffman, Sgt. Keith W. Howart, Pvt. Harry H. Harrison, Sgt. Owen C. Hawkins, Pvt. Robert L. Heath, Cpl. Charles Henry, Pvt. Kenneth B. Jopp, Pvt. Schuyler Mawer, Sgt. Hugh Marsh, Sgt. Eugene McNiff, Cpl. Charles E. Morris, Cpl. Elmer D. Martin, Pvt. Robert Montgomery, Pvt. John McCormick, Pvt. Harry Novak, Pvt. H. A. Nicholas, Cpl. Leonard Omerod, Pvt. William J. O'Neil, Pvt. Barney Pogue, Cpl. Milo H. Plant, Sgt. Joseph Petrus, Sgt. Thomas F. Reilly, Pvt. James F. Redding, Cpl. Harold J. Smith, Cpl. Guy E. Smith, Cpl. James L. Stephens, Cpl. Merl L. Skinner, Sgt. Richard J. Schneider.

# THE INFANTRYMAN

"The artillery conquers; the infantry occupies."  
He gets no rides in parlor cars, in coaches or Sedans, and yet his work is just as big as any other man's.  
He wears no winglike badges and the aviators do.  
But yet he's Johnny-on-the-spot whenever we're bustin' through!  
He has no mathematics such as Redlegs all must learn; For engineering plots and graphs, He's never known to yearn; Machine guns with their curleykews Are so much Greek to him—What matter? Though he's short on books, He's long on strength and vim!  
The cannoniers may blast away And make the Boche go pronto, But infantry with bayonets Will send 'em to Toronto, To Halifax or Timbuctoo. And send 'em humpin' fast—So 'Tenshun! while the columns of The infantry march past!

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# HOSPITAL BARBER SHINES AS SALOME

## Musical Show Makes Great Hit at Mackay-Roosevelt Post

The Mackay-Roosevelt Hospital Unit, on duty in the A. B. P., is just recovering from a severe attack of amateur dramatics and the hero of the outfit is the barber.

Vincent Rizzo, who, from the unit's arrival in France, had been hiding his light under a shaving mug, stood revealed on the night of the show as a sensuous barefoot dancer of Hindoo measures. Aided and abetted by several other enlisted men, he had the hardihood to present himself as Salome in the famous Dance of the Seven Veils.

Veils were borrowed from seven nurses and when the great climax was reached and Salome must expire at the bite of a coiling serpent, it was found that an untrained piece of fire hose made a great personal hit as the serpent.

# YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, May 2.—A New Jersey Draft Board was hopelessly stunned the other day when a man being examined before it became suddenly stubborn on the point of nationality and flatly refused to say what country he had come from.  
"He might have been a Russian or French or Turk or Prussian," but he would not commit himself on the subject. Finally, one exasperated official banged on the table and demanded with heavy sarcasm:  
"Well, you're a human bein', ain't you?"  
"I refuse to commit myself," was the haughty reply.  
And the board is beginning to think there may really be some doubt about it.

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FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1918.

THEIR EPIGRAPH

"There was the gun, still in position, and beside it two dead Hunners. In front of one lay two dead Hunners: in front of the other there were three. Our fellows had sold out dear, and held out long, as the heaps of cartridge shells around the gun showed plainly."

"They sold out dear, they held out long. You might write a biography of those two Yankees, fill it with citations of their sterling conduct, recount the whole story of the short, sharp, bitter encounter northwest of Toul in which they died, and in the end all your words, all your fair-para-phrase-tribute, could express nothing finer than those two simple statements of fact. They sold out dear, they held out long."

"Their epitaph? It was there beside the two bodies, written in those heaps of cartridge shells that had brought five Hunners to their doom right at the gun-muzzle, and who shall say how many more beyond?"

THE LUSITANIA

Three years ago, on May 7, a German submarine shot a torpedo into the Lusitania, a passenger liner which was on her way from New York to Liverpool. She was carrying munitions of war to a belligerent country. In so doing the German government, through its orders to the submarine commander, sent to the bottom of the sea more than one hundred Americans, the majority of whom were women and children. They had no chance to escape; the aged law of sea warfare, which provides for the removal of non-combatants to a place of safety before a ship of an enemy country can be scuttled or blown up, became, at the hands of the ruthless German seafarers, simply another scrap of paper. Germany slaughtered American women and children in cold blood.

Bells were rung throughout Germany to celebrate the great "victory" achieved over the ladies of the innocent. In almost every Kaiserlicher and Hofbahn in the United States the faithful gathered, to bid-her-bid and bid-her-greatness of the German navy "invincible" when combating the helpless. It was then that the mask was lifted from the beering face of Prussianism; then it was that we saw what manner of thing it was that professed to be so sorry for its "mistake." From that May day in 1915 dates the awakening of the American people to the task before them, to the utter faithfulness and pitilessness of Imperial Germany.

The story of the Lusitania is old, but it well bears retelling. There is no need to point a moral from it, for it points its own. There can be no peace in the world worth having until the government responsible for that foul murder of the innocent totters ignominiously to its fall. It is our task and our privilege to hasten the coming of that fall with all our might and main.

THE MERRY MONTH O' MAY

That title, as we write it, seems out of place in the midst of a war like this, but really, it isn't at all. We're playing all the old May time games of our childhood all over again, only instead of dancing rings around the Maypole, we are dancing rings around the Boche. And instead of weaving vari-colored streamers together into a kaleidoscopic mass at the top of the pole, we are weaving the red, white and blue in with the red, white and blue of our Allies, forming a harmonious ensemble pleasing to everybody except the common enemy.

We are hanging May baskets, too. Every once in a while our aviators and those of our Allies go over and decorate some German general's doorknob with a posy of bombs. Then, having some left over, they scatter them about among the gaping Heines, wishing them a merry May morning. It's a pretty game they play, these aviators, and they must love it. So do we of the line.

This isn't a bad May season at all. True, we are a bit removed from those May morning breakfasts, with strawberries and cream and all, with which the good ladies of the parish used to welcome in the merry month, and which we used to be permitted to attend, in row of our mothers, if we were really good and didn't play hooky to go fishing too often during April. But we can look back at them with smiling reminiscence. And as long as we can smile over those memories and others, and tackle our jobs with another smile, it surely is "the merry month of May."

"THE OLD COUNTRY"

We started when we first heard an American soldier use it with reference to the United States; but yet, after all, why shouldn't he, if he wanted to? For it is for him "the old country," the one he's left behind, the one from which he derived his education and his livelihood, the country of his ancestors. And there's an affectionate lingering over the words that makes the phrase mean a very great deal. After having been separated from the United States—some of us for nearly a

year, a great many of us for half a year or more (as the gold service stripes bear witness)—we can, all of us, have a great deal more sympathy than we ever have had in the past for the man who speaks of "the 'old' counthry," "da old-a-country," and so forth. We now know just how he must have felt when he first arrived on our shores, and was attacked by that undetectable malady of homesickness. We get his point of view; and it's a mighty good thing for all of us that we do. "The old country." It's some country, isn't it? And one of the things that proves its greatness is that men who have formerly talked of "the 'old' counthry" and "da old-a-country" are now to be found fighting its battles on a foreign soil side by side with the men whose ancestors helped to settle "the new 'old country.'" Rather it is not "the old country" at all; it is the ever new country, the ageless country, that draws all manner of men from all manner of races to itself, and makes them proud and glad to champion its cause, to give their toil and blood to that cause's furtherance.

YOU LITTLE GUYS

You may be little and all that. The whole company may call you "Shorty" and may make a lot of remarks about Mutt and Jeff whenever you go out walking with a squad mate of six foot proportions. But don't you care. You're just as good a soldier as the next man, and perhaps better. Size isn't everything in this game of war. You may have seen in last week's issue of your newspaper the story of a half-portion doughboy up front who went through the wire with a company he didn't have to go in with, and skewered his three Hunns to the Queen's taste. You may have heard of a little read-headed runt named Julius Caesar, who conquered at one time about all the country you're traveling over now, pitched his camps all over the island of Great Britain, and generally raised hob with the map of Europe. Jule was a great soldier, all right, and he wasn't a hunk by a long shot.

