

"HONOR TO THEIR VALOR," SAYS FRANCE'S PREMIER OF AMERICANS

To THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Last September, I said to several of your magnificent soldiers whose guest I was: "You are going to be called upon to make a great effort and to fulfill it, perhaps, at the cost of your life. We can feel only gratitude and friendship for you who have come from afar to help us."

Today we have seen them at their task. Men who served with impassioned zeal the democratic ideal we want to save, they are worthy of their great forbears. Honor to their valor.



THEY'LL BE OVER, GEORGE. HIMSELF AND DOZENS MORE

Weber and Fields, Maude Adams, Elsie Ferguson to Join A.E.F.

NO, NOT IN THE MOVIES!

Real Flesh and Blood American Stars Will Tour Y.M.C.A. Hut Circuit

BILLIE BURKE? OF COURSE

Jim Corbett?—Yes—John Drew?—Lillian Russell?—Sure—Nobody's Been Left Out

Elsie Janis came and saw and conquered and cabled home to her brothers and sisters of the stage to come on over or they'd never know what they had missed. And they are coming, the brightest stars in the American theatrical firmament.

Maude Adams, George Cohan, Jimmy Powers, Marguerite Clark, Weber and Fields, Marie Doro, Elsie Ferguson, Jack Barrymore—they have one and all enlisted for a tour in the most honorable circuit any booking office can offer a player these days—the Y.M.C.A. huts of France.

This advance of the players is the result of the tour of investigation made last fall by Winthrop Ames and E. H. Sothorn. When they got back they formed the "Americans Over There Theater League," made the irrepressible Cohan a leading spirit of it, and laid plans to send among the A.E.F. some 75 or 80 small companies. They will make the most of those who, like Elsie Janis, need no properties or assistants in furnishing a whole evening's entertainment.

To Be Heard in Every Camp

The players will be called upon to play the A.E.F. for tours lasting anywhere from ten to 20 weeks, and no visit will be so brief that the actor will not have a hearing in every camp before he sets sail for home and the dear old box-office. In particular, comedians are wanted. The motto of the "Americans Over There Theater League" might well be "The Merrier the More."

Billie Burke is coming. Flo Ziegfeld (her husband) has made up his mind to do without her for three months. Willie Collier is coming. He says he will lead a company or carry a spear or do anything so long as they let him come.

John Cow (they used to call her Cry- ing Jane) has dried those tears and will try to qualify.

John Drew, Otis Skinner, Julia Marlowe, Lillian Russell, Ruth Chatterton, Frances Starr, Tom Wise, James J. Corbett—these are only a few of the recruits.

Volunteers 6,000 Strong Some 9,000 vaudeville players have volunteered for your amusement. The Lambs, the Friars, the Players and other stage associations have offered to form companies and send them over the top in a body. It is simply a question of how many we want and how much room there is in the boats.

The vanguard will arrive next month. Before long, the Yanks resting up between adventures in the trenches may look upon the loveliness of Elsie Ferguson, watch Lew Fields at his ancient task of choking Joe Weber to death and listen while the author of "Over There" sings his own ditty through his own nose.

In order that they may move among us unmolested, the military numbers will wear Y.M.C.A. uniforms. Times Square is reliably reported as all agog at the thought of Willie Collier in a Y.M.C.A. uniform. Or for that matter, George Cohan. Or Jim Corbett.

Mr. Ames and Mr. Sothorn further recommended that as the soldiers enjoyed their own shows better than any other kind, every support be given to Y.M.C.A. productions, and soon the Y.M.C.A. will have at every A.E.F. center a man who can help put on shows and a good stock of costumes, wigs, face paint, burnt cork, comedy teeth, scenery, one-act farces and other handy aids to amateur dramatics.

GARY SYSTEM DROPPED

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 16.—This city has abolished the Gary school system, so-called, of vocational education with hardly a ripple.

HOW YOU MAY WIN OUR ARMY'S DECORATIONS

In response to a flood of inquiries, G.H.Q. has issued a bulletin which interprets the distinction between the Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal and which illustrates by examples the high standards of gallantry and service which have been set for these awards. The bulletin instructs all concerned in the proper method of recommendations and in the ceremony to be held when the awards are presented.

The big award is the Medal of Honor, closest American cousin of the celebrated V.C., which is the highest honor that can come to a British soldier. The D.S.C. and the Distinguished Service Medal are open to the officers and enlisted men of our Allies. Not so the Medal of Honor, which is for Americans only.

To deserve the Medal of Honor—which is an award for gallantry in action—a soldier must perform some deed of most distinguished personal bravery and self-sacrifice, an uncommonly hazardous adventure conspicuous enough to single him out above all his comrades, a deed so clearly above and beyond all duty that no one could justly blame him for leaving it undone.

The Highest Valor

As a guide for commanders who may wish to recommend them for the Medal of Honor, some typical cases of our Allies are given in the bulletin. Here are two of them:

Lieutenant — took command of his own and another company when both had suffered severely, and with great dash and success led them forward in attack under heavy machine gun fire. Seeing the battalion on his right held up by machine gun fire, he led a platoon to its help. Platoon went on with only two men to a dugout. Leaving the men on top, he entered the dugout alone and brought up 14 prisoners.

Then he proceeded with his two men to another dugout which, with rifle and machine gun fire and bombs, had been holding up the attack. This dugout was reached and the crew was either killed or captured and the machine gun taken.

The lieutenant was then attacked from another dugout by 15 of the enemy under an officer, and one of his men was killed and the other wounded. Undaunted still, Lieutenant — seized a rifle and shot no fewer than five of the enemy. Then, using another as a shield, he forced most of the survivors to surrender.

Such was the quickness, courage and resourcefulness of this young officer that he cleared several other dugouts alone or with one man, taking in all about 50 prisoners. He then fully consolidated his position and personally waded his front under heavy close range sniping in broad daylight when all others had failed to do so.

Private — was a stretcher bearer, and for three days and nights he strove unceasingly to bring the wounded into safety, dressing them and putting them food and water. He worked in an area which was swept by shell, machine gun and rifle fire, and several times he was knocked down and partially buried by enemy shells.

He rescued a comrade who had been blinded and was stumbling about ahead of their trench in full view of the enemy, who were sniping at him. He brought in another comrade under heavy shell fire, and on a third occasion he brought in a wounded man under very heavy enemy fire of every description. Neither fire nor exhaustion deterred him from assisting in his humane work.

How D.S.C. Will Be Awarded

Like the Medal of Honor, the D.S.C. is an award for gallantry in action. It may be won by any one who may distinguish himself or herself by extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy of the United States. It may recognize our country's war heroes since April 6, 1917, the day our country went to war with Germany. It is for great gallantry—but not quite great enough to deserve the Medal of Honor.

As with the Medal of Honor, the bulletin illustrates the standard of the D.S.C. with several cases, of which two are given here:

Lieutenant — gave proof of unhesitating devotion

and energy by leading his platoon to the assault, capturing numerous prisoners and presiding over the organization of a captured post in disregard of all danger.

While charged with the support and protection of a reconnaissance within the enemy's lines, he gave the best example of calmness, decision and courage under a particularly intense machine gun fire. Wounded in this action, he refused to let himself be evacuated and remained in command over his platoon.

Private —, an automatic rifleman of great bravery, remained alone at his post during a hostile attack, firing continuously until his gun was broken by a bullet.

Having no weapon with which to resist further and his lieutenant having



The Distinguished Service Cross, of bronze, full size. Obverse: On each arm of cross an oak leaf with a star at the stem; on scroll beneath eagle the words "E Pluribus Unum." Reverse: Laurel wreath transversed by ornamental staff and crossed by panel inscribed, "For Valor." Ribbon of royal blue, edged with stripes of white and red.

been badly wounded by his side, he put the latter upon his back and carried him in the open over shell-ploved ground under a heavy barrage fire to a first-aid post. He immediately rejoined the remainder of his company still in line.

Rules Governing D.S.M.

The Distinguished Service Medal may be awarded to any one who distinguishes himself or herself by exceptionally meritorious service to the Government in a duty of great responsibility in time of war or in connection with operations against an armed enemy of the United States.

The Medal of Honor and the D.S.C. are for gallantry in action, the Distinguished Service Medal may be given for service involving no participation in action and no question of bravery. The Distinguished Service Medal might be awarded to any one fulfilling in admiration a duty of great responsibility far behind the lines or even back home in the States.

It may be awarded to persons serving at posts far removed from the theater of operations. It may be awarded to commanders or to members of their staff who give exceptionally capable performances of duty in responsible positions which are none the less trying and difficult because they call for no gallantry in action and hold their man well beyond range of the enemy's guns.

With the Distinguished Service Medal, our Army has for the first time its history an award for the strategist, for the man who plans. The work of such a soldier as General Persh would never permit him to be a candidate for the Medal of Honor or the D.S.C. But such as he could win the Distinguished Service Medal.

Recommendations for Awards

Recommendations for any of these awards are to be made by the division commander, who will forward his recommendations to the Commander-

in-Chief, A.E.F. These recommendations will be treated as strictly confidential both by the division commander and G.H.Q. This, however, does not prevent commanders from expressing, in orders or otherwise, their appreciation of meritorious conduct by officers or men in their commands.

The reason for secrecy is that, in case, the recommendation should be disapproved by G.H.Q., the man concerned would not even know he had been recommended for the award, whereas, if he were told of it beforehand, his disappointment would justly be bitter.

The division commander will, whenever circumstances permit, make personal investigation of each individual case of a man recommended for an award, and will report the fact if he makes such a personal inquiry. Recommendations for awards which are not approved will not be resubmitted.

In case recommendation is made for the award to more than one individual, the recommendations are to be placed and entered in the order of their award.

If any one recommended has already been awarded a decoration citation will be stated, if known.

Once the recommendation has been approved, the division commander, whose task by no means ends with the forwarding of the recommendation, will make arrangements for the ceremony of bestowing the awards.

Officers or soldiers who are reported prisoners of war are not to be recommended for award in recognition of acts of gallantry connected with their capture.

Presentation Ceremony

When practicable, the actual presentation of a Medal of Honor, a Distinguished Service Cross or the Distinguished Service Medal will be accompanied by a formal review.

The persons who receive the award will assemble on the right of the line and between the music and the first company. If practicable, at least one battalion will take part in the review. The division commander will receive the review and personally present the award.

After the division commander has completed the review of the troops (Par. 712, I.D.R.), the persons to be decorated will be marched parallel to and 15 paces in front of the line to a point opposite the reviewing officer. They will then change direct to the right and, accompanied by the colors, will advance in line to a point midway between the division commander and the troops.

The march will be conducted by the senior brigade commander. The band will play during the march. The colors, including the color guard, will follow at ten paces in center of the line of persons to be decorated and file in a corresponding position.

Then the brigade commander will advance toward the division commander and salute, reporting, "Sir, the persons to be decorated are present." The division commander will return the salute and will direct that the command be presented.

The brigade commander will then bring the command, including the persons to be decorated and the colors, to present arms. The music will then play "The Star Spangled Banner," or if only field music is present, "To the Colors" will be sounded. On the completion of the music, the brigade commander will bring the troops to order arms.

A staff officer of the division commander will read to the division commander, accompanied by his staff, will then advance to the line of persons to be decorated and after making appropriate remarks will pin the decorations awarded on the left breast of each person.

Upon completion of this ceremony, he will direct the brigade commander to pass the troops in review and will return to the position of the reviewing officer. The persons who have been decorated will join the division commander and form in line on his left. The colors will go to the color company. The command will then be marched in review and dismissed.

In all formations, persons to be decorated will be formed in line in accordance with their rank from right to left.

RANK NOT LOST IN SIDE TRIPS TO HOSPITALS

Story of Non-Coms Broken Through Being Wounded Sad, But Untrue

Some one with a keen sense of humor has been spreading through the A.E.F. a report that non-commissioned officers, when once they had been restored to fighting trim by the base hospital experts, would then be shipped to the nearest replacement organization as replacements.

According to this version of the replacement system, any non-com who was seriously enough wounded to be sent back to a base hospital would receive a nice wound chevron all right, but he would also be broken by way of reward. This mishap was not described as a penalty for being wounded, but simply as an unfortunate but inevitable consequence of the replacement system.

The only trouble with the story is that it is not true. It is true that when a soldier is admitted to a base hospital, he is automatically dropped from the rolls of his organization because it is impossible for any one to go back again. But it is not true that he loses his rank in the process.

Foreseeing such a development of the system and to protect the non-com, G.H.Q. cabled to Washington this recommendation: Officers and soldiers admitted to hospital or missing will be transferred to the rolls of the replacement organization which they will join upon being evacuated from the hospital and from which they will be sent as replacements to combat and other organizations. Necessary at times, therefore, in receiving officers and soldiers from hospital and United States into replacement organizations, to have the replacement organizations over strength in officers, non-commissioned

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NEW TINTED HATCORD BLOSSOMS IN A. E. F.

War Correspondents Will Wear Red and Green Insignia

You know, of course, who those guys are that wear Sam Browne belts—no, wait a minute, Captain; that isn't disrespectful to officers at all—those guys who wear Sam Browne belts, plain buttons, collars without insignia and have the Cornell armbands on their left arms. Often as not they carry cameras, too. Yes, you guessed it, they're war correspondents—that's what the "C" on their armbands stands for—correspondents. And now, added to their other fiery, verbal and otherwise, they've got their own particular colors to wear on their overseas caps.

Red and green they are—the red above the green. Appropriate? It's the latest word in appropriateness. For all the war correspondents over here are veterans, and widely read, and their widely-readness (the typewriter almost slipped and made it "wildly-red") has supplanted any vestige of greenness they may have had in times past when they were cubs and so-and-so-oh, make your own pun about it.

Red and green piping it is, in little narrow stripes around the edges of the headpiece. It is so fancy and looks so well that it almost causes the correspondents to lay off writing stories about the overseas cap.

