

10,000 TONS DAILY AMERICA'S REPLY TO SHIP PROBLEM

Workers Seeking Record Cut Lunch Hour and Run to Jobs

U-BOAT MENACE IN HAND

Defeat of Submarine Now Definitely in Sight, All Facts Show

GIANT MINEFIELD BIG FACTOR

British Fleet at Ostend and Zeebrugge One More Means of Throttling Hun Hopes

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 23.—Ships continue to splash from the ways, and this does much to assure us that the old United States is not such a slow bus as has been claimed by some patriots who love her well but not too wisely.

Charles M. Schwab, the new superintendent of shipbuilding, personally superintended the launching of a 7,000-ton steel ship at Staten Island the other day, and 20 minutes later another smaller vessel slid from the ways.

Mr. Schwab says we are now producing 10,000 tons of shipping daily, and promises a doubling of the record before the year's end.

The story of the details of building the ship Tuckahoe in 27 days, two hours and ten minutes satisfies us all that we have a move on. Every man of the Camden shipbuilding force put his heart and muscle into the fight for the record, and the builders say the men hardly took time to eat. They cut their lunch hour and ran, not walked, back to the job, and made a record for steel construction.

On May 11 we passed the 1,000,000-ton mark in steel ships. Many of these, of course, were partly constructed at the beginning of the war; but the Emergency Fleet Corporation announces two ships as the weekly average to be launched now. One week showed 48,000 tons launched.

THE SHIPPING SITUATION

Two months ago a leading German newspaper printed a cartoon depicting a man in a steam roller with an expression on his face intended to register chagrin. The man was Uncle Sam. The steam roller symbolized the American Army. The caption under the cartoon read: "He has built a fine steam roller, but he can't get it to France."

The cartoon is significant because it indicates the German state of mind—the German hope that the part the United States will play in the war will be minimized by insufficient shipping.

Ships interest the A.E.F. because they are the foundation upon which the A.E.F. rests. The shipping situation governs absolutely the participation of the United States in the war. Every American soldier in France will be poignantly reminded of the tonnage situation when he reads this week that, for the present, he can receive no more packages from home. The ban on packages was one of a number of steps taken to make every foot of ship space available for military needs.

The Burning Question

Will the German submarine prevent the United States from participating in the war on a large scale? The answer is no, as borne out by figures.

Since the beginning of the war the tonnage situation has been as follows:

COMPANY PAYROLL NOW ONLY HISTORY

Preparation Put in Hands of Regimental Headquarters Clerks

The company payroll (which we sign every day, according to a celebrated lyric) is a thing of the past. Beginning with May pay, payrolls will be prepared at headquarters of each regiment, or detached battalions at other similar units. The task has passed from the hands of company commanders. This is the substance of a recent cablegram from the War Department.

The payrolls of separate or detached companies or battalions will be prepared at headquarters of the commanding officer at the headquarters of each regiment, ammunition train and sanitary train. Tables of Organization have been amended to permit of an additional captain for the purpose of supervising the train headquarters and military post supply train and section of sanitary train will have its own personnel clerk. Most of them will be sergeants, but each regiment and ammunition train will have one with the rank of sergeant first class.

These personnel clerks replace statistical clerks, which are abolished. Qualified statistical clerks may be appointed as personnel clerks, and even those not qualified need not worry because they will be attached to companies with their present grades until they can be absorbed without demotion.

Pay cards for keeping pay data are being printed and will soon be distributed. Until they arrive the data should be kept in memorandum form.

CONEY STILL IN RUNNING

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 23.—Coney Island has opened the season with an unprecedented display of frankfurters. German agents are not blamed.

O. D. TOBACCO — PRESENT

The issue smoke—it's granted! Yes, sir, the issue smoke or the issue plug, just as you choose. When the order goes into effect (which will be very shortly), each man in the A.E.F. will get, for a day's ration, four-tenths of an ounce of smoking tobacco. And with it will go ten cigarette papers.

Thus the War Department, acting on the recommendation of General Pershing, puts a premium on the manly and soldierly art of rolling your own, and on the equally robust practice of smoking a pipe. As a substitute for the regulation issue, the hard guys may draw four-tenths of an ounce of eating tobacco. The effect may pull down four tailor-made cigarettes—one after each meal, one for the early morning.

Just how far of tobacco is going to be issued is something the Q.M. will have to work out. Perhaps the Q.M. will set his force at work counting the flakes.

Anyway, no matter how they're going to fix it, the O.D. weed is a reality. There'll be no handouts along with the free chow and free rides and free air and free see-the-world.

CIVILIAN LABOR TO RELEASE MEN FOR COMBAT WORK

Doughboys in S.O.S. Will Be Given Chance to Fight

PROGRESS IN RECRUITING

Campaign for Toilers Carried on in France and Neighboring Countries

A doughboy leaped against a pile of lumber he had been guarding somewhere in the S.O.S. for two weeks or a year, or something like that, and offered a fervent prayer. He explained that he had come over to France to fight Huns and not to guard lumber piles and asked the Lord to use his influence with G.H.Q. to have him sent up front. It wasn't so many weeks ago that he did that, and some hard of the S.O.S. set down in rhyme and meter. And now—

And now comes the formation of a labor department of the A.E.F. for the employment of civilian European labor by the Army for the purpose of releasing as many doughboys as possible from the amount of freight to be handled by ship. For this reason as much labor as is necessary or can be obtained will be employed by the American Government, so that as big a proportion as possible of the A.E.F. will be available for combat work.

The official reason given is the tonnage situation.

The Army's policy is to obtain as much material and supplies as possible on this side of the ocean, thus reducing the amount of freight to be handled by ship. For this reason as much labor as is necessary or can be obtained will be employed by the American Government, so that as big a proportion as possible of the A.E.F. will be available for combat work.

Number Growing Steadily

The labor department started operations a few weeks ago and since then has been recruiting labor in various parts of France and nearby countries. Already more than 16,000 men have been recruited and put to work. This number is being augmented steadily. The department plans to build up an organization capable of handling a civilian work corps of 250,000 or more men, if necessary.

The men employed are not available for military service by the Allies. Most of them earn between 75 centimes and 1.20 francs an hour, according to the class and kind of work they are doing. They are taken on a three months' contract basis and are fed and quartered by the American Government. Work clothing also is issued them.

Doing a Thousand and One Jobs

The present force is working largely under the direction of the Engineer Corps and is engaged on some of the thousand and one repair and construction jobs of the United States in France.

The general order authorizing the employment of the civilians provides that for the purposes of employment they shall be organized into small units, corresponding to those of the regular army, and that for purposes of administration they shall be combined into larger groups approximating an infantry company.

WHITMAN ONCE MORE IN NEW YORK RACE

Two Other Candidates Are Already in Field for Governorship

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 23.—Charles S. Whitman has thrown his hat into the ring as a candidate for reelection as governor of New York. So have Merton E. Lewis, present attorney general, and Thaddeus C. Sweet, speaker of the Assembly. But Governor Whitman only says: "The more the merrier," and there is every indication that there will be more, and that there will be a mighty merry campaign. There are as yet no very well defined issues, but there are tremendous rumblings.

The Illinois Republican senatorial primary promises a lively three cornered campaign between Medill McCormick, Ex-Governor Charles S. Deneen and Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago.

Political activity elsewhere throughout the country is either dormant or confined to issues in which the general public takes little interest these days. So far, therefore, all political announcements lack real punch and politicians find an inordinate difficulty in making the old pot really boil. The country is watching other and more important cookery.

YEWOMEN TO SALUTE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 23.—New York City is incorporating 10,000 women as police reserves. Boston yewomen have gained a ruling that they shall salute Naval officers and be saluted in return.

TO HOOVERIZE LEGISLATION

NEW YORK, May 23.—The Senate is discussing the advisability of hooverizing legislation by making the rivers and harbors Bill porkless.

IN FRANCE—MEMORIAL DAY, 1918



FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. November 19, 1863.

HUGHES ASSIGNED TO AIRCRAFT QUIZ

Will Investigate All Phases of Production in United States

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 23.—Former Supreme Court Justice Charles Evans Hughes, the Republican candidate for the presidency in 1916, has been assigned by the President and has accepted the task of investigating all phases of aircraft production in the United States. He begins his work with the Department of Justice.

The appointment by the President of the former rival candidate will undoubtedly assure the country that the investigation will be thorough and sweeping, and has greatly diminished public interest in the proposed Senate investigation.

Newspaper discussion about the air situation during the past week has been very lengthy but really very intangible. The truth plainly is that we all lack really definite facts, and I am sure I am correct in saying that the attitude of the whole public is perfectly patient, evincing an unexcited willingness to let the investigators do their work. The people are generally learning to discount over-enthusiastic publicity statements on the one hand and hypercritical comments on the other.

The whole question of war publicity has occupied much of Congress's attention during the past week. I believe that the result will be improving.

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DOUGHNUTS AND PIE SURE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 23.—The Salvation Army's slogan of "doughnuts and pie for over there" during its drive for a cool \$2,000,000 has been answered by the contribution of far more than two million doughnuts. And the doughnuts look very much like this familiar sign: \$.

The pies, too, resemble this: 0. That is, they do in shape. When translated into terms of action they are much more filling, however.

New York did itself proud in treating its brethren overseas, coming across with \$300,000. Other communities also dug down into their collective jeans and filled the little old black kettle and the little old tambourines on every corner.

STRAY ALLOTMENTS WILL NOT BE LOST

War Risk Bureau to Care Promptly for Missing Checks

If you made an allotment and yet have heard from the folks back home since March 1, that they received no check to show for it, you should get hold at once of another of those allotment and allowance blanks, Form I-B, which every soldier has had to fill out whether he was an allotter or not.

Mark this new one "Supplemental," fill it out and send it to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance through the proper channels.

The Bureau, through a War Department Bulletin, promises that all such supplemental blanks will receive immediate attention and that checks will be promptly mailed to the folks in all cases where there has been any slip up.

LOSES CITIZEN'S PAPERS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 23.—A New Jersey court has revoked the naturalization papers of a German who has been an American citizen for 35 years for disloyal utterances. A Bill has been introduced in Congress to make such revocations mandatory in similar cases.

NO MORE PARCELS, SAYS P. O. ORDER

Ruling Forbids Sending of Even "Requisitioned" Material

No more parcels from home. No, not even if you send over a written request, duly O.K'd by your C.O. for them. It is a new order, just gone into effect. It's tough, but it's necessary.

The old ruling whereby you could "requisition" your family or friends and they could present your requisition at their local post office along with the bundle of things you asked for—that's gone. The reason is, of course, the obvious one—the United States and its Allies need all the room they can possibly get for men and food and ammunition, and then for more men, more food and more ammunition.

The order from the Post Office department is already in effect. It makes null and void all written "requisitions" now on the way to the States from the A.E.F., as well as all that have already arrived there. Unless your "requisition" got to the States, and was filled and offered for mailing and accepted before the order from the P.O. came through, you won't get the stuff that you wrote for. You—(which means all of us)—will have to buy your tooth paste and soap and bed socks and dressing gowns and grand pianos and rare old violins over here.

So—for the time being, at least—no more parcels from home. But, then, a real letter is better than a parcel, any day.

FORTUNE TELLERS IN DUTCH

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 23.—The Federal grand jury at Tucson, Ariz., last July is granting the importations last July of 1200 workers at Bisbee, has indicted 21 leading mine officials, employees and business men for conspiracy to deprive American citizens of their rights. It promises to be a star case.

The indictment follows an exhaustive inquiry by the presidential labor commission appointed to investigate the noted case. Its report establishes the fact that news dispatches which were sent broadcast throughout the country at the time were decidedly incorrect.

