

LIBERTY LOAN'S GREAT SUCCESS DUE TO PEOPLE

Washington Believes Over-subscription Will Reach Billion Figure

SEVENTEEN MILLION BUYERS

Minneapolis Federal Reserve District Makes Country's Finest Showing

HOT RACE IN CLOSING WEEK

German Born Americans in New York Hold Great Meeting to Boom Bond Sales

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 9.—The common people have done it, and they did it up to the hilt. The official Washington estimate, when the campaign closed at midnight Saturday, was that there were at least 17 million individual subscribers to the Third Liberty Loan—

one sixth of the whole population of the United States. The first loan had only four and one-half million subscriptions, the second ten million. The whole country is cheering today, as this dispatch goes to you, because we went over the top with a whoop. But the biggest thing, to my mind, is that this has truly turned out to be a great popular loan, taken by the people throughout the length and breadth of the nation. It was not primarily a huge financial operation, but the offering of willing hearts and hands.

These are your own people—not merely a big vague nation, but Tom, Bill, Mary and Jane standing behind every one of you individually with boundless affection and faith. This in itself is a far greater success than is the mere fact of over-subscription, and during the days to come it will bring to the whole country a deep realization of the strength of democracy.

May Be Billion Over The amount of the over-subscription is not definitely known at the moment this dispatch is filed. Washington thinks it will prove to be one billion over, but all we know positively is that there is an over-subscription of at least five hundred million without counting the last day.

Little old New York made a desperate spurt in the final two days of the campaign and wiped out its black eye on the very last day by going at least 27 millions over the 500 million quota set for this Federal Reserve district. The general hope is that New York's full returns will show a clean billion subscription.

There are four million individual subscribers in this district, which is more than four times as many as the first loan had and twice as many as the second. New York City raised \$163,000,000 in the final dash and has surely exceeded the quota set for the city alone, of \$67,000,000.

The fact remains, however, that the West outran the East spectacularly in the whole campaign and stayed ahead to the end, both in the speed with which the quotas were exceeded and in the percentages of excess.

States Exceed Quotas We know already that every part of the Union exceeded its quota, with the possible exception of the Richmond, Cleveland and Atlanta districts, but these three claim that their first latest figures show they went over the top, too.

The majority of the States exceeded their quotas. Delaware doubled the amount assigned it. Maryland went three million over. The northern New Jersey beat its mark 23 per cent. In many States every county went over the top without a single exception. Almost 600 honor flags were won in the Philadelphia district.

New England claims 23 per cent over, with every one of its six States ahead

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THREE-PLY GUNBOATS FOR A.E.F. TOOTSIES

Soles of New Army Shoe Will Be Held Together by Nails

Little Goody New-Shoes will soon be shot into your company from the replacement division. Little Goody New-Shoes are quite some shoes, too. They're guaranteed, as far as shoes which have to stand what shoes do stand over here can be guaranteed, not to do what the Giants once did—crack under the strain.

They're going to have three soles, which, it is expected, will give them a good ride. But—and here is the essential difference—the ground floor and the second floor soles are going to be nailed together, not sewn. It has been proved beyond a doubt that this past winter—of course, have helped a lot in the proving—the thread rots in water and mud and all everything, causing the soles which are joined by it to be as wobbly and separable as Bolsheviks. Therefore, no more thread for those two necessary foundation soles. They will be united by nails.

The last will be the same as the present issue. So as not to scare the Army, the Little Goody New-Shoes will not be sent up all in a bunch, but will be fed into the various units by degrees, and thus they will be given a chance to get acquainted. They are going to be gone over with a fine tooth comb and microscope and a whitewash brush and over so many other things before you get them. And when you do, they ought to last a long time and to turn the cold shoulder to all the heavy going underfoot that tries to get too close to your socks.

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THE GIRL WE'RE ALL FIGHTING FOR



YANKEE AIRMEN GET FIVE HUNS, OUR LOSSES TWO

Four Other Enemy Planes Have Probably Been Brought Down

CAPTAIN J. N. HALL MISSING

Quintet of German Flyers Put to Rout by American Formation

Five or two, or six to two—perhaps even nine to two, according to how you turned, shot upward and came smashing into the American's machine. An artillery observer reports that Hall's craft righted itself before it struck the ground, and on this is based the hope that he is still alive.

Of the other three German planes in this engagement, one finally took flight and two others dropped, but whether they were destroyed in their fall the American witnesses cannot say, as visibility was poor.

Captain Peterson's Victory To Captain D. N. K. Peterson goes credit for the latest victory. It was one result of the encounter last Friday morning between a patrol of five Allied machines and five Huns.

All the members of the Allied patrol were Americans. They were scouting at dawn along the German lines when they saw five Germans coming toward them. The Americans immediately sallied out over the German held territory to get a battle.

Peterson engaged a biplane Albatross and after some maneuvering succeeded in puncturing the petrol tank and setting it on fire. It fell flaming and crashed behind the German lines.

Meantime, another biplane Albatross had been engaged by Chapman. Many rounds were exchanged from the machine guns before Chapman was charged from a bad quarter and the Boche bullet

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PARIS OFFICIALLY IN ZONE OF ADVANCE

Change Announced From G.H.Q. Takes City Out of Our L. of C.

Paris is now in the Zone of the Advance.

Paris has always been in the Zone of the Advance-in-Price, but not in the Zone of the Advance militarily.

Long, long ago, while Paris was technically in the Line of Communications, it was really in the Zone of the Advance—of the hurrying shells lobbed over by Big Bertha. It got it in the neck or pants morning, noon and night. It hurt to be in the L. of C.—technically—in those days; almost as much as it hurt to get in front of the business end of a shell. You felt as though you'd played in the world's series and then hadn't got a cent of the pennant money.

But now, thank Heaven and G.H.Q.—two bodies which are very close akin—Paris is where it belongs, in the Zone of the Advance. So let 'em lob their darned old shells over, and skim across with their goldarn Gothas! We're ready for 'em!

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS FINDING READY SALE

Nebraska Leads Country, District of Columbia in Second Place

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 9.—The Third Liberty Loan campaign is over, but that doesn't mean that folks have stopped lending money to the Government until the next. The War Savings stamp campaign is already on with a boom and a whoop.

The West is far ahead in the stamp campaign, just as it was in the loan drive. Nebraska leads the country with \$14,000,000. New York is next with \$12,000,000. Missouri is third with \$11,000,000. Ohio fourth with \$9,500,000. Illinois fifth with \$8,400,000. Pennsylvania sixth with \$8,000,000. and Texas seventh with \$7,000,000.

According to percentage, the States rank in this order: Nebraska, District of Columbia, Missouri, Kansas, Oregon, Washington, Colorado, Indiana, Montana, Delaware, Iowa, Ohio, Arizona, South Dakota, Texas, California, Nevada, Connecticut, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Maine, New Hampshire, Wyoming, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Utah, West Virginia, New York, Arkansas, Idaho, Vermont, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, New Jersey, Maryland, New Mexico.

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GOVERNMENT AID FOR ALL OFFICERS WITH DEPENDENTS

Commutation of Quarters, Heat and Light for Families

TEST CASE SEEMS LIKELY

Act Has Been Presented to Controller of Treasury for Interpretation

Here is good news for all A.E.F. officers with dependents. A recent Act of Congress provides that they shall be furnished with commutation of quarters and of heat and light for the maintenance of their dependents in the United States. According to telegraphic information just received from the Adjutant General of the Army, this is to be the rule for every officer "without regard to personal quarters furnished him elsewhere."

The new commutation, however, is not being paid at present, as the Act has been presented to the Controller of the Treasury for interpretation. There will probably have to be a test case to decide the question. In the event of a favorable decision the likelihood is that the collection of commutation will be retroactive to April 16, 1918, the date on which the Act was approved. In the meantime, the decision of the Adjutant General of the Army is that no claims for payments under the Act should be presented or paid until further instructions.

The Act reads: "That during the present emergency, every commissioned officer of the Army of the United States on duty in the field, or on active duty without the territorial jurisdiction of the United States, who maintains a place of abode for a wife, child or dependent parent shall be furnished at the place where he maintains such abode, without regard to personal quarters, furnished him elsewhere, the number of rooms prescribed by the Act of March 2, 1917 (34th Statute, Page 1,169), to be occupied by and only so long as occupied by said wife, child or dependent parent, and in case such quarters are not available, every such commissioned officer shall be paid commutation thereof and commutation for heat and light at the rate authorized by law in cases where public quarters are not available; but nothing in this Act shall be so construed as to reduce the allowance now authorized by law for any persons in the Army."

Every commissioned officer of the Army of the United States is understood to mean every officer of the Regular Army, National Guard, National Army, and every Reserve officer on active service.

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INSIGNIA OF RANK ON OVERSEAS CAP

Enlisted Men Will Wear Button Showing Branch of Service

Off-again, on-again, gone-again, Finnequin! You've got to wear your insignia up on the top of your monk—beg pardon, half-seas-over cap, after all.

That's the dope. There's a part of a new general order entirely devoted to it. Too much confusion has resulted; hence the change.

The new regulations provide that officers shall wear the insignia of their rank on the cap placed five-eighths of an inch to the left of the center fold and five-eighths of an inch from the bottom edge.

For the various grades the instructions are: The bars which form the insignia of lieutenants and captains shall be worn perpendicular to the bottom edge of the cap. The majors' and lieutenant-colonels' leaves shall be worn stem down. Colonels must wear the old eagle facing forward—as is quite appropriate.

Brigadier-generals must wear their stars point upward, just as Mars appears in the heavens. Additional stars, marking the rank of general officers above the grade of brigadier general, are to extend to the left and to be placed five-eighths of an inch apart and five-eighths of an inch, also, from the bottom edge of the interesting piece of headgear.

Enlisted men are to wear on the cap the button prescribed to be worn on the left hand side of the collar of the service coat. Again, the five-eighths of an inch rule comes into play—the button must be that much to the left of the center fold of the cap, and the same distance from the bottom edge.

LEAVE SUSPENSION HITS ALL A.E.F. MEN

No Exceptions to Rule Will Be Allowed, Says Statement

Leaves in the A.E.F. have been suspended indefinitely. The reason is, of course, the "present emergency," the term by which the war is known in official American state papers, but in this case narrowed down to apply to the German onslaught in the north.

There will be no exceptions to the order, according to an authoritative statement. Officers and men are alike. Men now on leave, however, will not be compelled to return to their units until their permission period is up.

HOME FOLKS WAITING FOR GREAT SHIPLOAD OF "MOTHER'S LETTERS"

ONE 'MOTHER'S LETTER'

Executive Mansion, Washington, November 21, 1864. Mrs. Dixby, Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Madam—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from your grief for a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MEN IN DUGOUT SEND REQUEST FOR WAR WAIF

Signal Battalion Asks for "Any Little Girl" From Six to Eight

TOTAL IN THREE FIGURES

One Hundred and Four French Orphans Find Parrains in American E.F.

One hundred and four. The total of child-mascots adopted by the A.E.F. went over the top and into three figures this week, five weeks after the announcement of THE STARS AND STRIPES plan to enable American Army units to adopt and support for one year French war orphans.

One hundred and four grateful little children who have lost their fathers or their homes through the war are assured of food, comfort and a home, and thousands of American soldiers have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done a generous deed and helped to convey, in a practical way, a suggestion of the friendship and gratitude of the United States toward France. The adoption of the first 100 children has barely skimmed the surface of the thousands of needy cases. But it is a beginning, and the quick response attests the willingness of the American soldiers to help.