HUGE BROOKLYN DRYDOCK

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 16.—A Brooklyn company is building a huge 33,000-ton drydock with a capacity able to take care of the world's largest ships.

This is only one instance of the enlargement of docking facilities in the port of New York, and of the expansion of the accommodations already available to care for the increased volume of traffic due to the war.

ANYBODY GOT A JOB?

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 16.—The following notice stands a good show of appearing in the Baltimore papers:

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE MILLIONAIRE seeks position with reliable firm. Any kind of work. Best of references. Dun, Bradstreet, etc. Address Must-tail, P.O. Box 711.

For the Maryland compulsory work law has caught its first millionaire. He must get a job in a week or the courts will wish one on him.

Other rich idlers who have camouflaged themselves as Liberty Bond salesmen are panic stricken by the Government's decree that the excuse will no longer work.

CALL FOR MILKMAIDS GOES OUT IN STATES

Woman's Land Army Appeals for Overlaid Volunteers

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 16.—The Woman's Land Army has sent out a hurry call for dairymaids.

It appears that too many cows about the United States threaten to go un-milked. So the dairymaids are urged to sign up and join up and draw up their milksteals and registration papers.

They won't be issued uniforms of Watteau dress, such as those in which poor Marie Antoinette used to play at dairymaids. Rather, they are warned beforehand that it's a job that calls not for silk stockings and high-heeled, gilt slippers, but for overlaid aprons.

Even with these limitations, it is expected that a large number of girls will enlist, forsaking the old occupation of extracting money from father for the fascinating new one of extracting lacteal fluid from the cow.

"DOUGHNUTS & PIE" AMERICA'S SLOGAN

Salvation Army Seeks Fund of \$2,000,000 to Aid Tummyaches

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 16.—"Doughnuts and pie for ever there is now the new slogan of the Salvation Army's drive for a fund of \$2,000,000.

New York has subscribed \$100,000 of its quarter million quota in the first few days of the campaign. Thoughtful men are shuddering at the probable condition of our Army after eating that two million dollars' worth of pastry.

(Note by Editor.—Those thoughtful men had better stop shuddering and dig down.)

There is nothing that leads so perilous an existence in America just now as the dollar bill. (Dollar, equivalent to homicide cry. It is the slogan of the Salvation Army.) It is impossible to carry a single dollar bill a single block in any direction between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. If it escapes the Salvation Army, it will be caught on the next corner by war savings stamps sellers. Most of the sellers are teaching pretty and attack in unison. The dollar gasps and is no more.

Speaking of dollars, New York has rushed its figure past \$12,000,000 in the new thrift campaign.

SUCCEEDS SENATOR STONE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 16.—Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock, of Omaha, Neb., has been chosen chairman of the Senate committee on Foreign Relations, to succeed the late Senator William Joel Stone of Missouri.

Senator Hitchcock has, on several important occasions, been the Administration's spokesman, notably during the conduct of the Armed Neutrality Bill and the War Resolution through the Senate a year ago.

WHEAT FORECAST THRILLS NATION; WEATHER HELPS

America and Allies to Profit from Tremendous Crop Now in Prospect

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 16.—Prospects of a splendid wheat crop are thrilling all America. Government forecasts indicate that the yield of winter wheat will be 772,000,000 bushels, as against 418,000,000 last year. If the forecast makes good, this will be the third largest winter wheat crop ever harvested in this country. It means food—and the munitions of war—for America and her Allies.

Every one of the past few months has seen weather which has improved the condition of the crop, and with all caution it seems reasonable to say that every chance now favors a tremendous yield. Many experts predict confidently that the crop will be 600,000,000 bushels.

The country's wheat acreage has been enormously increased. The bumper crop of 1914 was raised on 400,000 acres less than this year's crop will be. The April improvement is the greatest on record.

The biggest gain is in Kansas and Nebraska where the indicated crop will be 56,000,000 bushels, with every likelihood that good weather will make it a hundred million bushels. Recent rains apparently assure the crop's safety in these States.

Spring wheat conditions, too, are excellent with good rains over most of the spring wheat area. Newspaper reports state that our total wheat crop will be a billion bushels, and it must be admitted that a cold, sober analysis encourages the hope that the results will not fall far short of that figure, if at all.

MOTHER'S LETTER TO BE DELIVERED BY END OF MONTH

Sunday's Harvest of Home Messages Already on Way to States

HOW MANY? LET HUN GUESS

Pens and Pencils Kept Busy from Base Points to Front Line Trenches

FRENCH HELP US CELEBRATE

Mess Tin Serves as Dugout Desk, Anything Goes as Paper, But Everyone Writes

The Mother's Letter celebration—THIRTY STARS AND STRIPES plan for having every soldier write to his mother on Mother's Day—was an overwhelming success. It led to the greatest output of extremely first-class mail matter the A.E.F. has known. The flood of letters home broke all records in American history, for never before have so many Americans found themselves far from the soil of their native land.

We may not give here the exact number of Mothers' Letters written on May 12, for that would be giving a certain vastly interested party an exact idea of how many Yanks there are in France. You see, we all wrote.

But we can tell you that the volume of Mothers' Letters posted last Sunday and Monday (and they were still coming in as late as Wednesday) more than quadrupled the ordinary A.E.F. output for the first two days of the week.

Those letters, some of them eloquent and some of them awkward, but all of them tender and true, are now on their way home. According to the final estimate by John Clark, chief postmaster of the service in France, the greater part of them—80 per cent—will have been delivered, reread for the third time and shown to the lady next door before the end of May.

Mess Tin Cover for Desk

They were written on strange bits of paper, some of them, and in still stranger places. This boy from Vermont scribbled his in a dugout with the cover of his mess tin as a desk; that lanky Georgian scrawled his painfully on the deck of a ship that rocked at anchor in a French port, while the Kansas City kid in the first surgical ward had to dictate his to the much affected sergeant in the next bed.

Some who wrote were doing something they had done faithfully every week since they first put on olive drab. Others found in the promptings of Mother's Day the reminder to write the letter they had been meaning to write these many, many weeks but which, thoughtless and engrossed in this new life of ours, they had been letting slide and slide. Some who had drifted farther from home than there are miles in the Equator to measure the distance.

At one point a group of sailors was silent in the throes of arduous composition and close by a weather beaten job stood watching them grinchily. As he watched, his thoughts seemed to slip farther and farther from the quay till they reached the other side of the world. A little later, some one saw him lounge over toward the table, begin a sheepish search for a sheet of paper and disappear. After an hour, he was back with his Mother's Letter, all ready for the censor.

First in Six Years

"It's the first time I've written her in six years," he said, just gruffly enough so no one should think he was getting soft. "I guess I won't let it go quite so long after this."

Many of them were written under difficulties—but they were written. At one point, a convoy docked at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of Mother's Day, but there were all the ceremonies of medical inspection and what-not to be gone through with before the thousands of Yanks on board could put foot on land. The wireless, however, had told the approaching transports what celebration was in progress on shore and the first call through the megaphones was for more paper.

"We're all writing Mothers' Letters," was the explanation, and they were doing just that, an every inch of space the decks afforded. There was a great scramble then to secure up more paper, for in that case section all records had been broken before noon, by which time the orders were issued for Heaven's sake to tear sheets in half and write small.

Precious Supply of Paper

The newcomers who could not land in time to join in the celebration were not more inaccessible than the caution drivers in the French service who are here, there and every-where these days. From their headquarters, however, one truck set forth bright and early Sunday morning, laden with writing paper, and as the driver would pass a brother camion on the way, he would hand out the precious supply.

Even scattered Americans in various regiments of the French army—Poles and Bohemians, too, fighting their people's fight under the tricolor—wrote their Mothers' Letters with the rest of

us, and THE STARS AND STRIPES transmitted them to the censor so that they could go home with ours.

The French caught the spirit of the day and shared in his observations. One gray-haired Frenchwoman, who keeps a tiny shop in Neuilly, was deeply touched by the sentiment of this American holiday.

For some American soldiers to write their mothers, she said, and was gone before any one could thank her.

Villagers Share in Celebration Far up in a forest-bearing, 50 miles from anywhere, a little outpost of American woodsmen, stationed there to work the timber, shared their celebration with all the people of the little hill-country village, and it was the old shoemaker who played the violin for their services.

One officer of the Red Cross at 10 o'clock on the morning of Mother's Day was standing in the rain addressing more than 2,000 members of an ammunition train.

"How many of you have written your mother today?"

Three-quarters of the men raised their hands. Most of the rest would have had their letters written before noon.

The Red Cross man suddenly remembered that he had his own to write. It occurred to him that he would like to march over every one else by sending his over the cables, so he hustled to a lone Signal Corps station in the Lorraine sector and found to his amused surprise that 20 officers were waiting there in line. They were all sending Mothers' Cards.

As a matter of fact, the cable offices were fairly choked with messages, some of them sent not by men but by regiments. Such and such a unit would send back word to the mothers of their home town that all the boys were feeling fine and hoped they were the same.

In All Languages The letters were of all kinds and in all languages. They were written in all manner of places and to all manner of people the world around. For not all of us have mothers to write to. One boy, however, spent all that Sunday afternoon happy in the writing of a long letter to his dear mother because, as he explained, it made him feel somehow as if he were visiting with her.

It is our privilege to read over two shoulders lent in the toll of composition. A gray-haired major, whose years in our Army have been many and honorable, tore out the page in the beautiful Mother's Day booklet of which the Y.M.C.A. distributed hundreds of thousands and wrote this:

To the Mother of My Children: I am thinking and undid not shed tears from my eyes. My heart is filled with tenderness and longing and love for you. To be dear to me, dear to my children is greater than to be the queen of an empire. To have given them their dear lives for your sake is with glory. You are the gift of God to me, and because of you I have been able to meet the years with bravely and with wisdom.

And a Polish boy, to whom writing in English is still something of an adventure, wrote to his mother in Chicago:

This is Mother's Day. I am writing you from home on the day it was celebrated. I don't think about my Mother and how I'll come home again and see her after the war and when I come home I'll come home to be the head of my family instead of being ashamed. Out in France I fight for Poland and for America. I'm fighting for my Mother. I love my Mother for she has been good to me. When I was a small boy and when I was in the hospital she took care of me but her. When I was sick she was the only one who took care of me at home. I remain your son, FRANK P.

In Every Part of France So they went, these Mothers' Letters which THE STARS AND STRIPES planned as part of the observance of a day which was celebrated in every part of France.

Every Y.M.C.A. hut was packed from sun up to sun down, with the pens traveling all day long and the voices lifted at night in song services that made much of "Mother Machree" and the hymns that mother used to like. The supply of envelopes in France was soon exhausted, for every soldier who could lay his hand on one spouted the flower that is the emblem of Mother's Day.

The supply of New Testaments ran out for the demand for them took a sudden spurt and all reasonable expectations. Though the "Y" huts were stocked with unprecedented supplies of paper, though the Red Cross had sent out an extra 100,000 sheets and envelopes, the paper crisis became acute in many a section before the day was half gone.

Marshall Joffre at Celebration The celebrations were of every sort in every kind of place on sea and land. In a beautiful palace in Paris, Marshal Joffre, Henri Bergson and other great folk of France observed the day by organizing before a great company a scheme for opening up to homeless American soldiers the hospitalities of the hearths of France.

In a Paris hotel, 60 men of the Purchasing Division of the Ordnance Department held a Mother's Day dinner.

Up front, on the sunny side of an old tree which a shell had uprooted, a group of soldiers held a service of their own, and there were services in the great cathedrals.

And down at a busy port, in front of a stevedores' hut, some Alabama dardies, accompanied by a whole lot of a band and a noble knave, lifted their rich voices in the strains of "M-O-T-H-E-R."

RANK NOT LOST Continued from Page 1

officers and soldiers. Authority requested to maintain replacement organizations at such strength in officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers as may be necessary for above purposes.

The answer from Washington was the word "Approved." So every replacement organization in France will be a flexible unit which can absorb any number of officers and non-coms who may stray its way, whether from the nearest hospital or the nearest port. And so, no sick or wounded non-com from up front loses his chevrons when he joins a replacement organization.

When he has been restored to a duty status and passed on to a replacement unit, every effort will be made to forward him from there to his old home regiment, where he worked before and where all his friends are.

# ARMY TAKES OVER JOB OF HANDLING A.E.F. MAIL

## M.P.E.S. Will Also Care for Express Sent to or by Soldiers

### TOWN NAMES TO BE USED

### Not Everywhere, But in Places Behind Advance Sections of S.O.S.

### CENTRAL P.O. TO BE SET UP

### Lieutenant, Six Non-Coms and Twenty Privates to Be Personnel of Each Detachment

The Army has taken over the job of distributing all mail addressed to members of the A.E.F. and of collecting and dispatching all mail sent by members of the A.E.F.

For this purpose, the Military Postal Express Service (hereinafter and forever to be known as the M.P.E.S.) has just been created by general order.

The M.P.E.S. will also receive, dispatch and collect all express arriving in France for the A.E.F. and will deliver the express bound for the United States to the proper express company. It will take over, develop and expand the existing motor dispatch service.

The personnel of the new M.P.E.S. will consist of a director and such officers and enlisted men as may temporarily be assigned to it for this duty. The first director (D.M.P.E.S.) is Lt. Col. Thorndike D. Howe, P.A.N.G.

The relation of the civilian postal service to the new Army organization is not yet clearly defined. The order says that the personnel of the civilian postal service may be given such standing or employment in the M.P.E.S. as is authorized by laws governing the Post Office Department.

The director will make from time to time all the necessary regulations governing the transportation of mail and express and limiting the size and weight of packages. He will establish such liaison with the military postal authorities of our Allies and with the civil postal authorities back home as will best promote the interest of the service.

### Chance to Let Folks Know

All soldiers who have a passion (very annoying to the censors) for letting their folks back home know just what part of France is enjoying their presence will be delighted to hear that under the new order all post offices in the base sections and intermediate sections of the S.O.S. may be brazenly designated by the name of the cities and towns in which they happen to be situated.