THE YANKS ARE HERE

The week just past has been full of good news for those Americans who love their country and who care more that she should do herself proud in this war than they care about anything else in the world just now.

There was the announcement that just as American troops had previously gone in with the French, so now more American troops had just taken their place with the British. There was the news, by way of Washington, that the Americans now hold the third longest line on the Western front.

There was evidence, fresh and abundant, that American troops are pouring into French ports at a rate never before approached.

Charles M. Schwab announces that we are now producing 10,000 tons of shipping every day and will treble that rate before the end of the year.

News from the front tells of our air fighters doing their share and giving better than they take. The Yanks are here.

NEW CAP READY FOR WHOLE A. E. F. AND IT'S NATTY

Old Overseas Headgear Discarded for More Scientific Issue

"SEAM AND CREASE" DID IT Long Warfare Over Brain Covering Produces Chic Crown of Victory

"The crease follows the seam and the seam follows the crease."

That is the college yell of the New Overseas Cap. For whether you know it before or not, there is a New Overseas Cap. And the most important thing about the New Overseas Cap is that it differs from the old overseas cap.

It has certain points of similarity. It is built to cover the head. It is made of much the same kind of cloth. It has neither brim nor visor.

But it has these advantages. It is much better made than the old cap. It fits more neatly, looks more chic, adapts itself far more gently to the average doughboy braincase.

This is not the place to relash the whole history of the War of the Overseas Cap, or the part which THE STARS AND STRIPES played in that memorable contest. Suffice it that there is a New Cap, and let bygones be bygones.

Made on Scientific Plan The New Cap—the Quartermaster Corps vouches for this—is made on a thoroughly scientific plan. The old cap is believed not to have been made on any plan. The theory of the New Cap is the one enunciated above.

The crease follows the seam and the seam follows the crease.

With what result? First of all, it means that the New Cap fits. It means that when you are not wearing it, it can be folded into a bundle the size of a handkerchief and stowed away in your pocket without making a sizeable bulge. And when you return to your front pocket for wear, it will not be creased and wrinkled and generally hideous. It will have kept its shape—all because the crease follows the seam and the seam follows the crease.

In the illustration, rear view, shown on another page, the fold is slightly spread for the crease to follow the seam.

The colored piping on officers' caps will be worn as in the earlier model. So will the insignia of rank, for officers, and of branch of service for enlisted men.

The New Cap is not in prospect. It is an established fact. Several thousands of it are already being worn. Eventually the number will be—, which as our readers can see, will allow one Cap for every man in the American Expeditionary Forces. And they will be distributed as rapidly as they can be turned out.

The New Cap is an independent product. Those who have seen it report variously that it looks like a Belgian cap, a Kiltie cap, a Royal Flying Corps cap. This proves that it looks like itself only, and like no other cap in the world.

But put it in a word, the New Cap is natty. And the old cap was not even hatty.

NEW YORK TRAFFIC RECORD

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 23.—The Tenderloin City proudly proclaims that its street traffic is now the heaviest in the world.

Officials say that Columbus Circle sees the passage of 39,000 vehicles daily against 28,000 at London's busiest corner—Piccadilly Circus.

The total New York traffic in the 17 most congested spots in the city is 274,000 vehicles against London's 236,000.

We are now so proud that we feel reconciled to being run over.

MINE OFFICIALS INDICTED

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The indictment follows an exhaustive inquiry by the presidential labor commission appointed to investigate the noted case. Its report establishes the fact that news dispatches which were sent broadcast throughout the country at the time were decidedly incorrect.

TWO BLACK YANKS SMEAR 24 HUNS; BIG SECRET OUT

Station Porter and Elevator Boy Win Croix de Guerre

NEGRO UNIT IN TRENCHES

Great Boast Is That They Don't Need Any Lamplack for Patrol Work

READY HELPERS IN BILLETTS Dark Skinned Foes of "Bush Germans" Have Won Friends in Many French Towns

Two strapping American negroes have just been awarded the Croix de Guerre with palm for valor in France. One of them a porter from the New York Central station in Albany and the other an elevator boy for a New York apartment house, they have been decorated for the fearful damage they did to a startled raiding party of 24 Germans whom they caught in the act and, all unaided, put to flight.

A couple of dozen unexploded German grenades, a half dozen wirecutters, three abandoned automatics, two stretchers, a round cap with blood-clotted hair glued fast to it, a blood-stained duck-board and bits of grey cloth strewn about are the mementos left behind in the panicky retreat towards Germany which was effected before the American patrols came to the rescue.

In a French hospital behind the lines the two dusky heroes of the sector, neither permanently the worse for the fight, are chuckling gleefully over the great adventure and telling great tales to their admiring circle.

Another Secret Disclosed Their decoration let one of the darkest cats out of the A.E.F. bag. For some time past, a black American unit has been part and parcel of the French Army, eventually taking over front line trenches.

The secret has been so well kept that only a few of the all-wise at G.H.Q. had even a suspicion, and the negroes themselves have been so completely absorbed that a German scout would have to come within earshot and be something of a linguist to be able to report that the terrifying *soldats noirs* in that sector were not the long familiar French Colonials from down Morocco way.

Now the secret is out and all the testimony from the French commanders and from the French folk of the village where they have been billeted is in praise of the *soldats noirs de l'Armee*. They know—

Continued on Page 2.

800,000 SOLDIERS OWN LIBERTY BONDS

Every Federal Reserve District Beats Quota in Recent Drive

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 23.—Nearly 800,000 soldiers in the United States now hold Liberty Bonds.

The Third Liberty Loan was oversubscribed by a billion and over, with \$4,170,000,000 as the final mark. Every Federal Reserve District went over the top, the biggest being Minneapolis with 172 per cent. The final figures are:

Minneapolis, \$180,000,000, which is 156 per cent of its quota.

St. Louis, \$199,000,000, or 153 per cent.

Atlanta, \$136,000,000, or 151 per cent.

Philadelphia, \$302,000,000, or 144 per cent.

Dallas, \$115,000,000, or 144 per cent.

Chicago, \$08,000,000, or 143 per cent.

Richmond, \$186,000,000, or 143 per cent.

Boston, \$354,000,000, or 142 per cent.

San Francisco, \$255,000,000, or 136 per cent.

Cleveland, \$405,000,000, or 135 per cent.

New York, \$1,115,000,000, or 124 per cent.

The Government already has received \$1,500,000,000, though less than \$250,000,000 is due at this time.

BEER GLASS SHRINKS IN BACK HOME BARS

And Some Gloom Spreaders Even Hint at a Dime a Throw

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 23.—All beers threaten soon to become short ones. Patriotic dispensers of the amber nectar are conserving the supply by introducing diminutive glasses, which are about a cross between the old "shorts" and the tiny ones used for the now almost extinct "smashes of 15."

The white-wanted holders of the mazy-gogy trenches and brass rail wire-ven go so far as to hint at an indemnity of a dime a glass, regardless of size.

PRESIDENT LEADS WOMEN MARCHERS ON FIFTH AVENUE

70,000 in Parade for Red Cross as Campaign for \$100,000,000 Opens

ENTHUSIASM SOARS HIGH

Climax of Day Reached in Mr. Wilson's Fight to Finish Speech

By J. W. MULLER, American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES. NEW YORK, May 23.—Every New Yorker under 100 years old fell dead in love last Saturday when the Red Cross parade made Fifth Avenue one vast rose and lily garden of marching women.

From end to end of the avenue the vast crowd was shaken like the sea with wild, beautiful emotion. There was not a single bluish on the perfect feror of the day.

The enthusiasm reached its pinnacle when the President alighted from his automobile and took his place at the head of the line, leading the parade on foot from Sixty-seventh Street to the reviewing box at Twenty-third Street.

It was utterly unexpected by the crowd; no previous intimation had been received; there was no secret service guard or other panoply—and when the spectators realized what this meant, the city went almost hysterical with joy as the nation's elected head trod, simple and confident, through the vast throng of the multitude, safe in his complete and justified reliance on the people.

Tempest of Wild Cheers As he passed, with Secretary Tamm and Rear Admiral Grayson a little in the rear, a tempest of wild cheers shook the air from the sidewalks to the skyscrapers' roofs, and the waving flags, streamers, handkerchiefs and hats filled the air like eady brokers rolling over the line of march.

A human red cross, made up of 150 women, came close behind the president of the country's most notable citizens followed. It was a magnificent beginning for the week's drive for \$100,000,000 for the Red Cross.

At the same time 29,000 marchers in Brooklyn were reviewed by Colonel Roosevelt.

There are hundreds of novel features for the week's drive. Factory whistles and church bells will announce each million mark. Twenty thousand women have enrolled for a house-to-house canvass—the largest number ever assembled for such a campaign.

"Every Available Ship"

The climax of the first day of the drive came with the President's speech in the Metropolitan Opera House. In it Mr. Wilson reiterated his determination to see the war through, and scored Germany for her insincere peace proposals.

"The United States will not be trifled from its duty by peace suggestions that lack sincerity," he said. "I have examined them and recognized their falsity. Each concession made by the enemy in the West contains a reserve in so far as concerns his successes in the East and I shall support Russia, like France. If Germany believes we shall sacrifice anything, she is mistaken."

"The other day someone stated that we ought to have an army of 5,000,000 men. Why limit ourselves to 5,000,000 men? I intend that every available ship shall leave for Europe with American troops."

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION. Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from their Afters. HEART TO HEART TALKS No. 1. Dear, loyal loving lads: For some time past I have been answering your plaintive queries to the best of my power—oh, so insufficient!—ability, and my heart simply yearns to be of some service—real service—to you. I hope—how I hope!—that you will continue to write me, and pour out all your troubles to me; and I will endeavor to answer them.

This past week so much has been happening, and so many letters have come in that I simply cannot answer them all in the pitifully small space allowed to me; but I will try to answer them all by mail—thus making sure that you will hear from me before the end of the year!

THE NEW OVERSEAS CAP



Front and rear view of new A.E.F. headgear, described on front page. It looks best when tilted the least bit on one side of the wearer's head.

TWO BLACK YANKS SNEAK 24 HUNS; BIG SECRET OUT

Continued From Page 1.

What it is to go over the top, to drop into the German trenches under barrage and emerge with prisoners, to scour No Man's Land every night even up to the Boche wire.

There is nothing about No Man's Land they don't know, and it is their favorite joke and their great pride that unlike the white patrols, they do not have to make-up their tell-tale faces with lamp black before venturing on these excursions.

What They Did The two to win the Croix de Guerre are Henry Johnson, of Albany, and Needham Roberts, son of the Rev. Norman J. Roberts. They were two of five on duty in a small advanced post.

The other three were asleep in a dugout when the first grenade attack by the raiding Germans was made. Johnson and Roberts were both wounded and knocked down by the explosions, Roberts so seriously that he did not rise again, but both men crawled toward their own grenade supply and started throwing.

Johnson struggled to his feet. "Turn out de kyahd, turn out de kyahd!" he yelled, and this was the battle cry which the relieving patrol found him chanting when the fight was over.

With his rifle, he shot down the first German and clubbed into a trance the next, who leaped across the falling body. Out of the corner of his angry eye, he could see a burly Boche choking the helpless Roberts while two others were trying to bear him off a prisoner. Johnson's gun was jammed and broken, his grenades were all spent and he had only his bolo knife, a long and tapering weapon, as sinister as a razor. With this he opened the burly German's skull and cut a hole in his side.

The Last Grenade Then he himself was shot. Down he went in the darkness and confusion. He groped with his un wounded arm. His hand touched and closed upon a stray grenade. He threw it. It was his last shot, but it went home, and when the other three members of the post, who had been knocked down by the first explosion, crawled out of the dugout, the Boches were gone.