The bulk of the first 100 requests are from aviators, organizations in training and the S.O.S. The men on the line have been too busy, and also, as one or two have pointed out, in the trenches the banking facilities for transmitting money are not of the best. There have been a few requests right from the front, however. One came this week. Lieut. John A. Hart, 3rd Platoon, Company C, Field Signal Battalion, wrote from a dugout:

Would Like One a Month "My platoon, now in the trenches, has decided to take an orphan and pay for it at once. I will forward the money as soon as I get to a post office for a money order. My hopes are that we will take one each month for awhile. Will you pick us out a girl and send me her picture so I can send it around to the boys, as they are spread over a big

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PATRIOTIC TALKER GETS BADLY PEEVED

Wisconsin Students Show Impatience as Speech Drags On

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 9.—The country is delighted over the story of how a certain famous Princeton professor returned indignantly from a patriotic lecture to University of Wisconsin students and announced loudly that the University was a hotbed of sedition because the students showed impatience at his remarks.

The Governor of Wisconsin, the university faculty and prominent citizens are now proclaiming aloud that the lecturer cast a horrible bloom over the entire audience by appearing with neck two inches thick and insisting on talking until deep, settled pain pervaded all his hearers.

The university faculty's resolution, repudiating the professor's charge, says subtly that two men in the audience from front exposure, though it does not really assert that death was due to exposure to the professor's remarks.

BIGGEST ARMY POSSIBLE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 9.—Secretary Baker's proposal to Congress to raise the biggest Army possible is backed everywhere without dissent.

The need for the augmented forces is seen on every side, and the feeling is that the secretary, in the light of his recent extended tour of the European battle front and the training area of the A.E.F. in France, is the man who should properly be "in the know."

Postmaster General Promises Speedy Delivery of May 12 Messages

WOUNDED TO WRITE, TOO

Searchers Will Aid Men in Hospital in Sending Back Words of Cheer

JOAN OF ARC'S DAY AS WELL

French Churches Will Unite in Observing Event With American Soldiers

The great news agencies have sent over the cables to America a full account of this newspaper's plan for the observance of Mother's Day, and today every mother of the A.E.F. knows that Sunday, May 12—the day after tomorrow—will see such a concentration of writing home as never an expeditionary force made since the war began.

America's lively interest in the celebration finds expression in this cable to the editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES from the big chief of all our postmasters:

"Post Office Department will make every effort to expedite delivery of Mothers' Letters upon arrival in this country. Proper instructions will be issued to all postmasters.

"BRIERSON, Postmaster-General."

All Is Ready Over Here

On this side of the Atlantic all is in readiness for the day which, next to Christmas, is the gentlest anniversary in all the calendar.

G.H.Q. has sent word along the line to every army and corps commander to make it as easy for the men to write their mothers that day as the somewhat preoccupying business of war will permit. Company censors are expected to work double time if necessary to see that not a needless moment of delay is suffered by these Mothers' Letters when once they have started on their long journey home.

Furthermore, the main office of the postal service of the A.E.F. has sent out general orders to every Army post office in France, serving notice on them of a heavy May 12 mail and directing that special attention be given to every envelope which carries in its upper right-hand corner the countersign, "Mothers' Letter."

The Y.M.C.A. and the Red Cross are doing their part. Every letter in France is forwarded with reminders of Mother's Day—there will be Mother's Day services in all of them—and out of the 25,000,000 sheets of Y.M.C.A. writing paper now in process of delivery, there will be an abundance in every hut for the greatest letter-writing day of the year.

Even the men in the uttermost trenches of the A.E.F. will not fail to write their message home on May 12 for lack of paper for the Y.M.C.A. secretaries who make their stealthy rounds of the bivouacs tomorrow night will see that their pouches, besides being stocked with smokes and similar necessities of existence, are stuffed to bursting with all the raw material of a Mother's Letter.

In Red Cross Cantens The walls of every Red Cross canteen will flaunt "Mother's Letter" posters and the writing of Mothers' Letters

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Jersey Riveter SHIPYARD CHAMP

One Edward Gibson Drives 2,919 Hot Ones in Eight Hours

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 9.—The Great American Ear hears with pleasing frequency some pretty big splashes from the direction of both Atlantic and Pacific coasts these warm spring days, as new shipyard records are made as if they were real ingrained prohibitions.

They've just launched a 5,600 ton freighter within 28 days of the laying of its keel. That cuts in half the previous record of 55 days, which was the length of time it took the Seattle yards to put an 8,900 ton ship into the briny deep.

Aside from these team contests between shipyards, to see which can launch ships in the shortest possible time, there are being held individual contests, notably between riveters. Up to the hour of going to press, Edward Gibson of the Federal Shipyard at Kearney, N. J., was the national rivet champ, having driven in 2,919 rivets in eight hours' work. By so doing he scratched the title right out of the hands of Charles A. Quincey, who drove 2,896 rivets in nine hours.

It is hot work, as the rivets are white hot at the time they are driven into the ships' plates. But the boys seem to like it, and are sounding "em in with a vim, rip and bang in every yard.

A.E.F. BOOSTERS MAKE HIT

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 9.—The fifty boosters from the A.E.F. have received a tremendous reception in New York and confirm the growing suspicion that our forces in France are composed of "regular gus."

They share the honors with the "Blue Devils," the Alpine chasers who came over to boost the loan, and with the 500 Yankees who have just arrived from Adelaide via Panama.

The presence of these representatives of three fighting races has been warmly appreciated by the metropolis, as it has given the people a close-up view of who's who and what in the war.

CHAPLAINS TO SHOW ONLY CROSS OF GOD Rank Will No Longer Be Indicated by Shoulder Insignia

CORPS TO BE ORGANIZED Grade of Lieutenant Colonel Can Now Be Assigned to Army's Padres

By Bishop H. C. BRENT, Headquarters Chaplain, A.E.F. The Army chaplain is simply a minister of religion performing his duties under military conditions. Though he may be a commissioned officer, his military rank is conferred merely as a means of fitting him to best advantage into the Army system.

Men are of divided opinion as to the desirability of rank for chaplains. In the British Army, for instance, chaplains have no rank. With us, they have rank from first lieutenant up to lieutenant colonel. Until a recent enactment by Congress, the highest grade for chaplains was major. But whether with or without rank, the commission by which the chaplain acts is the supreme commission of the ministry of the church which he represents, and of the One Commander of all the Army of God.

According to recent regulations, he is not to wear the insignia of rank—why should he? His functions remain unaltered whether he be lieutenant or colonel; but he is to be distinguished by the cross on his collar which signifies the unchangeable commission of his unchangeable office. The uniform mode of address, according to law, is "Chaplain," unless the familiar and affectionate title of "padre" displaces it, as it frequently does in both the English and American Armies.

In the old days of the Regulars, when our military establishment was small, the number of chaplains was correspondingly small. The chaplain was attached to a regiment but larger than the present establishment. There were no chaplains' corps, though it has long been thought desirable to form one, so that his responsibility was strictly individual and parochial. The divided state of Christendom necessitated a pro rata appointment from the various churches, which seems to be the best working basis that can be devised.

Chaplain's New Importance

Now that we have a whole nation under arms, the position and responsibilities of the chaplain spring into new prominence and importance. Up to now, the old law has stood, which, however adequate for a peacetime army, has left the Army bare at a moment and under conditions requiring maximum moral and spiritual effort. In America the need could be supplied by local aid. In France, it was a different matter. Men at the supreme moment of their lives, in the face of imminent death, have had no chaplains' corps, though it has long been thought desirable to form one, so that his responsibility was strictly individual and parochial. The divided state of Christendom necessitated a pro rata appointment from the various churches, which seems to be the best working basis that can be devised.

It does not require any extended argument to justify the movement to organize the chaplains into a corps with a central office at G. H. Q. The original plan was outlined early in January of this year.

What Corps Will Do

To put the matter briefly, the benefit of the organization, which has just been made the subject of a general order, is to create esprit de corps among the chaplains. While varieties of religious faith are great, the motive and purpose is one and capable of consolidation. To provide such literature on chaplains' opportunities and duties as will lead to develop the highest degree of efficiency and unity of effort.

To prevent and forestall duplication of effort and friction, and to act as a coordinating factor in the religious effort in the Army. To insure steady ministrations in every part of the Army so that there will be no bald spots or unworked areas. Special attention can thus be given to units that are broken and divided by military necessity, and special details.

To put the chaplain's office and function, as an important military asset, in its right relation to the Army. To give to the chaplains that official recognition at the center which is necessary for their inspiration and highest efficiency.

To have a carefully chosen group who will be representative of the chaplains and qualified to speak intelligently in their own name on all matters pertaining to their status and duties. This body will be in a position to present their cause in all circumstances and secure for them the support necessary for the fulfillment of their responsibilities.

Plan of Organization

The organization is simple. The G. H. Q. office consists of three chaplains, two ministers of Evangelical churches, and one Roman Catholic. One of them is designated as senior chaplain. Division of chaplains under their supervision will be appointed in countries through them the central office will reach the entire body.

In order to conserve, coordinate, and use to best advantage all the religious effort that is being put forth in the A.E.F., the Board on Chaplains' Organization has kept in constant touch with the Red Cross, whose chaplains are assigned to hospitals; the Y.M.C.A., who have a large number of ministers available for religious work; and the Knights of Columbus, who have an increasing number of chaplains under their supervision. Care will be taken to provide ministrations to those of the Jewish faith, and also, as far as possible, to any considerable group of co-religionists that there may be in the A.E.F.

The experience of our Allies has been that the chaplain has emerged from the obscurity of a rather anonymous adjunct of the Army into one of the most honored and essential agencies in the military establishment. He is capable of giving a morale that no one else can, and in heroism and virility he has been found second to none. Even in our young history, chaplains have already displayed those characteristics which make them powerful for good and conspicuous as leaders.

CHANGE OF CHARACTER

Lieut. Swallow: I don't know what to make of Lieut. Talpin since he joined that bombing squadron. Lieut. Sparrow: Yes, he's changed a lot; became a regular fly by night.

A "Mother's Letter" From the Wife of the President of the French Republic (TO BE READ THROUGHOUT AMERICA ON MOTHER'S DAY)

TO THE MOTHERS OF AMERICA: At this time when the United States, true to its appealing custom, is celebrating Mother's Day, let me tell you in the name of the French societies of the Red Cross, how much we want to share in this expression of gratitude towards the valiant mothers of hearts, with yours, are in this holy hour.

From the beginning of the war, the American mothers, in their tender solicitude, sent us their babies' toys for our babies. Then they themselves came amongst us, enlisting in an ever-increasing number of organizations for the care of the sick and the wounded. Even before your great country took part in this fight, they lavished here treasures of self-sacrifice and generosity.

Now that their husbands, brothers and sons are crossing the sea to come to France and fight under the Stars and Stripes, their courage is called upon to face that hard trial which the women of France have known these many months.

They can be sure that those who are dear to them and whom they follow on to the battlefield with their thoughts will find here the most cordial welcome and the gentlest care.

It is my earnest wish that this assurance comfort them. For all the distance, the women of France feel quite close to the American women who are linked closely in the same patriotic duties. In the same hopes.

