

WHOLE COUNTRY HAS A MOVE ON; VIM IS KEYNOTE

Red Cross Drive's Success Proves Colossal Power of United Effort

GREAT FERVOR OF GIVING

Rich Toss Big Greenbacks, Poor Their Pennies, Into Outstretched Flags

"STARS AND STRIPES" HELPS

Sixteen Copies Bring Total of \$13,000—Dogs Hold Money Baskets on New York Streets

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

\$812.50 A COPY

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 30.—Sixteen autographed copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES, fresh from France, were auctioned off for the Red Cross, in New York City, at various theaters and moving picture houses during the last two days of the drive.

Municipal Justice Aaron J. Levy, chairman of the speakers' bureau of the allied theatrical and motion picture team of the Red Cross committee, reports that the sale of these sixteen copies realized approximately \$13,000.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 30.—You fellows know the sensation when, after seeing a mighty tough log, the sawteeth suddenly begin to zip through quick. That is my feeling about the past week's developments here.

Ship launchings, cargo dispatchings, freight movements, railroad organization, the magnificent Red Cross drive, crop reports, the big movements of the new draft forces to the cantonments, the decision to raise an Army without limitation, and general conditions—all make an excellent impression of successful accomplishment. A decided spirit of having a move on is in the air and our cities during this Red Cross drive have presented truly magnificent pictures of democracy in action.

The united effort has been colossal, and the work has been conducted with astounding and unflagging energy; yet it has been neither frantic nor desperate, but simply bubbling with that genius and ability for "getting there" which when the modern Americans must admit is an American gift.

I don't mean to introduce the foolish, boastful note, but I would be telling less than the truth if I did not tell you that the nation's Red Cross work exhibited beautifully all that is best in our national character; and that the best is in our hearts, ready to be called into action.

The Red Cross aimed at a total of \$100,000,000 as a result of this week's drive. It got \$133,000,000. Of this amount New York City contributed \$33,500,000. The old city, goaded by the taunts aimed at it by lesser communities during the Liberty Loan drive, dug down as it never dug down before.

Added Vim in the Air
Courage and faith were required even to contemplate starting this huge effort immediately after the Liberty Loan had made such intense calls on the country's powers; but, as the new drive, it was convincingly clear that instead of being weary from the \$4,000,000,000 job, our people had added vim.

There was never a moment when anybody could even suspect inertia. The American masses has not waned to be in the push. Those who could give dollars gave them. Those who could not give silver, and the poorest gave pennies even more precious than rich men's dollars.

Along the Rich Man's Street—Fifth Avenue—were scores of Army stretchers guarded by Red Cross girls, soldiers and sailors. These were piled full again and again with silver offerings from the common people. Your correspondent saw individuals in our hotels and other resorts of wealth give great sums at one clip that would make most of us rich for

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RAILROAD MAGNATES BOW TO GOVERNMENT

Secretary McAdoo Replaces System Heads by Federal Managers

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 30.—Secretary of the Treasury William G. McAdoo, in his capacity as Director-General of Railroads, has ordered the removal of railroad presidents and replacing them by Federal managers.

Many presidents will presumably sever their connections with their corporations and re-enter national service directly under the Government as Federal managers, but many others will be out for good and all.

The Director-General's order makes no criticism or charges against the presidents, but one president who was replaced by another man appointed as Federal manager heatedly denies that he has opposed the Government's New Yorker reports say that at least some railroad corporations failed to co-operate with the Government.

AN ARMY WITHOUT LIMIT

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 30.—A House Bill unanimously reported by the Committee on Military Affairs takes away the limit on the size of the Army, at the Secretary of War's request.

It authorizes the President to call as many men as can be used, and provides an appropriation of \$11,000,000,000.

Secretary Baker has sent Congress the draft of a bill authorizing the voluntary enlistment of men from 40 to 55 for use in non-combatant services.

The Browning guns are coming fast now, and will come still faster henceforth.

It is noteworthy that, so far, the Secretary's sweeping request for an Army without any limit has been received with absolute unanimity of approval.

HEALTH OF A. E. F. BETTER THAN THAT OF TROOPS IN U. S.

"Excellent" Is Medical Department's Report on Conditions Here

OLD ILLS MOST FREQUENT

Number of Cases of Controllable Diseases Is Showing Creditable Reduction

The A. E. F. is more than in infant getting ready to celebrate the first anniversary of its birth as an Allied fighting machine—it is a mighty husky infant. Its own family doctor and vet nurse, the Medical Department, says so. "Excellent" is the Medical Department's pronouncement on this same infant's general health.

More than that, the non-effective rate in the A. E. F.—and that means the number of men in each 1,000 who are unable to perform their duties because of sickness—has, since the second week in February, been smaller than it has among American troops in the United States. With the exception of one week, the venereal rate has also been smaller in the A. E. F. since January 1 than among troops still at home.

Diseases All Old Fashioned
One important fact about what diseases we really have had is that we brought them all from home. They are the old familiar complaints, some trivial, some serious, but not one of them is a disease which we might not have contracted just as easily anywhere between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The number of cases of controllable diseases is showing creditable reduction, not only as compared to the rate in the United States, but also from month to month in the A. E. F. since January 1.

During the winter pneumonia and meningitis claimed 72 per cent of deaths otherwise than in action, and nearly 82 per cent of the Army's deaths, not including deaths in action, were from infectious diseases. This means that the A. E. F.'s diseases are largely within the control of the men themselves. Every unsuppressed cough in a well-filled barracks may do its share in keeping those diseases going, say the Army's doctors.

Measles is a present a negligible factor. Diphtheria and scarlet fever still present some difficulties, but are rapidly being controlled. Otherwise, every infectious malady, including such intestinal maladies as typhoid, paratyphoid and the various kinds of dysentery, is wholly sporadic.

TOBACCO ISSUE EVERY TEN DAYS

All But Five Per Cent of Army Smokes, Q.M. Learns

Tobacco—An article of universal use, inseparably connected with the idea of comfort and mental satisfaction.—Q.M. Diet.

Your O.D. tobacco, of which you were told last week, will be issued to you in ten day lots. That is how the Q.M. makes the problem of passing out the smoke supply, to consist of four-tenths of an ounce a day. The ten day issue will therefore be a four-ounce package, which, especially if you have been out of it for awhile, is quite a lot of tobacco.

Something like 95 per cent of the A. E. F. smokes, the Q.M.'s canvass shows. The missing five per cent are not nurses. They're just non-smoking males. If you know any of them, well, it might be a good thing to tip them off to the fact that you smoke yourself.

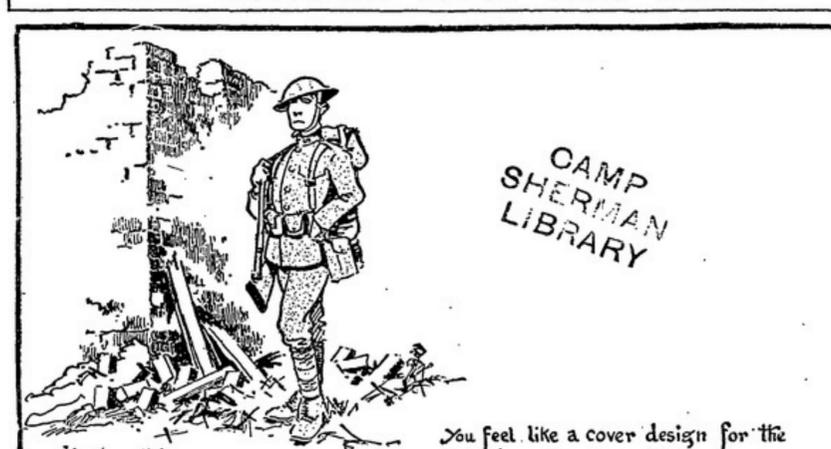
The French soldier receives 100 grams of tobacco (about three and a half ounces) every ten days. The British soldier gets 40 cigarettes or from two to three ounces of tobacco a week.

SHIP SCHOOL ON HUDSON

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 30.—Newburgh—New York, Newburgh-on-Hudson—New York, has started a night school course for the removal of the rivets and the cobblestoned, all-hill streets the gentle art of steel shipbuilding. At last reports the pupils and the teachers were doing well, but the practical demonstrations in riveting were said to be a bit rough on the blackboards.

Newburgh-on-Hudson keeps pegging away at the course and the rivets for Newburgh-on-Hudson is nothing if not patriotic. Newburgh-on-Hudson, he it known, was at one time the G.H.Q. of the American Non-Expeditionary Forces, and was presided over by a well-known chopper-down of cherry trees and crosser of the Delaware. I am sorry I cannot give the general's name, but the censorship forbids.

THE STATUE—AND THE BUST



You feel like a cover design for the Saturday Evening Post when you are standing behind that wall (five miles back.)



But lack of cover brings on most irritating apparent distortions of one's frame (two hundred yards away)

BETSY CRASHES, ELSIE SMASHES

Artillery Battery Names Its Guns for Two Patriotic Women

Following a gallant custom of the French Artillery, the boys of Battery B in one of our own F.A. Regiments decided to name their guns after those whom they considered the outstanding figures among the patriotic women of American history.

These guns are of the railway artillery, the captain says, "and among the most powerful in France, and the names selected are now painted on the carriages, where they will be a constant inspiration in the future and, we hope, a credit to their namesakes."

One of these two namesakes, who probably never thought of herself as a figure in American history at all, is just back from a tour of the front where she had a good many thrills, including the thrill of finding her name in divisional general orders.