The last shot was devastating for at least one German, as the evidence on the ground the next day showed. Johnson, recovering in the hospital, heard the details with a broad grin. "My lan," he said, "I reckon dey had to tote dat Bush German home to his family all wrapped up in a newspaper."

Bad Omen for "Bush Germans" Meanwhile the story of the encounter between two American blacks and 24 Germans has entered into the legends of the outfit, and the part they like to tell best is the part about the bolo knife.

To their mind, it is the weapon of weapons, and had you passed that way the other day, you might have seen one of Johnson's company sitting with his legs crooked around a bit of granite that had once been a tombstone. On its surface he was sharpening his bolo, and save when he stooped to test its edge with his tongue, he crooned to himself a negro chant with so much of Africa in it that you could have understood only the off-occurrence refrain: "Bush Germans, Bush Germans, wese gwinea-git you yet!"

"Bush Germans" is the negro name for the Hun. Nearly all Yanks prefer bushes to Boches as a term of reproach, but with the negroes it is "Bush Germans." This phrase you will hear in all their songs, of which the word jazz disorders first bewildered and then fascinated the French in that part of the world. It is always S.R.O. at their concerts.

Made Good With the People They stand well with the authorities of the French towns because, under orders, they have done an immense amount of cleaning, opening up old sewers, braving dirt and contributing muscle generally to the long-accumulated work of the neighborhood. But they have made good with the people of the towns by the little odds and ends of helpfulness they give in their off-hours.

The women, who were panicky at the news that les noirs Americans were coming into that area, will miss them when they go. You often see a great grinning American black ambling up an old French street with some French woman's heavy load transferred to his own head. You see them turn in and help with the gardening in the long twilights. They even lend a hand in the housework.

Their commander, an American officer who has two French units under his command as well, is proud of the record his "chillun" have made in the trenches, which they entered with less preparation on French soil than any other American troops. They spent a month there before their first casualty, and they have yet to lose their first prisoner.

TIME ON TRANSPORT COUNTS FOR CHEVRON

Six Months' Period Begins on Leaving America—Nurses Get It, Too

Six months after you left United States territorial waters for service overseas you became eligible to wear the war service chevron; that is, those of you who are among our happy little continent or still happier little yearlings. To the rest of you, this: Six months from the date on which you left United States territorial waters (meaning the well-known three-mile limit) you will become eligible to sport the little-oil gold stripe, and can then begin to bother your C.O. with the plaintive plea of "Aw, Cap'n, lemme wear one too, like the other boys."

That's the new ruling on the war service chevron—that is, as regards the computation of the six months' service. Just look back in your diary to the date when you left "an Atlantic port." The chances are that you negotiated the distance between the wharf and the three mile limit on the same day; the rest is easy. Add six months on to that date, and there you are.

Nurses are going to have the chevron. There's been a change in the War Department orders, and the glittering gold gerdons are going to the girls, after all. The change, as worded by no less a person than the Chief of Staff, U.S.A., "authorizes members of the Army Nurse Corps to wear the war service chevron under the same conditions heretofore prescribed for officers and enlisted men."

For the benefit of men or women who are looking ahead to the day when they may wear a second chevron, it is announced that the new one will be placed just a quarter of an inch further up the sleeve.

THIS IS IT

The Tank—(aw, shuddup, willya?)—the Tank insignia has arrived. This is a picture of it.

It represents the tank in the act of crushing a pair of beasts. The beasts, so the tank corps boys claim, are—why, of course!—Germany and Austria. These beasts, representing the enemy, are armored to represent the thickness of their armor. Also it will be seen that they are both square-headed. Which is quite appropriate.

The protruding forked tongue displayed by each of the beasts not only is indicative of their character but also of the condition to which these lying members must be brought before final victory can be achieved. And the wait!—Simple enough. When the tank has crushed the beasts twain, the wreath is awarded for the good work. So there you are.



No, It Isn't Upside Down

from Baptist clergymen, who do a little converting on the side at night, down to Corporal Smith of South Carolina, who was gravely recommended for the job of repairing the headquarters safe. "He's a burglar, sah!" was the sergeant major's report on his qualifications.

As for the Johnson-Roberts scrap, just now the topic of the day in St. Menelou, the French general in command of that sector made this report to his superior: "The American report is too modest. As a result of oral information furnished me, it appears that the blacks were extremely brave in this combat and honor of the American."

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FRENCH WILL JOIN IN MEMORIAL DAY

Dead of Both Nations to Be Honored at Many A.E.F. Posts

Y.M. PLANNING OBSERVANCE

Catholics Will Carry Out Special Program Wherever Americans Are Gathered

The French will join with the Americans in the observation of Memorial Day, long set aside in the American calendar for the decoration of those graves where our soldiers and sailors lie buried. At many a post in the A.E.F. there will be ceremonies, reminiscent of the old-fashioned Decoration Day observance back home.

At G.H.Q. the graves nearby, not only of American dead but of French dead, too, will be strewn with flowers and marked with the crossed flags of America and France. This observance is the elaboration of a plan first proposed by a French girl who works as a stenographer at the headquarters of our Army in France.

Not only new-made graves, but those where our heroic dead have lain for more than a hundred years in the soil of France will be remembered on Memorial Day.

It is probable that few of the American soldiers now fighting and training here know that before the war there were about 100 graves of our soldiers and sailors in France. Men who fell in the battle between the Meuse and the Alabama are buried at Cherbourg, and at Nantes are the graves of several of John Paul Jones' men. There are American graves at Villefranche, Versailles, St. Germain and Asnières.

Graves Always Remembered

Americans here have always remembered these scattered graves on Memorial Day, and those interested to keep up the work of the Memorial Day Committee of France should send contributions to Major F. A. Mahan, 51 Avenue Montaigne, Paris.

The Y.M.C.A. contribution to the observance of Memorial Day will include, besides a big field meet, a patriotic program of French and American artists on the stage of the beautiful theater Champs Elysees in the Avenue Montaigne, Paris. The performance will begin at 7:30 p.m. and the only ticket of admission necessary is a uniform of one of the Allied Armies.

The Y.M.C.A. will have services in every hut and the workers of the Salvation Army will carry flowers to the graves near the shafts from which they give forth peace and courage to the grateful to the living who pass their way.

The Catholics of the A.E.F. will observe Memorial Day by celebrations throughout France. The Paris services will be held at 10 o'clock in the morning at the Madeleine and the list of invitations to these services knows no creed. Distinguished French prelates will attend, among them the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, the Bishop of Amiens and the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims, who has become a figure of world fame because it was only at the very last, and then under orders he could not disobey, that he would leave the desolate scene of his bombarded cathedral. Monsigneur Ginisty, Bishop of Verdun, will celebrate the pontifical mass and the sermon will be preached by Chaplain Duffy of New York.

AN HONOR EARNED

It was some time in May, and he was inspecting the box that had been mailed him (according to his Christmas letter) sometime in November.

"What a junk you waiting for?" said his hungry bunkie. "Open it up! What you rubbernecking all over the outside for?" "Looking for the service stripe," said the box recipient.

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Home Service

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FOR MARIE-LOUISE

(From the Staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES to their adopted orphan)

Thank you for your little letter, Little lady; it has cheered All the Yanks here congregated— All our gloom has disappeared. Though you don't know how to write yet, Mother did the trick for you; As result, we're all delighted, Faith, we're tickled through and through!

Lucky kid! You cannot write yet— How we wish we couldn't write! "They" found out that we could do it. Keep us at it, morn, noon, night; Writing verses, writing stories, Writing editorials stern Till we wish we were as you are. Three years old—with time to burn!

Do not hurry with your writing, Reading, sums and all the rest; Play your games, and see that dolly's Quite correct; Frenchly dressed. There's no need to borrow trouble— Climb the ladder, rung by rung. Of your growing-up; and, meanwhile, Have a good time while you're young!

THE LATEST FROM HELL

The publishers of the late Mark Twain's works, who thought they had all his writings cornered, are suing to prevent the publication of a masterpiece which a spiritualistic medium swears up and down Mark's spirit dictated to her when she was in trance. It is reliably reported from Hell that the ghost of Attila, who, until 1914, was known as the most objectionable barbarian Europe had endured, tried sitting in at the councils of the German Imperial Staff only to find that he had nothing to teach them.

SOLDIERS Have your Portraits taken by WALERY

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DRILLS, TAPS, DIES. HIGH SPEED & CARBON STEEL MACHINE TOOLS THE BUTTEROSI SYNDICATE BUREAUX et MAGASINS: 147, 148 AVENUE MALAKOFF-PARIS

GIVES UP ALL TO FIGHT

By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES. NEW YORK, May 23.—Linn F. Hanson of Nebraska has sold his 200-acre farm at Wayne, in that State, devoted the proceeds to the Red Cross, his church and the Liberty Loan, and joined the Army.

They boast all previous occupations

President Wilson paused a few minutes in the press of war business to send the Nebraska a personal message.

BOYS MAKE SPURT IN ORPHAN TOTAL; GIRLS STILL LEAD

Five of 23 Requests During Week Do Not Specify Any Choice

149 WAIFS FIND PARRAINS

Chaplain Comes to Aid of Scheme and Rounds Up Four Orders

Table with 2 columns: Category and Count. Includes 'TAKEN THIS WEEK' and 'Previously adopted'.

Members of the A.E.F. sent in requests for 23 war orphans and child refugees this week under THE STARS AND STRIPES orphan adoption plan...

For the first time since the announcement of the plan whereby A.E.F. units and individuals may adopt child mascots for a year by contributing 500 francs...

Of the 149 children adopted to date nearly 100 have been girls, and of these girls more than half are—by request of the parrains—five or six years old.

The bewitching, black-eyed little miss of six seems to have the Indian sign on the A.E.F., and the special American Red Cross committee entrusted with selecting the children has had to make a special canvass of several departments of France to increase the visible supply of mesdemoiselles, aged six.

Chaplain Helps Out The boys were given a boost early in the week when Chaplain J. T. Addison, of the — Engineers, sent in contributions for four boys, one for each of four companies of his regiment.

The staff of a Local Supply Office, S.O.S., wasn't particular about what kind of a child they got.

"The child," they wrote, "may be of any sex, color, nationality, character, size, disposition and habits as long as she needs the money. We are, however, more particular about his age, and desire that it be between one and 20."

After which mixing of pronouns, it is stated: "We insist on only one thing—that the child be human and rather down on his luck."

Leut. F. Q. B. saw one group of refugees fleeing from their homes and subsided to the cause.

"One day recently I saw a train load of refugees," he wrote, "and it was a sight not to be forgotten. All we can do to aid these poor stricken people is little enough, and your work has more than my best wishes."

Ball Rolls Rapidly The Ordnance Enlisted Detachment sent 500 francs for a girl, with this letter:

"The writer, after reading the last issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES, took it upon himself to start the ball rolling, and I assure you that it rolled with some speed. The fellows responded more liberally than if a collection was being taken up for a big beer bust."

The 2nd Platoon, Co. C, — M.G. Bn., asked for a girl. "We would very much like to have the little lassie," they wrote, "taught the American language, if it can be arranged. We have already a box tacked up in our billet (money in it, too) with this sign on it—DON'T FORGET OUR MASCOOT. Your small change, please."

Vacation Money for Mascot "Avalon, Penna." is the nom de guerre of a Y.M.C.A. worker. He was about to start on a vacation when he heard that the unit to which he was attached was going into action. He abandoned his trip, returned to the front and adopted an orphan with the money he would have spent on the holiday.

Co. A, 1st Bn., — Engineers, simplified the task of selecting a child. "We will leave it to your better judgment to see that our 'little bit' will benefit who is in the greatest need at the present time. By expressing a preference payments are likely to go to some who do not need the assistance as greatly as others. Therefore, we are leaving the selection to the Red Cross."