You know about Napoleon, "the little corporal." You know about old Grant, who made them all sit up and take notice; he was a little man, too. You know about Lord Roberts of Kandahar—"Little Old Bob." You know, even if you haven't been in the Army very long, about the late General "Fighting Fred" Funston, who was chucked out at a West Point exam because he was too little, but who went down to Cuba on his own and had the nerve to eat a message that would have condemned him to death, so as to hide it; and who afterwards swam a stream in the Islands with the bullets plopping all about him, and made the other shore and drove the insurgents out.

Oh, the big guy has his uses, and is a mighty valuable citizen, but he hasn't got it all. What the little guy lacks in beef he makes up in nerve and staying power and bean work. He can hike with the best of them, fight with the best of them—he can hold up his end in every way. So, if you're one of the innumerable "Shorties" in the A.E.F., don't worry. You'll get there just the same—and maybe sooner.

THE GOLD CHEVRON

He was a husky lad of 19 or thereabouts. He lay on the deck of the transport and looked at the stars and fretted because he was going to a base hospital to work and there would be no glory in it. A week after he had landed, fresh from a never-to-be-forgotten encounter with the submarines, he found himself one of fifty sent on detached duty to a new, over-worked port hospital. That day spinal meningitis had shown its ugly head in a camp near by and two cases were isolated like lepers in a barracks far off in the wooded grounds.

It was this boy's task—his first in the Army—to take charge of that lonesome, candle-lit shack at night. He would have to do it alone because, at first, the nurses flatly refused to cross the threshold where that dread disease was housed. That first night, from twilight to dawn, it was his job to stand guard over the sick men and hold the raving one in bed.

That vigil, which ran on through the weeks, was in the uttermost part of the S.O.S. But, under the new ruling, he is entitled to wear the gold chevron, for Washington has found how impossible it is to separate the combatants from the non-combatants like the sheep from the goats. They have found it impossible to divide valor into zones, to find any geography in the heroism of war.

IT PAYS

The plenary commission of the German Reichstag last week discussed at great length the presence of American troops in France. The minister of war stated that it was impossible to estimate their exact number. Whereupon the interrogating deputy caustically expressed his regret that the minister could not give further information. This news proves one thing: That it pays to stick by the censorship rulings. Censorship, and censorship only, kept that desired knowledge from the German minister of war. Censorship, and the compliance with it by the men of the A.E.F., and the correspondents serving with the A.E.F., resulted in the inability of that official to satisfy the legislative body that was questioning him.

In this incident we may read the inability of the German intelligence bureau to estimate the number of the troops we have now in France. In other words, our censorship has obviously beaten and baffled the Hun informers on an important item. A series of captured or intercepted letters of American soldiers, containing information about the strength and disposition of units—even a single captured or intercepted letter from a well informed officer or man—would have sufficed to give the German minister of war the information he sought, and which the legislators demanded. But no such letter, or series of letters, got through to Germany. Censorship may seem irksome at times. It may seem foolish and unnecessary. But it has one clear aim in view—the keeping of useful information out of the hands of the enemy. In the case cited above, it seems to have realized its aim. It is up to every one of us to see that the good work goes on.

The Listening Post

GIRLS I LEFT BEHIND

When war waged its wide desolation, Among the young ladies I kissed, On leaving our glorious nation, Your name led the lachrymose list.

Some girls I forgot as I kissed them; Some lingered a week—maybe two; But, Elsie, I never have missed them. The way that I've hankered for you.

I miss not your wit nor your beauty— You never could class as a queen; And, sticking to truth, as my duty, You never had much of a bean.

But when you did tricks to the latter, And Doughnuts I'm getting these days, Dear Elsie, that there was a little that called for the utterance "Oh, man!"

They shone with a glow and a polish, They dilled with a sugar sublime, (I think that I used to demolish A dozen or two at a time.)

And so when they told me to come where The shell is commingled with shot, I found myself billeted Somewhere In France; and I missed you a lot.

I yearned for the doughnuts you'd fried me Till Elsie, I'm no going to stall. The truth is—whatever helldie me—I don't miss your doughnuts at all.

For—though in the future you'd bar me— The doughnuts I'm getting these days Turned out by the Salvation Army, Have yours beaten seventy ways.

By the way, a couple of those Salvation Army doughnuts make you think there is a good deal in the "Food Will Win the War" slogan.

Our letter writing friends in the United States would do well to have their envelopes equipped with all-weather treads. The last envelope we got had gone 4900 miles—about 1000 of them in France—without a puncture or a blowout.

BLESS HIM! A friend of all Is Charlie Cutts; He never asks To save him butts.

A guy we love, Is Joe McGuiard; He never springs; "I'll tell the world," JAVEM.

A gink we like Is Dave McGee; He utters "Yes," And never "Oin." G. S. M.

Our favorite dough-Boy's Al McGuek; He never uses "Out of luck."

A corporal who has a had case of typewriter shock writes that he doubts whether the long-range gun can carry 75 miles. "Why," he says, "it's simply lunkthinkable."

THINGS WE USED TO BEEP ABOUT III Having to get to work at 9 a. m. Of all the things we have lapped in this country, the shelled streets alone have aroused in us a feeling of homesickness. They remind us acutely of Seventh Avenue, New York.

Speaking of Seventh Avenue, a correspondent for a New York paper was talking to a doughboy the other day. As he left, "Good-bye," he said, "remember me C N'Yawk." "What part of New York are you from?" asked the correspondent. "Forty-second Street?" "I should say not," replied the indignant soldier. "Where then?" "Forty-third," said the local-prideful Gothamite.

A LETTER From: The Allies. To: W. Hohenzollern, Germany. Subject: Travel order. 1. Proceed plumb to hell. 2. The travel directed is necessary in the military service. By direction of GENERAL GOOD.

Things here have a way of reminding you of things at home. Our billet, for instance, these warm mornings isn't a bit chillier than the Yale Bowl or the Harvard Stadium in late November.

"FROM: TO: SUBJECT:" —By WALLGREN

A grid of comic panels with dialogue. Panel 1: 'LEMME SEE - I GOTTA THANKS HEIR FOR THEM SMOCKES - I'LL STAY!' Dear Florence. Panel 2: 'OH SHUCKS - THAT SOUNDS TOO FAMILIAR, I BETTER BEGIN.' Secret Florence. Panel 3: 'NO, GOSH! MIGHTY, SHELL THINK IM TOO PRESUMING TO SAY THAT - ID BETTER SAY -' My Dear Miss Florence. Panel 4: 'NO, BY GOLLY, THAT SOUNDS PATRONIZING - SHE'LL THINK IM SOME MUGGLACED HIGHBROW; I GUESS JUST "Florence" WILL BE BETTER.' Panel 5: 'LEMME SEE - SHE'S LIABLE TO FORM A BUM IMPRESSION OF ME IF I'M TOO BRIEF - IF I'LL START -' Florence my dear girl. Panel 6: 'OH, NOODLES - THAT'S TOO FAMILIAR - I WISHT I KNEW WHAT KIND OF A GIRL SHE WAS - I'LL MAKE IT A SPONTANEOUS EFFORT LIKE -' Oh Flow. Panel 7: 'OH, PIFLE - WHAT IM HEAR DOES GIRLS WRITE TO FELLEES THEY DONT KNOW FOR? - AINT I GOT TROUBLES ENOUGH?' Dear. Panel 8: 'OH HELL!' - Kind Sady.

"YANK" "SPICK-AND-SPAN-NESS"

Special Correspondence of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, May 2.—There is both rhyme and reason for calling AS-EE-fellers in Europe "Yanks," say those who twitch their noses at the sound of "Sammy" who have been long enough in this comfortable part of the Great Arena to make up their minds. Any reliable thesaurus will show that Yank has a rhyming affinity with many such words as: Bank, Hank, Sank, Crank, Lank, Swank, Dank, Rank, Tank. "And Yank is the name applied to us by England and France before the war, though the French made it "Yanqui," said Captain Q.—"What is important about Captain Q.—" "His opinion in the matter is that he has been over here, as an American observer, but I rather like Yank now, and when it comes to a choice between Yank and Sammy, there can be only one answer. "Maybe a few battles will evolve something else, but I'm afraid we'll stay Yanks just as the British fighter has remained Tommy Atkins." "Yank" is the unanimous vote at the base section here.