There she delighted one of the bands by turning drum major throughout a long march, cheered up some young German prisoners by talking to them in their own tongue, and came away much pleased by the news that Elsie Janis 2nd had just raised merry hell with a German machine gun emplacement.

The other, the second, was a woman of a different type. She was a member of the first hit of the A. E. F.

By the end of the first 60 hours, the advance, at its greatest depth, had made a territorial gain of 20 kilometers. It was such a territorial gain as can always be made by an attacking army willing to pay the price in human life.

Except for a new reliance on the tank as an engine of warfare, the new German attack resembled closely the great offensive of March 21 not only in the tactics employed but in the reckless hurling of troops into the fight. The tactics employed in this new battle of the Aisne resulted in the same staggering destruction of German life as marked the same tactics which cost the enemy more than 500,000 soldiers in the first six weeks of his offensive.

It was because of that dismaying total that the enemy was obliged to let four weeks run their course between the checking of his second stroke and the launching of his third, a respite as valuable to the Allies as it was necessary for the Germans. The attack was made at all because for the Germans it is now or never.

The only question was when and where. It was made on a less strongly defended portion of the Allied line and that portion was less strongly defended for the simple reason that at no point in all that line between Rheims and the sea could the Allies suffer considerable territorial loss with so little serious consequences.

For the Q.M. is right behind you, not figuratively, but literally. The Q.M. is arranging for an automatic issue of clothing to the trenches that will mean no waiting. Your own supply sergeant isn't in it.

The arrangement now being devised will be for men in the trenches only, however. Once a man returns to his billet, he will get his stuff in the regulation way.

Big trucks laden with supplies will set out from the railroads and go as near the line as a truck can hope to go with all its spark plugs staying together. All the men in the line will have to do is wear out their clothes, bring them up to the truck, and get new ones.

YANKS TAKE VILLAGE IN SURPRISE ATTACK AND HANG ON TIGHT

Leaves Are on Again
Leaves are on again until further notice. On May 7 all billets were suspended throughout the A. E. F. and even men who had got as far as the railroad station on their way to Aix-les-Bains and other pleasant billets were recalled and put to work again.

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To begin at the bottom, the new shoe, of which you have already heard, was evolved after a winter's use of the old shoe in trench warfare proved that it lacked the qualities of wear and waterproofness that a good shoe should have. It had stood up beautifully in sleet and mud, but over here it was different.

The American attack was made with all the new-fangled instruments of modern warfare. Tanks, gas bombs, flame-throwers, aeroplanes, smoke barrage, machine guns, automatic rifles and heavy trench mortar batteries played their parts in the battle of Cantigny. What the Americans did not have of their own they borrowed from the French, for they were French tanks which led the way in the early dawn of Tuesday morning. French batteries shared with the American in preparing the path.

The attack was planned for weeks ahead, each man was rehearsed in the part he was to play, and when the great day came each movement was made within five minutes of the time-schedule that had been drawn up long in advance. It was at 6:45 in the morning that the first men advanced with a rolling barrage ahead of them and "Go to it, Yanks," as their battle cry.

In the anxious minds of those who watched there was just one question: Did the Germans know? Had they been prepared? For on Monday morning two of our boys who had known what was coming because they had been carefully rehearsed in their part of it had been taken prisoner in a trench raid. Had those boys been made to tell by the Hun's devilish methods of extracting information from unwilling persons in their power?

At the question, and in the complete surprise with which the onrushing Yanks were received when their barrage lifted could be read a resounding negative. In all the new positions that night there were cheers for the two who, no matter what the pressure, had told nothing.

Village Won in 35 Minutes
That answer could have been guessed when, 35 minutes after the first advance, the Americans were in possession of the village and had caught them over the uncut wire, came back. "We're here. Everything O.K." This message was confirmed by the first report which a swooping aeroplane brought back and the first cheer word of reassurance which came back on the leg of a carrier pigeon.

While the special detachments of flame-throwers were mopping up the cellars of Cantigny and the main body of the troops was pressing on to the furthest objectives beyond the village itself, the first defeated string of prisoners began to arrive behind the American lines. They were later escorted by French cavalrymen to barbed wire pens, from which coops they would be withdrawn later for questioning.

There were youths among them and then many in their late thirties, men of fair physique, fairly well clad. The American attack had caught them unawares and at a disadvantage because one regiment was relieving another at the time. They testified that they had been getting one hot meal a day in the first lines and that coffee and canned sausages were the chief diet. They were mostly from the Russian front, and there was one who was no German at all, but a Russian Pole, who said that three months ago he, together with

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The woolen gloves you wear next winter will have such long wrists that the wrists will be kept for you at home had better be handed over to father. For winter wear there is also provided a one-fingered leather mitten, to be worn over the woolen glove for warmth. In more temperate seasons it will be used for heavy outdoor work.

Another leather working glove, this one with five fingers, is designed for the use of mounted organizations, motor units, wagon and truck companies, stevedores and other honest working men.

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THE NEW GERMAN ATTACK

The third stroke of the German offensive—long expected as an inevitable move—was finally delivered on the morning of Monday, May 27, a little less than one month after the final check of the second stroke in the region of Ypres.

The attack was made in two wings. The northern wing renewed hostilities in the region of Ypres over a front of from ten to 15 kilometers. It cost the Germans dearly in men lost and it came to nothing in ground gained.

The other attack was made in the region of the Aisne along an initial front of 45 kilometers, and to this, the major attack, the Germans devoted no less than 40 divisions, which means an army of some 600,000 troops.

Opposed to them were French troops and some English divisions which had been transferred to that portion of the front after the submission of all the Allied armies in France to a single command, and whose presence in that part of the battleline was not disclosed until the first communiqués reporting the progress of the German advance.

That advance was rapid, though not so rapid as the advance made in March. First the Aisne and then the Vesle were crossed, but always on a steadily narrowing front. By Wednesday afternoon, the liaison between the French and British troops was intact, the Allied line had receded, but nowhere had it been pierced, and it was apparent that the advance was slowing down.

It was apparent, too, that either Sissons or Rheims or both must fall before that advance could be pressed much further. One on one side, one on the other, these two towns threatened the flanks of the new-formed, far-thrust German salient.

By the end of the first 60 hours, the advance, at its greatest depth, had made a territorial gain of 20 kilometers. It was such a territorial gain as can always be made by an attacking army willing to pay the price in human life.

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many of the people, had been drafted against their will into the German army. He fairly wept for joy when he found two Polish Americans among his captors.

Enemy Dazed by Bombardment

Those Boche in good shelters such as that afforded by the long tunnel which would have accommodated hundreds of men, fought stubbornly with machine guns, but the streets of Cantigny were full of the enemy who were dazed by the bombardment and only too anxious to be captured and have done with the whole business.

That at least was the experience of one informal participant in the attack. This was James Hooper, the war correspondent, who had intended to be a cool and detached observer of the attack, but who, in the excitement of the moment, threw discretion to the winds and went over the top with the rest of them—went over the top with the best of them.

Following along behind the troops who had already entered the village and watching fascinated while a tank was firing its cannon at a corner building there, this journalist-on-the-loose was suddenly confronted by 20 Germans who came rushing towards him with hands held high.

Nothing to Take Them With "They evidently wanted to be taken prisoner at once," he said afterwards, "and I would have been delighted to oblige them, but I didn't have anything on me to do it with."

So he signalled them to hold their hands still higher. They did, and were thus postured when a detachment of moppers-up rounded the corner, swooped down and herded them in.

The attack on Cantigny bore no immediate relation to the major operations in progress on the Aisne, but was none the less affected thereby. It became evident afterwards that the Germans had removed many of their heavier guns from the Montdidier region, presumably for use in the concentration further to the east. Indeed, every part of the line where American troops are entrenched has shared in some manifestation of the big German offensive, if only to receive some part of the display of force or some one of the feints made as an accompaniment to that offensive.

Activity Near Lunerville

The Lunerville sector, for example, has been the scene of minor but fairly lively little operations. On Monday the German lines were drenched with gas after the German batteries had been giving us much the same sort of medicine, and despite enemy efforts to neutralize our batteries, our guns continued to give better than they took. An attempted raid on Monday was broken up before it reached the American lines.

At 12:50 Wednesday morning the enemy launched another gas projector attack on our lines in this sector. At the same time there was an infantry attack by about 50 men. In the fight which followed, 14 Germans were left on our hands—ten dead and four wounded. Some of our men were missing. Our casualties were light.

There were also attacks at two other points in the same sector, in each of which about 50 of the enemy participated. Both attacks were driven off by our machine gun fire.

IS HE ELIGIBLE FOR GOLD CHEVRON?

Soldier Who Embarked for Europe Twice Guesses He Isn't

Here's a new one on the service chevron. Private James C. Umphlett wants to know where he gets off. This is his plaint:

"I got on board a transport in perfectly good faith six months ago, and she steamed outside the three mile limit in good shape. Then something happened to her and we had to put back. For a good month and more I lay around, going from one camp to another, always just missing a boat and always just unable to hook up with a European-bound unit.

"Finally, I got on to one. It made the distance beyond the three mile limit and then, just to prove it could do it, it came over all the rest of the way. That was five months ago.

"Now, what I want to know is this: The ruling is that you can sport the service stripe six months after you leave the territorial waters of the United States. I claim that as I started more than six months ago for France, and left the territorial waters—and everything else—more than six months ago, that I'm more than due to bust out a chevron. It wasn't my fault that the old tub sprung a leak or something, and had to turn round.