This is what the Red Cross Societies begged me to tell you today, feeling as they do that they speak faithfully what all French women feel. (Signed) HENRIETTE POINCARÉ.

HOME FOLKS AWAIT "MOTHER'S LETTERS"

Continued from Page 1 will be the special task this coming Sunday of those devoted women of the Red Cross whose business it is to journey from ward to ward through all the base hospitals, taking dictation from the soldiers there who are too weak or hurt to sit up or hold a pencil. Theirs is the work of keeping the lonesome doughty boy in touch with home. Sometimes it is a pretty delicate task.

All Ma a niche shell has played the devil with every one of these soldiers' secretaries was instructed the other day from the pillow of a hospital bed. "She won't mind that much. I never was so awful handsome. But don't tell her yet that I've lost my right arm."

The doctor says I'll soon be able to shake a wicked pen with my left and she needn't find out till I get back. Then she'll be so glad to see me she won't care so much."

Probably the Red Cross searchers will be swamped with the number of letters the boys in the hospitals will want to write on May 12, but there is many a nurse and many an orderly who can catch in and help that day. Hospital censors might as well make up their minds to an all-night job on Mother's Day.

You can guess that at many a point in the A.E.F., where conditions are not so strenuous and every hour is not crisis, some hour on Sunday will be set aside for the writing of Mothers' Letters.

Choose Your Own Hour

The staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES has chosen 4 o'clock in the afternoon—the hour in our memories when mother used to subside a little from her whirl of work and settle down in that rocking chair of hers by the window.

At 4 o'clock on May 12, "Brain Mash" will pretend there never was such a word as etiquette, the circulation manager will cease for a time to care whether you get your favorite newspaper or not and the cartoonist will forget all those hard guys who serve as models in his art. And there will be nothing heard but the scratching of pens and the rattling of typewriters, nothing thought but the message of love and cheer due from every man of us to someone back home.

And when you settle down to such an hour, be it in billet or dugout, in "Y" hut or tent or office, keep in mind these three things. A Mother's Letter must be written and posted May 12. It must bear in the upper right hand corner of the envelope the words "Mother's Letter"—those two words and no others. It may be written by each and every one of us, for those of us who have lost our mothers may still write a Mother's Letter to the person, young or old, man or woman, who has done the most to take her place.

France to Join In In that way we can best observe an American fête day which will be celebrated here as it has never been celebrated before and which will be celebrated in France for the first time in history. For our friends in France are making ready to join with us in the observance of a peculiarly American custom. Cardinal Amette, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, has directed that there be special services in all the churches, and Mme. Poincaré, wife of the President of the French Republic, has written a Mother's Letter to all the Mothers of America, a letter which May 12 will hear read from the pulpits over home. That letter is printed elsewhere in these columns.

Mother's Day falls on a day that is glorious in the calendar of France. It is the day that is sacred to the memory of Joan of Arc. It is always the first Sunday after May 8 which the French people mark in honor of the matchless maid who came up from the fields of Domremy, placed herself at the head of the little Dauphin's troops and delivered besieged Orleans from the English.

The day was set aside in honor of our mothers, the day the A.E.F. will fill a waiting ship with Mothers' Letters, is the day which France has dedicated to the glory of the greatest woman she ever knew. Dedicate it to the greatest woman you ever knew. Write her on Mother's Day.

LIBERTY LOAN'S SUCCESS DUE TO PEOPLE

Continued from Page 1 of the mark set for it, and more than a million individual subscribers. Connecticut is 30 per cent over, New Hampshire 25, Maine 19, Vermont 15, and Rhode Island one. Almost 1,200 towns are flying the honor flag.

The San Francisco district went far beyond its quota with a million subscribers. Portland and Los Angeles over-subscribed their allotments without a single bank's contribution being necessary. Thirteen hundred honor flags are flying in this district, California leading with 574.

The Cleveland district reports that all of its 65 counties have subscribed their quotas, and last announcements say they have gone heavily over their figures. Arizona is 30 per cent over, Louisiana 18, Texas six, New Mexico four. Every county and State in the Minneapolis district beat its mark and 2,600 honor flags are flying.

In the Middle West The Chicago district went over the top with a total of \$143,000,000, which is \$17,500,000 over its quota. Cook county went seven per cent over, and the rest of Illinois 34 per cent. Indiana beat its mark 10 per cent, Iowa 41, Michigan 19 and Wisconsin 38. The district has 2,400,000 individual subscribers.

The Panama Canal zone took over a million in bonds. The Baltimore foreign language division reports German subscriptions totaling \$1,397,000; Jewish, \$260,000; Polish, \$200,000; Bohemian, \$200,000; Italian, \$100,000; Lithuanian, \$75,000; Greek, \$2,000.

The Cleveland foreign language division reports 22,000 subscribers for a total of \$2,000,000. The New York foreign language division reports as follows: German, \$18,000,000; Polish, \$9,500,000; Italian, \$8,500,000; Latin-American, \$5,750,000; Bohemian, \$440,000; Swedish, \$420,000; Russian, \$145,000; Lithuanian, \$66,000; Danish, \$60,000; Armenian, \$150,000; Belgian, \$700,000; Chinese, \$31,000.

The National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee collected \$750,000,000. Many thousand German-born Americans held a great meeting in Central Park early in the week to add the loan.

Cuba subscribers paid over four million, though they promised only three. The Philippines exceeded 6,000,000 pesos. The Liberty Loan bill, trundled from Buffalo to New York, collected more than \$25,000,000.

Great Race at Finish There was a hot race in the final week between all sections of the country. The St. Louis district, which held first place early in the campaign, finally took second, yielding premier honors to the Kansas City district. Kansas City held the lead until the third week, when Minneapolis forged ahead from sixth place to third and then, in a grand spurt, seized first place and held it to the finish.

MANY COMMENDED FOR APRIL 20 FIGHT

Germans' Seicheprey Dead Equal Shafter's Loss at Santiago

CHAPLAIN'S NAME ON LIST Buzzer Artist Takes Hand in Struggle for Ammunition Dump

An echo of the savage fighting at Seicheprey which made April 20 memorable in the history of the American sector northwest of Toul is sounded in the list of commendations issued by the general who commanded our troops in that victorious engagement—commendations for the many outstanding deeds of individual heroism displayed in the course of one day's fighting which left a number of German dead in our trenches equal to Shafter's total loss at Santiago. Thus honored are about one hundred of the three hundred Americans who held our positions that day against 3,000 picked German storm troops.

The list of commendations includes some men who have already been decorated with the Croix de Guerre and names Colonel Bertram and 14 French infantrymen who led the American wounded back through the woods to the first aid stations. Most of the enlisted men were non-commissioned officers from many towns and villages in New England and the officers commended are from all parts of America.

What Chaplain Farrell Did One of those commended is a chaplain. His name is William J. Farrell and you can have no guess at his church in Connecticut. Farrell personally conducted an ambulance along a heavily-shelled road, and helped gather and comfort the wounded.

In Seicheprey's chronicle of valor, there was more than one instance of impromptu fighting. Corporal Ralph carrying a machine gun personally led a steady rain of gas and high explosives and stuck to this job till communication was restored, though both of them had been wounded. Though Sergeant Benjamin James was seriously hurt by shell splinters, he persisted at his work of carrying a machine gun under fire and would not accept medical assistance until those in his charge had been treated first.

Wound Didn't Matter For much the same doggedness, Corporal James Thornley, Infantry, wins the general's commendation. He was wounded early in the day while exhorting his squad to hold its position and yet later he was the one who went up a tree and from that vantage point shined directions as to where the enemy was located.

So, the record runs—here a lieutenant who helped work a gun himself after three fellow officers and eight privates had been put out of business, artillerymen crossing the open under fire again and again, an ammunition train driver piloting his truck under bursting shrapnel until his motor struck and he had to coast the rest of his course with the radiator and driver's seat punctured, with the canvas top and wheel guards blown off and with the wheels and body riddled with shots.

FEWER MORNING PAPERS

NEW YORK, May 9.—With the sale of the Chicago Herald to William Randolph Hearst and its consolidation with the Examiner, Chicago is left with only two morning papers, the Tribune and Examiner.

This is but one of a number of similar occurrences of late years in large cities of the United States, where the tendency has been to reduce rather than enlarge the number of papers sharing the morning field.

Previous to the Hearst combine in Chicago, the mergers most commented upon were those of the New York Press with the Sun and the Cleveland Leader with the Plain Dealer, making the latter the only morning paper in the Ohio metropolises.

200 GIRLS IN RACE

NEW YORK, May 9.—Admirers of the well-known and popular human form are greatly cheered by the growing mass of news about women swimmers challenging back and forth across the continent, promising a gorgeous mermaid season calculated to out-Annette Annette at her mightiest. Among the female of the species, the one-piece suit promises to be as popular this summer as the issue O.D. is among the males.

Added to that, the admirers of the w.-k. and p. human form had a real treat out in California when 200 Golden West girls started and 148 finished in a seven mile road race near Frisco.

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FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities A.V.C.—Yes, it's too late now to send her a Valentine. If it were only two months late, you might get by with it, and blame it—as you do everything else—on the post office. But three months is stretching it a little bit too far. Wait till next year, or the year after; there'll be plenty of time.

T.B.Jr.—Yes, if the picture flatters you, send it by all means. If it doesn't, send it anyway. You know, you look a lot better to her over here than you ever did over there; so don't be afraid if the camera told the truth about you. (Somebody has got to tell it, you know; you could never be depended on to do it!)

W.R.C.—You say her Old Man is an Army officer back in the States and you are a bit skittish about writing to her, with being a luck private and all? Well, you needn't be. Start off your letters with "From: To: Subject," number the paragraphs, and stick to the third person all the way through. Then, if the Old Man finds the letters lying around the house, he'll think they're just plain recommendations or requisitions and won't bother to read 'em. That's the way to foot him!

U.B.D.—You say you've lost her last letter somewhere between the dressing station and the base hospital and you don't know what to write her because you've forgotten what she asked you? Shucks! Write her anyway; she's forgotten, too. Women never acquire memories until after they're married. And then they make up for lost time.

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Paris Shopping Service for Soldiers Established by Four of the Big Stores From Home FOUR big Stores from home have established a Paris Shopping Branch expressly for the Service of Soldiers in the American Forces: "Filene's" of Boston, "Horne's" of Pittsburgh, "Bamberger's" of Newark and "Scruggs" of St. Louis. TWO American women who have lived over here for years are in charge of this joint Paris Shopping Service. They are experienced buyers and know Paris so well they often can obtain things Americans need and don't know where to find. Things soldiers want and can't get in camp, sweets like jam and honey, smokes, both cigarettes and makings, delicious fire-roasted chickens or potted ham or tongue, these the Shopping Service will send you anywhere in France. Toilet articles (not in bottles), shaving things, needed drugs, etc.—ask the Shopping Service for them. Wrist watches, fountain pens and other things get out of order. Send them along and the Shopping Service will have them repaired. Write for "Mutt and Jeff" comics cut from American papers, and our bulletin of merchandise available this month in Paris shops. Mention the name of the Store below nearest your home town in America. Address: PARIS SHOPPING SERVICE FOR SOLDIERS, 208 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, Representing Wm. Filene's Sons Company, BOSTON, MASS. L. Bamberger & Company, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY Joseph Horne Company, PITTSBURG, PENN. Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney ST. LOUIS, MO.