By A PRIVATE

The Germans captured in the course of the first days of the great attack that began on March 21 were, it was noted, all equipped with new uniforms—all "gotten up" for parade. At first thought, that might seem like a useless waste of good clothing material, to put on men that were going out to do work that in any case was bound to be hard on clothes as well as men. Yet when one comes to think it over, there was sound psychology back of it, a might good reason for so equipping those men. Every man in the ranks feels better and more "fit" when he is gotten up well than when he isn't. He feels more like fighting, he feels more like tackling any job ahead of him when he knows that he is neat in appearance, that he can "stack up with the best of them." Good clothes, clean clothes, well fitting clothes, equipment well polished, arms well looked after, shoes as neat and clean as the mud or dust of the region will permit—all these things make a man think more of himself, make him prouder of his right to wear and bear them. If a man knows he looks like a soldier, the chances are decidedly in favor of his acting like one. That, of course, is the way all of us want to act. It's the way all of us have got to act if we're going to see this job through as it ought to be seen through. The British Army long ago realized the value of neatness of dress on the part of its officers and men. In the field now, no matter what the conditions, every man is required to shave once a day, and to clean his shoes and brasses of all the mud and slime and dust they may have accumulated. No matter how justly and righteously tired a man may feel, he has got to clean up. Clean up he does then, until he is, in the words of the soldier's own poet, "smart as a bombardier for five o'clock parade." After he is cleaned up, he feels all the better for it and is ready to "Up, Guards, and at them!" again. Try it yourself, and be convinced. There have been great soldiers who were also "sloppy" soldiers, but they have been few and far between. The reason that their sloppiness has come down through the ages is because of its unusualness, because of its direct contradiction of the soldierly tradition.

THE RIFLE

They said the rifle's day was over. They said there was no place for it in the age of giant guns and gas shells and hand grenades. It could gather kindly dust on the wall over the mantelpiece, a relic of ancient wars, a companion in limbo of the long bow and the tomahawk and the flintlock, but it would be in the way of the modern soldier, and when their minds made up in the mud and monotony of the trenches, they said all this and some of us believed it, and it is well that long ago, General Pershing, talking to the men who were then going into their first rehearsal of trench warfare, bade them have faith in the old American weapon and keep it. It was the marksmanship in which American soldiers would be expected to excel. For the rifle has been reestablished in honor during the historic weeks just passed. It was always the most personal of weapons and a soldier who could not warm up to a cannon nor devote all his sentiment whatever for a hand grenade would grow tremendously fond of his Springfield, which lived with him and was a part of him. It was his own. Now it rests with a new confidence and a new pride on every shoulder.

The Americans in the fighting that followed the recent attack launched on their sector northwest of Toul found chances innumerable to do devastating work with their rifles. It was with rifles and machine guns that the German infantry of three armies swarmed out of their pits when the great offensive was launched at dawn of March 21, and above all else attached on their necks the plains of Picardy was a rifle battle. The soldiers found that the newer weapons which might serve best in trench skirmishes and in the muddy shell-pit fighting of months gone by must give way during such mobile warfare as, late in March, held the whole world breathless. The men who were carried hurrying or exhausted from the thick of that battle were wide-eyed with the tidings. The rifle had come back into its own.

"A GLOOM DISPELLER"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I am one of the readers of your gloom-dispelling sheet (eight sheets), and if there is any other war sheet that can make us laugh as each line is read, I would like to see it. I guess there "ain't" no such competitor" of THE STARS AND STRIPES. MEYER E. EISENSCHMIDT, Aero Squadron.

THEY LIKE US, TOO

(From the Hartford, Conn., "Times.") Copies of the first issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, have arrived in this country. In size and makeup it is a typical metropolitan newspaper, and in its news contents it is, if anything, more so.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE SUPPLY SERGEANT He's always out of overcoats, he's always out of hats, He's always out of blouses, so how can we hide our pants? He's always out of undershirts, he's always out of drawers— So he is not the candidate for much "prolonged applause." He's always out of laces and he's always out of pants, No matter if a doughboy pleads and swears and raves and rants: He's always out of spirals and he's always out of shoes— To hear him talk about it sure would give a saint the blues! He's always out of license-tags, he's always out of puts, And if we clamor for 'em, it's "Git out, ye bunch o' mutts!" The only thing he's plenty of is hope, and, if you please, That awfullest of headgear—yes, the cap called "Overseas!"

"GOOD CHEER"

(From "The Evening Sun," N. Y., Feb. 27.) Good cheer is characteristic of THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official organ of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, which was being examined here today with interest. The paper is the size of the regulation city newspaper and contains eight pages and 14 columns of American, French and English advertisements. The news of the American forces in France is covered thoroughly and with an air of cheerfulness which makes both the soldier and American citizen feel that "our boys" are not surrounded by the dire difficulties and dangers some have pictured. The editorial page expresses this attitude in an article headed, "To the Folks Back Home." It attacks as fabrications stories published in American newspapers of immoral conditions among American soldiers in France. Two figures showing that the American forces have the lowest record known for drinking and immorality are shown.

THE ARMY'S POETS

THE HILL BACK HOME

I will be the gladiest thing under the sun; I will touch a hundred flowers, and not pick one. I will look at cliffs and clouds with quiet eyes...

THE QUEST

To bid a fond adieu To your native shore, With one great aim in view— To learn the arts of war; To spend long, weary hours In dull routine of drill; To use your latent powers...

BRIGUET BRILLIANCE

I had a little briguet As usual, made of brass; The thing was awfully tricky, Sometimes quite short o' gas.

TO THE SUBWAY

I used to ride you every night At five or maybe six; And every night I used to say I'd rather ride the Styx.

MY DOG

I found him in a shell hole. With a gas mask on his head, Crouching down beside his master, Who he must have known was dead.

PAY DAY

What is the call we like to hear, Which always brings a lusty cheer, Of all the calls the one most dear?

IT'S A GREAT LIFE IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN

We all left home As happy as could be, For ahead of us Adventures we did see.

MY GIRL OVER THERE

I remember you, dear friend, When homebound I did wend My way, with you, through overhanging trees;

THE THREE DUSKETEERS



(Photograph by S.C., A.E.F.)

We ain't no Saimmies, boss. We's de Saimbos, da's what we is—de Saimbos. We's done come awn ovah yere 'om ovah yonder awn or laivee, to wulk awn dese yere docks an' sech...

NEVER LEND A SOU UNLESS YOU WANT TO

If You're Uninsured and Unallotted and Uncourt-Martialed, You'll Be Popular—and Furthermore You'll Be Broke

Never lend money to no one in the Army. I tried it, and I know. No sir; never lend no one no money in no army what you're in. You never get it back.

Not a Tightwad

I had a summary a long time ago, but when they pulled me up, the court officer didn't turn up, so I wasn't bothered no way for that. Se when you come down to it, I found I was about the only guy in the company what was drawin' the 20 bucks a month...

Like a Train Announcer

But the paymaster didn't pay no attention, and his clerk, a guy what I could have licked, didn't pay no attention either. The clerk, he hollers out like he was announcin' trains in the Pennsy station.

One Way to Save

Lem behaved fine for a while, borrowin' my Bill to roll his'n and savin' my money on buyin' smokes of his own that way. Then one day about noon he comes into the billet and he says:

News from Lem

One day one of the motor-bike guys driv up to our headquarters and got off, askin' him if he knew anything about Lem.

THE BLEAT OF A BANTAM

There's a lady to my liking, tall and lissome, dark and striking, Like the saints upon the tapestries at Exeter; As an angel by Rossetti so appears my stately Betty.

But let that be, it's perfectly plain to see That such a match would never, never do; For her cheeks are as the roses, and patrician-like her nose is.