HOW TO ADOPT AN ORPHAN

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs (\$87.72) for its support. The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or refugees from the invaded districts, as specified by the adopting units.

The money will be sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES to be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. At least 250 francs will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter.

Photographs and the history of each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be notified of the child's whereabouts and advised monthly of its progress. The Red Cross will determine the disposal of the child. It will be maintained in a French family or sent to a trade or agricultural school. No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised. Donations and communications regarding the children should be addressed: War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

GREAT ACE PASSES, ANOTHER ARRIVES



German plane shot down by Lieut Alan Winslow

Planes Drop Roses on Grave as Major Luffbery Is Buried

CAPTAIN PETERSON SCORES

Airman Brings Down Two Boche Planes While Waiting to Be Decorated

In the fast unfolding history of American aviation on the Western front—a story that grows more important and more stirring with each passing week—the outstanding facts in the week's news are the arrival of Capt. David Peterson as an ace and the death of Major Raoul Luffbery.

When Capt. Peterson left the Lafayette Escadrille to put on the uniform of an American officer, he was credited with only one Boche machine. The rest came recently and with a rush. Two or three weeks ago he landed his second, and by way of recognition, the French awarded another palm for his Croix de Guerre.

The ceremonies of presentation were set for Wednesday, May 15, at 2 o'clock. At noon on that day the weather was so perfect and the skies so inviting that Captain Peterson set forth on a little private hunting trip. He was back, unhurt and unbruised, in time for the ceremonies, but in the interval he had added two more Boches to his score. The fifth was brought down Saturday, so we have a new American ace.

Three Flyers Score Again In the last fortnight Capt. Marr, Lieut. Rickenbacker and Lieut. Douglas Campbell have each scored again. Capt. Marr had succeeded in toppling the German machine and shooting its pilot, but as the machine went down, the observer could be seen standing up in the pit and trying to get his gun to bear on the American.

"I felt sorry for the helpless beggar," Capt. Marr said afterward. "He was dashing to certain death, but to the last gamely trying to give me a fight."

Major Luffbery died in battle. In the midst of a savage fight with a giant Hun machine last Sunday his own machine burst into flames and, on the faint chance that he might save himself, he was obliged to leap from too great a height.

French and American officers shared in the funeral services and Allied aviators who had studied under Luff and fought and flown beside him circled overhead to scatter roses over the grave now marked with a cross of propeller-blades and a flag and banked high with Maytime blossoms.

Major Luffbery was the most successful and the most celebrated of the Franco-American flyers. He had made his official record of 16 Boche machines in the days of the famous Lafayette Escadrille and, as an officer in the American air service, he was so much needed for instruction work that until recently he had long been absent from his comrades of the front.

Hises to Do Battle He began his first flight on Sunday, when a huge German machine swooped down out of the clouds. Major Luffbery and several others rose to do battle with it, the others making straightway for the battle line to head off the Boche retreat and Luffbery opening the attack. Watchers saw him rush at the big cruiser with his machine gun hammering, saw him draw away as if his gun had jammed, saw him rush again. Then he began to drop rapidly.

At a height of 1,500 meters his machine burst into flames. With the instant decision for which he was noted, Luffbery unstrapped himself, climbed from the pilot's pit and jumped.

He landed in a garden some miles back of our lines. A hundred yards away his machine crashed down and burned to a heap of ashes and molten metal. Those who poked over that relic of the fight found that he had fired 300 rounds from his mitrailleuse, though 25 rounds had previously been his maximum. With 25 he had always either shot his opponent down or driven him beyond reach.

The theory is that the German machine was armored, a theory strengthened by the fact that another airman who attacked the monster as it fled homeward wasted 300 rounds against its sides.

Major Luffbery, who was a wanderer over the face of the earth, and began his aviation career as a flyer mechanic in the Far East, was born in France. His mother was a Frenchwoman, but his father was an American, and though he had grown to manhood before he ever saw America, he decided that the American Army was the place for him when America went in with the Allies.

In the good news of the week there is the report from Germany that Captain James Norman Hall was not killed when his machine went down in the air fight of May 7 well beyond the American line on the Toul sector. Word comes that he lies a prisoner in a German hospital. Both arms were broken and his foot was injured, but he escaped dangerously hurt.

Capt. Hall is one of eight American airmen to receive the Croix de Guerre recently.



Lieut. Douglas Campbell, Major Raoul Luffbery, Lieut. Alan Winslow

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ARMY ALL HIS OWN THIS LAD'S AMBITION

Brooklynite Is Arrested in Strange and Gorgeous Uniform

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 23.—A young man named Banistes Niuki, drafted by a Brooklyn local board, hated to join the American Army as a single unconsidered unit and determined to form an army all by himself.

He was picked up in a strange and gorgeous uniform designed by himself and declared he was the Polish Army. The unfeeling authorities poured him out of his regalia and he now fills one plain O.D. suit.

A man arraigned in a New York court recently repudiated the rumor that he was a spy and proclaimed indignantly that he was only a burglar. The district attorney admitted that this ought to clear his character, but the court regretfully juggled him.

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10,000 TONS DAILY AMERICA'S REPLY TO SHIP PROBLEM

Continued from Page 1. nage in the world has been gradually diminishing. To the end of 1917 the Germans had sunk a total of 11,827,372 net tons of shipping. To the end of 1917 the Allies had built 6,221,297. This was a decrease in world tonnage of 5,221,297 tons, and to this amount must be added the normal loss due to depreciation and the usual marine hazards, estimated at 2,200,000 tons. The net decrease faced by the Allies at the beginning of this year, then, was about 7,500,000 tons.

The non-enemy tonnage in the world today is estimated at 42,000,000. The 7,500,000 loss does not seem great in proportion, but it must be remembered that it came from the cream of the ships in the war trade, and that a good part of the 42,000,000 remaining tons are sailing vessels, wooden ships and steamers, unfit for service through the trans-Atlantic service, but they will be in trades from which they cannot be withdrawn for war service.

America's Program Immediately it entered the war, the United States prepared a stupendous shipbuilding program. Also it searched every corner of the world for ships. One hundred and twelve enemy ships came into our hands when we declared war and, despite the fact that the Germans endeavored to ruin them before seizure, all have been repaired and are running. The total tonnage of these was 788,000.

Then the United States took over all the privately owned ships available. By March 1, this year, we had 425 privately owned ships of a total tonnage of nearly 3,000,000. Dutch ships added another half a million tons, and Japanese ships, taken in virtue of a treaty for steel, another 150,000. A few weeks ago it was announced that we had 390 ships in the trans-Atlantic transport service as well as many others in other war work.

Since January the United States has been building ships as no other nation has ever done before. Great Britain has been hustling, also, as well as Japan. We have not yet struck our stride in quantity production and will not until midsummer.

In the first quarter of this year the total world production was 364,607 tons. This was, however, far less than the amount sunk by the enemy. Five or six weeks ago it was officially announced in England that the Allies still were losing two ships for every one built.

Improvement This Summer But the sinkings are on the decrease and building on the increase, and construction will exceed destruction sometime this summer. This may come in a very few weeks, and it cannot unless the enemy should make some sensational improvement in submarines, be delayed longer than August.

After this divide is passed and world tonnage is, for the first time since the war began, on the increase, the submarine can be said to have been defeated. Now it can be said that the defeat of the submarine is in sight, and that the weapon upon which the Kaiser relied to force the Allies to an ignominious peace has failed.

The American Government officially announced in March that contracts had been let for 725 steel ships of 3,166,400 tons and for 496 wooden ships of 1,715,000 tons. Of 23 steel vessels 72 had been completed and were in service at that time and 52 had been launched and were being finished. Of the wooden ships eight had been launched and none completed. To this must be added vessels totaling 3,045,408 tons which were projected and under construction for private individuals and foreign governments when war was declared and which were taken over by the United States.

At the same time it was officially estimated that the government expected to complete 12 steel vessels in May, 22 in June, 52 in July, 76 in August, and 97 in September. In January 9 ships had been completed and in February 17.

This month the building is going far ahead of this estimate. In the week ending May 5, 16 ships were completed and 19 hulls were launched, and in the week ending May 12, 8 ships were finished and 14 hulls launched. This spurt is partially due to a hastening of the work caused by the present military crisis.

The greatest projects of the shipbuilding program are the construction of three huge assembling shipyards at Hog Island, near Philadelphia, Newark Bay and Bristol, R.I. The first of these has 50 ways, the second 28 and the last 12. Here will be assembled ships the steel for which has been fabricated in plants as far west as Omaha. When these yards reach capacity production they will be adding an average of at least one ship a day to our merchant marine.

By fall American shipyards will be turning out from three to five steel ships daily, and wooden ships in a proportionate quantity. Word came from Washington this week that an average of one wooden ship a day had been launched since May 1, and that this production probably will be maintained throughout the month.

Activity on Both Coasts Every port on the Atlantic and Pacific is building ships now. On the western shores every bay, practically, has its wooden shipyard, and the same is largely true on the Gulf of Mexico. The wooden ships may have limitations in trans-Atlantic service, but they will be able to release for the submarine zone many ships now plying safe waters.

The first big concrete ship in the world was launched on the Pacific Coast recently, and, if it is the success it is believed to be—if it is even partially successful in comparison with the steel ship—it alone will solve the tonnage problem.

And coupled with this increased production, it is reasonable to believe that submarine sinkings will decrease rapidly. With the perfection of the convoy system, the addition to the fleets of submarine chasers, the successful employment of aeroplanes, the bottling of Ostend and Zeebrugge, and, lastly, the laying of a huge minefield by the British across the outlet of the North Sea which will form a formidable barrier to enemy underwater craft, the effectiveness of the U-boat is already being nullified.

PERHAPS HE WAS TRYING There are a lot of new Army jokes, but none any better than one at the bottom of a drawing which hung in the Army and Navy Club in Washington for many years. The picture portrays an imploring officer and a repentant private, unmistakably Irish. "Why can't you learn to drink like an officer and a gentleman?" demands the officer. "Faith, and if Oi did, sor," replies the private, "I'd be dead in a week."

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The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1918.

THE DAY IT SHOULD BE

THE STARS AND STRIPES cannot but view with regret the avowed intention of certain officers and men of the A.E.F. to celebrate the coming Memorial Day with a program of field sports and baseball.

Such games are very well in their place, and the most efficacious in training men for the stern game of war; but the "holiday nature" of them, if we may call it that, is distinctly out of keeping with the spirit of our great commemorative day.

Let us hark back for a moment, and recall the Memorial Days in our home towns years ago.

They were days of solemn thought-taking. They were days of prayer and thanksgiving—prayer for the repose of the souls of those who had fought for the right as God gave them to see the right, thanksgiving that those dead had not died in vain.

On these days all the good people of the town, whatever their politics, whatever their antecedents, wended their way with reverent step toward the common meeting-place, to recount the deeds of the gallant fallen, to dedicate themselves anew to the conserving of that heritage of freedom which the dead had made theirs.

Time wore on. The little band of blue coated men, which used to march so sturdily on Memorial Day, dwindled in numbers, slackened in stride. Soon the survivors no longer marched, but rode. And with the gradual passing away of the living memorials to the great struggle, there came a gradual passing away of reverence for the memory of the honored dead.

Our war with Spain brought back a little of the old-time Memorial Day spirit, but that revival soon died down. Up to last year our Memorial Days, save in a few of the good old-fashioned communities that never forgot their sons, were at best rather sorry affairs compared to what they might have been, compared to what they always ought to be.