### SAILORS BACK UP WAR ORPHAN PLAN

### Navy Air Station Men Become Parrains to Six Year Old Girl

### 126 CHILDREN NOW TAKEN

### Private in Engineers Pledges 50 Francs a Month to Care for Small Boy

### TAKEN THIS WEEK

Co. C, - Engrs. Ser. Bn.	1
Co. G, - Inf.	1
Ambulance Co. No. 2, Div.	2
Officers, Motor Reception Park, B.S.	1
Co. B, - M.G. Bn.	4
Co. C, - M.G. Bn.	4
Windy City Bn., Engrs. Ry.	1
Co. B, - Inf.	1
Co. B, 3rd Bn., Engrs.	1
Heather, (Inf. Ser. Bn.)	1
Personnel, Office of Chief Q.M.	1
U.S. Navy Air Station	1
Co. A, - Field Sig. Bn.	1
Co. B, - Field Sig. Bn.	1
4th Platoon, Co. C, Field Sig. Bn.	1
Stn. Bn., Previously adopted	104
Total	126

The Navy backed up the Army this week in THE STARS AND STRIPES orphan adoption plan. The U.S. Navy Air Station near an American base port dispatched its 500 francs and became a parrain, asking for a girl six years old to father for a year. Thus every branch of the A.E.F. is represented in the list of adopters—save one.

We're not mentioning any names, but our cartoonist, who belongs to this branch of the service and looked it until they ruined his disposition by camouflaging him in an O.D. uniform—has felt it necessary to make a defense.

"It's boys," he explained, "is kind hearted, all right, but we haven't had any money since we been in France. France has been as scarce as steam heat in an Adrian hat." And if our cartoonist is a typical example, the explanation is clear. He—but we won't say anything about it publicly.

All told, 15 A.E.F. organizations sent in requests for 22 orphans during the week, running the total of adoptions to 126. At least half of the new parrains are on the front.

### Money Gathered Under Fire

Two machine gun companies which already have made a name for themselves in action adopted four children each. One signal platoon and two signal companies gathered their adoption money under fire, and an ambulance company attached to a division now in the trenches sent in a request written by pencil in a dugout.

"We have been reading with interest and satisfaction of the developments in the baby adoption plan," wrote the ambulance men, "and we wish to congratulate THE STARS AND STRIPES on the successful launching of the plan and the more successful execution of it.

"Ambulance Co. No. — is glad, and considers it a privilege, to be included in a worthy cause of this kind. Included is 1300 francs. We would ask that we be assigned a brother and sister, children of a French soldier who has made the supreme sacrifice for the cause of justice.

"The first subscription of 500 francs was taken a few days ago in less than

# STOCK RISE GENERAL DESPITE LOAN DRIVE

## Market Leaders Close 5 to 17 Points Above Year's Low Marks

### DELAWARE IN FIRST PLACE

### More Than 20,000 Counties and Cities Fly Honor Flags After Bond Campaign

By J. W. MULLER

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 16.—The financial situation presents an unexpected surprise. There has been a general rise in stocks after the end of the Liberty Loan drive, whereas everybody anticipated the reverse as the natural result of tying up money.

The leading stocks closed Saturday from 5 to 17 points above the low mark of the year, and this occurred in face of the fact that the income and excess profit taxes are due this week.

Complete returns from the Liberty Loan are not yet in, but more than 20,000 counties and cities fly honor flags. The Chicago district leads with 4,965. The Minneapolis district is second with 3,011. The Cleveland district has 1,999; the Boston district 1,997; the Atlanta, 1,911; the Philadelphia, 1,752; the St. Louis, 1,561; the number for St. Louis being accounted for because the flags went only to whole counties out there.

Delaware has taken the state honors by subscribing more than twice the percentage of its population. It also leads the States in women's subscriptions, which alone equal 120 per cent of the State's quota.

Topeka, Hartford, Birmingham, Washington and Boston lead their respective States among the cities to date in the percentages of their quota subscribed. Hartford leads in all five classes with 251 per cent.

The following are the record cities:

### The Record Cities

Population 25,000 to 50,000.—Topeka, 292 per cent; Macon, 141; Augusta, Ga., 119; Montgomery, Ala., 123; Tampa, 115; Chattanooga, 124; Knoxville, 142; Sioux City, 150; Galveston, 124; Shreveport, 122; Austin, 118; El Paso, 85; Waco, 87; Pueblo, 155; Lincoln, 14; Muskogee, 82; Quincy, Ill., 175; Little Rock, 125.

Population 100,000 to 100,000.—Hartford, 251 per cent; Salt Lake City, 112; Tacoma, 150; Savannah, 102; Jacksonville, 171; San Antonio, 117; Houston, 114; Fort Worth, 112; Dallas, 111; Duluth, 125; Des Moines, 145; St. Joseph, 104; Kansas City, Kan., 108; Wichita, 97; Oklahoma City, 122; Evansville, Ind., 126; Waterbury, 124; Portland, Me., 212; Holyoke, 120; New Bedford, 149; Springfield, Mass., 117; Manchester, N. H., 129.

Population between 100,000 and 500,000.—Birmingham, 186; Seattle, 122; Portland, Ore., 126; Oakland, Cal., 104; Atlanta, 118; Nashville, 122; Richmond, 125; St. Paul, Minn., 125; Indianapolis, 121; Kansas City, Mo., 141; Denver, 100; Omaha, 151; Louisville, 189; Memphis, 100; New Haven, 116; Fall River, 138; Lowell, 133; Worcester, Mass., 125; Providence, 132.

Population 500,000 to 2,500,000.—San Francisco, 109; Los Angeles, 150; New Orleans, 108; Minneapolis, 125; Detroit, 148; Milwaukee, 134.

Population above 2,500,000.—Boston, 163; Baltimore, 115; Chicago, 115; New York and St. Louis, over 100 per cent.

### AS WE KNOW THEM

### THE PLATOON SERGEANT

To beat the other sergeants is his only aim in life: With plans to hang it on 'em all his mind is always rife: He wants us first in marksmanship, he wants us first in line, And at every damn'd inspection we have got to rise and shine:

"He takes his job too serious-like" the new ones all complain— Its true he lays it onto us with all his might and main, But if we're needing anything, he'll come to the top, The Skipper, or with anyone—and never lets it drop!

He chews his plug tobacco, and he ain't got much to say Except "More pep, you heathen!"— and we're hearing that all day; But if he is commissioned, we will all be sore as sin, Because some other Sergeant—and a worse one—will come in!

### MEURICE HOTEL and RESTAURANT

228 Rue de Rivoli (Opposite Tuileries Gardens)

Restaurant Open to Non-Residents.

### AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE

8 RUE DE RICHELIEU, PARIS (Royal Palace Hotel)

Chartered 1822

### The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company

PARIS BORDEAUX 41 Boulevard Hausmann 8 Cours du Chapeau-Rouge

LONDON: 126 Old Broad Street, E. C. 2 116 Pall Mall East, S. W. 1

### Two Other Special Agencies in the War Zone

United States Depository of Public Moneys in Paris, New York & London.

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.

# KETCHIKAN'S RECORD

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 16.—You may never have heard of Ketchikan, Alaska. It's time you did.

Ketchikan claims the record for the biggest proportion subscription to the Third Liberty Loan. It has a population of 3,000. Sixteen hundred of the 3,000 bought Liberty bonds—\$158,000 worth of Liberty bonds, to be exact, an average of something better than one \$50 bond for every man, woman and child in Ketchikan.

Don't forget the name—Ketchikan.

### "GUILTY, SIR!"

The regiment had just moved into new quarters and was in process of "shaking down." The colonel glanced around his office and took a swift inventory. An oil can was missing.

"Hu-m-m." The colonel was deep in meditation for a moment. "Hu-m-m." Then suddenly: "Orderly, get First Sergeant Daly for me, pronto."

A minute later the Top was on the carpet. "Daly, you old leatherneck pirate," the colonel burst out, "what the hell do you mean by stealing my oil can?"

"Guilty, sir! I didn't know it was yours."

A smile spread over the C.O.'s face. "Hu-m-m," he observed in satisfaction. "I guessed it. Now you can go get that oil can and bring it back here on the double."

Moral: When something is missing at times like these, the oldest Top in the outfit usually knows its whereabouts.

FAMILY HOTEL, 7, Ave. du Trocadéro. Full board from 10 francs.

# WILSON

8 RUE DUPHOT Telephone: Gutenberg 01-05 THE SMALLEST BUT SMARTEST UMBRELLA SHOP IN PARIS

### ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

### "My Portrait"

FINEST PHOTOS 19 Avenue de Clichy (near Place Clichy) PARIS

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# "Aquascutum" TRENCH COAT

## LINED DETACHABLE FLEECE, FUR OR LEATHER

### Guaranteed Absolutely Waterproof.

Officers on Active Service who have had the opportunity of testing many different makes of Waterproof are unanimous in the opinion that the only coat that has proved thoroughly reliable is the AQUASCUTUM.

Received from B. F. F., Salonika, 6/12/17. "I got one of your trench coats on August. Since coming out here I have had occasion to test it in rain heavier by far than anything I have ever seen in France. It has never let any in at all, nor has there been any sign of damp on the inside. "The sealless shorts are also good."

### VALISE.

### DISPENSES WITH WOLSELEY & BLANKETS Waterproof Bed and Valise in One.

Vermin Proof. Weight about 11 lbs. CONSTRUCTED TO HOLD ALL KIT AND TO STAND — HARD WEAR FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD. — Complete with Straps, Name and Regiment painted on.

Received from B. F. F., France, 5/12/17. "I want a new 'Aquascutum' sleeping bag with kapok lining. I bought one in 1915, and brought it to France when I came originally in July 1915. It has been in continual use ever since and I have liked it immensely. It certainly justifies your claims of being water and bug proof."

By Appointment to His Majesty the King. Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 Years.

### 100 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1

Obtainable in Paris from Messrs. DELION & CARON, 24 Boulevard des Capucines.

# ASK FOR ADAMS EXPRESS CO'S

## CABLE AND MAIL FORMS

### When Making Remittances to U.S.A. through the CREDIT LYONNAIS and the COMPTOIR NATIONAL D'ESCOMPTE

At their Branches throughout France.

THE ADAMS EXPRESS CO., PARIS, open DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS subject to check—and Funds may be handed to Branch Offices of the above Banks with instructions to remit same to:—

### ADAMS EXPRESS CO. 28 Rue du 4-Septembre, PARIS

SAVE TIME IN SECURING YOUR PAY by requesting Quartermasters on your endorsed Pay Voucher to assign pay checks direct to ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY, for your credit.

### REGIMENTAL COMPANY AND MESS ACCOUNTS RECEIVE SPECIAL CONSIDERATION

# MEURICE HOTEL and RESTAURANT

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THE BUTTEROSI SYNDICATE

BUREAUX et MAGASINS: 147-148 AVENUE MALAKOFF-PARIS

REPRESENTATION AGENCIES

BRITAIN'S FAITH IN LLOYD GEORGE AGAIN EVIDENCED Prime Minister Emerges Triumphant from Hot Commons Battle BEGAN LIFE AS POOR BOY

Career of Great Champion of People Reads Like Abraham Lincoln's Life

"FIGHT TO FINISH" ADVOCATE

Little Welshman Proved Worth Before War Called Him to Tremendous Duties

In the House of Commons, the little Welshman who is England's Prime Minister has just emerged triumphant after the latest open effort to dislodge him from the saddle of the Empire into which he vaulted some 18 months ago.

By a smashing majority, the House voted down the motion to investigate by a select committee the charges of mismanagement brought against Lloyd George and Bonar Law by General Maurice, who made his allegations in the form of a letter to the newspapers. It was a vote of confidence. General Maurice has been relieved of command and placed upon retired pay. Lloyd George is still Prime Minister.

Into his grim, historic home in Downing Street are pouring countless cables, telegrams and telegrams from all the great capitals of the world (Berlin and Vienna excepted), and the burden of these messages is simply this: "Well done, Lloyd George."

None was more heartfelt than the cable of congratulations on his success in Parliament which came from M. Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, for in all the great capitals of the world (Berlin and Vienna excepted) the continuance in power of Lloyd George is read as fresh evidence of Britain's determination to see the war through to a Prussian defeat.

The people of the British Empire have faith in this leader of theirs because he is himself a man of the people and because, in the troubled years before the war, Lloyd George had established himself as the people's champion till his name was known in the world's groves and the heirs of the vast English estates trembled, with fear and anger at the very sound of it.

Story Reads Like Lincoln's

He came of poor folks, desperately poor. His father had been a needy schoolmaster in Manchester, where the boy was born some 25 years ago, but after the father's death, he was brought up in Wales by his uncle, a shoemaker. Out of obscurity and poverty he rose by the fire that was in him as surely as did Lincoln, our own great commoner, whose words the Welshman studies and quotes in his great hours. The needless days which have been England's portion mean little to a man in whose home as a boy there had never been enough money to buy any meat at all, and where an egg of a Sunday was so rich a treat that young David and his brother must needs share one between them.

No Respector of Tradition

So the minimum wage and the old age pension and the rights of the workmen and the poor classes were part of the gospel of Lloyd George when, through the churning of British politics, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. He really meant it when he sang "Britons never shall be slaves." Conservative England shook in its well polished boots. He was no respecter of tradition. He was no respecter of persons, especially dukes. When the House of Lords got in his way, he was enough of a cheerful heretic to suggest that the time had come for that august institution to be thrown on the scrap-heap.

Lloyd George was of the first. He was so proud to sit on the same platform with him, they would either have put you on in some London music hall as a bally humorist or locked you up as a dangerous fanatic. It was of Samuel Gompers, the venerable Little Welsh attorney would lead the Empire and that they would be proud to sit on the same platform with him, they would either have put you on in some London music hall as a bally humorist or locked you up as a dangerous fanatic.