Though I plow the mud of Flanders under sharp and stern commanders And accumulate renown beyond conjecture; Though I win as many medals as a corner fair peddler.

But let that be, it's perfectly plain to see That such a match would never, never do; For her features are angelic; as for mine, they call 'em hell-ice.

ON THE CASUALTY LIST

He had been waiting, waiting and waiting for mail. Finally they brought him a letter—minus half the envelope, and held together with string.

LYONS GRAND NOUVEL HOTEL

11 Rue Grölee Favorite Stopping Place of American Officers Rooms from 6 to 30 francs

WHAT IS A DIGGER?

A Digger is the name by which one Aussie hails another. Just as one Tommy salutes another with "Cheero, Mate," just as a doughboy either says "Hello, Old-timer" or "Ah, there, Buddy," so your soldier from under the Southern Cross has recently taken up the custom of greeting every fellow Australian by "Ay, Digger."

MUSICIANS

Musicians of the National Army, especially those being proficient performers on clarinet, oboe and trombone, desiring to join an army band recognized as one of the finest in the service, apply at once, giving experience and qualifications in detail. Address: Bandmaster, care of "The Stars and Stripes," 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris.

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The Luxury of a Bath That is an Aid to Health

Over here, no less than back home with "the folks," there is joy in a bath with Ivory.

Ivory always follows the Colors. It is a soap of all round excellence.

It lathers so quickly everybody prefers it. The lather is thick, copious and lively. And it rinses easily.

Ivory is as pleasant to use in cleansing clothes as it is in getting rid of the stain of trench or field. To depend on Ivory is a healthful habit.

IVORY SOAP, IT FLOATS, 99 44/100% PURE

# BRITISH SCORE TOUCHDOWN AT ZEEBRUGGE

We used to see a diamond pin upon his cravatette reposing; But now we glimpse a Croix de Guerre. And think it more imposing.

He used to be a sporty chap. Of gaudy shepherd plaid his garments; Now, in O.D. he haunts a trench— His sport is chasing vermin.

## STECHER AND LEWIS WRESTLE TO DRAW

### Much Human Meat Flung Around on Madison Square Mat

## NO DECISION IN TWO HOURS

### Caddock Wants Match With Winner, But Doesn't Know Whom to Challenge

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 2.—Joe Stecher of Nebraska and Strangler Ed Lewis of Wisconsin met for their much advertised wrestling match at Madison Square Garden this week, and after two hours of savage work the match was declared a draw.

The contest was the nearest thing to a duel between tanks ever seen in this time city.

After the first six minutes of tugging, Lewis clamped a head hold on Stecher and brought him to the mat, but he failed to tear Stecher's head off and the latter wriggled out of the vise and tried a body scissors, which Lewis coyly avoided. After 20 minutes of violent wrestling, Stecher got a scissors hold around the upper half of Lewis and locked it, but the Strangler managed to escape.

### Stecher Avoids Bear Hug

The large tonnage of human meat continually flying through the air drove the crowd wild with artistic appreciation. The Strangler tried ardently for his famous neck-breaking hold, but Stecher declined the loving embrace and before the end of the first hour tenderly threw Lewis from the ring into the press box, whence the reporters returned him as matter unsuitable for publication.

Stecher got a second body scissors hold and the crowd whooped for a fall, but the Nebraskan was unable to oblige. Throughout the match Lewis got fewer headlines than his opponent.

After an hour and a half, Stecher secured a body scissors and Lewis stood the cruel punishment for 20 minutes and then wriggled free. He was visibly weak, but soon recovered his strength and attacked Stecher furiously. He got a wicked head lock and held like a vise. Stecher broke away. He was dizzy, but fought Lewis off and recovered. The men then wrestled to a draw.

Backers of Earl Caddock, present champion, asserted previous to the match that they were ready to offer \$50,000 for a match between Caddock and the winner. The draw complicated the wrestling situation and adds to the doubt as to who is entitled to meet Caddock. A month ago Stecher and Zylazco wrestled to a draw.

## SAME OLD STORY-- NO PLACE TO GO

### Willard-Fulton Bout. Still Homeless, May Be Held in Oklahoma

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 2.—The Jess Willard-Fred Fulton fight is still roaming about the country like an ownerless dog, but Col. Miller, the promoter, remains unfettered and cannot see anything smaller than a \$100,000 bid for the champion's end.

St. Paul promoters are trying to have the legislature, which is in session, change the existing law, so that they would be able to pull off the battle in the Twin Cities. The present law permits only ten round bouts, but it is discretionary with the boxing commission whether a decision is given or not. The promoters want the bill amended so that a 20 round contest can be held, but it is doubtful if the legislators will accede to their wishes.

Tom Andrews, well-known Milwaukee promoter, also is ready to stage the mill at his spacious gymnasium, but he stipulates that a certain percentage of the receipts must be given to some war charity, and this may prevent the bout going to the Cream City, as the two principals want all the money taken in at the gate. In Milwaukee only ten-round non-decision bouts are permitted, and Col. Miller may refuse to hold the big match there.

According to many of the fight critics, it is figured that Oklahoma will get the big scrap, since it could be held out of doors there and this would result in a bigger "gate." In Milwaukee no outdoor matches are permitted, but in Minnesota there are no restrictions on this point.

## SUPPLY TRAINS BATTLE

Company D, — Division Supply Train and Company A, same Division Supply Train, celebrated the Glorious Nineteenth last by indulging in the national game on A's home grounds. The traditions of the Glorious Nineteenth of April were reversed, however, in that the visiting team won. The visiting team in the Lexington-Concord double-header, you may remember, went back to Boston—and without the pennant.

Company D, — D.S.T., did the trick by a score of 7 to 3. The manager of its line, in sending in the score, ventures it modestly as his opinion that Company D, — D.S.T., has a pretty good team. And since he is gallant enough to pay graceful tribute to Company A's battery, and since he styles himself an "Old Subscriber," and "A still older newspaper man," and congratulates us on the appearance of the sheet, and signs himself "Fraternally yours," — well! M. J. Gardner Minard, here's your space!

## COLLINS TIES RECORD

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 2.—Eddie Collins, captain and second baseman of the champion Chicago White Sox, tied the major league record, held by Sam Crawford of the Detroit Tigers, by playing in his 472d game without a miss.

## HOW TO SEND SCORES

Box scores eat up space on your sporting page. We'd like to print them all—especially yours—and if we printed a dozen there wouldn't be any room left on the page for other A.E.F. games, not to mention live sport news from home. So please send us just the score by innings, with runs, hits, errors and statistics. If it's a big game, we can stand the box score—but it must be a big game. Send a short story with the summary in any case. And send all the games you can—that's what we're here for—only please send them to THE STARS AND STRIPES alone.

## IT'S "DANGEREUX," BUT WHAT OF IT?

### Despite Foul Tips, French Fans Cling Close to Catcher's Heels

## EVEN UMPS WIN APPLAUSE

### Bonhead Play Excites as Much Enthusiasm as Three Bag Bingle

Are the French people baseball fans? On la ta; any one who was out on the Bois de Boulogne last Sunday afternoon and saw the thousands of excited Parisians crowding around the two baseball diamonds would answer that question with an emphatic "Out."

The games were staged between the Med. Dept. Repair Shop No. 1 and the Searchlight Division on one diamond and the Red Cross drivers and the Y.M.C.A. nine on another. But the fans didn't know who was playing—nor did they care. Whenever someone cracked out a bingle for three bags, a chorus of whatever is French of "Atta boy!" rose from the crowd. And whenever the short-stop made a boot and let the ball get through to left field, the fans like it just as well as if he'd made the assist.

And the Paris games are the first in history where the umpire has a chance with the bleachers. The reason is that they don't know what or why or wherefore is the umpire. And the umpires, to date, aren't giving interviews to the Paris dailies explaining the duties of their positions.

## One Thing They Aren't Hop to

But these new friends of our national game must learn that the worst place to stand while watching a game is behind the catcher. In the games Sunday they were crowded within two feet of the plate and it was impossible to keep them back. "Get dangerous!" an American would yell at them. "Ah, out," they agreed and moved back all of two inches.