Following the lead of their thoughtless elders, even the children no longer had their exercises, recited the Gettysburg Address, and sang the Anthem. Everywhere the day was one for golf, for tennis, for baseball and the sports of track and field; for excursions, for theatergoing, for merry-making of all sorts.

The entry of the nation into the world war made an appreciable change. We began to realize, with shame, what we had forgotten, and to make tardy and frantic amends. We cannot afford, in this hour, to allow ourselves to slip back into the old callousness, to permit the dimming for a single instant of theuster that was and is the glory of the dead of '61 and '65; of the dead of '98—of the dead of 1917 and 1918.

Particularly is it incumbent upon us of the A.E.F.—the chosen representatives of the United Nation which the men of '61 and '65 lived, strove, and died to uphold and conserve—to celebrate this Memorial Day soberly, seriously and aright, to carry ourselves back in thought to those old graves in America, to tend with reverence and awe these new graves in France.

Let it not be said of us that we are unmindful of our birthright, forgetful of those who made the Great Surrender in order that that birthright might be ours. Memorial Day is no mere holiday. In the best sense of the word, it is a holy day. It is our duty and our privilege, as Americans, to make and keep it so.

A GREAT LITTLE STARTER

After the Kaiser has quitted this sphere for another, and a more fitting place, we would suggest this epitaph for his headstone:

HERE LIES A MAN WHO STARTED MANY THINGS

This is a charitable epitome of the Kaiser's life. It gives all due credit and doesn't go into disagreeable details. The Kaiser is one of the most consistent starters the world has ever known—but he is a mighty poor finisher.

In 1914 he started a march through Belgium to crush France. In February, 1917, he started a submarine campaign to "bring England to her knees in six months." Before that he started to destroy London with Zeppelins. He started through the French lines at Verdun. Last fall he started to crush Italy.

of it all, of course, was the starting of the war to gain world domination. Periodically, for 4,000 years, ambitious persons have sought to conquer the world. None ever did. If precedent is an authority, it is impossible. And, as flagrantly as he overlooked the lesson that history teaches, the Kaiser has miscalculated the effect of everything he has started.

In March, by starting his long range guns a day or two after the opening of his Flanders offensive, he made an obvious effort to stampede Paris and spread panic through France. He only angered Paris. His drive for victory in Picardy has only increased the determination of the Allies and stimulated America's effort. Now the Kaiser is fighting an enemy which, like the giant that Hercules fought, becomes ten times stronger each time it is struck.

The Kaiser has started many things. He will finish but one—Prussianism.

THE D.S.M.

The Medal of Honor and the D.S.C.—these are the decorations our Army confers for gallantry in action.

But not all war is waged in action nor does all its toil demand that flashing courage which we call gallantry. Grant's strategy at Vicksburg and Joffre's strategy at the Marne, the patient, slow-maturing plan which won for British arms the battle of Messines Ridge—such feats of war as these must be achieved without that glory of personal bravery which commanders honor and poets sing.

Charles M. Schwab, now master builder of America, may, by his generalship and the contagion of his great enthusiasm, launch in time such a fleet as never the restless seas have known. But it would not win him the Medal of Honor.

Some young inventor, the Edison of tomorrow, may already have perfected, in a remote and lonely laboratory, the device which once and for all will strike the heart from the list of Germany's assets. Such a one would contribute more than any other single man to our winning of the war. But he would never gain the D.S.C. It is by the creation of the Distinguished Service Medal, the new award which recognizes "exceptionally meritorious service to the Government in a duty of great responsibility in time of war," and which is not even limited to the theater of operations, that our country may now honor for the first time with all the fighting pomp and ceremony of decoration the mind that makes the plan.

HAIL, CANADA!

This is Dominion Day, Canada's own. Perhaps we never realized it before, unless we wondered why it was that Toronto and Montreal always played double headers on their home grounds every May 24th.

Canada is playing a daily triple header this year as a visiting team, like ourselves. Canada has been playing it since the season opened in 1911. Canada has played it at Ypres, at Lens, at almost any hot corner you care to name along the British front.

Canada has shown the Kaiser how the sons of the western world can fight. Closest of our Allies in traditions, in manner of life, neighborhood and neighborliness, the Canadians merit alike our affection and our admiration.

They not only merit it—they have it.

KEEP IT UP

Somewhere back in the States the postman will leave at one woman's door next week a letter from a wandering son who had not written her in six long years.

Among the hundreds of thousands of Mothers' Letters now drawing near the waiting shore, there are many from boys who had carelessly let uncounted weeks and months slip by without the cheery word from overseas that is just as much a duty here as any the Army expects of us. Probably no ship ever sailed the seas with cargo so rich—so immeasurably rich—in the pleasure it will give, the foreheads it will smooth, the hearts it will warm.

But some of the purpose of that cargo, some of the deeper meaning of the Mothers' Day observance held throughout the A.E.F., will have been lost if we do not write often because of it.

It was magnificent—that outpouring of Mothers' Letters. But keep it up.

THOSE GLOOMY GUSSES

We of the A.E.F. who wear the service chevrons are wont to speculate from time to time on "how things are going back in the States." We have been away for six months or more, and our knowledge of conditions is a little vague.

We have had to depend on personal letters, cable dispatches which only "hit the high spots" of the news, and newspapers and magazines from four to eight weeks old. The newspapers are our widest source of information, and for the last month or so they have been depressing.

"Our air program has failed." "Ship-building has fallen down." "Our army hasn't any arms." "Whole war effort of first year has been wasted." We have read this and wondered.

"Whole war effort wasted." Then we reflected that we were here, many hundred thousands of us, and we figured that this had been overlooked by the man who classed the effort as wasted. We recalled that there seemed to be plenty of nine-pound guns to tote around and decided that the man who said we hadn't any arms had misfigured, too.

"The all too evident exaggeration of those two statements encouraged us to believe that there was at least the same amount of exaggeration in the others. Then came word of the tremendous success of the Third Liberty Loan, and there wasn't any doubt left as to "how things are going back in the States."

A soldier started out of his quarters one evening.

"Where are you going?" asked his bunkie.

"Oh, down to the 'Y' hut to read the papers from the States—down to get some gloom." The newspapers and magazines should remember that the pessimist on America inevitably goes broke.

The Listening Post

FAITH I heard the cannons' monotone A mile or two away; But in the shell-torn town I saw Two little boys at play.

From what was yesterday a home I heard the cannons booming; But in the garden I could see A bed of pansies blooming.

Along the weary, dreary road, Forspent and dull I trod; But in the sky of spring I saw The countenance of God.

There was, as usual, the talk about the long range gun. One of the disputants, also as usual, advanced the theory that when the shell reached a certain height it ignored the power of gravitation.

"Sure," said a skeptical sergeant, "like the colored guide down in Virginia."

"Tell us," said an obliging private, "about the colored guide down in Virginia."

"Well," said the sergeant, "this fellow was sitting on the seat of his victoria in front of a hotel. A stranger happened along."

"Drive yo' all out to de pet-fied forest, sah?"

"What's the petrified forest?" asked the stranger.

"Why, ev'ning pet-fied. Trees, ev'thing. One place where a bird was flyin' 'om tree to tree, an' dat 'ol bird jes' pet-fied right in de air between de trees."

"How could that be? The power of gravitation would prevent that."

"What's 'at, sah?"

"The power of gravitation."

"Yes, sah. Dat 'ol gravitation, sah, dat done pet-fied, too."

The second lieutenant wheeze is getting as numerous as Ford stories used to be two or three years ago. To a comment to this effect a second lieutenant said, "Well, all right. Maybe we're the Fords of the Army. We give the best service for the money, at that."

At the hour of bayonetting to press, the Giants were still so far ahead that it looked as though they would again get second money in the world series next October.

BLESS HIM!

A man we like Is a certain Sarge; He furnishes A rhyme for large.

What will be in the peace compact it is hard, at this s. of the g., to forecast; but the guess is hazarded that this proviso will be in it: that if, after the war, anybody says "Potato" to a German hostilities will be considered on again.

SAYS THE BATTERY

We shot a round into the air. It fell to earth, we knew not where; But later we were told, by Gosh! That it had slain a hundred Bochers.

The carrier pigeons are arousing the interest of the Yanks. A private suggests that the pigeons be crossed with parrots, in order that the birds may deliver their messages orally instead of "flimsy."

One of the Washington State boys over here is so attracted by the French and their ways that when he gets back he is going to try to have the name of his home town changed to Voila! Voila!

Suggestion to a poet: The heavens are filled with service stars, but not until we win the war shall we be entitled to see the service stripes—the rainbow of hope.

FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE

A word of praise For Henry Moore; He hasn't yet Said: "Bony sore!"

Also, please Cite Johnny Swains; He never calls It "Axeless Banos." E. J. B.

YES, THIS REALLY HAPPENED



A SONG FOR THE A.E.F.

In the might of our strength we are coming, with the courage of righteous wrath; Each day brings us nearer and nearer, as we sail Neptune's watery path; For we heard in the far-off distance, the cry of an outraged land.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE FRONT

To billet an entire battalion in the limits of two farm courtyards means cramped quarters. Everything that can be made to pass for a shelter must be pressed into service, and the result is sometimes bizarre.

'AM ENCLOSING PHOTO'

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Will you endeavor to obtain and print in as black type as you have in stock what may be considered a "reasonable restraint" on "background" in photographs to be sent to the States.

THE ARMY'S POETS

FULL DIRECTIONS

We saw them, but we did not need to ask where lay the Front: Their clothes were neat and rolls aback, well-made; They marched with faces wrinkled, not by smiles, or many frowns, Betokening men determined, unafraid.

"WHO SAID SUNNY FRANCE?"

It lies on your blankets and over your bed, There's mud in the cover that covers your head, There's mud in the coffee, the slum, and the bread— SUNNY FRANCE!

There's mud in your eyebrows, there's mud up your nose, There's mud on your leggings to add to your woes, The mud in your boots finds its place 'twixt your toes— SUNNY FRANCE!

Oh, the grimy mud, the slimy mud, the mud that makes you swear, The cheery mud, the greasy mud, that filters through your hair.

You sleep in the mud, and drink it, that's true; There's mud in the bacon, the rice and the stew, When you open an egg, you'll find mud in it— SUNNY FRANCE!

There's mud in the water, there's mud in the tea, There's mud in your mess kit as thick as can be, It sticks to your fingers like leaves to a tree— SUNNY FRANCE!

h, the ruddy mud, the muddy mud, the mud that gets your coat, The sliding mud, the gliding mud, that sprays your pants and coat!

It cakes in your mouth till you feel like it slips down your back and it rests in your sox; You think that you're walking on cut glass and needles— SUNNY FRANCE!

There's mud in your gas mask, there's mud in your hat, There's mud in your helmet, there's mud on your gat, Yet, though mud's all around us, we're happy at that— SUNNY FRANCE!

Oh, the dank, dank mud, the rank, rank mud, there's just one guy to blame; We'd wish him well (we will like H—H—H), and Kaiser Bill's his name! Corp. Jack Warren Carrol, Supply Co., —Y.A.

A LETTER

I'm just a poor luck private, And as lonesome as can be, For I haven't received a letter from Her For—well, seems a century.

As I lie here a-thinkin' of her Upon my bunk of straw, With a tin hat for a pillow, And the wind a-cuttin' raw,

I wonder if she's forgotten me, Her little soldier boy, And why she doesn't write to me, So's to bring me pride and joy.

But 'I'll wait another week or two, Or in y'er three or four, And trust to luck in the meantime That I'll get a dozen or more.

— Pvt. H. J. Pugh, — Engineers.

TANKS FOR THE YANKS

Now we've started something new, Tanks for "Yankee Doodle Do," And we never start a thing we cannot finish.