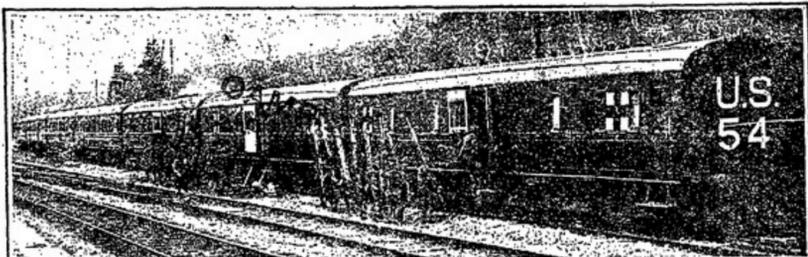
Holds People's Confidence

Yet it was just because the people trusted him that he was able to do so much for England when the great war came. Just as he could champion the rights of small nations with better grace because he had been hotly and bravely against England's empire, the Boer war, just as he could proclaim a fight to a finish with greater eloquence because he himself had been anything but a militarist in all his public life, so he could draw up a "limited profit, no strikes and no lock-out" compact with the workers, because they knew that anything their Little Welsh attorney said would be vital to the life of their country.

The war had been in full swing for more than two years before the explosion in the coalition cabinet blew the Welshman into the premier's chair. But to the casual observer, he had appeared to be in charge from the first. He was so famous that he could not help outshining those around him.

Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer when war was declared, and vowing that the last hundred million pounds would settle the matter, he piloted the Empire through the financial crisis of the first trying months. Then,

NEW HOSPITAL TRAINS ARE DE LUXE AFFAIRS



One of the world's finest hospital trains

No. "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8" for Army's Sick or Wounded

DOZEN ARE ALREADY IN USE

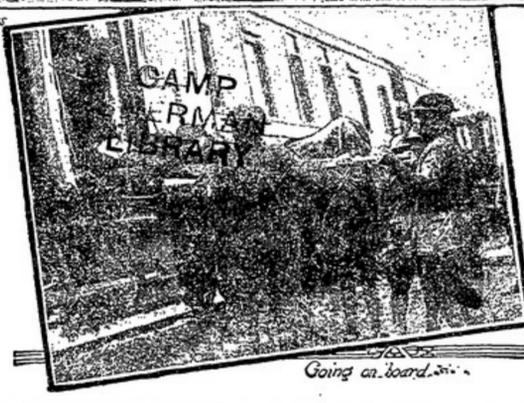
Traveling Cook Is Equal to Steak, Fried Potatoes, and—Yes—Prune Pie

If the author of that lingering—almost malingering—melody, "I Don't Want to Get Well," should happen to be a passenger on one of the new hospital trains now in use by the United States Army, the chances are that he would be inspired to write at least an additional stanza.

Picture your favorite train back home. There's that extra fare train plying between San Francisco and Portland, Ore.; there's the "Twentieth Century"; there are the lovely choo-choos that take you from Los Angeles to Chicago, or, if you prefer, from Chicago to Los Angeles; and the rivals that go from St. Paul to Chicago—and vice versa—are the trains. But none of them is more comfortable than our new hospital trains; and none of them is so utterly clean and sanitary.

The trains—there are about a dozen of them already in use, and it is expected that the number will be doubled before long—were built for us in England. Each train costs about \$300,000. Sixteen cars make up a train. Nine of them are regular sleepers, with 36 berths each.

In the day time, for patients able to sit up, the lower berths can be transformed into settees. There are conveniences for tobacco, receptacles for clothing and toilet articles, lavatories, water containers—everything you can think of,



Going on board.

but, if not the darkest, cook that ever presided over the diner between Atlanta, Ga., and Birmingham, Ala. The day this account was written he was cooking some steak and fried potatoes. Hard by these were—the very best waters to write it—five of the flakiest, crispiest, squashtiest, juiciest, toothsomest, delusciousst prune pies ever seen or tasted in France, Texas, New Hampshire, or any other hemisphere. In short, they were good pies. A piece of that pie would be worth at least a couple of cushy wounds.

Each car has electric lights and fans, and is steam heated. The train has every convenience and luxury that the Pullmans at home have; and two in addition: You don't have to tip the porters; and the cars are not named *Almazoo* or *Atabascerrillo*—they are numbered. One can almost hear the boys, as the train pulls out, singing, "When That Midnight Choo-choo Leaves for A.P.O. 927."

There is a compartment devoted to dressings; there is an emergency operating room, in the event that an operation must be made on route; there is a room where special diets are served; there is an officers' car, with its mess room; a staff car, for three medical officers and three nurses; a supply car; a personnel car, for the crew of 32 men; and—as beautiful a sight as has been witnessed in these parts—a kitchen car, with a lurch of regular stoves and perhaps the

best, if not the darkest, cook that ever presided over the diner between Atlanta, Ga., and Birmingham, Ala. The day this account was written he was cooking some steak and fried potatoes. Hard by these were—the very best waters to write it—five of the flakiest, crispiest, squashtiest, juiciest, toothsomest, delusciousst prune pies ever seen or tasted in France, Texas, New Hampshire, or any other hemisphere. In short, they were good pies. A piece of that pie would be worth at least a couple of cushy wounds.

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BACK TO THE FRONT IN TIME FOR SCRAP

Trio of Yanks Go A.W.O.L. and Beat Way to the Firing Line

When the good stories illustrating the character of the American fighting man are gathered together, one of them will be the tale of three Yanks who went A.W.O.L., beat their way several hundred miles, eluded all traps set to catch unauthorized travelers, and joined their outfit in time to get into the bonny fight at Seicheprey.

Transfer to Freight Train

So they coolly transferred to a gentle freight train headed in the direction of the front and rode it until it stopped. When they got off they were still a hundred miles from the American sector. By help of friendly truck drivers and six pairs of sturdy kicks they managed to get to American C.H.Q. The old game of playing the freight trains took them 40 miles further to the town in which they had trained. There they learned exactly where their outfit was. How they made the remaining 40 miles through the network of sentries that guard the approach to the battle line, they and Heaven only know. But they did it.

as Minister of Munitions, he turned England into an arsenal.

He who had been the friend of labor since his first day in politics became the greatest single employer of labor the world had ever known. Finally, when K. of K. was lost at sea, Lloyd George succeeded him as Secretary of State for War, and it was from that post that he stepped, just before Christmas in 1916, to the head of the Cabinet.

Master of Oratory and Wit

Throughout all this period, his speeches were electrifying, for like Wilson and Clemenceau—like any man who would really lead a nation—Lloyd George is a master orator, and that, too, in a tongue he had to learn as a foreign language. His wit flashes. His shots are rapid, well-aimed, pulverizing. No heavy artillery he, but a machine gun turned with devastating effect on all who opposed him in debate. The short, sharp word is Lloyd George's ammunition, and all he says—like all that his colleague in France says—comes down to this: "Fight to a finish."

"The Prussian junker is the road hog of Europe." Thus Lloyd George. "Small nations in his way are flung to the road side, bleeding and broken; women and children thrust under the wheel of his cruel car, Britain ordered out of the road. All I can say is this: If the old British spirit is alive in British hearts, that hullily will be torn from his seat. He thinks he can't beat him. It will not be easy. It will be a long job. It will be a terrible war. In the end we shall march through this terror in triumph.

"It took England 20 years to defeat Napoleon and the first 15 of those years were black with defeat. It will not take 20 years to win this war, but whatever time is required, it will be done."

FROM ONE OF 'EM

Dey're goin' to call me "Sammy"—My Gawd, what have I did? Why don't they make it "Ferdinand" or "Cutie dear" or "Kid"? I wonder for dat handle Just who I got to tink? Why don't they cut dat "Sammy" stuff. And stick to good old "Yank"? Now, dere's a name I fall for. It's big and strong and frank, Yo, dere's a sound at's got some stuff. A good, loud-bellowed "YANK!" I'll bet some Sewin' Circle Or some newspaper crank Wished dat dere "Sammy" on me. Hell! Why don't they call me "Yank"? F. A. M., Jr.

THIS AIR SQUADRON HAS ITS OWN PAPER

"The Flyer" Is Gotten Out Entirely by Hand, Too

"The Flyer" is its name, and it's a hummer. It's the official organ of the Aero Squadron. It lives up to all the established rules of journalism by writing on only one side of the paper—for it is printed, not printed, and its pictures are drawn right on the living sheet, instead of being reproduced. Its editor, Robert H. Fitzgerald, is better known under the title of "Mooney Mingles," and he hails from Lawrenceburg, Ind. Whether Mooney's departure was the one thing that made Indiana, in a fit of the sulks, go dry, is still a debatable question; but Indiana can't be blamed if she did, for "The Flyer" was formerly "The 101 Weekly" of the burg of Lawrenceburg.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Men from six different nooks on this globe of ours formed the audience that heard an American regimental band play ragtime the other afternoon in a village within range of the Germans' big guns. The band took up its station in front of a butcher shop. Italian, French and American soldiers swarmed in when the musicians began tuning up. The first strains brought three English Tommies and a laboring detachment from India with tall white turbans austing up the road to see what it was all about. Presently there straggled into the scene twenty or more olive-hued Annamites from the Far East. "Look at 'em," said an artilleryman, "now wouldn't you think you was at the world's fair?"

HOTEL CONTINENTAL 3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

SHIRTS KHAKI COLLARS 6, Rue Castiglione, PARIS. A. SULKA & CO. 34 W. 34 Street, NEW YORK. Mail orders executed.

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO 11 Rue Scribe, PARIS TOURS: 8 Bd Beranger. BORDEAUX: 3 Cours de Gourgues. HAVRE: 43 Quai d'Orleans. MARSEILLES: 9 Rue Beauvau. GENERAL BANKING FACILITIES FOR AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES. THE AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY through its correspondents provides a BANKING OFFICE in practically EVERY TOWN IN FRANCE from which money can be sent home by MAIL or CABLE under AMERICAN EXPRESS CO'S SAFE AND QUICK METHOD. These Correspondents will also accept funds to be transferred to the credit of Checking or Savings Accounts kept at the Company's offices. PARIS BORDEAUX - TOURS - HAVRE - MARSEILLES. ASK FOR AMERICAN EXPRESS FORMS. Officers' Pay Vouchers can be assigned to AMERICAN EXPRESS CO. and proceeds will accordingly be deposited with the Company by Disbursing Officers to the credit of Checking Accounts. Packages can be forwarded to any office of the Company (see addresses above) for dispatch to United States, Canada or elsewhere and for STORAGE.

FAREWELL MESSAGE GOES TO HIS MOTHER

Dying Yankee Soldier Finds Good Angel in French Hospital

An American soldier lay badly wounded in a French hospital. He was dying, and he knew it, and he would write a last letter to his mother back home in the States.

He was one of several Americans who had been carried a few days ago to this hospital where every one was French from the chief of the surgeons to the youngest of the nurses and the least of the orderlies. Most expert had been the treatment and most tender the care these boys of ours had received, but here was one of them calling for some countryman of his by whom he could transmit his farewell message home.

Frenchwoman Comes Forward

There were no English on the premises and the only Americans were those comrades of his who could not help. There was a hurried canvass of the hospital. Finally a Frenchwoman came forward who said she was sure she could speak and write the wounded boy's tongue well enough to serve him. Like her father, she had spent some years of study in America, and like him she had mastered its idiom and its accent.

She was soon cheering the boy with the friendly sound of English words, and a little later those in the ward saw her settled at the side of the cot, bending forward from time to time to catch the phrases of this Mother's Letter which would not wait till Mother's Day.

The boy died, but not before he had finished the letter. It is now on its way home. And some day some one will tell the mother that the woman who set down the last message from her son in France was the daughter of Georges Clemenceau, Premier of the French Republic.

BOYS! No War Prices for "SWAN" Fountain Pens

Military and Civil Tailors KRIEGCK & CO. 23 Rue Royale.

When in LONDON You will Stay at the WALDORF HOTEL Aldwych, Strand. As in the days of peace so in the days of war, it is the best and the most economical Hotel in the West End. E. LUCARINI Late of the Hotel Lotti, Paris, General Manager Telephone 3088: WALDORF, LONDON

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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen OF ALL STATIONERS IN FRANCE

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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 freshly-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. Write watches, fountain pens and other things get out of order. Send them along and the Shopping Service will have them repaired. NO charge at all, except actual cost of packing and shipping. The Four Big Stores place the Paris Shopping Branch freely at your disposal. Prices, of course, the lowest obtainable in Paris. Order by mail anything you want and can't get where you are and enclose money order for what you wish to spend. If it is too little, you will be asked to make up the difference. If too much, balance will be promptly returned to you. If things don't suit, return them for exchange, or price refund. Just the same broad guarantees stand behind the Paris Branch as in the big home Stores you all know! 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.

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 17, 1918.

ALL AMERICA IS BACK OF YOU

Twenty-two million of our folks back home—one person out of every five of the total population of the country—bought bonds of the Third Liberty Loan.

That means that 1,000,000 more people became bond holders in this issue than did so in the second loan. But it means far more than that. It means that the American people have tellingly and concretely put the proof before the world that this is "their war."

Let us see: For census purposes a "family" is put down as five people. With one person out of every five in on this loan, what do we have? Every family in the United States represented—every family in the nation back of us to the limit with its savings and earnings, bearing active and concrete testimony to its faith in the A. E. F., to its devotion to the Cause for which the A. E. F. has taken the field.

It was not easy for many of those families to put aside \$50 or \$100 or more at this particular time. For a goodly number it meant real hardship, real privation. But they did it, and they did it gladly, exultingly, because of their faith in America, because of their faith in you!

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

There were times, in the ample leisure of our journey from America to France, when we enjoyed the transport crews, and there were times when we did not. A lot depended, for instance, on the weather. We enjoyed watching them work; we picked up snatches of their lingo and made it part and parcel of our own Army slang talk; we found among them fellows who had known Bill Jones and Joe Robinson for years, just as we had.