Those games ran for only five innings and within that time there were several casualties. When a foul came screaming over their heads, the umpire would tell the catcher let a bad one pass and it tapped a fan on the head, everybody came back for more. There are bound to be some serious injuries when the league opens if provisions are not made to keep the enthusiasts from acting as backstops.

The Searchlight boys didn't have a chance with the Pill Rollers and when the fray was called at the end of the fourth frame the Medics led with a tally of 19 to 5. Hill was on the mound for the winners and the hits were as few as Huns in Paris, while Hill's bunkies needed only 11 bingles to garner their 19 counters.

As a baseball game it wouldn't have gotten very many paragraphs on a home sporting page, but as entertainment for the sit-strollers in Bois de Boulogne it was a world-beater and it takes no prophet to predict that it will be laughed when the series crowd on deck when the league opens next Sunday.

## GAME PUT ON ICE IN LUCKY SEVENTH

### Headquarters Company of Engineers Scores Five Runs in Big Session

Headquarters Company, — U. S. Engineers, defeated the Transportation team 11 to 5. It was a close and bitterly contested game until the seventh inning, when Headquarters Company forged ahead, due to the errors of the opposing infield, interspersed with timely hitting. Coder, former Tri-State leaguer, made his debut, and always came through in a pinch. Centerfielder Ames of the Transportation Company, by running back and pulling down what looked like a sure home run, featured the game. Summary: TRANSPORTATION. AB H PO A E

Abbott, lb.	4	1	11	0	1
Dimond, cf.	4	3	3	0	0
Rooney, 2b.	4	2	2	0	0
Logue, ss.	4	3	3	2	2
Perrain, 3b.	4	1	2	2	4
Williams, rf.	4	1	0	0	0
Ames, cf.	4	1	0	0	0
McEvoy, c.	3	0	1	0	0
Harris, p.	2	0	0	2	0
Total	33	0	21	11	5

HEADQUARTERS. AB H PO A E  
Destefano, ss. 5 0 2 2 1  
Stoops, cf. 4 0 2 0 0  
Harris, 2b. 4 1 2 4 0  
W. Williams, 2b. 4 1 2 4 0  
Gibson, lb. 4 1 7 0 0  
O. Williams, cf. 4 1 0 0 0  
Ames, cf. 4 1 0 0 0  
Miles, 3b. 4 1 1 4 1  
Coder, p. 4 1 0 2 0  
Total 35 7 24 12 2  
RHE  
Transportation Co., 00021002—595  
Headquarters Co., 0300033x—1172  
Two base hits—Miles. Struck out—Coder, 7, by Harris 1. Base on balls—O. Williams, 2, by Harris 1. Hit batsman—Coder none, off Harris 1. Passed balls—McEvoy 3, Holmes 1. Score bases—Coder 2, McEvoy, Stoops, W. Williams, Miles, Helms, Rooney, Logue. Time—1 hour 40 minutes.

## GIANTS UPSET DOPE WITH NINE IN ROW

### Phillies Also Spring Surprise by Break-Neck Pace at Start

## RED SOX SHOWING UP WELL

### Rain Has Already Wrecked Good Bit of American League Schedule

## CANADIANS BLANKED BY U. S. NAVAL AIRMEN

### International Event Goes to Yanks by Score of 16 to 0

### COME AND GET 'EM

"Outside of being a well drilled company," writes in a member of Company M, — Infantry, A.E.F., "we have a baseball nine that is yet to meet its victors. We are willing to challenge all comers, and can assure all companies of a good game."

"Here it is, there it is; take it as it is!" Company M, — Infantry, would seem to be issuing a challenge through this here Spectrum of Sport. Takers will fall in on the left of the line at four inch intervals, dressing on M Company, hats at the right shoulder, and gloves properly adjusted.

Yanks and Canadians are going to meet on the diamond in London on May 18 and have it out, but Yanks and Canadians have already met and had it out at a certain U. S. Naval Air Station. The score was 16 to 0. No, Adolph, not 16 to one—16 to nothing! The Canadians did not win. Here are the statistics:

NAVAL AIR STN.	AB	H	PO	A	E
Leiblich, 2b.	5	3	0	0	0
Schmidt, O. P., lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Kucinich, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Stone, cf.	5	3	0	0	0
Vassar, 3b.	6	3	2	1	1
Vassax, 1b.	6	3	2	0	0
Shir, c.	5	3	0	0	0
Stiehl, c.	4	1	20	3	0
Hutchinson, p.	5	3	0	2	0
Total	46	23	27	6	1

Two base hits—Schmidt, O. P., 2, Stone, Vassar, Hutchinson. Base on balls by Hutchinson 2, O'Connor 3, Grundy 1. Struck out—Hutchinson 20, O'Connor 1, Grundy 2. Hit by pitcher—By Hutchinson 1, by Hutchinson 1. Umpire, Stanton. Time—2 hours 10 minutes. Attendance—500.

## COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

Jess Brunkett, former big league star, is baseball coach at Holy Cross. Martin Slocum, former crack weight thrower, died at New York of pneumonia. Sherman Landers, star University of Pennsylvania runner, is quite ill and will not be in shape for the relay race.

Harold Pogue, one of the best football players of the Middle West, has quit the University of Illinois, having enlisted in the home education service.

Bob Markley has been chosen captain of the Purdue basketball five. Pat Perrin, captain of the baseball team, has left college to enlist in the Army.

Red Jackson, sub guard on the Chicago University football eleven last fall, although under age, has enlisted.

Wilbur Higdon, captain and star on last year's Northwestern University football team, has enlisted.

## STAR SHELLS

The shirts we bought a year ago contained a million pins. Which served no other purpose than to stick our dainty fins. We'd buy a nifty purple shirt. And pack it home with joy. Convinced that, should we put it on, we'd shame Lord Fauntleroy. But after we'd untied the thing, our mug would lose its grins, while we would fight and always lose The Battle of the Pins.

Then Fashion got a jolt from Mars and shipped us this device: The shirts our younger set shall wear. Must be of plain O.D.; No more shall men between the years Of twenty-one and thirty-one go down the boulevard in purple-colored shirt.

So we obeyed the 12th's command, And now at city we grin, Because the shirts the Q.M. gives Have not a single pin!

Grover Alexander has pitched and won his last big league game until after the war, and now is in the National Army. His mate, Killifer, expects soon to join Alex in camp. Yes, Carmen, it looks as though at last they're learning that now is the time for all good batteries to come to the aid of their country.

The recent British operation on the Zeebrugge mole, entirely successful as it was, seems to have been viewed with consternation by the Beauty parlors of BocheLand.

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Two base hits—Schmidt, O. P., 2, Stone, Vassar, Hutchinson. Base on balls by Hutchinson 2, O'Connor 3, Grundy 1. Struck out—Hutchinson 20, O'Connor 1, Grundy 2. Hit by pitcher—By Hutchinson 1, by Hutchinson 1. Umpire, Stanton. Time—2 hours 10 minutes. Attendance—500.

## COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

Jess Brunkett, former big league star, is baseball coach at Holy Cross. Martin Slocum, former crack weight thrower, died at New York of pneumonia. Sherman Landers, star University of Pennsylvania runner, is quite ill and will not be in shape for the relay race.

Harold Pogue, one of the best football players of the Middle West, has quit the University of Illinois, having enlisted in the home education service.

Bob Markley has been chosen captain of the Purdue basketball five. Pat Perrin, captain of the baseball team, has left college to enlist in the Army.

Red Jackson, sub guard on the Chicago University football eleven last fall, although under age, has enlisted.

Wilbur Higdon, captain and star on last year's Northwestern University football team, has enlisted.

## STAR SHELLS

The shirts we bought a year ago contained a million pins. Which served no other purpose than to stick our dainty fins. We'd buy a nifty purple shirt. And pack it home with joy. Convinced that, should we put it on, we'd shame Lord Fauntleroy. But after we'd untied the thing, our mug would lose its grins, while we would fight and always lose The Battle of the Pins.