Unlike Kaiser Wilhelm's lot, We don't class ourselves with Gott, But we'll increase while Hindy's Huns diminish.

We are training many Yanks To fill up our doughy tanks, And when we head for Berlin we will move it;

And we'll move the Kaiser, too, And of Fritzies make a stew Whenever our superiors approve it.

If we Tankers get a chance, Ere we leave the shores of France, We will surely make things hot for every Hun;

And we won't play our hand the same As we do in every game, And we don't give up until the fight is won. — Irwin Salm, Tank Center.

SWAB

A Hospital Corps Man's Plait

We're Meds plus—plug—pluggin' thru the hospital; Meds—meds—meds—meds fussin' thru the hospital; Swab—swab—swab—swab, Swabbin' bed pans, halls and things, An' there's no discharge in the war.

Seven—eik—eleven, five, nine and twenty craps today, Four—eleven—seventeen; thirty-two the day before, Swab—swab—swab—swab, Swabbin' bed pans, halls and things; An' there's no discharge in the war.

Count—count—count—count, The patients lying in a row, If your count fails, the Top will be a didin' you, Swab—swab—swab—swab, Swabbin' bed pans, halls and things, There's no discharge in the war.

We—cnn—stiek—out scabies, lice and filthiness, But not—not—not—not, Not the thronts and thoughts of morn, Swab—swab—swab—swab, Swabbin' bed pans, halls and things, An' there's no discharge in the war.

Plait—so—had—by—day because Then grub time comes, But night—jings—loud—snores, frets, And fens, and thoughts of morn Swab—swab—swab—swab, Swabbin' bed pans, halls and things, There's no discharge in the war.

We—have—swabbed—like hell for months and certify, Wnt—is—not—guns, shells, barrages, or any thing, But swab—swab—swab—swab, Swabbin' bed pans, halls and things, An' there's no discharge in the war.

THE U.S. MARINES

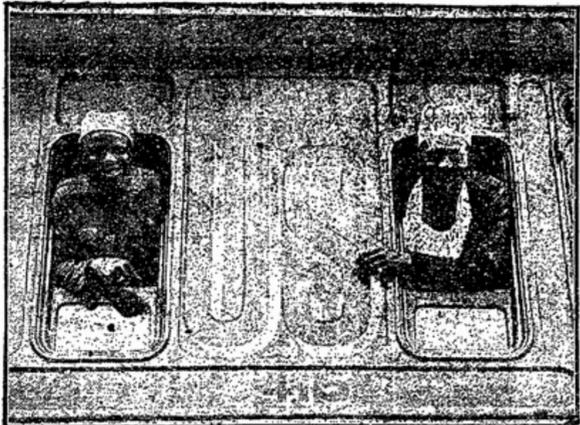
Let me tell you a story, a story that's true, Of a man in the service that never gets blue.

He has a revolver, he carries a gun; He works for his Uncle and says that it's fun.

When troubles come up he's the first on the scene; He's as brave as they make them—a U. S. Marine!

He's at home on the land, he's at home on the sea, He's at home anywhere that he happens to be. The Army and Navy are good as can be, But they'll never catch up with the U.S.M.C.

JES' DE TWO OF US



Yais, suh; we's de cooks, we is. We's de vittlers on de hos-spitters train, dat's what we is. What's our names? What, bless yo' soul, honey, we ain't got no names. Dey all calls us "de Gold Dust Twins!"

Y.M. SEC. GETS CHANCE TO SHOW ALL HE KNOWS

Answers Questions With One Hand While He Shovels Out Smokes and Writing Paper With the Other

Have you ever hung over a desk in a Y.M.C.A. but long enough to get a slant on the questions the gang hurls over the mound to the secretary behind there? They are like the Question Box columns of fifty Siwash newspapers all rolled into one, and the way the old boy with the Red Triangle on his sleeve bats at 'em and knocks out three baggers and homers with 'em is sure a caution.

Of course, some times he fans, but then what would any fellow do after he's been handing out all day long P. A. at 75 centimes per each, swapping 3 cent American postage stamps for soap wrapper French money, shooting a lot of bull to a crowd of rufex to write home to Mother, or cashing post office money orders for \$9.03 or \$7.85 when the rate of exchange is 5.71 and then some doughboy asks him to write a letter to his brother in Monteynigger?

Wouldn't that make any ordinary cuss rare up on his hind legs and blow off steam? But the "Y" fellow just grins and goes to it. I can't help thinkin' some times that fellows like the "Y" man a lot of fool questions to see if they can get his angora. For instance, here's some I heard with my own eyes yesterday afternoon in 15 minutes while I was waiting for a "Y" man to look up and see if Bloody Mary killed Queen Elizabeth or if Bessie done the trick to Bloody Mary. P. A. at 75 centimes per each, swapping 3 cent American postage stamps for soap wrapper French money, shooting a lot of bull to a crowd of rufex to write home to Mother, or cashing post office money orders for \$9.03 or \$7.85 when the rate of exchange is 5.71 and then some doughboy asks him to write a letter to his brother in Monteynigger?

Then some creephead what looks like he's doing P. G. work at Sing Sing asks, "Where in Hell is A.P.O. 9560?" Then a big fat slob of an Arbucler from the Pill Slingers comes in with a caddoo over his sargent's chevrons and springs this one, "What's the French word for kiss?" Wasn't it Dr. Munyon who said that nobody loves a fat man?

Then a lollypoply second Loot blows in. "What was the date the Loostinian sunk?" asks the Loot. Then comes in a couple of colored boys from below the Wright and Dixon line and they buys some plug and sweet chocolate, and one of 'em leans over the counter like he was feeling for the rail with his right foot and wanted at the same time to whisper to Harry in the white coat that he was awful thirsty but he didn't have the centimes to raise a gusher, and he says lowlike to the Sec'y: "Say, boss, me and buddy wants to know if you'll was ever serving bah in the eafy of the Jetson Hotel in Richmond?"

Fancy springing that on a "Y" guy! What of he had? It wasn't up to them Jack o' Spades to dig up skeletons after a fellow had made a clean get away to France! Then along comes a fellow what used to be a cavalryman on the border. He

was one of them hard boiled ones what spit rust. "Say," he says, looking as prominent as the white citizens committee, "who was the guy in the Bible what had a thousand James all to hisself and was there a Jew named Joseph what was S.O.L. 'cause he had a fancy overseas hat and his pals couldn't get none at the Q.M.?"

Wonder what struck him? Must have got religion all to once. And then just before the Sec. came back from the chaplain's room to answer my question, a boy came in to send money home. Now where do you suppose do you think he got money to send money home? Gee, after I pays for my Liberty Bond, my insurance and my allotment and a couple of other things Uncle Sam nicked me for, why I've got only enough to buy a good feed with.

YOUNG MAN'S WAR? ASK MR. SCHAWB

Help-Us-Win Club Membership Not Even Confined to Males

PETTICOATED COPS MARCH

But Alimomist Sisters Can't Collect From Men Who Are Now in Service

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 23.—Charles M. Schwab as ship builder and John J. Ryan as alibi producer are giving the final blow to Doctor Sleser's dictum concerning the uselessness of cluttering up this vale of tears with your presence after you have passed the 40th milestone.

Schwab is 56 and Ryan 54. Washington is daily calling on a larger number of older men to show the young fellows how. You young fellows over there had better look out or we grandfathers will come over and show you.

Women, too, are showing the men how. We are now riding up and down elevators whose destinies are controlled by women operators. We stop and listen to women orators at every corner. We pay our carfare to women conductors and get arrested by women cops. There were 400 women cops in the big police parade here Saturday, looking tremendously fetching in their short blue skirts, white spats, Zouave jackets with white sleeves, Flon caps and black ties. Wait a minute, this isn't the Director.

Women Invade Wigwam Tammany Hall has elected 32 women to its executive committee and will elect five more, splitting its 71 district leaderships fifty-fifty between the chiefs and the squaws. The first motion at their meeting was offered by a woman. And it was carried. It requested federal legislation putting Red Cross war nurses on the same footing regarding rank as are the men in the military establishment.

The first woman aerial mail carrier started to deliver mail between New York and Chicago this week. A Chicago woman cop has arrived in New York with extradition papers, handcuffs and a gun and taken a criminal (male) back to Chicago, delivering him safely.

But—one frightful blow has been administered to women's rights—and by a Brooklyn court. This Brooklyn court has decided that alimony cannot be collected from men in service. The United Order of Alimomist Sisters will carry the case to the Supreme Court.

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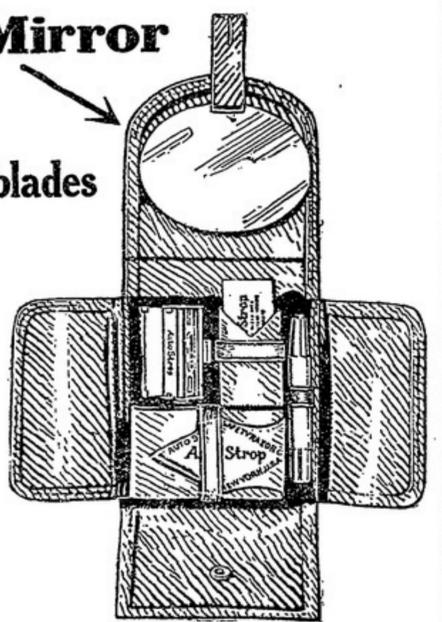
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ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Smoking Manners

By BRAN MASH

The ancient custom of smoking, started by the American Indians and introduced into the British Isles by a boorish person named Sir Walter Raleigh, is revived at rather infrequent intervals by the members of the A.E.F., depending upon the arrival of the wherewithal. Accordingly all smokers and would-be smokers would do well to familiarize themselves with the etiquette of smoking, and to become acquainted with the ritual appertaining thereto.

In the first place, never smoke more than one cigar at a time. To sport two or three of them, all emanating from your facial turret, is to invite requisition by less fortunate members of the command, if not positive physical violence. Cigars—of the smokeable variety—are as rare in France as intellectuals in pacifist gatherings. Those of the non-smokeable variety, which are for native consumption only, are as numerous as rabbits in Australia.