FLOATING ICE PLANT WORK OF ENGINEERS

Old French Liner Being Fitted for Use in Base Section

The floating ice factory is the latest ingenious product of A.E.F. engineers. A former French ocean liner, no longer seaworthy, has been taken over by the United States Army. It has been dismantled and is being fitted up with ice-making machinery.

It will make ice for a huge refrigerating plant and, in addition, will supply ice for the hospitals, rest camps and barracks throughout one of the base sections.

It was decided to convert the boat into an ice-making plant because it can be moved about a certain harbor and discharge its products at several points handy to rail transportation.

THIRD LOAN IN A.E.F.

Subscriptions to the Third Liberty Loan in the A.E.F. were in excess of the amount expected, although since many paid for the bonds outright through banks instead of through allotments, it is impossible to give the exact figure.

HOMAGE IS PAID BY TWO NATIONS

France and America Unite in Memorial Day Observance

BELGIANS AID AT LEHAVRE

Day Is Marked by Religious and Military Ceremonies in Many Places

Throughout France yesterday, in every city and village and camp where United States troops are stationed, American soldiers observed their first Memorial Day abroad. Homage was paid to the heroes who, more than five decades ago, laid down their lives that their country might live and to those who in this war have made the supreme sacrifice for liberty.

In most of the camps the day was marked with religious and military ceremonies which, in many instances, were followed by athletic meets and ball games. But in the several places where are buried the American soldiers who died in France during the last year, the observance was more solemn. The grave of every soldier was decorated with military emblems. French soldiers and civilians participating.

One of the most impressive ceremonies was held at Le Havre, where the soldiers of three nations joined with American soldiers, sailors and Marines in the decoration of the graves of 14 members of the A.E.F.

A company each of British, French and Belgian soldiers formed in line with groups of the three fighting forces of the United States and, led by a British military band, marched from American headquarters to the beautiful old cemetery of St. Marie, where wreaths were placed on the graves by both the Americans and Belgians. At the cemetery the procession was met by the commanding generals of the Le Havre base of England, France, Belgium and the United States.

Brand Whitlock, American Minister to Belgium, delivered the address and the British chief chaplain of the district, acting as chaplain, gave the prayer. Bugler Chalmer F. Stahl of the Marine Corps sounded taps over the graves.

TONY AND HAROLD BOTH PARLEZ-VOUS

Wherefore Your Uncle Sam Hands Them Same Kind of Job

Tony and Harold both are from New York. Superficially, this is the point they have in common. Tony used to operate a boot-black stand in Fifty-third street and Harold attended a university further up the island.

But after Uncle Sam got to organizing and co-ordinating his Army, it was discovered that they had a great deal in common. They both parlez-vous. Tony learned his before the mast on a French ship before he settled down to his polish in America, and Harold mastered his at Columbia.

But where they learned it was *en ne faut rien*. The both were taken from their regiments and assigned to certain headquarters unit, and now they both are M.P.s at a railroad depot in a certain town in France.

The headquarters unit was organized largely from among men who speak French, and it has taken over the M.P. work in many French towns. As a result the M.P. has become a friend in need to many American soldiers trying to get somewhere in particular on the French railroad system. They are at the stations to act as interpreters and are walking information bureaus on trains and train connections.

"Ask the M.P.," is the motto now of officers and soldiers who have made recent railroad trips in France.

WOMEN OF AMERICA GREET MEN OF A.E.F.

Arkansas Convention Sends Assurance to General Pershing

The 14th Biennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in session at Hot Springs, Ark., has sent over the cables to General Pershing a message in which they say:

"Convention sends greetings to our soldiers and those of our brave Allies to effect that women of United States will stand beside them in every measure to the end that war may be won for peace and happiness of the world."

In his answer to Mrs. J. H. Evans Cowles, president of the federation, the Commander-in-Chief cabled:

"To know that our women are also ready to make any sacrifice is our greatest incentive in this world's battle for liberty."

MULE NOT TO BLAME

The overseas cap, old model, did a lot of peculiar things to people's faces. In particular, it afflicted chauffeurs and dispatch-bearers tremendously.

One of the former variety straggled in the shack of a friend the other day, with his hat pulled off. His friend, over in a dark corner, looked up at though startled.

"What's the big white band over your forehead, Mike?" he asked. "Did you get beamed by a shell or an axe or a mule or something?"

"Mule—shell—hell!" came back the disgruntled Mike. "That's my natural color up there. That's as far down as this damned cap 'ull come and it don't protect me eyes at all. The rest of me face is all tan!"

And so it was.

DRUNKEN AUTOIST JAILED

By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.

NEW YORK, May 30.—A well-known member of the Consolidated Exchange has just gone to the workhouse to serve out a five day sentence, and will pay a fine of \$100 to boot.

The conviction was on the charge of driving an automobile while intoxicated. And thus is the old adage made to ring true again, that the law is no respecter of persons.

FIVE MORE D. S. C. WINNERS

Five more men have won the Distinguished Service Cross. Two of them go to infantrymen, one to a marine and two to men in the Medical Department of the Navy on duty with the Marines.

"Two of the crosses must go to the next of kin, for the men who won them died in the winning. Thirty-four crosses and 400 Croix de Guerre have now been awarded to members of the A.E.F.

PRIVATE CHARLES SCHMITZ, Infantry, on April 14 showed a daring and energy and skill with the automatic rifle which eliminated five Germans and won him the Cross. According to the citation, "During an attack on his company by superior forces of the enemy, he advanced single handed against five Germans who had taken cover in a shell hole and killed or wounded all of them with an automatic rifle."

The Cross of PRIVATE FRANK ALEKNO, Infantry, will be given his next of kin. The citation says: "While a member of a patrol of three men on April 21, 1918, he attacked a hostile patrol of seven men and, although mortally wounded, continued in action until the hostile patrol was driven back and the officer commanding the hostile patrol, together with a non-commissioned officer, was killed. He carried a message for assistance while mortally wounded to a point 200 yards from the place he was wounded."

Three men attached to the Marine Corps have won the Cross by their gallantry. One of these three crosses will be delivered to his next of kin, as PHARMACIST'S MATE, 3d CLASS, FRED C. SCHAFFNER, U.S.N., serving with the Marines, died as a result of his heroism.

He is cited "for highly commendable action displayed in the immediate care and attention incident to the evacuation of more than 100 casualties following the bombardment on the morning of April 13, after he himself had been subjected to the poisonous gas. This man worked incessantly for the comfort and welfare of the sick, disregarding his own premonitory symptoms, insisting he was all right and not affected when the contrary was evident. When visible symptoms were noticed he was relieved much against his will. As a result of the poisonous gas, he died."

HOSPITAL APPRENTICE, 1st CLASS, CARL O. KINGSBURY, U.S.N., was cited for work almost identical, but was fortunate enough not to lose his life.

CORPORAL WOOLCOTT WINCHENBAUGH, U.S.M.C., on April 22, with exceptional coolness and devotion to duty while under fire near the enemy's trenches, rescued his severely wounded leader, 2nd Lieut. A. L. Sundhal, U.S.R., from the hands of the enemy.

WHOLE COUNTRY HAS A MOVE ON; VIM IS KEYNOTE

Continued from Page 1

life, and this was inspiring and fine; but far more beautiful was the daily sight of shabby people on the streets going to work, quiet and energetic everywhere along all our hundreds of miles of thoroughfares.

Same Throughout Land From end to end of the city there was one great fervor of giving, and though the Red Cross collectors occupied almost every corner, not a man or woman anywhere along all our hundreds of miles of thoroughfares.

From end to end of the city there was one great fervor of giving, and though the Red Cross collectors occupied almost every corner, not a man or woman anywhere along all our hundreds of miles of thoroughfares.

Truly, the common people showed that their love for America is a living spring, and to our history as "Liberty Week" were red white and blue and red Cross women, mothers and stands were everywhere. Men and women ventured into the streets to collect from the motors and rollers. There were Army street bands, brass bands and in the middle of the streets, into which everybody tossed bills and coins. Groups carried outspread flags for the same purpose, and many times these were so bluing with money that they were hard to carry.

People took off and auctioned watch chains, and many a man and woman took off his brass collar button and raised \$10. Everybody did stunts. Human flies from Coney Island to San Francisco climbed tall buildings. Artists painted pictures on the streets. Thousands of shops gave away goods and of their day's proceeds. And every little while the whistles or bells shook the air proclaiming another million won.

Every Chinese shop in New York gave 10 per cent of its gross day's proceeds. Many places oversubscribed their quotas the first day, and was done so swiftly that it was impossible to do which was first. Hawaii cabled Monday night of the oversubscription of its whole \$250,000 quota. Peabody, Mass.; Kossuth county, Iowa; Pontiac county, Okla.; Yolo county, Cal.—all oversubscribed the first day, practically simultaneously.

The United States Steel Corporation gave \$2,000,000 the first day. The first day also saw the largest individual subscription—\$1,000,000—by George F. Baker, the Big Steel man. The Morgan firm kicked through with \$500,000. The City Trust of Kansas City, Mo., whose whole quota was \$5,000, gave \$15,000 the first day. South and West Orange, N.J., with a whole quota of \$300,000, gave \$293,000 the first day.

On the second day Cleveland H. Dodge gave \$500,000. Payne Whitney, in memory of Oliver H. Payne, gave \$250,000. Oden Mills and A. Blair Thaw gave \$100,000 each.