60,000 REFUGEES MOVED TO SAFETY WHEN HUN COMES

American Red Cross Performs Task With Small Personnel

MOVING ON SHORT NOTICE

Villages Evacuated When Enemy Bullets Are Beginning to Patter in Streets

GOAT OR MATTRESS—WHICH?

Inhabitants Have to Make Up Minds Quickly on What One Possession They Will Take

When the Germans launched their great offensive and for a time pushed back the line of the Allies, they seized a strip of French soil all dotted with towns and villages and farms astrid with the promise of spring.

Working all day and all night with a personnel of less than a hundred, calling into service everything on wheels they could command, the Red Cross evacuated in less than a week an army of old men, women and little children numbering more than 60,000.

But this does not mean it was an easy task nor one managed with a clock-like precision. There was too little time for that.

In the Nick of Time Sometimes the evacuation of a village had to be done so quickly that it almost seemed as though the Germans were pouring in as fast as the people poured out of the other.

There was seldom time to let the old folks pack up their cherished possessions and seldom room in the trucks and carts for all they wanted to take with them.

Every Kind of Vehicle Used Every kind of vehicle had to be used in this evacuation. Each of the Red Cross units with which this countryside was dotted had its Fords, and as many camions as could be found in Paris were rushed to the scene of stress.

At the Main Exit So, though most of the Red Cross energies were bent on the rescue of the civilian population, there was work aplenty to do among the soldiers. There were wounded British and American soldiers to be carried out in trucks padded with mattresses to prevent too much jolting, and there were hungry soldiers to feed.

More Than a Year Capt. F. H. Maguire asked for a little girl and said: "If necessary and if circumstances permit, I will look after her for a longer period than a year, and if during the year covered by the subscription, I am advised that the child is in need of further support, I will endeavor to meet the demands."

The 60,000 souls were out of that danger within the week.

HOW IT WORKS OUT

When Jones joined the Army he had all the dope down fine, said he, "I'd ought to land the cash, though serving in the line. A private's pay is thirty, then by adding ten per cent—

That's thirty-three, And now lessee, In this here now French currency— Five-sixty rate, Makes one-eight-eight— Or thereabouts, why hell! that's great! It's more'n enough To buy me stuff, And let me throw a swell front blur.



On pay day Jones was right on dewk, an outstretched cap in view— He thought by trusting to his hands some clackers might leak through. He'd planned to split his wages among all the leading banks,

But the Q.M. Just said, "Ahem! You'll find your dope sheet is a gem. Expenses come To quite a sum. Thought where the tin is coming from Is not my care But your affair. We'll have to charge you for a pair Of leggings lost.

In short, you owe the Government just eighty-seven francs."

TYLER H. BLISS, Corp. Inf.

MEN IN DUGOUT SEND REQUEST FOR WAR WAIF

Continued from Page 1 stretch of front? Any little girl around six or eight years old will do."

- Captain Robert R. Meigs, 1 Co. B., Engineers, Ry., 1 Co. F., Inf., 1 Army Field Clerk, A.G.O., S.O.S., 1 "Ordnance Officer," 1 Captain Frank H. Meigs, 1 Co. D., Telegraph Bn., 1 Personnel Division, Hd. Y.M.C.A., 1 3rd Platoon, Co. C., Field Signal Bn., 1 Lieut. E. J. W., 1 Lieut. J. P. Hall, 1 Army Field Clerk, Record and Mail Division, 1 The Sigs. Co. D., M.G. Bn., 1 Aero Squadron, 1 Co. E., 2nd Bn., Engineers, 1 Previously adopted, 85 Total, 104

Every effort is being made by the special committee of the American Red Cross which chooses the children and supervises the expenditure of the money upon them to keep the contact between the children and their parents as close as possible.

The Oo La La Times, official newspaper of the Engineers, Ry., forwarded the contributions for Cos. B and C of its regiment, and said: "The proposal was made that the regiment should adopt an orphan, but it appealed so much to the boys of Co. C that they raised enough for one in less than two hours. Then Co. B gathered enough for a mascot in record time."

Private Eugene J. Loudon, of Co. F., said: "Reading in your paper of April 5, I learned how A.R.F. boys could adopt a war orphan, so I immediately got busy in our company, and raising the 500 francs was about the easiest thing I ever did."

"Ordnance Officer" wrote: "I saw last week for the first time a copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES. Your plan of adopting French children in need impresses me as a very sensible way of showing the deep sympathy which Americans feel toward the people of France."

"Would it not be well to suggest through your columns that many unmarried officers, like myself, could hardly find a better way to spend a part of that '10 per cent for foreign service' than by adopting a little orphan for a year? I regard this not as charity, but as a privilege offered me to help even a little this country for which I have long had a sincere admiration and sympathy."

Capt. F. H. Maguire asked for a little girl and said: "If necessary and if circumstances permit, I will look after her for a longer period than a year, and if during the year covered by the subscription, I am advised that the child is in need of further support, I will endeavor to meet the demands."

The Société Générale pour favoriser etc., & its Branches throughout France will act as our correspondents for the transactions for Members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

CHEVRONS FOR A.F.C.'S STILL UP IN THE AIR

A.E.F. Nurses Also Wonder Whether They're Entitled to Gold Stripe

Service chevrons for army field clerks are still up in the air and have as yet shown no signs of alighting upon the waiting forearms of the Knights of the crossed pens.

In support of their plea to be included in the decoration, the field clerks quote this opinion of the Judge Advocate General of the Army, of the date of June 21, 1917:

"It is settled that under the Act of August 29, 1916, creating the positions of army field clerk and field clerk Q.M.C., occupants of these positions have a military status, and that as they are appointed to office by the Secretary of War, they are officers in the military service, although not commissioned officers."

In the same connection, another question has arisen. It is expressed in a letter to this office, which speaks for itself. Here it is:

ONE HERO NOT IN ARMY

NEW YORK, May 9.—All the bravery and determination in the world is not confined to the battle plains of France. Viljalmar Stefanson, the Scandinavian explorer, though ill with typhoid way up in the Arctic circles, traveled for 24 days with his dogs and Eskimos, over ice floes, streams and mountains, and finally arrived at Port Yukon, Aliv.

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YANKEE AIRMEN GET FIVE HUNS, OUR LOSSES TWO

Continued from Page 1

lets raked his plane with deadly fire. It burst into flames and fell. One of Chapman's comrades saw the whole fight and tried to save his pal, but was unable to get his fire on the Boche in time.

Back Toward Berlin The four Albatross machines after only a few minutes were winging as rapidly as their motors would take them in the general direction of Berlin.

No Doubt of Boche's Fate There was no doubt in the minds of observers who had watched the fight from the American trenches that the Boche machine was destroyed and the pilot killed.

Private Ilbedarn (watching an officer who is carrying a cane up front): Well, he don't know how to swing that stick for a cent! He probably never had no practice in the States—he must be a regular guy, then!

HOTEL CONTINENTAL 3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

MASTER OF SARCASM IS FOUND IN A.E.F.

Letter Took Day Longer to Return Than It Did to Get There

Discovered: One master of sarcasm in the A.E.F. Of course, there's been plenty of "crabbing" (English readers consult "grousing") in the A.E.F., as there is in every well-regulated Army.

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY "My Portrait" FINEST PHOTOS 19 Avenue de Clichy (near Place Clichy), PARIS

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The Stars and Stripes

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

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1918.

WHEN AMERICA CAME IN

The list of 117 men of the 104th Infantry who were decorated with the Croix de Guerre for the fight they fought at Apremont Wood is fresh evidence of how infinite is the variety of that blend of peoples which we call America.

Read the list of names and see how many are the nations which have contributed to that New England regiment, true army of a democracy made up of the hopeful men and women who, consciously or unconsciously, came to our shores because ours was a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

French, Irish, Scotch, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Serbian, Lithuanian, Russian—all are here. And German. For we may guess that some of the names in this honor list point back through the generations to those Germans who, long ago, sailed heart-sick from the Fatherland because their revolution had failed and who now are sending their children and their children's children back across the seas to fight on the soil of invaded France the ugly Prussian tyranny they themselves had fled from Germany to escape.

John B. Desvalles, John H. Murphy, Max Levine, Fred D. Christiansen, Nicholas Waskiewicz, Richard M. Weiser, Arthur L. McDonald, Frank B. Amaral, William Penn, Ygnas Perodina, John Stefaniak, Egiste Donnison, Warren R. Proulx, Charles F. O'Leary, William F. Wruck, David A. Casagrande, Stanley Grezwacz, Lee P. T. Jacques—why, it reads like a roll call of the peoples of the world.

It was all the world that went to war with Germany when America came in.

THE ANSWER

A German statesman the other day, with the pointlessness of a man who has just discovered something, remarked: "We got through the British line and gain 25 miles of territory, and their answer is a man powder. Bill taking men of 50 into the Army."

"How," he asked, "can we whip an enemy like that?"

He was discussing one of three powerful nations which German militarists had hoped, in one powerful blow, to crush. We should like to direct his attention to France.

From a hundred different sources comes the word this spring that the French Army never has been in finer fettle, that never has it shown the dash, the spirit, the irresistible will that it does now. French divisions go into the line, not only with enthusiasm, but with rejoicing—with a do or die spirit that is unconquerable. And it but symbolizes a nation that, after four years of war, talks not of defeat, but determinedly of victory.

How can Germany whip a nation like that?

After a year of preparation, the United States has a million and a half men drilled and equipped. She has her factories humming on munitions and her shipyards building 60,000 tons of ships a week.

How can Germany whip a nation like that?

How can Germany whip these three nations?

There is but one answer—and Germany herself will know it before many months have passed: Germany can't.

YOUR PAPER BACK HOME

This paper of yours, soberly, modestly and literally, has made a big hit back home. It hasn't made its hit only because of its subject matter and get-up and style; it's made its hit largely because it's been your paper.

The folks at home are interested in everything that pertains to you, your work, your play, your chow, your clothes. The main, we might say the sole, reason why this paper of yours has made good with them is because it's stuck close to you. It proposes to stick just as close in future.

Big papers at home, with big things to take up their space, have laid themselves out to reproduce whole first pages of THE STARS AND STRIPES in full, with explanatory stories underneath. Little papers, to whom such a sacrifice of space means a mounting cost of white paper and a loss of advertising wherewithal, have done the same, regardless of expense.

Never in the history of American journalism did a new paper, a young paper, a weekly paper published 3,000 and more miles away from the United States, get such publicity, such praise, from its contemporaries. And you are the ones responsible. We hope you're pleased.

Of the many pats-on-the-back we have received as your representatives, one specimen will suffice. It is from The Editor and Publisher, the foremost "newspaper man's paper" of the United States. It says: "THE STARS AND STRIPES is more American in tone and style than many

of our home newspapers, and it mirrors the spirit of the American Army."

We can ask for no more than that. We hope so to work from now on, for you and with you, that we shall continue to be worthy of that description.

ON BEING A BUCK

We quote the following from a "Doughboy's Dictionary" as published in Judge, of New York:

"BUCK PRIVATE—The poor devil who does all the work and gets the least pay."

Oh, dear! Judge, like so many of our well-meaning contemporaries back home, has got it all wrong.

"The poor devil!" Say not so. The buck private is the luckiest guy in the Army—the luckiest and the happiest.