Then we landed, and so many things began to happen, and have kept on happening, that the Navy and its men have perhaps almost gone out of our minds—have become half a memory, half an anticipation.

They got us over, but their task has not stopped there. They are keeping us going. Food, clothes, shoes, that bring it all. Remember, when that long-awaited letter from home finally reaches your hands, that, in order to get it to you, blue-uniformed lads took long stabs at floating targets (and smashed them), faced Atlantic gales in a pitching fore-cast, and scanned the waste of ocean, with unflinching and unflinching vigilance, for signs of the Hun water rat.

FRAT PINS AND BRASS TACKS

The visitor's look had spaces for "Occupation in Civil Life," "College," "Fraternity or Club," "It was thick with "Banker," "Journalist," "Bond Salesman," "Insurance Agent," "Doctor," "Light Work," "Y. M. C. A.," "Retailer," "Lawyer," "Manufacturer" and "Merchant" with "Yak," "Ohio State," "Seaweed," "Pardner," "Reckley" and "Washington" with "Baba Thota Pi," "D. K. E.," "Charter," "Amicus," "Psi U," "Sigma Nu," "Gorgon Head" and "Skull and Serpent." It was thick with everything.

On and on the observer peered, through a dreary waste of forgotten occupations, a deal of college and university titles and a deal of secret, mystic symbolism. Suddenly, out of the fog and miasma of all that mass there stood out these words:

"Occupation: SOLDIER." "College: UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY."

"Fraternity or Club: NONE."

Written in a good, clear, round hand, they quite eclipsed the more ornate descriptions of self with which the page was cluttered. The looked business-like. They looked democratic. They looked real.

OUR ALLY, RUSSIA

We call it Dardes; Russia because we cannot see into it. The rest of the world has usually been hopelessly at sea about Russia, and the present day is no exception. If now you think of that great, foundering country as out of the war, you are making a grotesque mistake.

It is true that Russia has sagged and collapsed as a belligerent. It is true that that collapse released for use against the Allies on the Western front a mass of troops and guns. But even now Russia is keeping a million of the enemy busy.

It is not at all fantastic to say there is still a Russian front 3,000 kilometers long. Five hundred thousand German soldiers and about that many Austrians are at present engaged in the staggering task of arranging a mere part of Russia to the taste and needs of Potsdam and Vienna. And the beauty of it is that they are not doing it—that that million is not enough, nowhere near enough.

Just as there ceased to be in Russia a strong enough central government to keep her bargain with us, so there is none now strong enough to dickie directly with the

Hun. He will get all he gets by force, and to extract from Russia all the cereals and other riches he desperately needs, he would come pretty near having to station one armed German on guard over each Russian peasant—a disposition of troops not altogether practical.

Don't imagine for a moment that the Hun is happy in the land that was quite too much for the Romanoffs.

PRIVATE GAUGLER TO THE BAR

We are in receipt of the following letter from Ord. Sgt. Laura W. Holland, A. P. O. 717:

"In the May 2nd issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES in column 1 on page 5, under the caption 'The Army's Poets,' there appears a poem, 'The Hill Back Home,' credited to Pvt. Clarence W. Gaugler, Q. M. C.

"I do not want to rob any one of due credit, but the verse referred to was written and published in the States early last summer by a woman, though I do not recall the name, and entitled 'An Afternoon on a Hill.' The only difference is the word 'quiet' in the third line, which was originally 'kind.' The poem was reviewed in a July or August issue of The Literary Digest as an example of a poem written at that time and not inspired by the war and this was where I saw it. And in writing a friend back in the States I quoted it in a letter during the latter part of September."

It should be added, by way of further evidence in the case of the A.E.F. vs. Pvt. Gaugler, defendant, that when he sent in this singularly beautiful poem (not only signed with his own name, but with the explicit statement that he had "composed" it), it bore the title "One Afternoon on the Hill." That title was changed in this office in the belief that "The Hill Back Home" led to the exquisite imagery of the poem some color of the war.

It would seem from this prima facie evidence, Pvt. Gaugler, that, unlike your accuser, you are not one of those who "do not want to rob any one of due credit." What have you to say to the charge that you are a thief?

"SOUVENIRS FOR SUSIE"

Don't go hunting "souvenirs for Susie" when you next go up front. If you do, you are more than likely to deprive Susie of the only souvenir she really wants to have you bring back from the war—namely, yourself.

"During the recent battle of Seicheprey, the Germans, in addition to mining the village before they were driven out, scattered helmets, bayonets, belts and other equipment about lengthily, counting on the fondness of American soldiers for souvenirs. Each was attached by a wire to high explosives, and a few American soldiers, eager for keepsakes, were wounded in this fashion."

The quotation is from the report of a news agency correspondent who was up there when it happened, who saw, and who knew. Souvenir-sapping is one of the Boche's favorite little dirty tricks. A word to the wise—

THE EXILE'S NEWSPAPER

A gentle reader whose home is within a brisk ten minutes' walk of the Place de la Concorde writes us in this vein:

"I have lived in Paris for ten years because my husband's business is here and I am sick with my hunger for a sight of Battery Park and Times Square. I have found your paper more like a message from home than any thing I hear these days. The headlines are as American as Chicago or baseball or Fred Stone. I chuckle at the very sight of them and my husband cannot understand why because he is a Frenchman."

"I read every word in every story because the voice of THE STARS AND STRIPES has the Yankee twang and it does me good to hear it. And once in a while a phrase or a word, which you use unconsciously, but which I have not heard these many years, conjures up a picture of the places I used to know and I read on with a mist in my eyes. Somehow I feel as if the Atlantic were not quite so wide since you started to publish."

This letter quite warmed the editorial heart. Here is a newspaper planned solely for the pleasure of the men in this great expedition, but we soon learned that it had a cordial public back home and we are finding out that it has its welcome in the American colonies of London, Paris and the like. It is relished by those far flung exiles of the United States, little outposts of home where there are many who are true blue Americans as honestly homesick as ourselves. We enjoy our work the more when we know that they enjoy it, too.

ONE LANGUAGE

German-language newspapers in the United States were always an anachronism. In time of war they are an insult to the sovereignty of the United States. We note with unfeigned delight that during the past few weeks quite a number of them ceased publication and that in many towns their sale has been prohibited by the local authorities.

The English language was used by Washington in his Farewell Address, by Lincoln in his Gettysburg Address and by General Inaugural, by Wilson in his War Message and—let no German forget—in his Third Liberty Loan speech on "force to the utmost." English would seem to be pretty well established as the language of the United States of America. And since it is the language of the United States, it behooves all those who call themselves citizens of the United States to carry on their dealings and gain their information through its medium.

PASSPORTS

Under the terms of a Bill which has just passed the House of Representatives, the President has full power to put restrictions on arrival and departure facilities in American ports.

The Bill deserves to pass. When it does, we hope to see a few restrictions put upon the departure for France of people who have not, as an earnest of what they are departing for, the necessary guns on their shoulders and the equally necessary packs on their backs.

Today in Homeburg

YOUR Father got up this morning and came down stairs, going out on the porch first to secure the morning paper from the city before Johnny, who can never quite beat his old man down under the quarter on the side in it, got there to devour the sporting page and the Boy Scout notes. Before your Father ate a thing, he went over that front page at a rush, to see how things stood with you over here. Then he took a look at the inside, to be sure he hadn't missed anything about the war. Thus reassured and fortified, he sat down to breakfast.

Father doesn't monopolize the paper at breakfast any more. Your Mother demands it as soon as he comes to the table, and goes through the war news with the same avidity as your Father. There's a little catch in her throat as she glances at the headline, "Americans Troops Beat Back Attack," and her hand trembles a bit as she pours out the coffee for your father. Then she goes over the story below that headline, taking in every word, and then reads it again—silently.

She pictures you in that repute, in that flut, and in wonder it makes her quiver a bit. But, being the best sport in the world, she takes a lot of satisfaction in reading that it was a successful repulse, that the Boche got worse than they gave, and that the line is all right. Still, she doesn't have very much to say at breakfast these days. And your Father says, "You're really carrying a load, since he knows your Mother when thinking the same thing he doesn't talk about it."

WELL, Father goes along down street to open up the store, he doesn't take the paper along with him as he used to—he leaves it for Mother, who, after the youngsters have been gotten out of bed and fed and tidied up and sent off to school, will exercise a great deal of restraint and actually put off her trip to market, or her sweeping of the living room, or her morning's sewing, to sit down and digest that news thoroughly.

It isn't a hardship for Father, for he takes another paper, nowadays, down at the store. He isn't smoking cigars now until after dinner—so as to send you a few more smokes—and he is cutting down in lots of ways to help the youngsters, although they're really carrying a load themselves after school to acquire bonds and thrift stamps and things. But that extra paper he must have. He doesn't call it a luxury. He simply can't get along without it.

"Looks better for us, eh?" he says to Will Levington, when Will comes in and peeks off his coat preparatory to tackling the day's work. "The paper says they were smashed back in good shape, and the French general said our lads were the stuff when it came to doing it. I wonder —"

But Father doesn't finish that sentence. You know mighty well what he's wondering. So does Will. And Will, having a lot more to do than you ever gave him credit for, discreetly shuts up.

WELL, old Mrs. Jones comes in to make some purchases. Mrs. Jones hasn't heard from her Jim this week for some reason or other, and asks your Father if he's heard from you recently. Father says yes, he has and all week ago. You were all right and well and said you had good things to eat and that the weather was getting better and that one of your pals had just been awarded his chevrons and that it pleased you. "Sound as if they were all pretty happy and well off," he tells the old lady; and oh! how she beams with relief! That letter of yours, you see, had done some good in your missionary work, under your Dad's handling.

"Remember me to the boy when you write to him, won't you?" says Mrs. Jones, on parting. "I'd write him myself, only I know they're all so busy I don't think it's fair for people they don't know real well to write to them, as if they were expecting an answer. My, I can remember when he was a little fellow, playing with my Jimmy up in the apple orchard on Condon's lot! I do hope I hear from Jimmy in a day or two."

"Let us know when you do," your Father tells her. "We're always glad to hear from Jimmy."

Mrs. Jones goes out; but other people come in, all morning long. And there isn't a one in all that doesn't ask Father and asks the same question. "Well, how's the boy? What do you hear from him?"

At noon, when your Father goes home to dinner, there is a big news: A letter, in a much-battered and grimy envelope, written in pencil by fluttering candle-light—from You! Kid Sister is tugging at your Mother's skirts, dancing up and down and demanding, "Wead it, muvver!" And your Mother—well, you just ought to see how flushed and pleased and happy she looks as she runs to the door on hearing your Father's familiar ring.

Johnny forgets all about the row he had with the new teacher, to listen open-mouthed to your Mother's reading of it—rather, her teeth re-reading of it. Your Father doesn't say much, but he's just as open-mouthed as Johnny. And when Aunt Hattie calls up on the phone—Aunt Hattie was always calling up about dinner time, you remember, and driving your Mother nearly frantic by so doing—why, your Father just lets his dinner grow cold while he tells her all about the letter.

THE streets of Homeburg look a lot pleasanter and "springier" to your Father as he walks back to work in the early afternoon. The people seem so much kinder, so much more friendly, and he is interested in you because they like you, and like your Father and Mother. They're every one of them your friends.

The chances are, that, on the day that that letter arrives, your Father is a bit late in getting back in the afternoon. So many people have stopped him on street corners, and he has been so busy sharing his good news with them, that it's a wonder he gets back to the store when he does. Old Dr. Squires, who aided materially in bringing you into the world, is among the first to inquire. Deacon Jenkins, yes, the crabbed old Deacon whom you met the first time when you were a youngster, is there, too, and he has news with them, that it's a wonder he gets back to the store when he does. Old Dr. Squires, who aided materially in bringing you into the world, is among the first to inquire. Deacon Jenkins, yes, the crabbed old Deacon whom you met the first time when you were a youngster, is there, too, and he has news with them, that it's a wonder he gets back to the store when he does. Old Dr. Squires, who aided materially in bringing you into the world, is among the first to inquire.

YOU can imagine the evening. When the Adamses come over to sit on your porch in the new "daylight-saved" twilight that people are just beginning to enjoy, you're the first person for whom they inquire, and the last thing they say is, "And do be sure to give him our best." Old neighbors drop in, too, and every one of them leaves a message for you, and says nice things about you. And when the last of them have gone, and the youngsters have been sent to bed, with their prayers heard and their feet washed and everything, your Father and Mother just sit out there for about an hour later than they usually do, not saying much, but resting mightily happily, feeling mightily at peace with the world—thinking about you.

Great little old town, Homeburg. Full of nice, neighborly folks—every one of them a friend of yours. And they're helping your Father and Mother more than you, over here, can realize, to get you into the world, and to keep in the hopeful frame of mind against the day of your coming back.

And what a day that will be for Homeburg! H. H.

A PERFECT DAY (a la Hun) —By WALLGREN



"HEAD UP! CHIN IN!"

BY A PRIVATE

"They" laid down "the position of the soldier" in the I.D.R. because, after taking into account the experiences of all armies, that turned out to be the easiest position in which a man could stand—and look like a man as he stood forth in fair length of time.

Head up, chin in, stomach drawn in, arms hanging naturally by the sides but with the shoulders well back and the chest out, weight distributed evenly on both feet—everybody knows how it ought to be done. And there isn't anything finer to be seen on land or sea than "the position of the soldier" when it's done right.

"They" didn't lay it down simply to make us look just so. "They" laid it down because it was the most hygienic position they could figure out.

It gives the chest room to expand itself and breathe in. It puts the stomach right where it belongs—out of sight. It distributes the weight evenly on both feet, so that neither one gets tired or swollen or bumpy or anything from doing more than its fair share of the work. In short, it makes "a place for everything and everything in its place."