The New York banks, up to Saturday night, subscribed \$1,585,000. There are long lists of individual subscriptions of from \$1,000 to \$5,000. A thousand dollars and more were paid by many for seats at various entertainments. Wool from sheep pastured on the White House lawn was auctioned at high prices throughout the country.

A Western patriot auctioned off his whiskers for a high price, and then had to buy them in to keep them. St. Paul, Spokane, Portland, Ore., Tacoma, Kansas City, Elizabeth, N.J., the Oranges, N.J., Waterbury, Hartford, and Bridgeport, Conn.—all have exceeded their quotas.

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LUTHERAN SERVICE FOR DEAD PRISONER

His Fellow Captives Have Charge of Funeral of Julius Kramer

His name was Julius Kramer, late private of the Fifth Company, 61st German Infantry. He was captured by the French some time ago, and was found to be in ill health at the time of his capture. He was removed to an American hospital near the French prison camp, and there carefully tended until, on May 22, he died.

There was no minister of his church, the German Evangelical Lutheran, within many miles of the hospital. Consequently, the American Protestant chaplain was assigned to take charge of the funeral services. He was about to make his arrangements in the usual way when a novel thought struck him.

Going among the prisoners at the camp from which Julius had been transferred, he found that one of them had a Bible printed in German. Taking that man and five others, he had them marched, under guard, to the hospital chapel.

There he turned the service over to them, and in a strange land, in the midst of his country's enemies, Julius Kramer's funeral rites were gone through by his own countrymen, in his own tongue—with the reading of the Scriptures, the prayers in German, and the singing of "Ein Fester Burg" and other old German hymns.

They carried the body of Julius Kramer, late private in the Kaiser's army, to his grave in an American ambulance, the same as is done for the American dead. His six comrades trudged along beside as a guard of honor, and acted as his pallbearers, lowering the coffin into the earth. At the graveside, with bowed heads, they recited the Lord's Prayer in their own language; then they faced about and, behind the ambulance, made their way to the hospital and then to the camp.

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Aquascutum Regd. TRENCH COAT

LINED DETACHABLE FLEECE, FUR OR LEATHER Guaranteed Absolutely Waterproof.

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

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

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

Constructed to hold all kit and to stand—HARD WEAR FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD. Complete with Straps, Name and Regiment printed on.

Received from B.E.F., France, 5/12/17. "I want a new 'Aquascutum' sleeping bag with kapok lining. I bought one in 1915, and brought it to France when I came originally in July 1918. It has been in continual use ever since and I have liked it immensely. It certainly justifies your claims of being water and bug proof."

Aquascutum Ltd. By Appointment to His Majesty the King. Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 Years. 100 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1

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BUREAUX et MAGASINS: 147-148 AVENUE MALAKOFF-PARIS

**COLORED TROOPS
ADOPT MASCOT;
TOTAL HITS 171**

Stevadores Hint at Belated
Payday, But Come
Back Strong

MORE ORDERS FROM FRONT

Machine Gunners Become Jealous
When They Read Touch-
ing Letters

SUPPLY TRAIN MEN ACTIVE

Two Girls and Boy "Full of Pep and
Jazz" Are Earnestly
Requested

Stevadore Regt., Camp No. 1.....	1
1st Platoon, Co. C. — M.G. Bn.....	1
Sgt. W. H. M., Jr. I.....	1
Co. B. — Supply Train.....	1
Y.M.C.A. Base Hosp. No. 8.....	1
Co. A. — Engrs., Ry.....	1
Co. D. — Engrs.....	1
Nurses of Base Hosp. No. 36.....	1
Hosp. B. Base Hosp. No. 36.....	1
Officers and Men, Base Hosp. No. 36	1
Co. I. — Stevadore Regt.....	1
Troop A. — U.S. Cavalry.....	1
Co. F. 2nd Bn. — Engrs. (Company)	1
Headquarters Co. — Supply Train.....	1
Company 5, M.R.S., No.....	1
Co. C. — Supply Train.....	1
1st Bn. — Engrs.....	1
Headquarters Co. — M.G. Bn.....	1
Capt. C. A. Coleman.....	1
Capt. F. Pleier.....	1
Previously adopted.....	119
Total.....	171

Eighteen more A. E. F. units and two individual soldiers—a captain and a sergeant—played philanthropists this week and became *parrains* of 22 French orphaned and homeless children, and the total number of child mascots adopted by American soldiers jumped to 171—just two months and two days after the announcement of the plan by THE STARS AND STRIPES.

One hundred and seventy-one children whose fathers, in the years before we came into the war, laid down their lives for the cause for which we now are fighting, or were permanently disabled, are assured of comfort and schooling for a year, and the letters of thanks which most of them have written to their new god-fathers eloquently express their gratitude.

To these boys and girls, particularly those made homeless by the Hun invasion, the 500 francs contributed by their *parrains* means the end of want and suffering, and their adoption by American soldiers is, at the same time, regarded by them as an honor and an inspiration. The American Red Cross committee in charge of the distribution of the money upon the children, most of whom are of school age, reports that the youngsters, after recovering from the almost overwhelming news that they actually have become wards of *les soldats Americains*, have invariably said they were "delighted payday."

Colored Troops in Line

The colored troops of the A.E.F. got into the list of god-fathers for the first time this week. They got in twice, in fact, two stevadore companies taking one each.

"The colored stevadores are desirous of doing their share toward the adoption of these orphans," one of the units wrote, "and if the editor will make us a visit, he will understand why we have not been heard from before."

Maybe it's another belated payday. Anyhow, the stevadores conclude, "Now that the work has been started, you will hear from us again."

The "club" of Company D, — Engineers, Ry., which heretofore has confined itself to devising novel ways of affording wartime entertainment for all concerned, held a meeting and declared an assessment of three francs apiece on the entire membership of the company for a war orphan.

They Want Letters, Too

Two machine gun companies whose stations are up where the Boche hunting is good made adoptions, and one of them, a headquarters company, said:

"This company is very anxious to adopt a French 'war baby' under your plan. The subject was brought up today, and before the meeting of the company had passed the pay table, the necessary fund was collected. All these letters printed from the little 'Marie Louise' and 'Germain' and 'Yvette' published in your paper of May 17 have made them jealous and they insist on having a mascot to write just such letters to them. The sooner your reply is tacked up on the bulletin board, the more satisfactory it will be."

"Most of the subscribers to this fund are wagoners making their nightly trip to the men in the front line trenches. You can imagine the intensity of such an existence, and this little affair is furnishing the first real diversion of the Boche season."

Engineers Come Again

The Engineers were in the foreground again this week with four adoptions, two by companies and two by individuals previously included four *parrains*. "We want the son of a *pauvre* killed in action," wrote one of the companies, "preferably with blue eyes and black hair. If they come with natural fighting inclinations, we would not be averse to that sort."

Company A. — Engineers, wrote:

"This company has been greatly interested in your campaign to provide for the wants of French war orphans, and encloses 500 francs for the care of an orphan boy. This money was raised over night by a bit of friendly rivalry between the platoons, it being necessary to state the object of the solicitation but once. We take great pleasure in doing this bit for the children of France and know that we will have equal pride in our boy."

Three companies from the same Supply Train each sent in for a mascot—two *petites mesdemoiselles* and a "boy, eight to 12, bright, intelligent, and full of pep and jazz, a typical son of La Belle France."

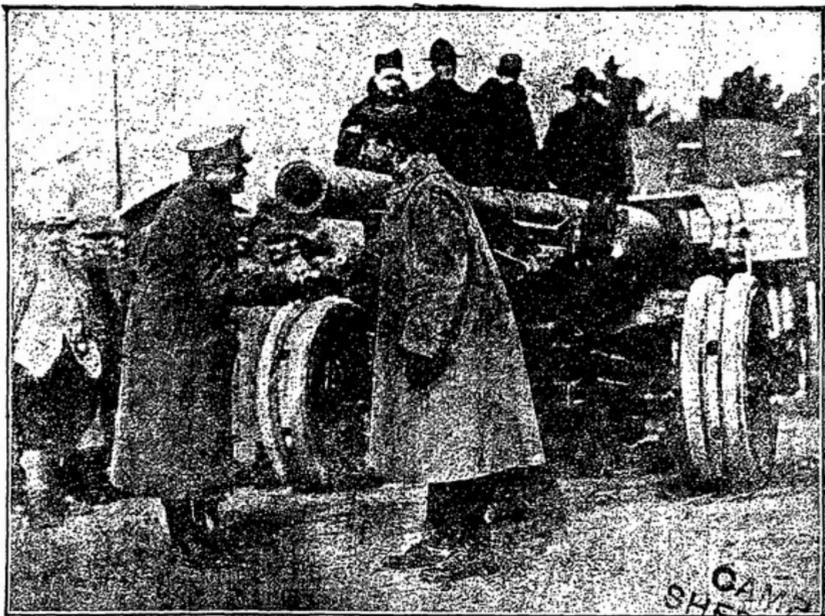
Sergeant W. H. M., Jr., became a god-father on his own account.

"I prefer a boy," he wrote, "an intelligent little fellow between six and nine whose father has fallen in battle and whose mother is unable to care for him."

Base Hospital No. 36 took three children, the nurses one, the officers and men one, and Hospital B the third.