Then Fashion got a jolt from Mars and shipped us this device: The shirts our younger set shall wear. Must be of plain O.D.; No more shall men between the years Of twenty-one and thirty-one go down the boulevard in purple-colored shirt.

So we obeyed the 12th's command, And now at city we grin, Because the shirts the Q.M. gives Have not a single pin!

Grover Alexander has pitched and won his last big league game until after the war, and now is in the National Army. His mate, Killifer, expects soon to join Alex in camp. Yes, Carmen, it looks as though at last they're learning that now is the time for all good batteries to come to the aid of their country.

The recent British operation on the Zeebrugge mole, entirely successful as it was, seems to have been viewed with consternation by the Beauty parlors of BocheLand.

## 285 OUT OF 300 SCORED BY SERGEANT

### Premier Rifleman of Regiment Gets Fine Mark Despite Shower

285 out of 300. Such is the rifle score of Sergeant Andrew J. Waksmonski of Company M, — Infantry, A.E.F., making him premier rifleman of his regiment. It's a mighty good score, particularly in view of the fact that it was made in what is admittedly a poor excuse for a target range, described as being "Somewhere in Mudville." Furthermore, toward the end of his firing the rain came down in good stiff drizzle. But that didn't bother the sergeant at all; he romped in just the same with his 95 per cent perfect mark.

Here is his score by ranges:

SLOW FIRE.	Score.	RAPID FIRE.	Score.
300	49	300	49
500	48	300	47
600	47	500	45

Total... 144 Total... 141  
Total score... 285

Besides Sgt. Waksmonski there were quite a number of men in Company M, who made the "expert" score. Among them are: Sgts. D. McClure, M. Rosenbaum, S. Smith, M. Stonecipher; Corpis. L. Abend, H. Bray, P. Dandridge, V. Morin, J. Sandlin, Pvt. J. Killduff.

## DIAMOND FLASHES

Ray Keating, former New York Yank twirler, is with the St. Paul club. John Beall, veteran outfielder, has again signed with the Milwaukee Brewers. Brian Shocker, traded to the Browns by the Yanks, has been called in the draft. The Chicago Cubs and White Sox appear to have the two best backstops in the game in Killifer and Schick.

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# HOW TO BEAT REVEILLE

-By WALLGREN



## HELPFUL HINTS

NO 12—NEVER TEST AN UNEXPLODED SHELL WITH A HAMMER.

THIS METHOD OF TESTING IS FROUNDED UPON IN THE BEST MILITARY CIRCLES, AND THE FISH WHO ATTEMPTS IT IS USUALLY TREATED TO A POSTHUMOUS COURT MARTIAL—(WHICH IS THE VERY WORST KIND OF C.M. YOU WILL ADMIRE)

# HOW THE LINES LOOK FROM A FRENCH PLANE

### Trip Across No Man's Land Has Its Thrills Even At a Height of 6,500 Feet—American Batteries' Havoc

By HENRY C. WALES  
Correspondent of the International News Service with the A. E. F.

I have been two miles inside the German lines—at a height of 6,500 feet. I flew over the American lines on the Toul front, crossed No Man's Land, and penetrated as far as the enemy second line defense. I saw some of the destruction inflicted by bursts of gunfire from American batteries, and even while over the German positions I saw American shells drop there and silently explode, spouting a dusty upheaval of brown dirt mixed with smoke.

I made the flight, which is the first taken over the actual fighting lines by a civilian, war correspondent or other, since the war began, in one of the British two-seater Sopwith observation biplanes used by American observers in regulating American artillery fire, and piloted by a French sub-lieutenant who usually takes up with him an American observer. The only difference was that the twin machine guns were not put in place for my trip, as they are when the combination observer-machine gunner goes up.

It was just after four o'clock sunlight and excellently clear for observation. A group of mechanics strapped me to the bucket seat deep down in the fuselage, so that only my head showed and I looked squarely at the pilot's cranium, just showing in front of me.

### Mile a Minute on the Ground

We raced down the field and picked up a mile a minute gait, then rose so softly that before I realized we were off the ground the hangars and buildings seemed to be dropping below. We circled over the field a while, banking steeply on the turn to make our height, as the fields are near the front and an aeroplane must fly high to cross the lines, otherwise it is dangerous business.

Mounting to 6,000 feet, we started toward the front, traversing roads and villages I knew well from passing through them daily in an automobile. As we gained height, with our speed exceeding two miles a minute and the wind pressure becoming greater, it seemed as though we were standing stock still.

As I gazed through the floor glass of the plane, objects below made it seem as if we were barely creeping along, just making headway against some raging gale, though in reality there was scarcely any breeze. But gradually we passed landmark after landmark that I knew, and I realized we were really moving fast.

### War Zone Creeps In

Scrutinizing the landscape below I passed the rearmost American Army zone, out of danger except for long-range guns, then gradually the war zone crept in almost imperceptibly. I first noticed the telltale shadows invariably cast by the most skillful camouflage. Then I saw how mere man-made camouflage cannot mimic nature exactly, no matter how hard he is trying to copy the landscape.

Soon we saw the beginning of the communication trenches. Sinuous, winding, irregular, they tolled devious ways like moles' tunnels on a moist morning at home. Then, instead of villages, I could see merely clumps of ruined, shell-torn stone houses, and out from the clumps stretched the wonderful French highways—clear, clean-cut and ribbon-like under the eye, so that I could tell exactly where I was by their configuration from the pilot's map I carried.

### Where the Road Ends

The thoroughfares gradually lost themselves in the yellowish-brown strip marking No Man's Land. Through powerful binoculars I looked down upon the maze of American trenches, inter-wind-ig, inter-locking, seaming the earth to a considerable depth behind a tiny hair-like line marking the advanced fire trench. All this was so shell-battered that it resembled nothing so much as the footprints of thousands of dogs on the seaside sands, at some places blurred and blended into millions of tiny undulations where the rain had washed down or softened shell crater marks.

The lane of No Man's Land, as far as my eye could see, was a barren, certain, torn up, yet still with certain marks left, such as a shell-battered

stone farmhouse which the gunners of neither side had so far seen fit to raze, and an old cow stable whose walls were still standing at a feeble height. These places are a favorite rendezvous for night patrols in attempting to gain possession of the machine guns of their opponents, who try to enter.

Then I passed the advanced German line. It looked exactly like the American line, with the same endless scroll of trenches burrowing wormily every which way and extending back to a great depth.

We veered left and saw the spot where the American bombardment had prepared the way for the raid of the previous morning. The effects of the rain of shells were plainly visible, the new craters showing up bolder and deeper than others which had been made a long time before.

### Roads Begin Out of Nothing

Passing over the Germans' first network of trenches, I noticed the stream-like communicating positions leading back towards the second organized position. There, too I saw clumsily camouflaged gunpits, and glancing at the map found them accurately noted there for our gunners' information.

The villages behind the enemy's line were crumbling and shot torn exactly like the same as those behind ours, and the roads began again from nothing, gradually assuming shape in the fine highways a little way further on.

No puffs of white smoke, indicating high explosive, molested us. We continued onward, not straight ahead, but obliquely, so that we could veer off and double back if a hostile fighting plane appeared. We saw a couple of German two-seater observation machines regulating artillery fire at about our own level, but they minded their own business and we paid no attention to them.

### Gazing earthward, I saw shells

coughed up from the throat of a messenger gun far behind bump into the enemy's positions and burst, throwing up clouddets of black-brown dirty smoke.

Once, when we were farthest within the enemy's lines, I looked back toward the German front line and saw several flashes which I afterwards learned were trench mortars throwing flying pigs over toward the American lines.

### Not a Human Being in Sight

In all that journey I had not seen a single moving human being, even through my glasses, despite the fact that the subterranean positions beneath teemed with fighting men. In all the advanced positions on both sides I did not see a single moving vehicle, although far off to the rear of the German lines I could discern dustclouds rising from convoys on the move.

### We turned slightly, tilting steeply on

our wing, and soared homeward. The pilot signalled to me to look down, and, starting through the floor-glass, I saw another French machine much lower. Almost at the same instant a dull thud penetrated the terrific noise of the whirling motor. The pilot motioned again, and I saw a dusky white clouddet of anti-aircraft shrapnel—enemy gunners trying to lay the range on the comrade beneath us.