The elements of "the position of the soldier" are so simple that they can be kept up at all times, particularly as far as the front-end portion of the soldier's anatomy is concerned. When they are so kept up, they make everything the soldier does seem a lot easier.

A man with a chestful of air can outmarsh, outwalk, outfight every day a man who hasn't got a chestful of it. A man who keeps his stomach where it belongs, by keeping his diaphragm in place, very seldom has any internal trouble.

A man whose shoulders are well braced by constant keeping-in-place finds his pack easier to carry, for there is something there to resist the pack's load, some foundation of muscle to keep the weight off the pack straps.

"Keep your eyes off the ground, your head up and your chin in—and keep them that way all the time you're in France," is what a certain division commander told a greenhorn at inspection one day.

The general didn't give that command for the sake of military pose; he gave it for a good psychological reason. A man who looks everything square in the eye, with his head up and his chin in, is not going to be fooled, is not going to be caught off his guard, is not going to get roadside on the hike.

The only way to "get that way" is to reinforce the eyes, the head and chin by constant practice in keeping "the position of the soldier."

A FIELD NOTE BOOK

SAM BROWNE NEW STYLE

Necessity is the mother of a new use for the Sam Browne belt. When a regiment gets into the Z. of A. officers have to cut down their baggage allowance to the same basis as explorers making a dash for the North Pole. Under these circumstances, old-timers have learned that a Sam Browne belt can be turned to good advantage as a razor strap.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Scene: A roadside in France, Doughboy on a bank beside it, munching hardbread. Mess sergeant passes, upper right.

Mess Sergeant: What you thinking about, Bill?

Doughboy: What I'm goin' to buy after this war's over.

Mess Sergeant: Have you made up your mind yet?

Doughboy: Pretty near. I think it will be a restaurant.

Exit mess sergeant, lower left.

CURTAIN

WELL?

"Here's what I wanta know."

"All right, Ah, whatta you wanta know?"

"If you get wounded, you get a stripe on your right arm?"

"That's a fact."

"Well, whatta you goin' to do if your right arm gets shot off?"

CHEVRONS AND CHEVRONS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In a recent issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES, mention was made of a coming change in the design of the Overseas cap, due in part, according to the article, to the articles and letters criticizing the cap which appeared from time to time in the above mentioned official news medium of the A.E.F.

If the Overseas cap is to be shorn of its embarrassingly humorous lines because of the notoriety which it attained in your columns, it is possible that, by directing your attention to some of the incongruities of service and wound stripes and the regulations pertaining to them, the powers-that-be will reverse judgment on some of the points involved.

First, the design of the new chevrons: The regulations declare that the angle formed by the sides of the chevron shall be 50 degrees. If there is any grace or artistic quality attached to an angle of 90 degrees, the supporters of such a theory are few, for in all the arguments that I have heard not a soul has dared to vouch for the design of the chevron. Try it yourself. Draw a chevron with the 50 degree angle and then another with an angle of 90 degrees, the one necessary for forming an equilateral triangle. Look at them and decide for yourself which pleases.

So much for the design. An article in our paper stated recently that all the trouble over who's who in the service chevron line had been settled by the War Department with the decision that every enlisted man and officer of the U.S. forces serving in France or England would be entitled to wear the chevron.

I am aware of the argument that the man who is checking up corned willy on a dock is doing just as much to win the war as the chap with a rifle on the fire step. Yes, surely; but it is also well to remember that the chap who checks up corned willy on a dock is doing just as much to win the war as the chap with a rifle on the fire step. Yes, surely; but it is also well to remember that the chap who checks up corned willy on a dock is doing just as much to win the war as the chap with a rifle on the fire step.

I don't suppose that suggestions are welcome, but it is a poor criticism that isn't followed by a suggested remedy. Hence, it would seem fair if the regular service chevrons were allowed to stand for service anywhere on this side of the Atlantic. In addition, let us have a silver chevron of identical pattern

TRAINS AHOY!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In addition to the regular service chevrons, the one real paper, for and by real men, the best little journal printed in France. Like Pearl's Soap, "We are never happy until we get it," and like Postum, "There's a Reason."

But to our Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry, Engineers, Signal Corps, etc., etc., who have proved to the world that they are excelled by none. And you one knows it better than our enemy the Hun.

But has anyone ever heard from the Ammunition Trains? As we receive the copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES we read about the above-named branches—but we seem to be "Mickys."

We are not kicking about anything, you understand. We read articles, poems, etc., written by boys from all branches of the Service, which are more than interesting. But evidently this Ammunition Train has not been represented in that respect, because of the lack of Scribes and Wits, also of spare time. There is no "Fatigue" or "Recall" sounded in this outfit, for the detail from resupply to the front, with mess tucked in on the fly. And when the above named outfit gets their American up, and decide to work the Huns a bit, it is "double time" for us, with mess call abolished for the time being.

But since the first copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES were circulated, we have not heard from the Ammunition Trains. Why the camouflage?

The French have nick-named the Train de Munitions "les embusques," because we are not in the line when the Croix de Guerre are handed out. Not exactly S.O.R., but more like S.O.L. "Les embusques" is right, but you who are in this who have been behind the big guns that have laid a barrage for the boys in the trenches, and those of you who have been in the trenches behind a Hotchkiss

COMP. CLAS. F. LANQUETTE, Tr. Hq., — Am. Tr.

IF YOU'VE BEEN GASSED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Kindly advise the writer or state in your next edition whether or not a soldier who has been gassed in action is entitled to a wound stripe. Is gassing under the heading of slight wounds? I see names I know are listed by the heavy lumbering noise of the wounded heading. READER. ["Disability by gas necessitating treatment by a medical officer shall be considered to be a wound."] That is the wording of the regulation governing the wearing of the wound chevron.—Enron.

**THE ARMY'S POETS**

**THE A.B.C. OF THE A.E.F.**

When I first signed up in the Army  
Way back in Nineteen Three,  
It wasn't filled with the alphabet  
From A to X, Y, Z.

The Colonel was still the Colonel,  
And Majors were Majors, too.  
And when the Skipper signed Captain,  
There was no added P.D.Q.

But when they sent us Overseas  
To try our hand at the Hun,  
They started to use odd letters  
For everything under the Sun.

G.O.C.S. Twenty-three  
Tells how to send our mail  
To sisters, wives and sweethearts  
When other methods fail.

Both the D. G. T. and the R.T.O.  
See that there are no slips,  
And hand it over to the D.A.T.S.,  
Who puts it on his ships.

They sent us up to A.P.O.  
Number one hundred and nine,  
Where the damned M.P. of the A.P.M.  
Put us to bed on time.

When our beans are hard and our coffee  
Cold,  
Which, of course, should not be so,  
We boldly curse the P.Q.M.,  
And gently our own C.O.

Not long ago the R.S.M.  
Said to the Company Cook:  
"What's the use of the I.D.R?  
I think it's a hell of a book."

"It tells you this, it tells you that,  
And do this and so,  
Then everything is modified  
By the weekly W.D.G.O.

"Years before I joined the Infantry,  
I spent many days in school,  
Where I was taught my A.B.C.'s,  
And that Napoleon was no fool.

"I know he won a battle,  
He may have won a war,  
But I don't see how he P.I.O.  
Without our G.H.Q. G. 4."

The A.G. of the A.E.F.  
And the A.G.S.O.S.  
Spent many hours on a new S.O.  
Telling how the A.F.C. should dress.

They must not wear the S.B.B.  
And puttees made of leather,  
Nor can they don the B.T.C.  
In any kind of weather.

The other day I sure was sick,  
I felt like an S.O.L.,  
So I went across to the old A.S.  
And asked him What the Hell.

He examined me up, he examined me  
Down,  
He poked till I couldn't see,  
Then in a fatherly way suggested  
That I call on the G.R.B.

The C.O.O. and H.Q.C.  
Started an officers' mess,  
But it fell through, for the C.O.U.  
Wouldn't dine with the C.G.S.

Then the P.M.G. and the C.A.S.  
Tried to make the matter gee,  
But they gave it up in a day or two,  
For they quarreled with the D.M.T.

The A.D.S. then took a hand,  
And said he'd make it go,  
But he reckoned without the W.R.I.  
And the girls of the C.S.O.

So the little B.O. and the D.C.F.,  
Who'd refused to join with them,  
Started an excellent mess of their own  
With the help of the C.Q.M.

The Chaplain and the A.D.C.  
Called on the P.M.  
But all were playing a game of stud,  
So they had no time for them.

They went on down to the A.R.C.,  
In the hospital by the river,  
There to find an N.C.O. and an R.A.N.  
Just starting out in a Flivver.

They immediately called the cruel I.G.,  
As well as the legal J.A.:  
"We want this man C.M. at once,  
And fined to lose his pay."

"But that won't do," the J.A. said,  
And confirmed by the cruel I.G.:  
"For the R.A.N. and the N.C.O.  
Must live as well as we."

"Just as you say," said the Religious  
One:  
"I suppose they must have their go,  
But I'm going to tell the U.S.R.  
And later the B.L.O."

The C.G. called his Orderly,  
And said with a wicked grin:  
"If the C.E. comes around tonight,  
Don't dare to let him in."

"For I know he'll ask for a new R.R.  
Or a fence for the old R.S.,  
And as I know damn little about it,  
I don't want to have to confess."

The S.G.S. and the grassy K.P.  
Stopped in at the Y.M.C.A.  
The secretary with a welcome smile,  
Asked what they'd have today.

"We have eggs and we have coffee,  
Or perhaps some cheese will do,  
And if you say you'll come again,  
We may find some ham for you."

"No, thank you," said the S.O.S.  
As he thought of the F.C.R.  
"Let's go up to the Officers' Club,  
Where at least they have a bar."

The R.T.C. they found there,  
As well as the A.S.S.,  
And the C.O.S. and B.K.,  
Engaged in a game of chess.

A nosy kid from the Q.M.C.  
Asked for permission to tell  
Of money made and money saved  
Through McAdoo's T.L.L.

Then a gay young chap from the F.A.B.  
With the D.S.M. on his blouse,  
Wandered in with wonderful tales  
Of the girls at the Hostess House.

They talked of this, they talked of that,  
Of German drives and the O.S. hat,  
And whether the newly arrived C.O.  
Would let them continue their M.N.  
show.

"It is a hard, a cruel war,"  
Said heroes still unfoiled,  
"But we'll have to make the best of it—  
It's the only war we've got."

"Carry on," the O.D. ordered,  
As he smoothed his W.C.  
"Each of you to your little bed,  
And leave this place to me."

Thus sadly ends the alphabet  
With which we go to battle,  
But tell me how they missed B.R.—  
Which, of course, means Baby's Rattle  
J. W. S.

**PUZZLE—FIND THE GLOOM**



Gloom? It can't be done. Yes, that is a hospital in the background, but what of it? And the party in the foreground is a patient. The Hun put him on sick call, but a Yankee nurse, Doche-inflicted Charlie horse that is bandaged his leg and gave him a copy

**GENERAL GREETED BY BOYHOOD SCHOOL**

**Seventy-Two from Institution Now in France or on the Way**

An American general has just received a letter from the school children of Bloomington, Ill., where he received his early education. The letter follows: "In this time of great stress and trial our children of Irving School wish to send a message of encouragement and appreciation. Please accept it with all the gladness of their little hearts. "Only the older ones were permitted to sign these papers, much to my regret, for I felt even an ugly little scrawl from every child would be dear to you and the men, in realization that it was an eager effort to express gratitude and love. And then, too, they would have felt so pleased and honored in doing it. One soldier has written home that of all the letters he received, the one from the children were the most precious, and kept his heart brave and strong and his resolve firm to endure unto the end. "That these little ones of the kindergarten and primary might voice their greetings, too, your picture was shown them and they were told to raise their right hands. If they wished to join in sending love and thanks to their very own general, and all the other brave men 'over there' who were fighting for their safety and happiness and the protection of all little children of the world. Every hand went up. So Irving School children, 523 enrolled, are 100 per cent loyal and want you to know it. "The National Council of Defense is about to institute a 'loyalty' campaign, and as Irving School has thus taken the initiative, we lead. Seventy-two of our boys are now in France or on the way." Attached to the letter were the Easter greetings of the children, addressed to "all the brave men in France and elsewhere who are fighting not alone for our safety and happiness but for the protection of all little children of the world. We send our love and thanks."

**FOR OFFICERS ONLY**

When you go back to the States— Whoa, whoa, W.H.O.A! Not so fast! What we were going to say was this: When you officers go back to the States for duty, don't fail to report in person to the commanding general at your port of debarkation. According to a War Department cablegram of recent date, all officers returning to the United States in future will report in that way, in addition to making the report to the Adjutant General of the Army, as provided in previous general order. The cablegram's dictum, here given, has been sent out under a new general order.

**HIGH FINANCE**

Corporal Bilkins had arrived in France after a few days in England. "How much money have you got left?" asked Corporal Wilkins. "Well, I've got four shillings, a quid, two farthings, nine pennies, a franc, half a pound, four sous and 50 centimes, but I've only got two dollars in cash."

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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.**

**VETERAN LEGIONARY WANTS TO GO BACK**

**Christy Charles Keen for Trenches After Three Years of It**

**RELIEVED BY AMERICANS**

**Yanks' Arrival in Toul Sector Saw Withdrawal of Veteran Machine Gunner**

"I want to go back to the trenches," he writes. And he means it.

You might think that Christy Charles, who put in over three years as a machine gunner in the French Foreign Legion, coming over in August, 1914, and taking part in the big shows of Champagne, 1915; the Somme, 1916; the Aisne, 1917, to say nothing of having been among the defenders of Verdun for two long periods when things were hottest there—you might think, if you didn't read his letter, that Christy Charles couldn't be blamed for being a bit fed up on war. Not so; he likes it, and in a recent letter to a friend he makes his liking quite plain.