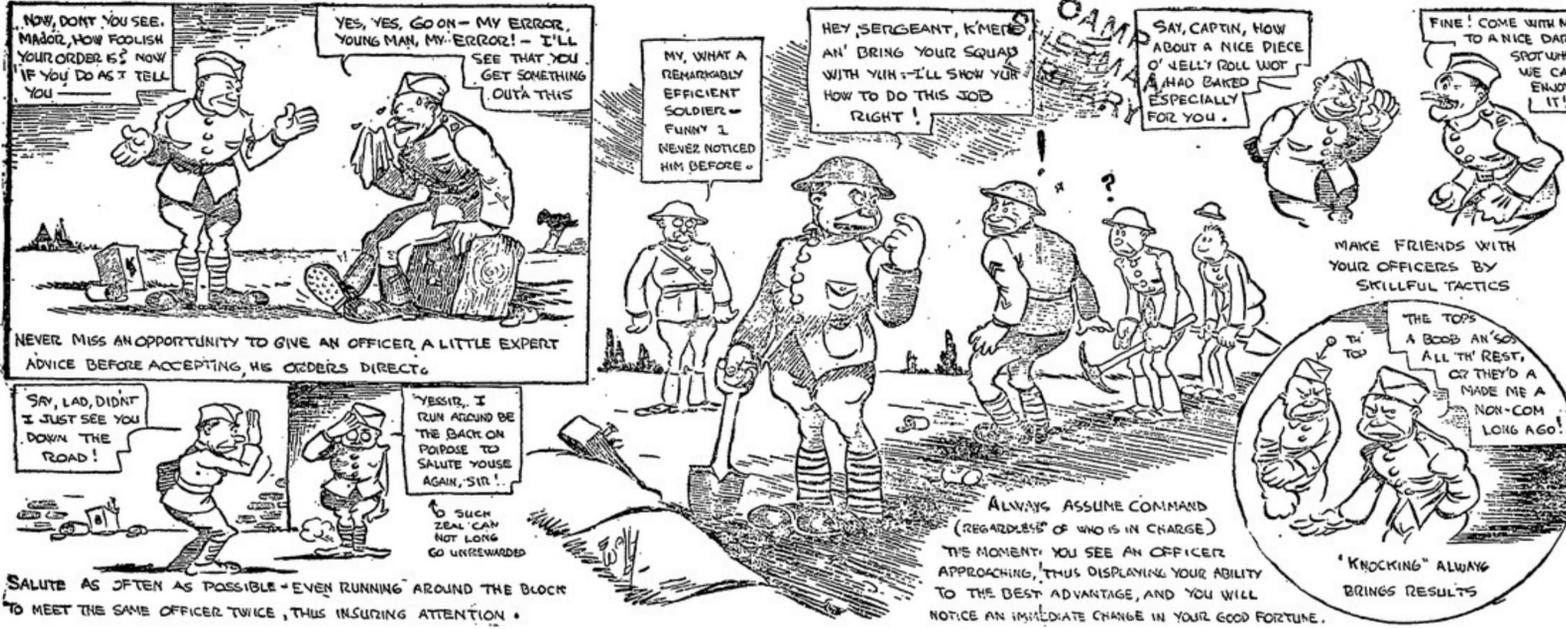
In the second place, never roll a cigarette at a mess table. The stray flakes of tobacco are apt to soil the polished hardwood surface of the same, and constitute a spectacle of waste that makes things hard for the kitchen force at inspection time. Never shame the major, who has to roll two handed, by any of your wild-west single hand rolling stunts—particularly if on horseback. Try the two-hand method while he is around, or else if you must roll with one hand do it behind your back. He will think that is modesty in not wishing to show your service stripe to him when he hasn't got one, and won't walk round you to look.

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# HOW TO BE MADE A NON-COM

—By WALLGREN



## Helpful Hints



## HAPPY, HAPPY DAYS IN SCRATCHVILLE

Life's Just One Bath After Another at Seaside Shore Resort

"Scratchville-by-the-Sea"—that's just what they call it.

It's the place where they fix you up so you don't need to scratch. And it isn't anywhere near the sea.

If you happen to belong to a certain unit of the A.E.F., they shoot you into a real nice bath-house when you come out of the line. Say—for the sake of the illustration merely—that you've been itching, and scratching, and itching and scratching again for the past few days. The minute you peel and go into the shower room of the bath-house a hawk-eyed medical sergeant gives you the double.

"Hullo," he exclaims, when he sees the little red spots on you. "You got the trench itch, ain't you?"

Enter the Major

By the time you've come out of the shower the major comes in, the sergeant points you out, and you stand attention in your somewhat unimpaired birthday uniform while he looks you over. "Scabies," he says, laconically, and puts something down in the little book he carries around with him.

"Scratchville for yours," says the sergeant, by way of explanation. And after you've collected your clothes and wits again, you're bumped along down the line to Scratchville-by-the-Sea.

The first thing you know, they've shoved you into another bath-house and armed you with a fistful of soft green soap. In you go under a hot shower, and soap yourself all up—all but the middle of your back, which if you're built like most people, you can't very well reach. The man on your right or left (you may pick your partner) soaps that part of your anatomy for you, and you perform the same kindly services for him.

You rub the soap well in and splash around under the shower, and you have a lovely time. Then, with a gurgle, the showers go out and they hand you a lot of sulphur ointment. This you rub in—all but in the middle of your back—all over. Your partner again comes to the rescue of your neglected shoulder-blades, and you to the rescue of his.

Yellow for Once

By this time you are yellower than you ever thought an American soldier could be; but, as it's all in a good cause, you needn't worry.

Next, they slip you a pair of bed slippers and a bathrobe, conduct you into a barracks and put you to bed. And there you stay, with the yellow sulphur ointment permeating into your body and soul. You don't dare to put your foot on the floor for fear it might strike a burn like a match stick; your leg would burn up like a match stick.

The next day they put you through the same process all over again. By the time the second sulphur coat has worn off, you are usually cured and scratchless and pure as the driven snow. The toughest cases that have come into Scratchville have succumbed at the third combined onslaught of the Orange and the Green. And while the treatments are going on, you don't have a blooming thing to do but lie around and smoke—if you dare, with all that sulphur about.

It isn't worth getting the trench itch to go down there. But if you do get it, that's the place to go to get rid of it. And it's all free.

## TO DAD

Last night before I hit the hay I said, "Before another day has passed above my head, I'll surely drop my Dad a line to let him know I'm doing fine and not among the dead. I'll write a letter long and gay to cheer him up along his way and make him wear a grin, and make him chuckle full of cheer and wish that he was over here to help the Allies win." And so I go to bed at night with dreams of home and faces bright, to waken at the dawn, and with the joy (?) the morning brings to find among the other things my resolution gone. And thus it goes from day to day—I fool the morning hours away without a thought to write; perhaps at noon I'm in a game, at evening it is much the same, and then it's late at night. And I have failed to do my part to ease my Mother's aching heart, which makes me pretty sore, and swear by every node and crook tomorrow I will write a book about the joys of War. And now at last without a doubt I've got my little tablet out and found my rusty quill, and haven't got a thing to do but sit and smoke and write to you, so I will write my fill.

Alack—alas—for such is Fate, I've started writing this too late, for to my chagrin and sorrow, for Taps is ringing out again and I must lay aside my pen, BUT I WILL WRITE TOMORROW.

WALTER E. BROWN,  
—Ambulance Co.

## AS WE KNOW THEM THE CORPORAL

He thought he was almighty hell when first he got those stripes—He shouted out his orders with a lot of yelps and yipes; But he's calmed down an awful lot, and don't put on so grand, And as a result, he's got his squad now pretty well in hand.

Before he was a corp'ral, he was rare as the deuce—For non-coms and for officers he had no gold-darn uses; But now he's got his chevrons on, there's nothing he can't say A-praisin' of the System that gives him six bucks more pay.

"The backbone of the Army" is the stuff he likes to pull About himself and others—do we fall for all that bull? I guess we don't! But, all the same, he doesn't ride us much, And he don't turn in bad reports to get the gang in Dutch.

I've worked for better corporals, and then I've worked for worse—To some their stripes are blessings, and to some they was a curse; Still, takin' 'em all in all, in this guy now ain't so bad—But yet, I wouldn't call him the best corp I ever had!

## SPORTING NEWS AND COMMENT

Jess Willard's recent announcement that he was nigh unto 40 years old somewhat upset the age dope. When Jess fought and won the heavyweight crown from Jack Johnson in Cuba, his manager stated that the "big hunk of flesh" was only 27, and all the press yarns before the fight predicted that youth would down age in the conflict. As a matter of fact Willard was almost as old as Johnson when they clashed.

If Jess is telling the truth now, he must have been at least 32 when he grabbed off the title, and he really must be termed an athletic marvel if he was able to begin fighting at about 30 years and become the world's champion after that.

Probably the fact that Jess is beginning to feel his age had something to do with the final casting of the match with Fred Fulton, as no man really feels like going through a long course of severe training and then combating a younger opponent. It would not be surprising to see the champion retire without again donning the mitts.

Jess's statement as to his real age was brought about by slurs made against him when his match with Fulton was still on. Jess then announced that he was close to 40, had a wife and five children, and did not deem it right that he should be vilified when he was so far above the draft age.

Johnson was 40 years old on March 31. If Willard's statement can be credited, it will be seen that the pair were about of the same age when they met at Havana, Cuba, on April 5, 1915.

When boxing was legalized in New Jersey, many of the New York promoters, who had helped kill the sport in their own State, rubbed their hands with glee, figuring that in some manner they would be able to break into the game across the river. But when the announcement of the governor's commission was made that gentlemen with their necks in other words, "rough necks," need not apply for permits to conduct shows, there was wailing and gnashing of teeth. The chairman of the commission, E. S. Crain, of East Orange, when he accepted the position, announced that he was for clean boxing and a square sport and no outsiders.

## A USE FOR EVERY TRADE

Hod and Ding were great pals at home. To begin with, they joined the same militia outfit at the same time, and grew up along with it. In their odd times after business, what nights they were not out at the armory learning how to take down machine guns and put them together again and so on and so forth, they used to go in for amateur theatricals.

One of the shows they figured in required the presence of a real live mule on the stage. But as even stage-broke mules present great difficulties in the course of performances, having, as they do, their own ideas about entrances and exits, there was nothing to do but to rig up an artificial mule. And Hod and Ding, accordingly, got under a muleskin and played the parts of Front Legs and Rear Legs with great eclat.

The other day the two were going up a steep incline in a certain portion of Hither Gaul, conveying a real mule who in turn was pulling a machine gun carriage with the ammunition and all upon it. About half way up the hill the mule wheezed, spluttered, coughed, gasped, and reneged.

Well, that machine gun carriage had to be gotten up the hill somehow, because it wouldn't do at all for B company, in which Hod and Ding were, to be too far out on the hike by the A company, which was up ahead; not at all. So, unharassing the hayburning quadruped and leaving him to the tender oratorical mercies of his driver, Hod and Ding stepped in between the shafts.

A loud roar went up from all the members of B company, most of whom remembered Hod and Ding in their former roles. "Just—like—old—times, isn't it?" puffed Hod.

"You're got—darn—whooping!" puffed back Ding. "Me for this stage training, every time!"

## PLACES ENOUGH OVER HERE

Somehow or other, we'd appreciate the sight of the papers and magazines from home a lot more if they weren't so full of ads saying, "Soon somebody higher up than you are will be called away to war. FIT YOURSELF TO TAKE HIS PLACE!"

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## THEY'RE STILL HERE... VOILA, CALIFORNIA!

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You can't dodge 'em. Not shells, but California boosters. The other day an American officer was coming down from the front. He got into a compartment along with a French sergeant, who saluted gravely and addressed him in English. Surprised and pleased, he sat down and made the Frenchman's acquaintance.

"Ah, mon Lieutenant!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Eet ees beautiful here, mais oui! But hélas! Eet ees not like ze beautiful Oust of your own country."

"Mais oui! Zey may deecourse all zat zey weesh about zee glorie of ze Mid of France, but I—may—I, who had leaved for zee years in your beautiful Oust—we're eet ees always sunlight, always ze golden oranges, always zee beecuteefool women, always zee great trees—I prefer America!"

"The American had a sinking feeling about the pit of his stomach.

"And—what state was this that you lived in?"

"What State? Ah, ees it possible zat I cood forget it! Eet ees ze California! Toujours la belle Californie! And eet Toujours la belle Californie zat après la guerre I shall go!"

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## SECOND ANNUAL BANQUET

My, my, but we're getting along in years! Here's the — Aero Squadron, which has just celebrated its Second Annual Foreign Service Banquet—think of it! And it celebrated it with a wallop, bringing in a lot of musical talent, to-wit, namely and viz:

M. Nisatti, violinist to the Queen of Rumania; Charles M. Hubbard, of the Boston Opera Company; the Espanasse Company, of the Y. M. C. A., which obliged with classical selections; Harold Webster, of New York, accompanist; and Jones and Pury, the Squadron comedians.

"Engraved napkin rings," the account concludes, "were presented to the ladies of the Red Cross and Y.M.C.A., who insisted upon dining on the men's mess kits instead of the china which was furnished them."