Troop A, — U.S. Cavalry, asked for a girl of about five, thus gaining the distinction of being the first cavalry troop to make an adoption.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE GUNS



A French and an American artillery officer greeting each other in the presence of a friendly third party, who is holding her tongue—just at the moment.

**INSURANCE SAFE IF
HOLDER IS UNPAID**

Your War Risk Policy Can't
Lapse If Government
Owes You Money

NEW ALLOTMENT RULINGS

Amount Will Be Computed on
Lowest Rank Held by Man
Who Is Promoted

Important new rulings concerning War Risk insurance and allotments generally are announced by the War Risk Bureau in a circular of 38 pages which summarizes the general situation and explains every question that can arise in the mind of the soldier who is anxious to use his spare money to the best advantage—a protecting himself or caring for his family.

The holder of a War Risk policy is protected whether he draws his pay or not. The policy, in other words, is safe as long as the Government owes the man more in pay than he owes the Government in premiums. Thus, men who have not been paid for two or three months need have no fear that their policies may lapse through non-payment of the monthly premium. If, however, the holder pays his premium in cash and then fails to meet a payment, his policy will lapse after 31 days of grace.

If a policy holder is taken prisoner or reported missing, his insurance will continue just the same, providing he pays his premium by allotment. The Bureau is now considering a regulation to cover men made prisoner who pay their premiums in cash, and indications are that the policy will be against lapse in such cases.

If You're Promoted

If an enlisted man who is making an allotment to his family is promoted during any given month, his allotment for that month will be computed on the lowest rank he held during that month. Thus, if a private is made a first-class private on the 5th and a corporal on the 26th, he will allot only the amount which has been deducted in the past.

Previously, it would have been necessary, in the case mentioned above, to compute the allotment on a basis of four days as a private, 21 days as a first-class private, and five days as a corporal.

Another important ruling provides for the appointment of an allotment in case the allottee does not designate the person to whom his money is to go. In such cases the allotment shall be on the basis of two shares for a parent and one share for each brother, sister or grandchild.

The Bureau is now engaged in investigating applications for allowances to discover any that are fraudulent, and if any man feels that through some inadvertence an incorrect statement was made in his application, the matter can be corrected if he makes a statement to his organization commander.

One Thing at a Time

It is requested by the Bureau that any communication sent in reply to such letters only, so that if a man inquires about both allotments and insurance, it will be to his advantage to write two separate letters. He should also state

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 child may be either orphan, the children of French soldiers, or 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.

LAFOLLETTE MISQUOTED

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, May 30.—The LaFollette bearing in the United States Senate reached a startling point when the Associated Press, the biggest of the world's news-gathering associations, presented to the Senate an official confession of error in its report of the much discussed speech made by the Wisconsin Senator last May.

This confession establishes the fact that LaFollette said "We had grievances against Germany" instead of "We had no grievances against Germany," as he was quoted in the Associated Press version, which was spread broadcast throughout the country in thousands of newspapers.

**PLUMP LITTLE PIGS
PETS OF AVIATORS**

Mascots Now, But They'll
Swell Mess Funds
Later

"Pigs is pigs." Likewise, aviators is aviators. And aviators will have their little pastimes, war or no war.

Their latest little pastime—at least, at a certain camp—is the buying up and fattening of baby French pigs.

In their off hours, what time they are not swirling through the empyrean like the late Mr. Shelley's celebrated skylark, they drive through the quiet countryside looking for piglets. When they spot a likely one, they brace the owner, and then something like the following conversation ensues:

"*Je vous salue, Monsieur (or Madame), 100 francs pour ce cochon.*"

"*Mais non, mon Lieutenant; 125 francs.*"

"*100 francs.*"

"*125 francs.*"

"*Non.*"

"*Non.*"

"*100 francs, Monsieur (or Madame); c'est tout.*" The aviator makes out as if to go away. But Monsieur (or Madame) relents, and offers:

Up Goes Piggy

"*Eh bien, non, Lieutenant; 100 francs.*" And the pig, who has been a wide-eyed and wide-postilled observer of the transaction, is without further ado hustled into the aviator's car, curls his tail up in a major's lap (or in a captain's, if there isn't a major handy), and is driven off in state.

His Piggyish is quartered in his own kind's stockade, along with a number of other porcine purchases, and fed on the leavings of the aviator's mess—that is, on the fat of the land. He is given a bath. He is named. Already the cochon-compound includes such dignitaries as Willie, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and Tiritz, while a noisily grunting young sow has been christened Bertha. They all look their parts.

At the end of a year of nose-diving for truffles and doing the tail spin in an effort to bite their flanks, these flying-pigs, with all they have had to eat, promise to bring in a good round 500 francs apiece in open market. And then—and then—the aviators expect to have quite some surplus for their mess fund.

WILSON

8 RUE DUHOT
Telephone: Gutenberg 01-05.
The SMALLEST but SMARTEST
UMBRELLA SHOP in PARIS

ASK FOR THEM!

MANUAL FOR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE
by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCS)

MANUAL FOR "WAR-WOMEN" IN FRANCE
by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCS)

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L'EDITION FRANCAISE ILLUSTREE, 30, Rue de Provence, PARIS

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AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY
SERVING IN FRANCE

LONDON, 3 King William St., E. C.

**HOSPITAL PLAYERS
DELIGHT TOWNSFOLK**

Jazz and Low-Brow Vaudeville Introduced to
French Audience

The startled walls of an old, many-balconied municipal theater up in the Z. of A., where faded operas and relics of the French stage have been politely presented from time out of mind, are still echoing from the jazz violence and horse-play uproar of a low-brow American vaudeville bill, recently staged, to and for the great delight of the good people of the town.

Base Hospital 17 has been there these many months, and by way of expressing appreciation for the immediate and un-failing hospitality of their French neighbors, the enlisted men put on this show.

Scene After the War

The plot of the piece dealt with the effort of an American captain to give a good idea of America to a French lieutenant who visits him in his mansion on the Hudson after the war. He takes him to a cabaret show. This turn of the plot let in no end of soft-shoe dancing, buck-and-wing, walking-the-dog and other steps so near to the American foot. It let in lots of ragtime and many tables, whereat the cast sat sipping something poured from champagne bottles.

On the professional stage back home this would usually prove upon investigation to be cold tea, but here the authorities were suspicious and pounced on the props long enough to make sure that it was only lemonade. After the inspection was safely past, however, they do say somebody substituted something else. Certainly the performance became more and more peppy and a pleasant time was had by all.

Now Base Hospital 17 is planning a new and more elaborate production, with special scenery painted by a nearby camouflage company.

**LYONS
GRAND NOUVEL HOTEL**

11 Rue Crocé

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

**MAY YOU
KNOCK 'EM
INTO A
COCKED HAT**

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**Do You Know the Filene
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IN charge of two American women—not Americans who speak English in thin slices and can't remember whether Boston is the capital of Illinois or a district out West—but real honest-to-goodness American women who have made a trip to Boston and New York since the war was declared.

THEY represent in Paris the Filene Store of Boston. For some years they have bought Paris models and sent them over to America. Since America declared war they have also been giving their time to buying gifts for our soldiers in Paris.

THESE women are in Paris to help you. Just try once and see. No charge at all for this service, just actual cost of packing, postage, etc.

And when you are writing home, tell the folks back there when they are sending you gifts or money to send them through the Filene Paris Service leaving their orders in the nearest of the stores whose names are below. Instead of shipping the goods overseas, these stores write to Paris. That's sensible, isn't it? Saves the dangers and delays of shipping across the ocean. A letter gets over, while a package gets held up. The Filene service will be sure to get your address right if you keep it informed of changes. The folks back home are apt to get your package directed wrong and it winds up in a dead-letter office.

You can write to these women in charge of the Paris Service even if you have nothing to say. You can write and ask them questions. You can write them and get some comics like "Mutt and Jeff" from the American papers. But above all, you can write them to buy for you in Paris things you may not be able to get in your billets, jams, honey, chickens, candy, and anything else you think of and need. If it is obtainable in Paris they will send it to you, and be sure that though many prices are unavoidably high in France just now, you will get the lowest to be had.

So don't forget the address—Filene Paris Service, care of Miss Evans and Miss Chipperfield, 208 Rue de Rivoli, Paris—and write today.

WILLIAM FILENE'S SONS COMPANY
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THE ARMY'S POETS

PRAYERS

A Mother's Prayer

O God, look down upon my son, In distant France, now serving Thee...

A Soldier's Prayer

O God, protect my Mother dear, Who toils and suffers more than I...

LITTER SQUADS

They tell of the doughboys' wonderful work On the crooked firing line...

PLL SAY SO!

When you ride a thousand "kilos" on a French troop rail, And you tramp a hundred further through...

MITHER, MA DEEAR

Ah'm thinkin' the night o' yo, mither, ma deear, Ah'm thinkin' the night o' the glimmerin' tear...

THE COY AND PLAYFUL COOZIE

With a manner quite invidious, And an attitude insidious, He will plant himself upon a mortal's frame...

AN APOLOGY

Last night I had a funny dream— Dreams like this are few; I dreamed that Sherman came across These trenches to review...

SCHOOL BELLS RINGING FOR ARMY SPECIALISTS

Cook, Baker, Mess Sergeant, Clerk, All of 'Em and Lots More Are Going to Strap Up Their Books and Blanket Rolls

Are you a busy little specialist? That is, are you a mess sergeant, cook, baker, company clerk, regimental clerk...

The kind of school you've got to go to in this case is called a Base school, to distinguish it from other ordinary schools...