Everything is done for him, everything planned out for him, everything issued to him when it can be got, every higher officer exists but to serve him and make his path easier and to take the worry and the fret and the planning off his shoulders.

In fact, the Army takes everything off his shoulders but his pack and his gun.

"Who does all the work?" Wrong again; the buck goes to bed at taps, and—unless he is on guard or K. P.—has nothing on his mind but his hair until reveille.

The Loots, and the Skippers, and the Oak-leaves and the Eagles and the Stars know no taps. Their name is certainly not Eva-I-don't-care.

"And gets the least pay?" Yes, but what pay the buck does get, after all the deductions are made, is his. He isn't taxed \$300 or so for a new equipment when he joins; he doesn't have to buy a blooming Sam Browne belt or spurs or boots or insignia.

No, Sister Judge, you're wrong. The buck is the best off of the whole lot. He's got the only sure and steady job in the whole Army. He's the only man who can't be busted.

THE TAPE WHICH IS RED

They tell us there's a Bill—it may be an Act by now—in Congress, designed to place in the President's hands a pair of shears, with which to cut red tape. Because of its author, it has been dubbed the Overman Bill. It might well have been called the Superman Bill, as anyone who has become entangled and, ensnarled in red tape can readily guess. But be that as it is, the ways are greased for it, and the chances are that it will soon, if it hasn't already, become the law of the land.

So far so good; but what are we going to do with all the vermilion ribbon which the President will be able to sever, once the Bill is in good lawn-mower order? Shall we make it into spiral putts for the artillery, or Christmas decorations for the cookshack? Shall we shred it into hairs, and equip with wigs a real red-headed regiment, to throw terror into the Boche? Or shall we boil it and bleach it and take all the redness out of it, and use the tincture for toning beef?

Anyway, think it over. There must be a use for it, as there is for all waste products. At home, it may serve for stringing up spies and for lassoing enemy aliens. Over here, it might serve for wrist watch reinforcements, or to draw through the barrels of rifles so as to clean 'em. On second thought, though, we'd rather keep it away from our rifles. It has a bad rep.

But there must be a use for it. And there'll be a lot of it to use.

IT TELLS ITS OWN STORY

There is a hotel in France which is much frequented by men of the A. E. F., generally transients, who stop there between train journeys to enjoy their first sleep in real beds in many months, to eat dinner and breakfast off a real tablecloth, and to taste the nearest approximation to the comforts of an American home which the Y. M. C. A. can give.

In the reading room of the hotel is a guest book, on the cover of which is a notice bidding the reader write his name and a happy thought within.

What are these happy thoughts? Bright lines? Home town boasts? The old familiar autograph album humor? Many of them are, but at least every other one really very much like this:

"God bless the women of America who have come over here to help us."

Stand us face to face, and we aren't very sentimental. We aren't given to blubbering, or gushing, or soft-soaping. But the secret of that little book establishes a bond of sentiment that every man-jack of us is proud to echo.

NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!

We have some admirable verse sent in to us from time to time (Rude Voice from the Rear: "Then why don't you print some of it once in a while?") Well, we continue unfulfilled, sometimes we suppress our desire to publish a submitted poem because it is so very good it was printed somewhere else long before we ever got a chance.

Just such a poem—called "Flying? Not Me!"—came in through the mails only the other day and was reluctantly laid aside because one of the editors recalled having laughed heartily over it when he read it for the first time in his home town newspaper before ever he left the blessed States.

That poem came in twice, by the way, twice in the same week. The second man to send it to us—he was a lieutenant and conscientious—was careful to mention that he did not know who wrote it. But the captain who sent it, by cheerfully ignoring the question of authorship, conveyed the impression that it was a little thing of his own he had tossed off in an idle moment. That, at least, was the impression created in the minds of a guileless and unsuspecting editorial staff which—he it said by the way of a gentle warning—it is not quite so unsuspecting as it used to be.

SEND THE WORD

Want any more of that tobacco you got with the little ready-stamped post card in it? Want anybody else to get any of it? The hundreds of thousands of people who contributed to the "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund" feel mighty well pleased when those little cards come back to them. Have you neglected to return yours? Then it's time you looked after it. For it is the returning of those cards that keeps the smokes coming. So send the word, and see if your ship doesn't come in.

The Listening Post

A BALLADE OF MATTERS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN

(Being an American version of M. Francois Villon's slangy ballade) I'm not a simp; I'm not a joe; I'm on when cream is full of flies. And by their clothes I always know A lot about these dressy guys. I know black clouds from sunny skies; I know a dead one from a pep; I know the phony from the prize— But to myself I am not hep.

I'm jerry to the fashions, bo; I make the clerics by their ties; I know the high birds from the low, And cherry tarts on apple pies. I know the yegmen and the Cys; I know "Both gates!" and "Watch your step!" I know the Bourbons from a ryes— But to myself I am not hep.

I know the sunshine from the snow; The truthful man from him who lies; I know 16 from Double-O; Ben Davises from Northern Spies. I know some Janes who have some eyes; I know the honey from the skip; I know just how to balladize— But to myself I am not hep.

Prince, I am Jeremiah Wise; Grab it from me, that is my rep; Excepting only this revise: But to myself I am not hep.

Speaking of soda fountains, there was the man who asked the soda clerk for a glass of plain soda, without flavor.

"Yes," said the clerk. "Without which flavor would you like it?"

"Oh," the customer replied. "I'll take it without strawberry."

The clerk looked among the syrup bottles. "Sorry," he said. "Can't do it. I can give it to you without vanilla."

TO MOTHER AMERICA FROM HER SON

Mother America, U.S.A., Western Hemisphere, Dear Mother: May 12 is Mother's Day, and the boys are all celebrating it by writing to their mothers. You are the only mother I have, and so I am writing to you.

I hear from you every day, as it is you who really blow reveille and taps, and give me all that comes between them; and I know you hear from me through the papers every day. But there are things, Mother, that you haven't room to print, such as how I feel.

Well, in a word, I feel great. It's great to be up in the front line, where none of us—even those who already are at the front—spends more than about a quarter of his time. It's great to be up there, with a real chance at the enemy, who actually isn't trying to harm me as much as he is you.

It's you he's after, Mother dear, and it's you I think of—it's you all of your sons over here are thinking of—as we go over the top, or wishing it was our turn to. That is why we are doing our job as well as we are doing it—which the French and the British tell us is pretty fat. The knowledge that you are there thinking and planning for us, with your wisdom and deep love, is what makes this whole game over here seem much easier. That is why it is so terribly white.

I see by the papers that you are well and happy. I'm doing my best to keep you well and happy, Mother, and I am going to be a happier than we ever have been. We are going to have a new kind of happiness—the earned kind, the broadest, biggest kind. It's a fine war that gives us that, even if it does keep me away for a while from your little old dinner table.

Not that we don't get good eats here. We do, and all we want. And the Salvation Army slips us doughnuts and pies—and such doughnuts and pies! Ma, you won't get mad if I say they're at least as good as yours. I'll say they are.

Well, Mother, I am no hand at writing letters, so will close, hoping to see you soon—that is, soon after the war.

With all my love to you, dear mother, From Your loving son, JOEY W. DOUGHOVY.

P.S.—Remember me to all the girls.

Pay \$1,500,000 Yearly for Gas They Don't Get.—New York Evening World headline. Things sort of even up. Over here we get a lot of gas the Boche has to pay for.

A doughboy's notion of a Perfect Day: The war over, a box-seat at the Polo Grounds next October, and General Pershing throwing out the first ball.

If Charlie Chaplin joins the Army, as the cibles say he is going to, the Q.M. will probably have to devise the issue custard pie.

All of us have had our shot at stating America's war aims, but our favorite is the Kansas man who says, "Yes, but what good is your wealth, or your honor, or your position going to do if you are forced to say 'Wie geht's?' every morning?"

THE ACCENTED SYLLABLE

Bill's fighting for his country. If there's to explain— Lorraine is where he's fighting— With the accent on the rain.

Another thing the Army is developing is the vicarious smoke. "Walter Garde of Hartford just sent you a lot of cigarettes through me," writes a doughboy. "You will be glad to know that I enjoyed every one of them."

In Portland, Oregon, the women have proposed that they shall censor vaudeville shows. As this is likely to shorten the shows and it will be too costly to permit censors to fill in the gaps, teams will probably just stand there silent for eight minutes, or for as long as it would take them to perform or talk the deleted parts.

And some rival vaudeville house will probably give midnight performance, admission by card only, of nothing but the deleted parts of various acts.

THE INTREPID BARD

When shells are bursting around the front, I hate the old typewriting stunt. And when the bullets whizz, why, then I find it hard to hold a pen.

I find it hard, in a shell-torn land, To hold a pencil in my hand.

In fact—there is no need to stall—I do not like to write at all.

There are duller things than war. Think, for instance, of being a traveling salesman in France and landing in one of these little burges about three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon.

"I don't know what you could be a traveling salesman for," commented the soldier to whom the foregoing observation was made. "unless it was for pitchforks."

The helmet worn by Rome's greatest general was more extreme than our caps. It isn't possible that you are waiting to be told? Oh, well, all right. It was over Caesar.

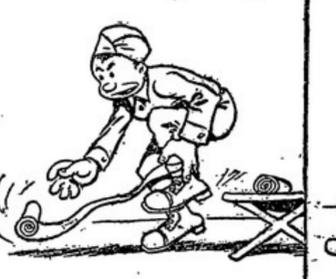
SPIRAL PUTTEES

THESE WRAP LEGGINGS, IS GREAT. IF YOU PUT 'EM ON RIGHT.



I NEVER TRIED 'EM BEFORE. BUT I—?

I NEVER TRIED 'EM BEFORE. BUT I—?



—By WALLGREN

GOSH DURN YE— WHERE YE GOIN'?



THE WHY OF REPLACEMENTS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: The gentlemen of the General Staff at G.H.Q. their little troubles, too. In fact, it's a fair guess that they have rather more than their share.

The top sergeant in the line has to keep the boys in the company lined up and feeling like a big-league nine. Maybe they were originally a National Guard company all from the same little town, and the bunch all know one another and hang together like a college frat or a gas-house gang. It would break Capt. B's heart to lose any single one of them; and a vacant place at the mess table would show up just like the vacant chair around the old fireplace at the old homestead.

Now one day there is a little party somewhere along the line, and some of the boys of Co. X take their gas masks off a little too soon, or injudiciously step in front of one of Fritz's shrapnel shells. So Bill and Fred and Joe and half a dozen others have to go to the hospital for repairs and alterations.

And right here is where the replacement system comes in. The vacant places have to be filled, and filled "toot sweet." So the replacement system gets in its work, and sends up some Total Strangers from the base replacement depot.

It is especially important to get the non-commissioned vacancies filled, and these are taken care of one-third by promotions within the unit (so as to give the other members of the company a chance), and two-thirds by replacements. This follows the figures which the experience of the French and British has shown works out about right.

FROM A BELGIAN SOLDIER

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Thanks very much for THE STARS AND STRIPES I received a few days ago and which did interest me very much. I find it very difficult to give you my impression about it, for I am forgetting my English more and more, but I find it partly translated in the two articles, "To Be Read With Pride" and "Kid Is Along."

The thing that struck me most was those photographs of children on the front sheet which contrast so much with the other articles full of gaiety and wit or with news from home. And I think that contrast the most typical feature of the paper: gaiety and lightheartedness, but also a keen remembrance of the high purposes for which you came over here.