"I want to go back to the trenches," he repeats. "I was anxious to get away when I left, and I never thought I would feel as I do now. It may be very hard for some people to understand, but anyone who has had a few years' service out there could imagine the feeling. "A few years' service," eh? Yes, quite a few; for Charles went right into the early trenches, which weren't the comfortable trenches they are today by a long shot. His preliminary training was only about six weeks long. With the other Americans in the Foreign Legion he helped hold the lines before Cromelle in Champagne early in the autumn of 1914; and there were no leaves for any of the outfit until the following July. In fact, he has been in the thick of it from that day right up to the time the Americans went in north of Toul last winter, when he came out of that sector with the Zouaves and Legionnaires that make up the Moroccan division,—relieved, as it happened, by his own countrymen.

**Younger Brother Drafted**  
Hearing that his younger brother, René, had been drafted into a machine gun company of the National Army, Christy asked to be transferred to the American forces, so as to be in with him.

Inasmuch as his brother was not yet in France, he requested, in common with a number of other Legionnaires of technical experience, to be transferred to the American engineers, hoping at a later date to go back to his old trade of machine gun plying in company with "the youngster."

He has been doing his work hard and well at a certain engineering headquarters, his experience in warfare standing him in good stead. But his former turns in the trenches only serve to recall to him what he is missing; for—to get back to get his letter—he says he isn't going to wait for his brother any longer. He writes:

**Restless to Think of It**  
"It has made me restless to think of all the fun out there while I am sitting here. . . . The men I am working under have been more than kind to me, but . . . in the trenches . . . the sun always shines as I look back. "We all know life is not any too sweet out there, but it seems I was brought up in those trenches, for in them I passed from a wild-kid into almost a man, and I feel as I had lost my best friend away from danger, once we have gone through it, but after we have been away for a while there comes a longing to go back, and I can assure you the feeling is very strong.

"You may think it's only a change of ideas, but look at Dr. ——— who was with us in the beginning. He got a nasty wound during the Champagne affair and was glad to go back home, but after a certain time he got a longing for the old excitement and today is back in the trenches, happy and content. Dr. ——— and the other boys are the same way. . . .

"Tell the boys back home that if they want to see real life, try the doughboy's game, and then they will be able to go back home with a light heart, ready to prove that they have done their bit at a real man's game."

**FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS**

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

**E.H.F.**—You say she sent you a tin box full of fruit cake and it made you sick, and you don't want to write and tell her so for fear she'll be offended. Well, just write and say, "Dearest, your gift fairly overpowered me." You'll be telling the truth, and she'll be awfully pleased. The next time she sends you fruit cake, you can feed it to your corporal.

**Y.T.V.**—You write that she's awfully cut up over that Post Office ruling that won't allow things to be sent to you unless you "requisition" them, and you don't know what to do about it. Shucks! Don't you believe for a minute that she's eating her heart out with grief. That ruling gives her a mighty good excuse for spending less money on your cigarettes and more on her own chewing gum. You know now that more fellows she knows are over here and more will be coming over, that you aren't half the blooming novelty you used to be. So get used to neglect.

**L.B.C.**—If she went to call on your Mother, and asked about you, and talked about nothing else but you—well, what more do you want? You'd better begin right now and make an allotment to a jewelry firm that specializes in rings.

**E.S.G.**—You say your sister doesn't like her. What's the matter to you? Did you ever know of a sister that actually liked the girl her brother was going around with? No, of course you never. That's the last thing in the world that ought to worry you.

**R.H.K.**—So she sent you a muffer and you're using it for a tummy band because the muffer season is off? What of it? Everybody does it. Don't let a little thing like sentiment stand in the way of being practical. That's the last thing that should worry you. Brace up, and wind it tighter!

**HE IS AND HE ISN'T**

His first name—really, truly—is Modest. Some good old grandmother gave it to him, but Modest will never emerge from this war with the Medal for Modesty. His job is cooking for a certain major-general, and the responsibilities attaching thereto make Modest's chest swell from morning to night.

And this is the way he has all his mail from the United States addressed: "Modest Blank, Cook to General Blank, Blank Division, American Expeditionary Forces in France."

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EXIGER LA DEVISE  
TOUTOURS A MIEUX  
AMIEUX  
SARDINES FREPES

**HIS HANDICAP**

Charley was Italian in origin. On the evening of payday Charley happened to find a little cafe where, even though it was in France, they happened to know how to cook macaroni, and where they actually had a real bottle of Chianti.

So Charley sat there, in the seventh heaven of delight, until the corporal of the guard came in at 8 o'clock—which is Z. of A. closing time—and shooed everybody out. Obediently he went outside. But, once outside, he was much distressed to discover, through gazing in at the window, that the corporal of the guard, far from obeying his own orders, was sitting within before the fireplace, cozily chatting with Madame and her buxom daughter, Jeanne.

Charley made his way back to the billet, with madness in his eye. At seeing him in so hell-ose a mood, his bunkie asked him:

"What's the matter, Charley? Did you hear the war was going to be over and you're sore about it?"  
"No," snapped Charley. "Da dammada caporala—da dammada caporala—he no plays fair—he no plays fair—he cheat—he cheat—"

"OH, HELL! I wish I coulda speekada 'Eeenglish!"

When a man's gaze wanders around while he is supposed to be standing at attention, he isn't necessarily engaged in studying the beautiful French landscape. He may be in love or he may be a recruit or he may be a plain fool.



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

Even before American soldiers and sailors landed, the British, Canadian and French forces had adopted WRIGLEY'S as their war-time sweetmeat.

And now that Uncle Sam's stalwart boys are hitting the line, WRIGLEY'S is a very noticeable ally of the Allies.

At Canteens, at Y. M. C. A. huts and wherever confections are sold.



The Flavor Lasts After every meal

In days of old we used to read At noon, while sipping our cafe And waiting for our stack of sheets: "Wet Grounds; No Game Today."

WET GROUNDS DELAY PLAY IN PICARDY

We lamp the daily paper now And see in each communique The same familiar news of yore: "THE Rain Retards Our Fight Today."

MANY YANKEE NINES BATTING 'EM AROUND

Springtime Baseball Drive Finds A.E.F. Units in Ranks

LOTS OF ENGINEER TEAMS

One Company of Redlegs Registers Its Eighth Victory in a Row

There's only one way to explain it—It must be spring. A few months, even a few weeks ago, they were trying to keep their teeth from chattering when they answered roll-call, and were crowding around the old Nashville wood-burner so thick every night that the heat couldn't get around the Adrian if it wanted to. And now—

Here are some of the scores. Gully Street Not in Lineup Companies A and B, 1st Battalion, defeated Companies C and D, 2nd Battalion, both Engineers, by a score of 11 to 2 in a six-inning game that would have gone longer if it hadn't been for this. This process it was played in France. The defeated team's case is that Gully Street, formerly of the Washington Senators, was unable to play. Zibek, formerly of the University of Wisconsin team, pitched for the winners.

Motor Transport Group Series One of the four teams comprising the Motor Transport Group has advanced its schedule by two more victories—8 to 7 over its nearest rival, and 11 to 7 over the team next in order. The league standing is now: First Co., won three, lost none; Second Co., won one, lost one; Third Co., won none, lost one; Fourth Co., won none, lost two.

Engineers Get Lone Tally Mechanical Repair Shop Unit—defeated—Engineers 3 to 1 before a large crowd. The Engineers were unable to follow the delivery of Payne, former White Sox pitcher, who was only assisted by his battery-mate, Lefty Stouff. The winners have a few open dates. Address Sgt. H. J. Revells, A.P.O. 708.

Eighth Victory in Row Company F, Engineers, won its eighth straight game by defeating Company B of the same regiment. Company F started off with three runs in the first inning and put the game on ice in the fifth by getting eight tallies.

Medics Make Opening Game Hospital Train and a detachment of the Engineers opened their season by a game which the former won 11 to 5. Both teams put up a good showing.

Gasoline Cavalry Loses The Engineers and Motor Truck Company played an interesting game which the former won, 5 to 4. The gasoline cavalrymen are not downhearted and are anxious for more.

Engineers Blow Up in Sixth The Flying Bluejackets admit that their 9 to 2 victory over the Engineers was not their greatest ball game played in France. It was an even match for five innings, but in the sixth the Bluejackets came through with six runs.

Fight All the Way Through Twenty-seven runs were scored in the game between the Headquarters Troop and the Mobile Ordnance Repair Shop, but it was a close game for all that. The headquarters Troop scored 14 of them. They are anxious to take on other teams in the vicinity of A.P.O. 710. Address Corp. Genry N. Lawler, manager.

Insurance Men Win Again The War Risk Insurance team took another pre-season game when it defeated the D.G.T. nine to 6. Clean fielding marked the contest. The winners played errorless ball and the losers had only a single black mark against them.

Hospital Nine Beats Canadians Canadian Hospital by a score of 8 to 4. The winners lay claim to the championship of northern France, acquired last year, and in this their first game of the 1918 season kept up the good work. They had 12 hits to the Canadians' four.

Base Hospitals Have It Out Two Base Hospital nines met in a drizzle that did not prevent snappy play and a hot contest. The winners know which one won. Lumen of Dartmouth, Wilbur and Goss of Syracuse, and Baird of the Central Association were in the lineup.

MIKE DONLIN COMING OVER

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 16.—Mike Donlin is going to France as a soldier instructor in baseball.

Whether Christy Mathewson is going along, too, is not definitely known. It is learned, however, that Big Six has been conferring with Y.M.C.A. officials in Washington and has expressed his willingness to go to France if the trip is advisable.

It is not thought that Harry Herrmann of the Cincinnati club would stand in the way of Matty's desires. Whether Donlin's intended trip leaves Matty out in the cold is not known.

BANTAM ASPIRANT OUT

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 16.—Dick Loadman of Lockport, N. Y., knocked out the St. Paul claimant to the bantam title, Johnny Ertle, in the third round of a scheduled ten round bout at Milwaukee.

Loadman blossomed in the first two rounds, specializing in Johnny's broad basket. In the third, he put a stiff right to the body, and followed it with a blow to the jaw that sent Johnny west for a considerable period.

At Philadelphia, Fatsy Cline of New York defeated Young Joe Borrell of Philadelphia in a six round go.

BARNEY OLDFIELD IN BIG RACE

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 16.—Barney Oldfield will drive the \$30,000 Harkness handicap at Sheepshead Bay May 30. Louis Chevrolet and Ira Vail are entered in the 100-mile event.

NO WILLARD-FULTON FIGHT



(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 16.—There will be no Willard-Fulton bout on July 4. To put it mildly, it is extremely doubtful if there will be a Willard-Fulton bout while the war lasts. Colonel Miller has thrown up the sponge, and as Colonel Miller has been making frantic efforts to get the bout staged in 48 States and then some, he wouldn't give up unless he knew what he was about.

BASEBALL IN EUROPE AFTER WAR IS WON

American Promoters Will Attempt to Establish Pastime Here

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) LONDON, May 16.—American promoters will try to establish professional baseball in Europe as soon as the war is won.

One New York sport promoter of considerable financial power has arranged for playing fields for a four-club league in big English cities, intending to bring over the most noted big leaguers of the year, whichever that year may be. Fancy salaries will be paid, comparing with those of 1915, when the Reds had forced the ball player's stipend up to dizzy heights.

But the backers of this league believe it's a good gamble. If baseball is to be a success in England, it will be successful in a six-way and probably can be extended to France, Belgium and Spain.

Howard Becker, of San Francisco, boss of the Anglo-American soldiers' and sailors' leagues, believes that this summer's exhibitions will show the skeptical British which kind of a game baseball is, and he even hopes that before the season is over there will be English clubs in the field. He is an optimist.

Booker knows much about the sporting tastes of various European nations. He promoted fights and roller-skating exhibitions in England, France, Belgium and Germany before the war. Knowing the sort of sports the French like to play and see played, he believes that they will fall for baseball.

STAR SHELLS

A BALLADE OF THE TRI-COLORED POLE, GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

The things that I miss while in France Are very many, I'll say— For instance, I don't miss the dance Which kept me long hours from the hay;

For girls whom I left far behind, Trite trances through my whiskers don't roll— But bunkie, here's what's on my mind: I do miss that barber-shop pole!

The knight of the razor who rants is here, and I meet him each day, But Yankee lads haven't a chance When with a French coiffeur they play.

Oh, for towels hot have a plied With all of the strength of my soul, But serviettes chaudes I don't find— Nor do I the barber-shop pole!

I don't miss the doctor who lanced My throat on the seventh of May, Nor him who wherewithal advanced When I went a courting of Fay. I don't miss the papers I signed, Nor the man who delivered the coal— Of all the ties that should bind, I miss but the barber-shop pole!

LENOVI.

Barbers, take a tip and enhance The place where I dally most tell— Let's have, in this land of romance, The tri-colored Barber-shop pole.

Among other sporting events of the past week, it is noted that Lord Derby has joined the French Jockey Club. What more appropriate organization, Myrtle, should he enter?

AIN'T IT? I like the lass of fair Lorraine, Who writes, in language thus, to me: "On Sunday, should it do not rain, I want that you should come to tea."

Yes, Algebra, we too, should be able to answer the question involved were you to hear the House of Hohenzollern singing, "Where Do We Go From Here?"

that he would be watching his opponent counted out. For some time past there has been considerable unfavorable editorial comment against the staging of the battle. To cap the climax, the famous double play between the governors of North and South Carolina was dumped into the discard, when three western governors supplanted it with a triple play, the governor of Nevada saying to the governor of New Mexico, who in turn relayed to the executive of Colorado, "Here, they're moving. If they want to fight, let them go to France."

RANK OUTSIDER WINS OVER OMAR KHAYYAM

Star of Last Year's Derby Forced to Defeat at Pimlico

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 16.—Cudgell, a Western horse owned by J. K. L. Ross, beat Omar Khayyam at Pimlico, Md., forcing the latter into third place behind Bondage, to which the winner had conceded 24 pounds. The time, over a course of one mile, 70 yards, was 1:43.25.