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WHEN YOU DINE OUT

But If a French Family Asks You, Don't Hesitate

IT MEANS HOME COOKING

Mon Ami American Makes a Great Hit With Pa and Ma

Have you been invited out to a young lady's house for dinner since you've been in the sunny land of France? If you haven't, you've certainly missed something.

"Voulez-vous diner avec moi ce soir?" I says I'd be glad to and asks what time I'm to appear for the feast, only I used too many words and didn't say it just like that.

"Quelle heure?" she spoke over after me. "Oh, sept heures et demie," she says, which sounds like "set her and me" in English and is French for seven-thirty o'clock.

"Merci beaucoup, ma petite chérie," I says, kind of kidding her along like we do in the ribs back home. She gave my hand a tight little squeeze and we parted.

Home Cooking in Sight

I didn't eat much that evening. I kept wondering what I would do to a good home cooked square once I got to where it was.

After mess was over, I went into the sergeants' room and told Scotty all about it.

"Eat about a dozen eggs for me," he says, "and a couple of chickens. I'll send out a piece or two of cake. Give it a try. You had no home cooking for so long I could make a man's cupboard look like a section crew had worked on it. You're some lucky tramp, that's all I got to say!"

When the hour approached, I walked up the street to her house. It was a little early yet, so I waited a few minutes in a dark corner. It was all dark for that matter; there was a dimmed gas lamp out in the street, but none of its rays reached me.

Anyway, while I was standing there waiting, I heard some one come tripping up behind me. I looked round and here's Marguerite—that's her first name—and before I could stop her, she smacks a couple of kisses on my cheek.

"Pourquoi vous lei?" she asks me. "Pas fini, de fumier," I comes back at her.

"Oh, ça ne fait rien," she says.

In the Family Circle

She led me up the steps into the house. She hung right onto me and marched me up in front of the whole family.

They all stood up the minute I entered. Monsieur had took off his cap, which was decorated in front with "P.L.M.," meaning he works for the only railroad in the world that runs your train onto a side track while the engineer and fireman hoist a couple of hot ones, and the only railroad in the world that moves you when it gets right good and ready.

"Mon ami américain," Mademoiselle announced, and right away I can see she'd blowed me all up to her folks. Madame stepped right over and kissed me on both cheeks.

Looking round, I observed six pickaninies all standing in single file facing me. As near as I could make out, without asking questions, they were all lined up waiting their turn to be kissed by this very mysterious soldier Marguerite had just dragged into the family circle. It seemed to be a matter of form with them, a sort of custom quite embarrassing to an unsuspecting Yank.

Nevertheless, I kissed all of them; the last one, about four years old I should judge, transferred a gob of jam from his cheek to mine and I had to dig for my handanna.

Then the most astonishing event of the evening occurred. Monsieur steps up, pulls my coat down to where he can get at it and whangs me a couple! Now this business of having men folks kiss you was a new one on me, and right then and there I made up my mind that before I tackled any more invitations, I'd get a book of rules and study up on French customs.

After all this routine was over, Marguerite drags me over to a chair and sits me down; then she brings a chair up for herself and sits up close to me.

Having a Look Around

I finally got to breathing easy once more and surveyed my surroundings. The room was a small affair and looked quite uncomfortable; there were two doors leading into other rooms, and another small door to the right of the fireplace that opened up into the wine cellar, as I afterwards learned. In one corner of the room was a bed that had the mattress on top of it instead of underneath on the springs where it ought to've been; in another corner was a clock with 24 numbers on its dial, and a pendulum that reached to the floor; the walls were covered with pictures, Jean's among them, and she had far less clothes on there than the city council would stand for at the park.

On the wall was a row of shelves and it looks as though somebody's been having a beer party.

Well, to make a long story short, we clatted and drank. I was kind of disappointed about the meal; the only things they had besides wine were fried potatoes, some greens, a dozen boiled eggs and bread with white cheese as a side kicker. But you can say what you please, these French people are there when it comes to being sociable. They brought up from the cellar and opened six bottles of wine before they got one to suit their taste; then they turned me loose on it. I couldn't find anything wrong with the other five bottles, either. It was all 40 years old and had the right kind of kick to it.

About the only thing I don't like about the French people, their customs rather, they drink too slowly. They take a sip of wine, then parley half an hour before they take another one. One

THE REGULATION OVERSEAS CAP



'ATTABOY SPECIAL' REAL YANKEE TRAIN

It Wasn't Called That Originally, But the Name Had to Come

At 8 p.m. every night there leaves A----- (which is in the S.O.S.) a special A.E.F. train for B----- (which is in the Z. of A.), both of which towns have unpronounceable (and therefore unmentionable) names. The train reaches B----- some time the following morning.

At 8 p.m. every night another special leaves B-----, bound for A-----. It reaches A----- some time the following morning.

The man who put that train into operation was Brigadier-General Atterbury, Director-General of Transportation for the A.E.F.—or D.G. of T., as his more stately called. General Atterbury used to be a vice-president of the Pennsylvania railroad.

Of course, the new train was at once dubbed "the Atterbury special." But Atterbury is a long word for the S.O.S. folks who are always in a hurry—at least as far as language is concerned.

So they renamed the train— You guessed it; the Attaboy.

And now, on a drizzly evening after taps, when the tired S.O.S. man has just gotten safely and soundly to sleep in his billet by the side of the track, and is breathing as sweetly and gently as a new born babe—when, all of a sudden out of the inky silence of the night there comes a "hoo-hoo!" and a "clung-clung!" he just stirs fitfully on his air pillow and pile of blankets and murmurs:

"Attaboy!"

25 BANDS IN A. E. F. GET FREE SCORES

Miss Ray C. Sawyer of New York Would Like to Supply More

Miss Ray C. Sawyer is still on the job of sending new and peppy and jazzy band scores, free of cost, to the musicians of the A.E.F.

They don't shoot along all requests for real up-to-date American music to her address, 70 Hamilton Place, New York City, printed in the April 5 issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES brought her more than 25 requests for music of every description; "and," she writes, "I am happy to say at this writing that I have taken care of them all."

"My only means of reaching the musical organizations connected with the base hospitals and aero squadrons is through your medium, and as a consequence anything that you might do to help me reach these organizations, or put me in touch with them, will be helpful to the cause."

Miss Sawyer is hereby put in touch with any bandmaster in the A.E.F. who hasn't received an allotment of new scores from her.

The music publishers give the music and Miss Sawyer distributes it, all to the end that you may be kept up to the minute on music and may know something more recent than "Good-bye, Dolly Gray" and "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie."

glass of wine usually lasts a Frenchman all evening. But these people hadn't any objections to my way of drinking; they really insisted that I have more before they were ready to drink with me, and I got so thirstily sitting there looking on that I couldn't refuse.

I made myself quite sociable, talked freely, even kissed Marguerite right there before the whole family, and in general sort of made a place for myself in the family. I guess before I got through they thought this Yank guy from far away America was a pretty good sort of a chap after all.

They seemed to think so, anyway, when I got up to leave. The six pickaninies all ran to form a line. "Fall in for mess!" The one that donated the jam was first this time, and seemed quite pleased about it, too. But before I kissed the children, I bid the old folks good night so's to have the worst part of it over with.

Out on the steps Marguerite had her session. I got away finally by promising to come back soon.

Back to Quarters

Going home, I missed my street and roamed round for half an hour before I got my bearings again, during which time a Fritz aeroplane tried to hit me with a bomb.

I found Scotty still awake and waiting for me.

"Did you hook that cake?" he asks before I'd hardly lit the candle.

"No," I says, "but I got something else for you."

Then I sprang the latest on him. I smacks him a couple on both cheeks. But I didn't quite get the last one planted before he pokes me one on the jaw so hard that I lands up in the corner.

"What's the matter?" he says. "Get in batty in your old age or something?" Well, that's about all the story, only Scotty maintains that I wouldn't have done such a thing unless I was drunk. And I swear I wasn't.

Seth T. Bailey, Corp. Inf.

LORRAINE LIMERICKS

There was a young fellow from Who put on what Tommy calls swank; His canteen on the hike He'd hit when he like, And sweat blood for each drop that he drank.

There was a young fellow from Who doted on corn-willy hash; But he always objected Whenever elected The spuds for that same hash to mash.

There was a young man from (deleted) Who up in an airplane was seated; His bombs he threw down On a Hun factory town, And its output was sadly depleted.

\*Yes, there once was a man who did.

BUT HE WON'T

"See Charlie Chaplin is going to join the Army."

"Zasso? He should worry!"

"Whynell?"

"Any time he gets tired of it, all he's got to do is to go up to some doc and get natural, and the doc will put him down as a sure case of shell shock!"

STARS AND STRIPES IN STORE WINDOW

All Detroit Gets Free Chance to Read Official A.E.F. Newspaper

Perhaps there are better newspapers in the world than THE STARS AND STRIPES, though there are some persons right in this Army, if not in this very office, who might take the negative side of that debate. But this, we maintain proudly and without fear of successful contradiction, is a record:

The commanding officer of a certain base hospital—he boasts that he was our third subscriber—sends the paper to his wife, who lives in Detroit. "And she writes," said the major, "that she had to show it to no fewer than 16 families in one day. Next day she took it around to the drug store. The drug-gist stuck it up in the window, and a crowd collects in front of the store every day and reads it."

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD

Some of our officers have so much pep that they're toujours up and at 'em. During a drill period for a lieutenants' class at an officer's training school back of the lines, the lieutenant instructor suddenly shouted, "Two ranks fall in on me," and I like away at a dead run.

They charged after him. Some nearly overhauled him. Finally, one of those in the lead decided to stop running. He dived in on the instructor, making a beautiful flying tackle, and ended the chase right there.

"Down!" shouted the instructor. "Two ranks fall in. The tuckler, formerly end for Georgetown University, dusted off his breeches.

MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

Plans, Guides, Aeronautic Maps for American Officers and Soldiers.

CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE (Livrare des Cartes Campbell) 7, Rue PAUL-JARAY, Paris (19th), Subway Station, Nord-Sud, Notre-Dame-de-Lorette.

NO MEDICINE TAX FOR CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES

General Order Defines Status When in Hospital or Infirmary

Civilian employees of the A.E.F. are not to be taxed with the medicine charges, required by Par. 1460, Army Regulations. A recent general order from G.H.Q., A.E.F., sets forth that such employees are in the field in the sense as contemplated in another paragraph of the regulations, and hence not liable to the extra assessment.

When such civilians are admitted to hospitals or infirmaries where separate messes are maintained, their immediate commanding officers are directed to notify the commanding officer of the hospital, in writing, as to whether or not they are entitled to rations at the expense of the United States. If so entitled, they will get their rations without charge and the hospital fund will be reimbursed by the Quartermaster Corps upon the receipt of properly executed vouchers, at the rate of 60 or 75 cents a day.

If the civilian employees are not so entitled to rations, charges will be made against them as provided in Par. 1460, Army Regulations—at the rate of 60 cents a day when they are on the footing of enlisted men, and at the rate of \$1 a day when on the footing of officers.

GENERAL COURTS MARTIAL

Who may appoint general courts-martial? The answer is found in a cablegram from the War Department to G.H.Q., A.E.F. According to that document, the officers of the A.E.F. given the appointing power under the provisions of the Eighth Article of War are the commanding officers of: (1) The Service of Supply (S.O.S.) (2) Base Section No. 1, S.O.S. (3) Base Section No. 2, S.O.S. (4) Base Section No. 3, S.O.S. (5) Intermediate Section, S.O.S. (6) Advanced Section, S.O.S.

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LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES YOU'LL enjoy this real Burley cigarette. IT'S TOASTED. GUARANTEED BY The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED. Includes image of a Lucky Strike cigarette pack.