But how could it be otherwise? Being the A.E.F.'s paper, it only translates the splendid spirit of the whole American Army, which has already begun to show her pluck and courage on the fighting line.

Since the last attack of the Germans, which was quite unsuccessful, as you must have read in the papers, nothing very peculiar has happened on our front.

HEBRY STASSIS, Soldat, Armée Belge.

PROVED AGAIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: How does this strike you? Chaplain Patrick Dunigan of our regiment was recently attached to the Sanitary Detachment, thus confirming the old adage that "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Pvt. S. B. HICKEYS.

Here is where the trouble comes in. The Total Strangers from the rear don't belong to the machine which Capt. B. has worked so hard and carefully to build up, and while they may be the best soldiers in the world, the members of the old Co. X don't feel that they quite fill the places of Bill and Fred and Joe. They realize that the unit must be kept constantly at fighting strength, but they feel as if when Bill and Fred and Joe got out of the hospital, they ought to come right back and take their old places.

But the men at G.H.Q. have come to the conclusion, after studying the experience of other armies, that it can't always be done. And a little study of the matter shows that they are undoubtedly right.

The transfer of troops is a mighty difficult problem at best, and to send each man who is evacuated to the rear back to his original unit, and then take back those who have been sent to take their places, would involve a double transfer which a moment's thought will show is practically impossible. The men sent to the rear will, perhaps, catch on to the game for different periods, and if each one were returned to his organization, it would involve many separate items of transportation, and (which makes it more impossible still) additional separate items of transportation for the men who were sent to take their places, for these men would have to be sent back to the replacement depot again.

The result of trying to do this would inevitably be endless confusion and delay. So the only practical plan is that worked by the replacement order, by which the men sent to the hospital, or for other reasons evacuated to the rear, are transferred to a replacement organization and dropped from the rolls of their units; the replacements being put permanently in their places, while they, when ready for duty again, are sent to fill the next call. It's hard; but it's necessary. C'est la guerre.

So when we are inclined to criticize the workings of the replacement system, the men at G.H.Q. ask us to think over these hard little facts. In the practical working of the system, every effort is going to be made to keep units together; and if Co. X needs replacements again at some later date, and Bill and Fred and Joe are available at the base depot, they are transferred to be sent right back again. But it is impossible to do this in every case. So the only thing to do is to look the situation in the face and make the best of it.

It is hard to see Bill and Fred and Joe lost to the company. But, like a lot of other questions we have to face, there is just one answer—c'est la guerre.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

"YOU HURL THEM"

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 grenades to a comrade saying: "I cannot use these; you hurl them at the enemy."

Upon the scroll of holy flame These flashes Corporal Caron's name.

Not all of hell could make him yield His soul on honor's fiery field.

Wounded to death, he nobly fell To save the land he loved so well.

And to the comrade at his side Gave his grenades, and bravely cried: "I cannot use these"—thus cried he—"You hurl them at the enemy."

Let this his Requiescat be: "You hurl them at the enemy."

A FIELD NOTE BOOK

JUST LIKE WASHINGTON

An outfit on the march establishes a new headquarters at each over-night stopping place. Today the field desks are set up in a city hall, yesterday they were in a farmhouse, tomorrow they may be in the parlor of a chateau. A student of history can come back to America from France and understand easily enough why it is that every colonial pension in New England claims to have been at one time the headquarters of General Washington. If Washington's army had to play as many one-night stands as some of the Americans in France, the explanation is easy.

TOOLS THEY WERE

A certain truck driver for the Y.M.C.A. always carries on his car an extra large padlocked box marked "Tools." One day a division inspector's curiosity was aroused and he demanded to be shown the contents of the chest. To all appearances, it contained nothing but canned oil, hardware, salmon, beans, confiture, chocolate and a coil of sausage.

"Well," demanded the inspector, "where are the tools?"

"The driver grinned and produced a cup, a plate, a knife, a fork and a spoon.

"Here they are, sir," he replied,—"eatin' tools."

EASILY EXPLAINED

The Major: This is better coffee today than we have been having. Cooky: Yes, sir—this is American coffee. The French issue ain't got the ammonia that our has.

KIDDING HIM

Sergeant: Wanna jam sandwich? Rookie: Sure. I— Sergeant: Here's one, then—two pieces of plain bread jammed together.

NO RUBBERNECKING

An outfit of doughboys had just moved into billets in a new position close to the line. Out of a cloud bank soared an aeroplane. Somebody shouted in excitement; it bore the Boche cross. The doughboys poured out into the farmyard to gaze at it.

"Get under cover!" The voice seemed to be one of authority, so the crowd obeyed.

The old Frenchwoman at the farm was scornful, almost indignant. The Americans must be cowards, she said, particularly as there was no commissioned officer to order them inside.

An investigation followed. It discovered that the man who had given the warning to seek shelter was a cook. The major heard about it—and laughed. Instead of giving the cook a bawling-out, he commended him.

"That's the idea," the C.O. remarked. "Our game now is to keep out of sight. There is no question of courage involved. What we are here for is to spring a surprise. Don't do your rubbernecking in courtyards or you'll gum the works."

THE ARMY'S POETS

"LITTLE MOTHER"

I am writing this little poem To the mother I left behind...

REVEILLE

Get up, get up, you sleepy head, And drop your blanket over your head...

THE SWEETEST SONG

Across the wide, stern, troubled sea, The woodland thrush sings long for me...

Afar from the whip-poor-will Sends out his brave, querulous thrill...

A KICK

Oh, you at the front in the fighting line, Taking the one great chance, Crouched in your trenches grimly...

PARODIES

"My Little Girl" Old U.S.A., of you I'm dreaming, And I long for you each day...

ODE TO A BATH TUB

In days gone by in civil life We all were bright and gay, And all of us could get a bath...

TAKEN FROM THE HUN



Rear view of liquid fire throwers, operated by means of a hose and nozzle attached to the portable tank

FABLE OF THE DAME WHO MEANT REAL WELL

But Even the Stoutest Heart Must Quail When Sister Susie Starts Singing Songs for Soldiers

A certain Dame desired to take a jaunt to the Cantonment in which her Devoted Brother (Class 1) was confined...

The Public Buildings The Devoted Brother, dressed in a Bilious looking suit of Clothes, technically known as "Dionse and Trousers O.D. (Service)..."

YANKEE CHAPLAIN PLAYS "I SPY" GAME

Mystery of Lighted Belfry Solved Even if Boche Didn't Light It

There are spy hunts and spy hunts, And there are more's nests and mare's nests, Thereby hangs a tale...

WALK-OVER SHOES

Thereupon the padre, of course, decided to ambush the signaller, if there was one. But just before saluting forth...

TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT, WANTS TO BE MASCOT

Joe McGillicuddy, Relative of Connie Mack, Sends Appeal to Marines

Joseph B. McGillicuddy, nine years old, believes that an American boy would make a better mascot for a regiment of leathernecks than a dog or a goat...

THAT TOUL WEATHER

There are places in the world where the weather has been better the last few weeks than in the American sector northwest of Toul...

DRUG STORE

REQUISITES FROM ROBERTS & CO AMERICAN DRUGGISTS. PARIS, 5, Rue de la Paix, PARIS

PHOTO CAMERAS & FURNITURES

TIRANTY 91 Rue Lafayette, PARIS

Military and Civil Tailors

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WALK-OVER SHOES

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

ONLY THING TO DO

George Washington Jones, late of Atlanta, was making his first trip forward on a supply wagon...

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

The managers of Mr. J. Willard and Mr. F. Fulton, our most celebrated pacifists—pardon us, the typewriter slipped, of course we meant pugilists—say that their respective camps were never in better physical condition in their lives...

TIFFANY & Co

25, Rue de la Paix and Place de l'Opera PARIS LONDON, 221, Regent Street, W. NEW YORK, Fifth Avenue and 37th Street

GRANDE MAISON de BLANC

LONDON PARIS CANNES No Branch in New York GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT, HOSIERY, Ladies' Lingerie LOUVET BROS., Props. O. BOYER, Manager

JOHN BAILLIE & CO.

1 Rue Auber, PARIS (Opposite Ticket Office of Grand Opera) The Military Tailors to United States Officers All Insignia, Sam Brown Belts, Trench Coats. Large variety in stock UNIFORMS MADE TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS

FOR THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ARMIES

Advertisement for Amieux freres featuring a soldier in uniform and a list of prepared dishes like Poulet rôti, Veau à la gelée, etc.

Come and Play at

Aix-les-Bains, Chambéry, Challes-les-Eaux.

Right up in the heart of the French Alps—the beautiful spots where tourists have enjoyed themselves for years...

You can enjoy yourself at any of the usual out-of-door sports at a popular resort, and you can rest.

Band and Orchestra Concerts are given in the famous constructed Grand Cercle Casino and Gardens.

A splendid staff of American ladies are assisting in making it the most pleasant place in France for you to recuperate, rest, or spend your Military Vacation.

Operated for all Members of the American Expeditionary Force.

The AutoStrop Razor

IN ITS NEW MILITARY KIT AND OTHER STYLES

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

The Only Razor That Sharpens Its Own Blades

It strops them, keeps them free from rust, shaves and is cleaned—all without taking apart. A freshly stropped blade is easier to shave with than a new blade.

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

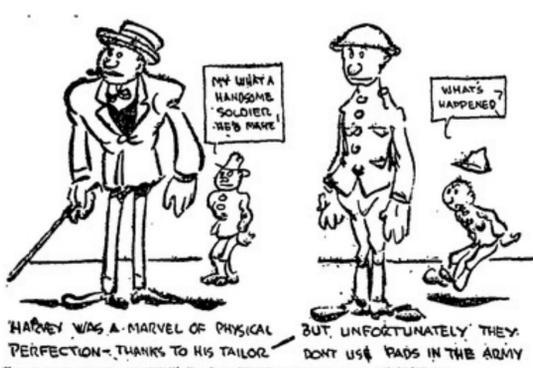
ALWAYS A SHARP BLADE

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. 345 Fifth Avenue, New York

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

THEY'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!

-By WALLGREN



HARVEY WAS A MARVEL OF PHYSICAL PERFECTION—THANKS TO HIS TAILOR. BUT UNFORTUNATELY THEY DON'T USE PADS IN THE ARMY.



THE GIRLS ALL RAVED ABOUT HAROLD AND HIS CURLY LOCKS. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE HE GOT HIS TRENCH HAIRCUT.



WHILE POOR 'FATS' DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE AT CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY, THE ARMY SHOWED HIM WHERE TO CARRY HIS LUNCH.



WHILE POOR 'FATS' DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE AT CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY, THE ARMY SHOWED HIM WHERE TO CARRY HIS LUNCH.

HELPFUL HINTS

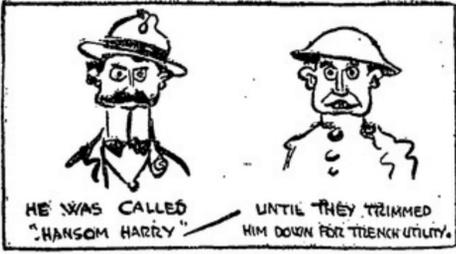
NO. 13—NEVER USE THE TOP SERGEANTS' TOOTHBRUSH

FOR GOODNESS SAKE! GOSH YOU GOTTA NERVE USIN' MY TOOT-BRUSH!