Then came a dozen more almost inaudible thuds, and I saw a string of these dusky white clouddets hanging in the air along the path which the French machine below had been taking. But he was far away—he wingslipped, turned, and escaped entirely. Although we were less than 10,000 feet up, enemy anti-aircrafters did not choose us for a target.

Passing again the American battery positions, I saw ominous flashes from the breeches, but heard no shot fired or shell whistling through the air. We passed over an American observation balloon and reached the field, alighting like thistledown at 80 miles an hour.

### GOING UP

There may come a day when you will sign for breeches O.D. and the ease with which they could be acquired. Back home the merchant tailors have announced that hereafter \$75 will be the standard price for a civilian suit.

## EARLY MORNING SMOKES

They can talk about their plays, 'Bout their movies and their dances, 'Bout the Gall-Curl craze—Not a single one entrances Me: for I'm content, you bet. With one luxury a day: Smoking just one cigarette in the dawn, ere reveille!

Back at home I never did Puff before my morning meal—Father would have put the lid On it; and with anguished squeal Mother would have thought me gone Plumb—well, plumb to you-know-where; But it wasn't cold at dawn. Damp and dismal over there.

Over here, though, mornings are Things to court the soothing weel—Lack of makin' well may mar All one's first-call dressing speed. With a fag stuck in your face You can hustle with the best, Puff, and struggle with each lace, Get for breakfast chow a zest.

Cigarettes at break of day Sweeter are than any others, Driving clouds of night away, Cutting fog that well-nigh smothers; Soft their perfume, mild their taste, Who'll gainsay the joy they bring? So—be careful not to waste 'Baccy—'tis a precious thing!

## FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

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

E.T.—Yes, always keep your girl's picture with you whenever you move. Not only keep it with you, but write to her and tell her that you do. Nothing gets along without advertising these days, you know.

W.M.—You say that you inadvertently left the locket, with her picture in it, open while you were taking your last month's bath, and that the water made the darn thing run and spoiled her looks? Serves you right for taking a bath! I wouldn't blame her a bit for refusing to send you another picture.

Z.—No, the line "Am in the hospital; having a lovely time," never makes a bit with the girl back home. She knows there are attractive nurses in hospitals just as well as you do, and all smell a rat right off. Tell her all about your troubles and she may decide to come over and do a little nursing herself—if she's got bean enough to pass the examinations!

F.D.—No, shinning up to her brother, who is in your outfit, won't do you a bit of good. Brothers are always brutes, and his good opinion of you—even if he should take the trouble to write it home, which he won't—wouldn't get you anything. Treat him kindly, to be sure; but don't let him capitalize your affection for his sister by borrowing from you too heavily. Remember that if all goes well, you'll have him on your hands, off and on, for the rest of your life; so don't begin too soon to keep him.

R.E.A.—Don't, when you write about the discomforts of trench life, forget to hint, gently, oh, so gently, that you're going through all of it For Her. Never fail to capitalize on what you go through and to impress her with it. There's nothing untruthful about it, so don't be afraid to play it up. They all like it.

T.O.—If she hasn't written to you for a long time, and you can prove it by checking up on the dates of her letters—you have to keep the envelopes for that, as women never date their letters inside—why, don't write to her for quite a while. Don't spoll her by starting out, "Dearest, your letter got in here just this eveg., and in reply to same I am writing right away." Keep her in suspense for a while; discipline her. Then, when you do write, try to appear a little detached, a bit cold. They play the same game on you; why in the name of time shouldn't you resort to reprisals?

Polli (to newly arrived Yank): Vous êtes engagé?  
Yank: Omgazhay—ong—oh, engaged!  
Hell, no, I'm married.

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## WOMEN'S HOSPITAL GETS EARLY CHANCE

### Unit of American Pioneers Proves Worth During German Offensive

## NOT A MAN ON ITS STAFF

### Volunteer Workers Have Their Own Plumber, Electrician and Chauffeur, Too

Hats off—no, we don't take our hats off in the army; we salute.

A salute, then, for the Women's Overseas Hospital, U.S.A., the first unit of which is in France and doing business. It comprises the first group of women physicians and surgeons from the United States to see service in Europe, and it distinguishes itself before it had been here a month by operating a hospital in the field so close to the firing line that the members were within sight and sound of bursting shells.

This pioneer unit of the Women's Overseas Hospitals was formed under the auspices of the National American Women Suffrage Association by four women physicians and surgeons of the staff of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children—Drs. Carolina S. Finley, Alice Gregory, Mary Lee Edwards and Anna-von Sholly.

The women volunteered for service with the American Army, but their offer was rejected. They then offered themselves to the French Government and were accepted. It was agreed that they were to operate a hospital for the French civil population which, upon 48 hours' notice, was to be turned into a military hospital. The American Red Cross agreed to furnish the equipment and supplies.

### Site for Hospital Found

Dr. Finley came to France two months ago and selected a site for the hospital. She chose a village in the Department of the Aisne, the population of which was in need of medical aid because all the French practitioners had left for service with the army. Before this hospital was fully established, however, came the German drive, and the site which they had chosen fell into Boche hands. The unit withdrew.

The wounded began to come back from the fighting lines and the women, not to be idle, asked French army officials for immediate duty in the field. They were assigned to Temporary Hospital No. 11, which they operated during the height of the fighting and still are operating. They have treated scores of French and British soldiers, administered anesthetics, set bones, dressed wounds and performed minor and major operations.

During the first few days, the Germans got so close that they dropped shells within a mile or two of the hospital, but the women, although they thought they were actually within reach of the Boche guns, worked without interruption.

The unit includes six physicians and surgeons and numbers 31. Its boast is that it is independent of man, that it can take over a hospital, or convert into

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one a building not previously used for that purpose, and do all the work there is to do without any aid from the outside. In addition to a dentist, it has a carpenter, an electrician, a plumber, an auto-repair woman and two chauffeurs.

Another contingent of 60—physicians, surgeons and helpers—will be in France soon, and others are expected to follow.

## CHANCE TO LIVE IT DOWN

An American Red Cross worker behind the British front, after a recent battle, tarried to hear a British major, mounted on a wagon ton, addressing the men of his battalion.

The men had finished a night's rest after three days of the hardest kind of fighting, recounts the Red Cross man, and the major was announcing that they were "going in" again that day.

"There will be no withdrawal. We are not going to give an inch," declared the major. "I want to see you fight harder than you ever fought before. I don't want to see you hang back like you did the last time."

"Why, dammit, men," shouted the major, "in the last fight you only got eight to one. You know you ought to have done better than that!"

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Write for appointment and consult: A. LIONEL ISAACS, 29 Rue de Moscou, PARIS.

## ATTENTION MOOSE!

All members of the Moose in good standing, or those who have been members, take notice that headquarters will be opened shortly in Paris. In order that you may be promptly notified of plans for your comfort, send your name, military address and number of lodge to:

JOSEPH A. JENKINS, Vice-Director General, Hotel Continental, Paris.

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## DO NOT FORGET TO WRITE

It may not be inappropriate for a house whose chief business is making letter-paper to suggest to you who read this that you cannot write home too often. A letter from a soldier at the front somewhere in France is prized by every family who receives it. The letters you write now about your actual experiences in war will be a valuable possession to you when you come back and read them over.

We cannot urge you to use our writing papers in writing because we do not know how you would get them in France, but we hope that you will receive lots of letters written upon them.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY,  
New York. Pittsfield, Mass., U. S. A.

# Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

No Stropping—No Honing

## Gillette U.S. Service Set

UNITED STATES War Service Regulations Require a Shaving Outfit—and the soldier and sailor must provide his own Razor.

The new Gillette U.S. Service-Set is the Shaving Outfit that fulfills every need of Uncle Sam's Boys.

It is constructed with a metal case—built to withstand the roughest handling. An indestructible Mirror fits snugly in the lid of case. Thumb tacks for securing the mirror for use regardless of surroundings are included.