The Kentucky Derby, at Lexington, Ky., was won by Exterminator over Escobar, winner of last year's breeders' futurity. Vive America was third. Exterminator covered the mile and a quarter distance in 2:10.45 over a muddy track. The winner was an extreme outsider in the betting, and paid his backers \$61.20 on a two dollar investment. Vive America led the way to the mile post, but tired there, and Escobar took the lead into the stretch, until Exterminator, ridden by Willie Knapp, speeded up and won by more than a length. The winner took over \$15,000.

STILL MORE DATA ON FULTON'S RECORD

Contender for Championship Was Twice Badly Beaten in 1915

To the Sporting Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In the interest of veracity and world progress may a humble private from Minnesota remark the fighting record of Fred Fulton as published in a recent issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES is incomplete?

In 1915 Fulton was decisively trimmed by both Al Palzer and Carl Morris. Palzer won by a knockout after he had dropped his hands to his side and given Fulton an unopposed opportunity to knock him out if Fulton could deliver the punch. Morris beat Fulton decisively, the fight ending, I believe, in about the fourth round. Both fights were at Hudson, Wis. Also Fulton lost on a foul to Raymond Carver, a Minneapolis product.

Any Minnesota man who saw these fights, as I did, and paid money to see them, as I did not, is still waiting for a reprint of the Minnesota boxing law. Fulton was surely a wonderful comedian in those days.

I hope Fulton beats Willard, but I believe his entire record should be published before the men of the A.E.F. begin spending their good francs on the Fourth of July coup-de-main.

Pvt. Louis L. COLLINS, Field Artillery.

DIAMOND FLASHES

Joe Jackson, hard hitting outfielder of the White Sox, has been called in the draft and will have to report shortly.

Tommy McCaskey, Boston player, is managing the Newark club of the International League.

Larry Lajoie succeeded in getting his release from Toronto, St. National commission deciding he was a free agent, and he will not be able to manage the Indianapolis club of the American Association.

Charles Comiskey, owner of the White Sox, is donating 10 per cent of the receipts of the Sox games to the Red Cross. Last season he gave \$17,000 to that organization.

SOLDIER OR SAILOR? SPEAK UP, MARINE!

Leathernecks Will Have to Show Colors at London Game

ARMY AND NAVY TO MEET

Tomorrow's Battle First Gun in Anglo-American Baseball Season

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) LONDON, May 16.—A very awkward situation has arisen for our hefty Marines in England. Paraphrasing a musty old ballad one might chant to them, "Next to your own selves, who do you love?" By next Saturday they have to make up their minds which they prefer—Army or Navy. Lamping the two together, of course, the Marines would shout, "Chut, chut!" But they have to take pick, and by next Saturday.

The opening game of the Anglo-American Baseball League on that day, May 18, is to be between the A.E.F. Base Section and the U.S. Navy Headquarters. It was to have been between the Army and a Canadian team, but the enterprising manager of the league, wishing to swell receipts for the British Red Cross Society, decided there would be more sensation in a season-opener between the Army and the Navy of the U.S.A., and made the change, which is announced in flamboyant posters all over London. Admiral Sims will pitch the first ball.

Some Battle Coming Goodness, how they are going to battle Saturday! And goodness, what cries will go up at the Arsenal grounds where the terrible contest is to be seen—hair-curling cries, bean-couraging cries. (Ugh! I dread to be there, but I must be here on the spot for THE STARS AND STRIPES and dare say that the good English people who attend will think we Yanks have never set over our horrid Indian ways.

And whom are the Marines going to cheer? Some of them are detailed at the base section here, and A.E.F. men camp in England; some are at Navy Headquarters and at Navy bases. They haven't made up their minds yet, but there is a r-r-reckoning going on, believe-v-v-e null. They're comparing notes as to the numbers of times they have been insulted on board ship by some snub of a stubble in the wash, and the number of times that monkey-eared doughboys have been rude to them when they were on police duty in France.

I wonder what would happen if they'd turn out and jeer both sides!

Big Stuff—Nothing Doing I went to Lieutenant Blakesley at Navy Headquarters to ask for the Navy lineup. He is athletic manager for our spilt-skirted fighters here. "Have you the Army lineup?" he demanded. I had not. "Sorry, but I can't give ours out yet," he said quite firmly. I went to Lieutenant Sims at A.E.F. Base Section and asked for the Army lineup. "Have you the Navy lineup?" he demanded. And he could do nothing for me. Oh, there's blood up for this game!

The Anglo-American Baseball League is now established with eight teams, four American and four Canadian. A schedule will be adhered to whenever possible. There will be these teams in the league: A.E.F. Base Section, Taplow Canadians, U. S. Navy Headquarters, Can. Pay Record Air Service No. 1, Ontario Hospital, Air Service No. 2, Ontario Hospital. The league is being financed by H. H. Lukens, of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Newton Crane, attorney; William Cross Vacuum Oil Company; Mr. Foster, of the O-Cedar Mop Co.; Robert Grant, Jr. and Higginson & Co.—all Americans.

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FORT SLOCUM NINE SHUTS OUT C. C. N. Y.

Yale Applies Brush to Harvard—Naval Reserves Trim Princeton

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 16.—Fort Slocum soldiers beat the College of the City of New York 11 to 0 in baseball. The Slocumites have so far rolled up 50 runs against their opponents and their record reads like a football season. Cornell beat Columbia 5 to 4. It was Cornell's third victory over the New Yorkers this spring.

Yale shut out Harvard, 5 to 0, in easy style in their first meeting of the season. Harvard made but two hits and only one man reached second. Yale batters connected for ten safeties.

Other college results are: Newport Naval Reserve 3, Princeton 2; Annapolis 18, Georgetown 0; Crescentes 6, West Point 3; Pennsylvania 3, Cornell 2; Williams 6, Springfield 1; Rutgers 4, Colgate 2; Boston College 3, Dartmouth 1.

PENNSY DEFEATS YALE TWICE

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 16.—The Penn varsity and freshmen crews both beat Yale on the Schuylkill course. The varsity crew by five lengths on the Henley course of a mile and five-sixteenths in 6:45.15. The freshmen spurred to victory in 7:14.

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AMERICAN OFFICERS & MEN Greetings! May you have the best of luck in France. The Allies cannot thank you sufficiently for routing over 200,000 potency men, left the full appreciation of your services and victories. We are proud to have you in our ranks. When your leave permits a visit to London, please have the pleasure of seeing you. We are right in the center of everything. Our office is in the center of the viands, amidst the service of the

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What Kind Of Language Do You Use? Is it polished, forceful, and does it exactly express your meaning—does it stamp you as a person of refinement and standing in the world? Or is it slurred, ungrammatical and ineffective? "Good English is good business." Professor Grenville Kleiser. You Can Be A Master Of Forceful, Convincing English Write Tactful, Forceful Letters, Stories, Sermons, Treatises, Advertisements, etc. Enlarge Your Stock of Words—Use the Right Word in the Right Place—Become an Engaging Conversationalist—Enter Refined Society—Be a Man of Culture, Power, and Influence in Your Community. The Kleiser original and practical system is altogether different from the old-time method of teaching grammar. It is for busy people who demand immediate, practical results at the smallest outlay of time and money. IF COSTS NOTHING to sign and post this Form NOW for full particulars by post. By all means do so. No Wearisome, Old-Time Rules To Study—A New, Direct, Easy, System.

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TENDER WORDS EXPRESS LOVE FOR PARRAINS

Little Mascots Adopted by American Units Show Their Thanks

HENRIETTE, YVETTE AND RE

Kisses for "Dear Sirs" Who Have Aided France Through War Orphan Plan

MISS AERO COLUMBIA WRITES

Robert Says He Looks Stupid in His Picture, But His Letter Proves He Isn't

The hundred and more units of the A.E.F. which have each invested in the happiness and well-being of a little French child are already receiving the first dividends...

Henriette, Yvette and Re. She is a little vague about this adoption business over which the family is so enthusiastic...

She Remembers the Hun. To Company L, -- Inf. It is a young orphan who is writing you in answer to your kind letter...

The Germans Killed Him. To Supply Co., Q.M.C., No. I reply to your letter, which gave me so much pleasure...

Little Girl from the Somme. To the -- Telegraph En. To you I will be wondering who is writing to you. It is a little girl from the Somme...

Henriette Can Sing, Though. To Co. B, -- Supply Trains. I must not say that Henriette will be but live in July next...

Chaplain John B. Desvalles. of the 104th Infantry, as previously announced, won the Croix de Guerre for "extraordinary heroism and devotion to his duty..."

SHE SENDS A "GROS BAISER"

Mais: chers Parrains, Je suis une toute petite fille qui ne sait pas écrire mais je veux tout de même vous dire un gros merci. Recevez tous de votre petite fille son gros baiser. Une petite Française Marie-Louise Patriarche

Marie-Louise Patriarche, three and one-half years old, the first orphan adopted under this paper's plan and taken by this paper's staff, doesn't know how to write. She says so herself--over her own signature.

My dear parrains: I am quite a little girl who does not know how to write, but just the same I want to say a big "Thank-you." Here is a great big kiss for all of you from your little fille.

"She Would Win Your Heart". To Lieutenant Howard Conklin: My little Marie-Thérèse being too small to write herself, being only 14 months old, I take her place to let you know that she is a cunning baby, never keeping still, very intelligent for her years...

Germaine's Sweetest Kiss. To the 2nd Brigade, M.G.B., -- Division: I am a little girl who knows how to read, but cannot yet write well. I shall try and learn quickly in order to have the pleasure of writing to you and when I am grown, I shall study so I can send you long letters in your own pretty language.

Just a Little French Girl. To Headquarters Staff, -- Division: It is a little French girl, very grateful, who is writing to you. Mother just told me that you were kind enough to have me as your god-daughter.

From Miss Aero Columbia. To the -- Aero Squadron: I reply to your letter which gave me great pleasure. I shall be so glad to have a new father, who will guide me and love me like a father...

Doesn't Like His Picture. To Lieutenant E. L. Wheeler: I hear today that I have American friends! How glad I am! Although I do not know you, I should like to know at once what are your names and where you are...

Little Girl from the Somme. To the -- Telegraph En. To you I will be wondering who is writing to you. It is a little girl from the Somme...

Wears Two Crosses. To the -- Telegraph En. To you I will be wondering who is writing to you. It is a little girl from the Somme...

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THOSE Q. M. FELLOWS CAN GET ANYTHING

Even When Mice Eat Up the Stock, They Can Find a Remedy

Troubles never troubled the mess sergeant at the -- Army schools as long as they came singly and in pairs. He was used to them. It was not until they got to coming by battalions and regiments that he worried--furry bright eyes...

"Only one thing to do," said the sergeant as he made out his semi-monthly ration return for the quartermaster. The ration return read, in part as follows:

Meat, for steaks..... 6 lbs. Meat, for stum..... 2000 lbs. Peaches, stewed..... 2 cans. Prunes, dried..... 11 tons. Cats, hungry..... 1 doz.

The quartermaster who received this had a reputation for resourcefulness. He called a corporal. "Take a squad and catch me 12 cats," he said. The order was obeyed. The cats were in his possession the next morning. Word has it that 12 of the best families of a certain French village are perturbed over the mysterious--and simultaneous--disappearance of their pet tabbies, but the boys at the -- Army schools are eating better.

LORRAINE LIMERICKS

There was a young fellow from Toul Who trained his moustache on a spoon; It kept out of his way When he drank his café, But it made him look more of a fool.

There was a young man of Seicheprey Who slept without sitting the hay; He got quite a batch Of young coolies--and scratch? It's at all night and all day!

There was a poor gink from Bordeaux The little specked cubs he would throw; His captain espied him, And summary tried him, And now to the brig he must go.

There was a gazabe from Soissons, Whose face was quite pallid and wan; He walked there he crept, Then he lay down and slept, And woke up with his company gone!

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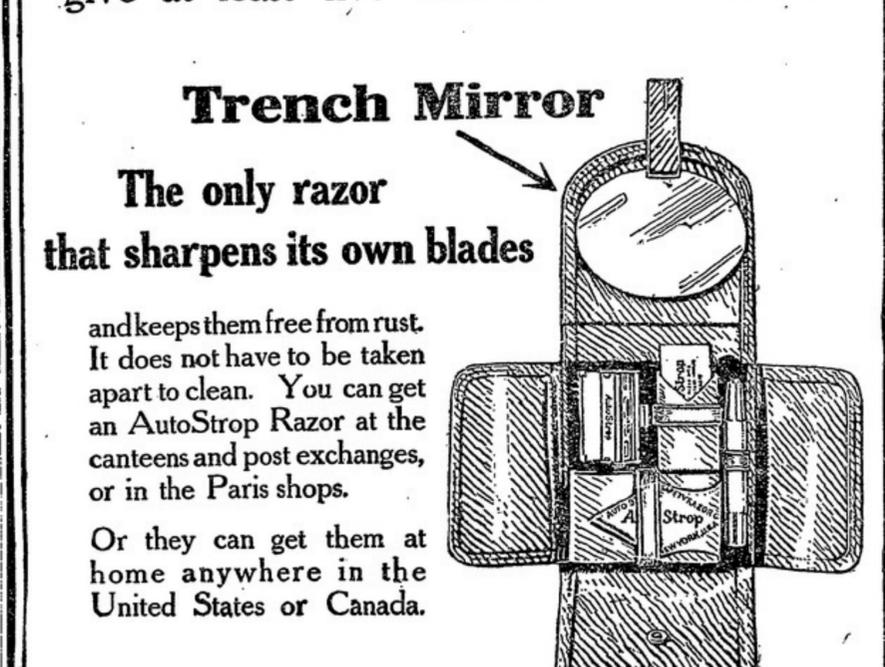
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