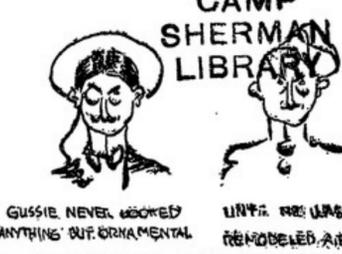
REMEMBER YOUR TOPS' LANGUAGE? NO—HOW 'RECURIAL

CANUSE ME 'TOP—I THOUGHT IT WAS THE COMPANY BRUSH

MOST TOPS IS VERY SENSITIVE ON THIS SUBJECT AS THEY USE IT THEMSELVES ONCE IN AWHILE—(MOST OF 'EM) EVEN COMMON SERGEANTS, AND BESIDES YOU SHOULD ALWAYS WAIT FOR AN INVITE AS HE MIGHT HAVE PROMISED IT TO SOMEONE ELSE. OF COURSE IF YOU ONLY WANT TO USE IT TO CLEAN YOUR GUN WITH IT'S ALL TO THE MERRY.



HE WAS CALLED 'HANDSOME HARRY' UNTIL THEY TRIMMED HIM DOWN FOR TRENCH UTILITY.



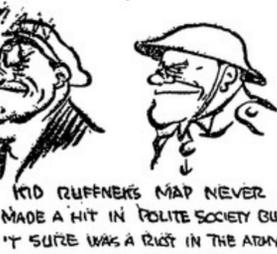
GUSSIE NEVER MESS'D ANYTHIN' BUT ORNAMENTAL REMOBELED A.I.F. STYLE.



YOUNG GRIMES HADN'T A CLAIM FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY UNTIL HE BLOSSOMED OUT IN O.D.



KID RUFFENBERG'S MAP NEVER MADE A HIT IN POLITE SOCIETY BUT 'Y SUITE WAS A RUST IN THE ARMY.



KID RUFFENBERG'S MAP NEVER MADE A HIT IN POLITE SOCIETY BUT 'Y SUITE WAS A RUST IN THE ARMY.

FREE ICE CREAM ON MOTHER'S DAY

Soldiers' and Sailors' Club in Paris Plans Fine Celebration

BRANCH SOON AT HQ. S.O.S.

Officers Only Americans Who Are Denied Privileges of Popular Institution

Mother's Day will be observed at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club in Paris by the serving free of charge of ice cream and cake in unlimited quantities to every mother's son in the ranks of our Army and Navy who may chance to drop in on the afternoon of Sunday, May 12.

It will be a characteristic celebration of an American fête in that hospitable hang-out for enlisted men which is so thoroughly American that it can boast the only American pool table in Paris and the only chocolate ice cream soda in all of France.

There is always ice cream to be had at the club rooms at 11 Rue Royale and the demand for it is so great that between 200 and 300 dishes of it are sold every day over the counter of the canteen. Word of its smoothness and abundance has been passed along the line from soldier to soldier, and once upon a prisoner and his guard made a detour for a couple of dishes on their way to the lock-up.

The comfortable rooms are always popular with doughboys, who crave the dinners with such American dishes as apple pie, corn-beef hash or griddle cakes and maple syrup, who like to stay long enough to read a letter from home, to write a letter to the States, to shoot a game of pool or listen to the music at the smokers which are held every Wednesday and Saturday night.

Plans for S. and S. Number 2

In all, more than 12,000 of us have sampled the hospitality of the club since its doors were first opened last October, and the success has been so marked that before June the S. and S. Club Number 2 will have been launched at the French city within whose gates is the headquarters of the S.O.S.

The S. and S. Club dinners, at 3 francs 50 a cover, have long been popular with the younger American set in Paris and this week the powers in charge started to serve Sunday lunches as well, with two francs as the price. As 75 menus promptly availed themselves of the opportunity, it looks as though they would have to continue these luncheons till the end of the war.

These luncheons, and, indeed, everything at the club in the Rue Royale, are for the enlisted men of our Army and Navy and for the enlisted men only. The Canadians share it with us, for, of course, Canadians are Americans. Tommies and Poles can come and do, but they must come as the guests of our boys.

But it's not for officers. Officers are not actually thrown out, but the club is not for them. They may not dine there, and a Sam Browne belt is a sign for the girl behind the counter in the canteen to hide the tobacco and refuse to sell so much as a single Fatima.

How One Officer Was Served

Once a young American, who is an officer in the British Army and who had just come in from six months at the front, made a bee line for the Rue Royale because he had heard there was ice cream there. When they told him that it was not for the likes of him, he looked so dejected that Mrs. Lawrence Brown, who presides over the canteen, relented, escorted him clandestinely to the kitchen, and watched him gorge himself as her guest while no one was looking.

Mrs. Brown determined to have a soda water fountain or die in the attempt. One finally arrived, a strange American contraption that put panic in the heart of the concierge. She rushed to the agent of the building with the dire news that an infernal machine that made fearful and mysterious noises was being installed and would doubtless soon blow the neighborhood to the four winds. It took some time to allay the suspicions of the natives and even more time to make the thing work. Indeed, it has proved so balky that at present that star of all comic films, the trusty sphyx, is relied on to put the fizz into the soda water.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Club is really a gift of the Keystone State to the A.E.F. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is behind it, the Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania has contributed to it and nearly all the money has been put up by Rodman Wanamaker, son of John Wanamaker. Dean Frederick Beekman of South Bethlehem, Pa., is in charge. He has been in charge since last August, when the S. and S. Club consisted of nothing but a plan, a bank-account and a letter from Col. Theodore Roosevelt introducing Dean Beekman to General Pershing.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE MESS SERGEANT

He's up too god-darn early to rout out his poor K.P.s—He keeps 'em round too god-darn late with spuds upon their knees; There's too much god-darn sameness in his daily bill-of-fare—But plenty of variety when once he starts to swear!

It's always "No more seconds!" and it's always "Scrub that pan!" And always for inspection must the shack be spick and span! It's always "Eggs for officers!" which you have got to fry—And all the good it does you is a promise "bye and bye."

You're always lugging water when the sergeant is about, You're always peeling onions, till the odor in your snout Brings forth the tender tearlets—but a lot the sergeant cares, So long as his old non-com mess get double extra shares.

He rides in cars to market, and he spends the day in town—His beans are always underdone; his hash is never brown. It doesn't get you anything to stab him with your looks Of "how-could-you?" reproachfulness—he blames it on the cooks!

SPORTING NEWS AND COMMENT

Jeff Tesreau, who started off with two wins for the New York Giants this year, had the hardest kind of a time to break into fast company. Jeff's real name is Charles M. Tesreau, and he is now 29 years of age. He was born in Fronton, in southern Missouri. Jeff says he cannot remember the time when he was less than six feet tall. As a kid he played on a team in his home town, but he was told to beat it, as he was too clumsy. Jeff then went to Perryville and got a job in a lead mine and was hired to twirl for a semi-pro team. A scout for the Austin club of the Texas league spotted him, but when Jeff reached Austin he learned that that town had dropped from the league. Jeff then went to Houston, where he held only a short time, the manager telling him he was any good. Jeff stuck around, however, playing with several other Texas teams. At Shreveport, he finally began to make a name for himself and McGraw decided to give him a chance. But he did not stick. Toronto getting him for a year, when he was recalled. The next year he won 17 and lost seven for the Giants, and he was a made man.

Col. Miller, the promoter of the Willard-Fulton fight on July 4, was practically unknown to the fight game until about two months ago. He was at Jacksonville, Fla., idling away his time when he learned that the world's champion also was there. Willard had worked with Col. Miller's 101 ranch show for 20 weeks right after he had won the title from Jack Johnson, so the Colonel visited the champ. Later he witnessed the Fulton-Moran scrap at New Orleans, and when he heard the Fulton hoosters yelling for a crack at the title, he decided to see Jess and propose a match for the title. He again visited the champion upon his return to Jacksonville and told Jess about Fulton's boasts. He also told Jess that he was becoming popular because he did not defend his title, and the latter then asked Col. Miller point blank to make an offer for the bout. Miller had never been in the fight game and was hired to twirl for a semi-pro team. A scout for the Austin club of the Texas league spotted him, but when Jeff reached Austin he learned that that town had dropped from the league. Jeff then went to Houston, where he held only a short time, the manager telling him he was any good. Jeff stuck around, however, playing with several other Texas teams. At Shreveport, he finally began to make a name for himself and McGraw decided to give him a chance. But he did not stick. Toronto getting him for a year, when he was recalled. The next year he won 17 and lost seven for the Giants, and he was a made man.

ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Brig Manners

By BRAN MASH

As the season advances and the doughboy, like the frolicsome lamb gamb (o)ling on the green, begins to disport himself, the chances are that week-end guardhouse parties will be increasingly popular among the younger set in the A.E.F. These parties promise to be very exclusive affairs, though not at all hard to get in on if one is really determined to climb, socially or otherwise.

In the first place, you should never attend a guardhouse party to which you have not been especially invited. The party is out of invitations almost entirely in the hands of those stern detectors of etiquette, the M.P.s or the local guard detail. However, any officer or non-com is privileged to extend invitations—within reason.

Once on the visiting list of a guardhouse party, be sure to conform to all the rules and regulations of the household. By so doing you will save your host great annoyance, and may not be invited to come again. Besides, that is the only way to make sure of catching the train back to town on Monday morning.

For clothing, you should take with you only what you need. The best regulated guardhouses provide sleeping accommodations for their guests, and usually extra blankets, together with all the spades, trowels, pickaxes and mallets needed for "brig sports" as they are so fetchingly called. Oh, yes; there are many other sports in which you may be called upon to participate, other than the never popular "prisoner's base."

While a guest at a guardhouse party, be extremely careful not to leave the premises without proper chaperonage. Insist that your chaperone go properly armed, and keep within close call. In that way, and that only, can you build up a reputation for carefulness and modesty.

Hughie McEgann, well known Australian boxer, has been killed in action over here. He was one of the leading scrappers in the Antipodes.

Phil Bloom was disqualified in the seventh round of his bout with Patsy Cline in Chelsea, Mass.

A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

Fraulein Bertha Krupp von Bohlen paid a flying visit to Paris recently, by proxy.

Mother's Day will be celebrated widely by the members of the A.E.F. now sojourning in France and England.

The patronesses for the Inter-Allied Charity Peace Ball have not yet been announced, nor are they likely to be for quite some time.

Life is becoming quite gay again among the members of the fashionable base port colonies, owing to the number of fascinating new arrivals of late.

European travel will be increasingly popular this summer among the younger American set whose ages range from 21 to 31. Several members of the older set are expected to come along also, as chaperones and nursegirls.

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WHOA, THERE, GIANTS!

WHAR YOU GWINE?

Cubs Go Along Well Despite Great Loss of Alexander

The New York Giants continue to make a runaway race of it in the National league, and unless some team can step out and stop McGraw's bunch, the old league's pennant race will be spoiled. This will mean thousands of dollars loss for the other clubs, as baseball fans do not like a one sided race.

The Chicago Cubs, despite their loss of Grover Alexander, continue to travel along at a fairly good pace, and appear to be about the only team that has a chance to overtake the runaway Giants. The Phillies and Pirates continue to prove surprises and are holding their own with the other teams, while the Cards, Dodgers and Braves are 'way down in the rut.