To begin at the beginning, let's take School A of the Base Training School—its officers are called plain base schools...

All right. What do we see? "Course for Mess Sergeants." I'll last a month. So will the course for bakers. The cooks, being more hardened citizens than either of the other two species...

Course in Field Ration The mess sergeants will be initiated into the mysteries of the field ration. They will be told what it is composed of, and pledged never to tell anybody who is not also initiated...

In addition, mess sergeants will be given lectures on the preparation of food; quite unnecessary, for a mess sergeant's sole function, outside of going to market and yanking the local tradespeople out of superfluous soups...

What Else They'll Learn But to get back to the school's catalogue, here are some more things for the mess sergeants to learn: "Field kitchens: Rolling and stationary. Construction, care and use. Preparation of food. They have never had an use for them before."

"Mess organization: Details of supervision and control." This includes keeping tabs on the K.P.s and seeing that they don't get away with too much sugar and Karo for the delectation of their particular billets.

"Interior economy." Ah, there's the rub! "Preparation of menus." More work for the company clerk. "Duties of cooks and kitchen police." The first duty of a cook is to feed the mess sergeant...

Cooks and Bakers Next The cooks are to get a similar course, only a longer one. They are to be given "practical instruction" in cooking field rations—probably with the aid of an iron smelter. They will be taught to calculate quantity, so as not to get all the pepper in the major's hash, for example...

Next: Bakers—this is what they get. "Nomenclature of equipment of field bakery. Construction of oven and shop." So far, so good. "Firing"—a function hitherto assumed by the mess sergeant and the unit commander. "Dough"—here's where the fun comes in: "Mixing, setting, tempering, punching, weighing, molding, proofing."

Mechanics will get theirs, too; construction of underground shelter, improvising tables, shelves, brass rails, hat-racks, bowing alleys for the trenches, repair of equipment, all of the other things that nobody else can do. There is one course in their outlined schedule, though, that should be a puzzle: "Simple repair of iron work in company; or lat-very." Why not add "simple repair of ivory work?" some of the irreverent will be inclined to ask.

Make 'Em Horse Doctors An attempt will be made to turn stable sergeants into real vets, for they have before them the pleasing prospect of "simple diseases, their causes, symptoms, preliminary treatment." Drivers will practice under the eyes of their instructors, and be taught the unorthodox mysteries of the science of propelling wheels without casing. In fact, they will be marked down one demerit a cuss.

Well, to make a long story acceptable to the ed, the chauffeurs will be instructed in their gentle art, with flimsy as pocket textbooks and trucks as reference works. They will have some much needed education in traffic regulations. And the wireless buzzers are going to have, among other things, a course in splicing; presumably with a chaplain as professor.

So there you are, M.M. les spécialistes de l'Armée Americaine! Your outfits won't miss you when you go away to school—oh, no!—and will forgive you if you come back unspliced and without a "g" accent. It'll all be good for you, and good for the service. And it will all be free!

NEVER CALL DOWN SOMEONE ELSE'S TOP Not Even If You're Picked for His Sergeant of the Guard

If you were posted for sergeant of the guard on the bulletin board of a company other than your own—posted not once, or twice, but three times—and if on each occasion you were just starting on a trip necessary in the military service, and further, if you had done absolutely nothing about it the last two times and absolutely nothing had happened—wouldn't it, as the comic sections used to inquire ages and ages ago, jar you?

That was just the way it affected Sergeant K. of the — Engineers. And the third time his name was posted he became the least bit peeved. So he went to the Top of the other company and addressed him as only one sergeant dare address the Top of another company.

"Say," said the Top, with not so much rancor in his voice as you might suppose, "say, don't you think we know what we're doing down here? Do you think you're the only Sergeant K. in this Army? After this you'd just better take things for granted and mind your own business."

Sergeant K. laughed, admitted he had spoken rather hastily, said he was sorry, and asked to have a look at his troublesome nameplate. He had begun to have a hunch who the other Sergeant K. might be.

The hunch was good. The other Sergeant K. was a cousin whom he had never seen. And the two Sergeants K. haven't yet got over laughing at the fact that they had to come to France to hold a family reunion.

A FINE RECORD How the war breaks up college teams is indicated by the big losses that Marquette University of Milwaukee has suffered. According to Coach Jack Ryan, he will have to build up an entirely new eleven next fall, as not a single man of the old bunch will be back. Out of the 14 regulars, 13 have joined the service, and the 14th, who was not eligible under the draft, will not return. This is a fine record for a college football team in these times of pressure, but there probably are many more coaches in the same boat.

AN APOLOGY Last night I had a funny dream— Dreams like this are few; I dreamed that Sherman came across These trenches to review. He seemed a bit excited. As through the trench he'd pass. And he almost threw a seven. When a private hollered "Gas!" The barbed wire seemed a mystery. As did the fire shell; The dugout seemed too much indeed. He apologized to Hell.

PT. RUSSELL, M. BROOKS, Trench Mortar Bty.

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities HEART-TO-HEART TALK No. 2.

Dear, loyal, trusting boys! I hope you don't mind my calling you "boys," because you are all "boys," you know, to me. How I wish I could "mother" you all; for, from the letters you write me, asking me to untangle the tangled skeins of your affections, you seem to me to be very fine "boys" indeed.

I am going to tell you something that perhaps only a few of you have been aware of. It is this: Your faithful sweethearts at home do not expect you to send them expensive souvenirs of love and regard in your wonderful, wonderful letters.

Send them letters, dear "boys"; lots and lots and lots of them. But do not spend recklessly all that money that you have left over after your allotments, and Liberty Bonds, and fines and cetera are paid for, on foolishly expensive gifts.

Do not buy any old French chateaux and arrange to have them transported, stone by stone, to "the States," as you so charmingly put it. Do not buy your girls any French farms, either outright or on the installment plan. Modern women, you know, simply loathe having to work on farms, and the charm and fascination of even a nice, ruined French farm would soon wear off.

Do not try to buy the Eiffel Tower for them; it is not for sale. And do not waste your money on expensive jewelry and oil paintings of yourself! A simple photograph, with a very simple background of your very simple face, will be all that the yearning heart on the other side of the water could possibly wish for dear "composite" dough-boy (isn't that a perfectly lovely word?).

Save your hard-earned money as best you can, and use it to buy a reliable real estate dealer in your home town, and get him to buy you a part interest in a little lot where you can build a little home of your own, for you and "The" girl. By the time the war is over you will have saved up enough to buy the very best corner lot in the place!

ONE EXPLANATION Private Binkum: Whadda they mean, not allowin' us to wear no more leather puts? Private Blankum: Why, didn't you read in the papers as how they were zoin' t' increase the number o' Marines? They're prob'ly tryin' to have leather fer their needs!

Should socks be worn inside the pants Or out? There seems some doubt, For though I find I wear mine in, I always wear them out.

LAUNDED AT LAST First ex-New York Guardsman: Say, I hear Bill got the D.S.C. Second ditto: Is that so? Gee, I'm glad t' hear it. He's been after that job ever since Murray Fetherstone was cinnish'ner!

C'EST LA GUERRE The illustrators in the United States of America seem to move much faster than the American military authorities in France. Recently they have taken to putting Sam Browne belts on all privates.

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

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

Perrier The Champagne of Table Waters. Delicious with lemon, sirups, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France.

DRINK IT TO-DAY PARIS, 36bis Boulevard Haussmann

FRENCH NEWSPAPER LIKES ORPHAN PLAN

"Idea Was Very American," Says Le Journal of Paris

The scheme which THE STARS AND STRIPES has launched for the adoption of French war orphans by the units of the American Army is a front-page feature in the French newspapers. Here are extracts from an article which appeared recently in Le Journal, of Paris: "The idea was launched less than a month ago, and briefly reported then, was very American. It was also very touching. The success has surpassed all hopes."

"When a ward is found, its photograph is sent to the parents. If the parents is an army unit, the little portrait passes from hand to hand and the soldiers study with delight the features of the baby who becomes from then on their mascot. It is fully understood that the American parents shall not interfere in any way in the education of their proteges. In exchange for their offering, they ask only one thing; to receive news of the child and to prove to it that they love France."

JUST OUT FRENCH GRAMMAR For Americans and English. By W. Thomson Price 1fr. 25 Albin MICHEL, Publisher, 22 Rue Huyghens, Paris

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A Trial Dispels Doubt



Sometimes it's hard to convince a man that there's a better way of doing something. The first typewriter didn't get a very warm reception. Rubber shoes were laughed to scorn when Goodyear introduced them. The man who invented the umbrella was considered a harmless lunatic—but people tried these things and they made good. Here's a better Shaving Cream that's different—and makes good. It beats old line shaving soaps—like the typewriter beats the pen. You'll get a better, easier, quicker shave—if you'll try

MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM

Soldiers' Letters

Everything gives way to a letter from a man who has been at the front. Take this suggestion from a house whose business is making letter-paper: Write often to the home folks and to your friends. They will prize your letters, it will do you good, and you are setting down a history of your life at the most important point in your career.

Eaton, Crane & Pike Company New York, Pittsfield, Mass., U.S.A.

A Golden Opportunity!

To secure the first 13 issues of the Official American E.F. Newspaper, "THE STARS AND STRIPES." In great demand by the folks back home, who will treasure and preserve them as a personal letter from their own part of the A.E.F. Libraries, historical associations and schools also want this collection. A limited number of complete files of the first 13 issues, wrapped in bundles ready for mailing, are now available. Send 5 francs (5-franc note or postal money order—\$1 from the U.S.A.) and the complete collection will be promptly mailed from this office to any address desired in the Allied World.