We kept in mind the Gillette principle and the necessity of compactness. Size complete—4 in. long, 1 1/2 in. wide, 1/2 in. thick. Slips into the breast pocket of the coat or shirt—takes up no room in the soldier's kit or the sailor's ditty box. Regular Gillette Blades used with this set.

No Stropping—No Honing, always sanitary, no cutting or scraping of skin—no risk of infection. This is the razor that every fighting man needs, to be perfectly equipped for shaving satisfaction.

PRICE: 25 FRANCS complete with 12 Gillette Blades.

PACKETS of new Gillette Blades—each Blade wrapped in oiled paper enclosed in sanitary envelope—bright, smooth, sharp and clean, can be obtained at all dealers in France, England, Russia, Italy, Canada and all other parts of the world.

Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

To be had at A.E.F. & Y.M.C.A. Canteens or at all Dealers in France.

### GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, S.A., 17bis Rue La Boétie, PARIS

BATH HOUSE ANNEX HAS REGULAR TUBS

French and American Officers Dedicate Popular Institution

IN HONOR OF LAFAYETTE

Paint Makes Quadrangle of Adrian Barracks Look Like Swiss Chateau

In a little city somewhere back of the Lorraine line, a club of French and American officers dedicated not long ago to the memory of General Lafayette six shiny new porcelain bath tubs and two showers.

"Officers came from 50 kilometers to attend," he relates. "By train and motor car." On foot! On muleback! And by aeroplane!

It is literally true that one French officer did arrive by aeroplane—and, of course, no one doubts the rest of the barber's story.

Where Paint Works Wonders The club already is a fairly attractive place. No one would believe that a quadrangle of Adrian barracks could look so much like a Swiss chateau.

An American is given credit for conceiving the idea. He was adjutant to a Yankee general billeted in the little city. He was a mixer, strong on the social instinct.

Lafayette Idea Takes The French got to talking about him; then about his Lafayette idea. A lieutenant of French cavalry enlisted himself with the American and put in a requisition upon the division for an extra Adrian barracks to be used as a rendezvous for Franco-Americans.

Nucleus for Real Hotel Today the dominos form a quadrangle—cloak room and lavatory, café with an orchestra, dining room, kitchen, servants' quarters, reading and writing rooms, bath house, barber shop, and a modest beginning of a hotel—four small bed rooms.

A WASTED DAY "Hell!" exclaimed Jimmy, lurching into the billet and throwing himself down on his bunk. "And hell again!"

Standard-Bearers of America! You have come to the Home of Perrier

SMITH GIRL DRIVER TURNS TRAFFIC COP

Student Takes Full Charge of Road and Straightens Out Tangle

CHAUFFEURS OBEY ORDERS

Self-Appointed M.P. Quits Post Only When Properly Relieved

The spectacle of a Smith college girl, standing in the center of a mass of jumbled traffic, waving minor lorries, camions, camionettes, staff cars and just plain Red Cross and Army slyvers to the right and left, keeping the road to the front open for the supply trucks on one side and for the cars rescuing the young and old from the invaded Somme district on the other, was one of the most striking of the many exhibited during the withdrawal in the face of the German offensive.

CHOWING EN ROUTE TO THE LINE



Photograph by S. C., A.E.F.

THE SPELL OF NICOTINE

There are more brands of spelling in the American E.P. than there are nationalities and temperaments. This was proved quite conclusively a short while ago when a certain Y.M.C.A. hut bulletin board bore a notice somewhat along this line:

"If the men will kindly state their preferences as to brands of cigarettes, the Y. will try to keep a supply on hand."

A blank space for the names of the brands was left below. It was not left long, for it was soon filled with: "Fat Emmas," "Lord Sauls Bury," "Turkish Atrocities," "Between the Ax," "Relews," "Neutrads," "Lucky Striks," "Crepe de Chien," "Flora de Cabogellos," "Camels lairs," "Bulls Durhams," "Rans."

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Investigated Manners By BRAN MASH

With the number of investigators now at large in the fair land of France, the cultured and refined doughboy should deal discreetly. He should remember that nothing is more disconcerting than the truth, and should tell it accordingly whenever questioned. As this is the last thing that a good many of the investigators want, it usually throws them off their guard the first thing, leaving the doughboy to pursue the even tenor of his way.

THOSE EDIBLE MATTRESSES

First Missouri Mule: They tell me you had Corporal Crapshooter's last month's bed for supper yesterday. How was it?

Second M.M.: Tasted fine, but all last night I dreamed I heard someone yell "Baby needs a pair of shoes!"

MATCHES—AND MATCHES

It is violating no confidence to state that there are no good matches left in France. The sulphurous stinker, indigenous to the country, is never any good to begin with, except "for revenue only." Whenever you use it, you get a taste of hell half way up your smoke, and by the time you get beyond the half-way mark on your cigarette you're so all-fired mad you don't enjoy the most sulfurized portion of it—no, not for a cent. Consequently you never buy the stinkers unless there positively isn't anything else in sight—or rather, in smell.

A WASTED DAY

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WILLIAM ROSS LEIGH PAYS HIS RESPECTS

Regiment Finds Out Where Its Fresh Magazines Come From

Last August a certain A.E.F. regiment began to receive copies of mazzettes from America—not "Golden Days" from June 4, 1878, to April 7, 1882, but fresh, readable numbers of current publications, sent to France as soon as they were published and made available for the — Regiment as quick as the boat would bring them.

They were sent by one William Ross Leigh, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., and the boys were so grateful for them that Chaplain H. R. Talbot wrote a letter to William Ross Leigh thanking him for his kind work.

"I received your letter yesterday morning," he writes the chaplain. "I am not flattering you, but you are a very nice looking man." The chaplain did not delete this, so it must be so.

William Ross Leigh is too young to fight, but that is obviously all that is keeping him out of it.

"I am spending all my money on (thrill stamps)," he says. "I have two five dollar War Saving Stamps and have a third book with six thrill stamps in it. I got ten dollars for an Easter present and I am going to spend most of it on thrill stamps."

"We all know that you're going to win," says William Ross Leigh.

MILITARY AND CIVIL TAILORS KRIEGCK & CO.

23 Rue Royale.

THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND

Jeaney, when the stars of evening Dot the distant skies of France, I sit by my camp fire longing For one more lust glorious dance. And, Lucile, you were so lovely When I said my sad farewell, That I dreamed of your blue eyes, dear.

As I felt the ocean's swell, Diane, do you, too, remember How we motored up the bank Of the Hudson ere I started To yell "Front" or "Rear" or "Plank?"

Though at times the States seem distant, And my folks 'most out of mind, I'm still true as tempered steel, Nan, To the girl I've left behind.

A. L. G., 1st Lt. O.D.U.S.R.

HOW COULD THEY?

Private Simple: I've got a dandy idea—a machine gun that can shoot a thousand rounds a minute.

Corporal Brightguy: What good would it be? As soon as the Germans captured one, they'd build a million like it.

Private Simple: No, they couldn't. I'd get it patented.

WHERE'S THIS BAGGAGE?

If you have seen in your travels a quantity of baggage consisting of two locker trunks, one bedding-roll inside a tan colored duffle bag, one Q.M. chest and one field desk, the lockers and bag marked Walter McBeth, M.R.C., you are in a fair way to earning \$25.

Hotel Continental 3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

J. COQUILLOT BOOT MAKER

Trench Boots, Riding Boots, Puttees and Aviators' Needs FURNISHER TO SAUMUR. 75 Ave. des Champs-Elysees, PARIS.

Advertisement for A. Sulka & Co. featuring shirts, khaki, and collars. Located at 34 W. 34 Street, New York.

Advertisement for American Express Co. featuring general banking facilities and American Expeditionary Forces. Located at 11 Rue Scribe, Paris.

Large advertisement for Murad Turkish Cigarettes. Features an illustration of a man in a military uniform and a woman, with a pack of Murad cigarettes in the foreground. Text includes 'Two hearts with but a single wish, -MURAD.' and 'MURAD THE TURKISH CIGARETTE'.