The American league flag chase is much closer than its rival's, the Red Sox gradually being pulled down from their early lead. The Cleveland Indians and New York Yanks are playing consistent ball and so far manage to stay in the fight.

The champion White Sox have not yet struck their gait, but are breaking about even.

Connie Mack's Athletics made quite a spurt during the past week and they may be able to stay out of the cellar position this year, as Washington and St. Louis are not as strong as anticipated.

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

Jack Demsey gained the verdict over Billy Miske in their ten round bout at Minneapolis. Demsey must be a fairly good man to beat Miske in his own back-yard.

Low Teller has issued a challenge to Henry Leonard for a match for the title. Jack Reilly has been selected to manage Billy Miske, Pearl Smith having lost out. The report that Joe Hillvers was lost on the Tuscunia was incorrect.

COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

Owen Floyd has been elected captain of the Rose Poly basketball five for next year. Yale, Harvard and Princeton have agreed to cut down their expenses in the coaching line.

John Griffiths has resigned as athletic director at Drake and is now at Camp Dodge.

Charley Brickley, former Harvard football star, has enrolled in the Naval Reserve.

Dennis O'Connell, crack Harvard middle distance runner, has enlisted as a camion driver in the Red Cross.

Edward ("Bill") McHenry, '10, has been made assistant football coach at the University of Pennsylvania for next fall.

Gilmour Dobie, former famous western coach, has been signed to handle the cadets at Annapolis for the next two years.

Norman Ross recently swam 500 yards in 5:58 1-4, this breaking his old mark for the distance. Ross is now in Army service.

Perry McGillivray, former Illinois A.C. swimmer, now at the Great Lakes Naval Training camp, set a new world's record for the backward stroke event, swimming the distance, 150 yards, in 1:48 4-5. Ben Prineell set a new world's stunge record of 41' 1-3 for 75 feet.

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WARFARE IN MOVIES NOT AS WE WAGE IT

Villain Badly Fooled When He Hurls Ostrich-Egg Grenade

TANK BREAKS SPEED LAWS

Caterpillars Fail to Turn, But That Isn't Enough to Stop Armored Terror

Special Correspondence of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, May 9.—Those American-made war-dramas must be giving the folks back home a swell idea of what the War isn't like. They go big over here, proving the Englishman's contention that he, too, has a sense of humor.

Up at that picture place in Tottenham Court-road where there's always a Chaplin film of venerable age and flickery action, they trotted out a live-reeler today called "On to Berlin."

William Fox is accused of producing "On to Berlin."

The villain twirls his mustache and the hero, as usual, wears his flannel shirt carelessly open clear down to his belt buckle in regular hero fashion, so you can see him inflating his chest till it sticks out like he'd swallowed a basketball.

An audience with a bunch of war-wise-guys in it can tolerate the old dramatic flub on the ground that the theatrical business is entitled to its own little tricks. But it was when William Fox put the super-adapted, super-dardevil and super-soldier through his military paces that the soldiers in the place began to wonder whether Fox was trying to kid them or meant this as an on-the-level film.

How Not to Do It

For Paul Morand's first stunt Mr. Fox had him throw some hand-grenades. First of all, the villain, a captain, tried it. He couldn't boost his egg more than ten yards. And no wonder, because the action of the piece compelled him to throw like a girl.

Paul, however, steps up and grabs a hand-grenade.

"Oh, gawd!" groaned a Chicago Canadian. "Look at that grenade, will you? Size of an ostrich egg."

The Maple-leaf offered a free tip to American producers for their guidance in future war films. The grenade is about the size and shape of a pear and you never throw it but hurl it, because your wrist snap your elbow to splinters if you try to throw them, especially Paul's size the way Paul did it.

Well, next there was a tank. This was certainly the Shivers of the whole tank circus. Both ends were "front."

The funny design wouldn't have caused too much mirth when the tank began to charge that the boys from Festubert and Messines howled for the author.

One turn of the crank and — zip! That old tank roared right out of the picture, going like a Fifth Avenue bus. And the caterpillars were stockstill, not turning a single tread.

Well, let's see, what else? Hard to Recognize Tommies

Oh, yes; the Russian general got his share of laughs when he crashed into the scene wearing an American officer's barracks cap and a cosmopolitan kind of coat. The British Tommies in the crowd failed at first to recognize their brother Tommies of the film, the latter being camouflaged under the wrong kind of a trench hat. These helmets were recognizable as being French, or at least more like the French in the millinery.

Once or twice some American ambulance drivers passed on to a nice smooth battlefield with a great big Stars and Stripes and Tricolor flying at the stern of each car. Out of special consideration for Paul's rank as star of the piece, one car made a special trip for him, leaving lots of other wounded lying about the ground, although there was room in the car for at least four more. And anyway, if they had waited a minute, Paul could have walked in because, as it developed later, all he had was a headache—or maybe it was a hang-over.

Just Like Old Times

There were noches wearing spiked helmets in this bit when the enemy troops were wearing their distinctive styles of steel helmets for a couple of years. Soldiers were shown in action without their gas masks at the alert position. No, by golly, they didn't have any masks at all.

A German private is shown leading his man into a regular dog-fight of a street battle and presumably shouting "Hoch!" or "Doch!"

The Crown Prince will feel flattered if he sees this part because they do say he never takes chances nearer the line than division E. G.

Paul is the fair-haired boy to fool them all. He manages to go right through our own lines (this is the West Front, too) and through the German tanks, going at least 75 miles an hour on a lathery horse without ever seeing a German except the Prince, who is abducting the pretty nurse in an automobile. Paul slips up a tree in broad day, climbs into the window of the Prince's bedroom and shoots him.

It seems that the sentries they usually have around a Prince's place are all out in back of the studio shooting craps when this part of the film is made. Anyway, they let Paul get by without the slightest challenge.

So they'll probably be court-martialed and executed. And it will serve them right, too, because it would be a shame to let everybody connected with "On to Berlin" get off without punishment.

TWO LITTLE HUN VICTIMS AND THEIR STORY



Marcel Vicart

PRISONER AT FIRST, THEN GUEST OF TOWN

American Aviator in Italy Finds Brand New Thrill in Flying Game

One American aviator knows just how it feels to land in enemy country and be arrested and jailed as a prisoner of war. He didn't actually land in Germany or Austria to get the thrill, either. It happened in Italy.

The aviator, a native of Philadelphia, was making a prescribed distance flight from an Italian training field with a low mountain peak as his objective for a turning point. He was traveling high with clouds below him most of the way, but he became confused and misread his compass. Instead of making a half turn he made a full circle and continued straight ahead.

About the time he thought he must be getting back near the training field he descended several thousand feet for a close look at the country. It was unfamiliar. He continued until his gasoline ran low and then made a landing in a small valley. No sooner was he on the ground, though, than he was surrounded by a threatening crowd of Italians armed with pitchforks, other agricultural implements and antiquated fire arms. His protest that he was an American was unheeded. They assumed he was an Austrian aviator who had lost his way, and led him off to jail.

It was not until an Italian from a nearby village who had lived in New York appeared that the American established his identity. But after he had proven who he was—that he was an aviator come to fight the Austrians and Germans—he was the honored guest of the town. The mayor entertained him for a week while the American waited for gasoline and a truck to tow his machine to a starting ground.

WAR RISK WINS AGAIN

Twelve to nine in favor of War Risk was the final count of the game between the War Risk Section and a company of the Engineers at A.P.O. 717. After Scott of the Engineers, had been bumped for five runs in two innings he was yanked and replaced by Flannery. With George Morris and Byron Beardsley in fine shape for mound duty, the War Risk nine is prepared for all comers. Teams at A.P.O. 717, anywhere else in France and also nine in the U.S. may accept the deft-to play on their home grounds. The score:— War Risk Sec. . . . 3 2 0 0 1 2 0 2 2 —12 Engineers 0 0 2 3 1 1 2 0 —9

FRENCH WAR POSTERS

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SO SAY WE ALL OF US

Satan was in a forgiving mood. "What did this bird do?" he queried. "He burned down an orphan asylum and operated a wholesale opium joint," replied the furnace superintendent. "Let him go—he may be all right at heart. How about this poor job?" "He lynched four innocent negroes, started a revolution in Hayti, and—" "You sub demons are too blamed fussy. And that goof sneaking back into the corner?" "He wrote a popular song entitled, 'When the Sammies Sail over the Sea.'" "That's enough," believed Satan. "Shoot him onto the griddle with the southern exposure and phone the janitor to turn on more juice. There are some things even the devil can't stand for."

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HOSPITAL NO PLACE FOR TANK ASPIRANT

Corporal Who Wanted to Go Home Had Different Idea From Surgeon's

The personnel training for the work of the Tank Corps is apparently developing the Tank Corps tradition of "getting there" regardless of speed and obstacles.

A corporal of the corps, who was mached up in an accident a few days ago and taken to a hospital for treatment, announced to the surgeon and the nurses as soon as his leg was in its case that he wanted to go home. The surgeon and nurses have heard similar requests before, and did not respond to the Tank corporal's plea. He then informed the nurse confidentially that he was "going home" anyway and was going to start that night.

The next morning Corporal was missing from his cot. So were his crutches and his clothing. He was heard from at "home," which in his case was the renovated stable where his particular Tank Corps unit was at work. The stable is 20 miles away from the hospital, and Corporal had made it on crutches after walking all night and all the next day through deep mud and incessant rain.

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This is what Jimmy, back home, got from Hank, over here:

"Dear little girl—You certainly were the finest and nicest and sweetest thing in the world to send me those socks—and to think that you knit them all yourself. I tell you, a fellow appreciates things like that when they're done for him with such a spirit, and" etc. etc.

"Well, it's getting late, little girl, and they will soon put the lights out. There is a bombardment on outside, but I don't mind it a bit while I'm thinking of you. I can shut my eyes and see just how you looked that day at the Sunday School picnic out at Quaker Lake."

"No more tonight. I am writing regular here in the 'Y.M.' tent, every week, and hope you get my letters as regular on the other side of the 'big pond.' You don't know what your letters mean to me. In keeping me 'bucked up,' as we say in the Army, and everything. God bless and keep you! As ever yours, HENRY." x x x x x x x x x

"O.K., I know it, Hall."
2nd Lt., Inf., U.S.A.

"It's dory, snorted Jimmy, when he read it. 'Must have had shell shock or something to get that way. Of all the slush—'"

This is what Kitty, back home, got from Henry, over here:

"Gee, Jimmy, but you ought to have been with us on the party we pulled 'away' night. 'Wow!' I never had so much fun since I've been over here. All of us pulled down two or three months' pay, as the Eagle hadn't been around these parts for a long time, and we all had rolls that would have choked a horse. We went down into town on a truck and guess we bought up everything for some time—better than any you see in the States. With best wishes and hoping to hear from you soon, I am, Yours, HANK."

"O.K., I know it, Hall."
2nd Lt., Inf., U.S.A.

What Kitty said when she got that cannot be put down here. Kitty is a lady. When she finished that missive, she was a very red-eyed and sniffing little lady. She is yet, whenever she thinks of it.

The moral? It's obvious. "One envelope open at a time."

HOW IT HAPPENED

Tears filled the soldier's eyes. Though brave and true was he, For he was peeling onions By the hour on K.P.

WRIGLEYS

The use of WRIGLEY'S by the fighting men has created much comment in war correspondence.

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