Address: "THE STARS AND STRIPES," 1 Rue des Italiens, PARIS. Do It Now!!

Pleasures of Old Home Days Recalled by Boys in Khaki

Thousands of the boys in Khaki were schooled in the helpful habit of using Ivory Soap during the days "back home."

They learned to depend wholly on Ivory in schools, colleges, athletic clubs, offices, homes or factories.

Now Ivory is serving them in the same useful way at the front in war times as it did in the years before the shadow of the Huns eclipsed the peace of the world.

Ivory Soap gives a refreshing, pleasant bath without smart or burn when the skin is chafed from sweat. Its mildness and purity are responsible for the place of preference Ivory holds as the soldier's favorite, both as toilet and laundry soap.

IVORY SOAP.... IT FLOATS....

99 44/100 % PURE

STAGE ALL SET TO CROWN THE CROWN PRINCE

Well, here is another today, So take all your cash from the bank. And place it on this famous play: "Tommy to Poitu to Yank!"

PRINCETON SWEEPS FIELD IN BIG MEET

Tigers Beat Yale and Harvard in First Triangular Games

BARRETT GETS TWO FIRSTS

Captures 220 and 440 Yard Dashes—Sweeney Shines in Pole Vault

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 30.—In the first triangular track meet held by the three universities, Princeton swept Yale and Harvard from the field, Princeton scoring 49 1/3 points to Yale's 41 2/3 and Harvard's 13. The meet was held at New Haven.

Captain J. H. Barrett of Princeton won the 440-yard dash in 1:50.45. C. C. Erdman, Princeton, captured the high hurdles in 1:55.55 and the low hurdles in 1:35.55. Barrett also won the 220 yard dash, his time being 22.25. S. A. Stewart, Princeton, took the 100 yard dash in 1:30.25, while B. M. Brock, Princeton, won the high jump with a leap of 5 feet 8 1/2 inches.

T. E. Sweeney, Yale, won the pole vault by clearing both vaults at 12 feet, Weber and Ford, Yale, being at 11 feet 6 inches. W. W. Ched, Yale, captured the half-mile run in 2:01.45; E. B. Fishie, Yale, was victor in the mile, his time being 4:35.35, while E. A. Cross, Yale, led in the two mile grind in 10:07.

A. Stevens, Harvard, won the hammer throw with a toss of 110 feet 11 inches. D. F. Ford, Yale, was first in the running broad jump, with 29 feet 10 inches to his credit. Richard Cleveland, Princeton, son of former President Cleveland, took the shot put with a heave of 39 feet 8 3/4 inches.

Prelim Regatta on Charles Yale and Harvard divided honors in the preliminary regatta on the Charles river. Harvard Freshmen led Yale all the way over the mile- and seven-eighths course, winning by a length and a half. The time was Harvard 10:07; Yale, 10:15. The second varsity eight had a grueling race, Yale winning by half a length, the time being Yale 10:02; Harvard, 10:01.

In rough water at Princeton, the Tiger varsity crew defeated Cornell in a hot race after being a full length behind at the mile mark. The Tigers fought their way to the front, winning in 9:51.

The Cornell freshmen turned the tables, however, winning over the Tiger oarsmen by four lengths in 10:07. At New Haven, the Yale baseball nine continues its unbroken series of wins, beating Pennsylvania 5 to 0.

Q. M. NINE COMES THROUGH IN ROMP

D.G.T. Team Beaten 18 to 6 After Gaining Four-Run Lead

In a game that opened the baseball season at H.Q. S.O.S. the O.C.Q.M. team defeated the D.G.T. team, 18 to 6, overcoming a four run lead, held by the losers until the fifth inning, and then coming through strong. Garfield got two baggers and a single in four times up. White pitched steadily ball for the winners, being credited with 12 strikeouts. H. Green of the losers, playing first base, fielded timely and secured three hits in four times up. The D.G.T. used four pitchers. The score:

D.G.T. 4 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 R H E O.C.Q.M. 2 0 0 0 4 3 0 0 18 12 2

Base Section League Prelim

The Reception Park team and the Motor Group met in an exhibition game that was a preliminary to the opening of Base Section 1 league and the former won, 21 to 1. The winners hit safely 16 times to their opponents' one. Errors in the Motor Group ranks also added materially in the heavy scoring.

Amputation Train Wins

Company D, Am. Tr., defeated Battery B, E. A. in a well-played game. The winners are out with a challenge to any strong team in or out of their division, and announce their willingness to put up team-up frames to make the match interesting.

Pill Rollers Come Through

The baseball league opening at A.P.O. 717 was featured by a great game between teams representing the M.D. and the Hq. Bn., the former winning 1 to 0. The M.D. men's star pitcher struck out 14 members of the opposition and held them to four hits.

Border Rivals Clash Again

Old rivals on the border last year have renewed hostilities in France. After winning a game each, the Supply Train and Machine Gun Co. met in a rubber game, the Supply Train winning, after the score had been tied, by 12 to 5.

Victory for Artillerymen

In a snappy game Battery A, Field Artillery, defeated the Telephone Battalion, 7 to 2. The signal team made 2 runs in the first inning, but after that Bishop had them at his mercy. Outside of the latter's pitching the batting of Blued, Pitts and Harpole were the features.

SERGEANT OUMET DEFEATED

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 30.—At the Garden City Golf Club, Jerome Travers and Oswald Kirby defeated Sergeant Francis Oumet and John Anderson by four up and three to play in an 18 hole match.

VETERAN CYCLIST BEATEN

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 30.—Arthur Spencer, national bicycle champion, defeated Frank Kramer, the veteran rider, in two straight heats at Newark.

Joe Wood, whose pitching days are about over, is playing the game in the outfield for Cleveland. In a recent game he got three hits and scored the winning run. He also caught three flies and threw a man out at second. In another game he got three hits in four times up.

MORE BIG LEAGUE CHANGES

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 30.—The Cleveland club has made several changes during the past week. Pitcher Wilkinson has been sold to Salt Lake City and Catcher Tom Thomas has been purchased from Connie Mack's Athletics.

The Yankees have lost Pitcher McGraw through the draft, and Twirler Hugh Bedient has been purchased from Toledo to fill the gap.

The New York Giants have lost Jess Barnes through the draft, and this makes a big hole in McGraw's crew. Barnes pitched in 50 games last season.

The Post Slooem nine won over Fordham 1 to 0 in a great struggle.

GAS MASK GAME GOOD AS FARCE

So Equipment Is Abandoned After One Interesting Inning

UMP BADLY HANDICAPPED

Contest Continues With No One's Face Covered Except Catcher's

"Ah-ha-way!"

That's how the classic slogan of the skinned diamond sounds when you shout it through a gas mask. That's how it sounded for one whole inning, all last Saturday afternoon, up at the Army Corps school. For the gay college boys of that venerable institution (it was founded last fall), determined to have their little lark, war or no war, staged a real ball game and purposed to play it all with gas masks on.

They started in with good intentions, did the opposing teams of the school-boys from the A.E.F. divisions—the Blanks and the Blighters, as they so slungily call themselves. The Blanks' pitcher, whose name is Hank and who was once as brave as he now is brave, struck out the first three Blighters who faced him—all with his gas mask on. He couldn't spit on the ball; he just took it out in going up his respirator.

But even with that handicap, he did all right, because with his blinders on, he couldn't see anything but the plate. He was utterly oblivious to the coaches, who were industriously thumbing their breathing tubes at him.

Poor 'Imp Couldn't See

Those three strikeouts got on the nerves of the Blighters. In plain and fancy language, they told the ump that, even if he was a 'Imp, he couldn't see for a darn. "I know I can't," he replied, between removals of his mouth-piece, "Whonell can with these cussed things on?" Which left the Blighters' sluggers without a comeback.

They took the field. One of the Blanks actually connected with a ball (no, the ball didn't have a mask on, neither did the bat) and knocked it outward in the general direction of Germany. Far out in the field, a Bliighter pastured lifted up his paws as if signalling "Assemble center, double time!"

But the ball didn't assemble. It just scattered and retreated. And the Blanks had a run.

Then they got done, though, the Blighters claim that one of their men, even though smothered in the chlorine-fog, actually caught a fly. The Blanks hotly deny it. But as everybody on the field—even in the bleachers—had masks on, there are no reliable witnesses. Nobody happened to have wiped his eyes in time to see that miraculous catch.

Council of War Held

At the conclusion of the first round the managers and captains held a council of war. They had intended to play the whole game out with the facial smotherers over their contestants' map. The strain, though, was getting something fierce.

"Aw, hell," elegantly began the Blanks' manager, "let's leave 'em dam things off and play a real ball game."

"Damhoopin'!" agreed the no less credit Bliighters' propeller. "One inning of that smother-on baseball 'nough for our side."

So they went at it, masks off and the sky the limit. While that state of affairs might imaginably have favored the Bliighters, they went at the sky the wrong way. But they didn't go there till the tenth inning when, with Hank removed to his old place behind the plate and with a real barbed wire mask instead of a leather-rubber-charcoal-canvass affair over his plain-but-nearly, the Blanks came through with the bingle that gave them the game, 5 to 4.

DIAMOND FLASHES

Slim Love is certainly a different twirler this year. He is the Yank's mainstay. Recently, he held the Athletics to three runs, being named after the fact that men were out in the seventh. Pine India made two safe drives in four times up in this game.

George Mordridge of the Yanks did not wait until drafted. He has joined the Navy. The Yanks' Miller Huggins only six pitchers. Love, Russell and Caldwell are regulars, and Redent, Monroe and Thorndike are new comers.

Ray Chapman, although low down in the draft call, has left the Cleveland club and is now in the Naval Reserves.

George Sizer got four hits and walked once in five trips to the plate in a recent game and, in addition, drove in the winners. Sam Viek of the Yanks is among the latest players to be called to the service.

Al Monaux has quit the Brooklyn Dodgers and is working in a munition plant. Ethelie has filed a complaint against him.

Catcher Nimmanker of the St. Louis Browns has enlisted in the Army.

Outfielder Schweitzer, with Rochester last year, has been bought by Toledo.

There was a mistake about Joe Jackson's call to the Army. It appears that there are six Joe Jacksons in his home town and he was not the one called.

Following were the leading sluggers in the big leagues after three weeks of play: National—McCarthy, Giants, 43; Doyle, Giants, 41; Smith, Brooklyn, 41; Blyler, Cardinals, 38; Paulette, Cards, 37; American—Speaker, 51; Jackson, 45; Gandil, White Sox, 42; Wambly, Cleveland, 41; and Baker, Yanks, 40.

Harold Carlson of the Pirates has been called in the Army draft.

NOTED SCRAPPERS

BOX FOR CHARITY

Many Well Known Mitt Welders Appear at Red Cross Benefit

BIG CROWD WATCHES GOES

Levinsky Victory Over Jim Coffey Madison Square Garden Feature

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 30.—Some real battles were staged in the big boxing show for the benefit of the Red Cross held at Madison Square Garden last Saturday night. In the main event, Battling Levinsky defeated Jim Coffey on points.

Levinsky started the great charitable bout by landing a left on Coffey's nose and a right down into the middle section of his anatomy. He also landed rights and lefts on Coffey's dentistry.

In the third round Coffey ripped in for keeps, and in this session, and also in the fourth, there was some delightful mixing by both parties.

A left to the body and a right to the jaw almost downed Levinsky in the fifth, but he evened up the round by landing two mighty lefts and rights to the body. The sixth round was a sizzling session, both men fighting like bulls.

Harry Greb and Gunboat Smith fought six slashing rounds, with Greb earning the verdict.

Low Tender Gets Decision

Low Tender, the Philadelphia lightweight, got the decision over Barney Adair in six hot rounds of milling.

Welterweight Champion Ted Lewis and Jack Britton met for the sixteenth time and tried patriotically to kill each other, but it was an even thing at the end of six rounds.

Frankie Callahan got the decision over Young Doyle, Richie Ryan and Eddie Grover, both members of the 326th Motor Truck Company of Camp Upton, fought so enthusiastically that the referee was forced to pry them apart continually. It was a draw.

Benny Valgar, former amateur champion of France, drew with Battling Reddy in six rounds.

A monster crowd turned out to watch the contests.

STAR SHELLS

VIVACIOUS VERSES No. 1.

Dear Madge: While at home was no zest in my heart for the dainty call of spinach.

But now I have learned to digest it innich by innich by innich!

'Twas only a twelve-month ago That I took the old cook out lynch fier. Never again shall she show Us nothing for supper but spinach.

But since I have eaten in France— One must eat, you know, in a pinch— I find there's a touch of romance As well as of garlic in spinach.

And, Oh, they are on to their biz. And that, little girl, is a pinch— Though I don't know just what it is That they do to a fistful of spinach.

So, dear, while I'm wintering here And you're playing tennis in Greenwich, I'll try, when it's over, to steer You a cook who can Frenchify spinach.

If I cannot find one, I fear That never again may we clinch, Because, though I'll do without beer, I can't live a week without spinach!

OFFICE KOMMUNIKES

(By Keweenaw) The Editorial department has left. The Circulation department has arrived. (Later) The Circulation department has left.

Two w.k. Ord. Dept. representatives on this home's sheet made a delayed trip to Paris from Hq. A.S., S.O.S. Seems that the S.O.S. was repeated several times along the road.

Pvt. Horn of the Circulation Sector, being introduced to a Boulevard Blossom, remarks, "I'm born," upon which mademoiselle repondit: "Of course, you're born." Then camarade Hall chimes in with "Ah, oui, some people are born only once, but he's born four times."

The big guns of the Business Sector were silent Sat. and Sun. A bombing party from the front office did considerable damage in the rear of the house last week.

Christmas boxes are still arriving. (Note to Mr. Rosecoria: Keep this standing.)

SPORTING COMMENT

Two fighters back home are making quite a splash at present. One is the heavyweight, Jack Dempsey; the other is Low Tender, the Philadelphia lightweight. According to reliable dope from the States, this Dempsey person is a real scrapper, and now that the Willard-Fulton bout has been canceled there is a possibility of Dempsey being matched with Fulton for the same date. In his bout with Billy Miske at St. Paul, it is said that he permitted Miske to stick the ten rounds and a rematch is now being groomed. Our informant says that Dempsey could have whipped Miske decisively in that bout. He is not a big fellow, but swifly fast and can hit like a mule's kick. He is said to be a natural fighter. They say he is Irish and that his right name is Dempsey, and he is said to possess that his real name is Shinsky. He stands about six feet, and weighs about 150 pounds when in trim.

The next best bet is Low Tender, of Philadelphia. He is of the K. O. Brown type, also is a hard fighter, and has no trouble in making the lightweight limit. Benny Leonard is reported to be no longer a lightweight, tipping the scales at about 145 pounds when in fighting shape. It is said that he will never be able to come down to anywhere near the limit from now on. Tender is a left-handed fighter and stands with his right foot forward. These right-foot forward fighters usually are merely flashes in the pan, but one of them may come through, and Tender may be the one to do it.

Mike O'Dowd, claimant to the middle-weight title, has been lost in the shuffle. He joined the Army some months back and has not been heard from lately. Probably he is on his way over here.

FROM the din of war to the art of peace is not a far cry these days, and no better illustration of the change you will see when on train in London will be to visit the Academy.

The picture are well worth an hour or two, even if you do not see the Academy. Five minutes from Burlington Home is the 1500-seat Grand Theatre, with its fine orchestra, and in every sense the most famous restaurant in the West End.

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ELYSEE RESTAURANT Coventry Street, LONDON

NAVY CHAMP WANTS BOUTS

The Navy men at a certain base port held a combination athletic and musical show which was featured by a bout between Seifert and Hopson. Seifert winning on points. Seifert is now out with a challenge to meet all comers as the champion 125 pounder among the men of the United States naval forces operating in European waters continuously.

GLASSY SPRINTING IN BATTALION MEET

Star Dash Athlete Is Hard Pressed in Both Short Distances

Any American, dropped by chance in a certain little French village on a recent beautiful afternoon, could not have told from the surroundings, the appearance of the men collected together, or from the sport they were indulging in that he was not in the dear old U.S.A.

The men assembled were the sturdy soldiers of the — M.G. Bn., and they had laid out, in a very short time, a fine athletic track. Here the various companies of the battalion carried on their field and track events with all the zeal and keen competition that one might expect to find at an inter-collegiate meet at Franklin Field.

The meet was under the direct charge of the battalion athletic officer—a certain lieutenant who has held the baton and featherweight championship of the Army for four years, and during that time met the best men of his weight outside as well as in the Army.

Some of the athletes who took part in the events have a wide reputation. One of these was First Sergeant Charlie J. Rice, the old University of Maine flyer, who won the 100 and 200 yard dashes. Rice is the runner who was selected to represent the United States at the Olympic games at Stockholm, Sweden. He was pushed to the limit to win both events.

Company C won the meet with 31 points, Company D was second with 15, and Companies A and B were tied for third place, with seven points each.

TRENCH PAPERS

WANTED—Trench papers in English actually published in or near the trenches. Will pay for all copies. Write to E. J. MANN, Y.M.C.A., 12 Rue d'Aguesseau, Paris.

MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

Plans, Guides, Aeronautic Maps for American Officers and Soldiers. CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE (Librairie des Cartes Campbell) 7, Rue Saint-Lazare, Paris (opposite the Gare d'Orléans).

Télép. Louvre 12-20 Longines Watches 11, Bd. des Italiens Repairs

BIG LONDON DAY FOR A.E.F. TEAMS

Base Section Nine Defeats Epsom Canadians 5 to 4

(By GEORGE T. BYE, London Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES)

LONDON, May 30.—The London A.E.F. base section beat the Epsom Canadian 5 to 4. The Hounslow A.E.F. Air Service walloped the United States Navy 9 to 0. The Northolt A.E.F. Air Service licked the Canadian Pay Office 8 to 7. Read and jiggle with joy.

Saturday was a large, ripe day for the A.E.F. teams in the Anglo-American League as the above figures advertise. The base section and the Northolt birdmen now lead the league with two victories and no defeats to date. The league standings follow:

Table with columns: A.E.F. Base Sec., Northolt A.E.F. Air Service, Sunningdale Canadians, Hounslow A.E.F. Air Service, Epsom Canadians, U.S. Navy, Canadian Pay Office, Canadian Records. Includes Won, Lost, and Pct. columns.

Richie Mitchell, the Milwaukee lightweight, who did not do much for a year after Benny Leonard stopped him, is again showing his oldtime form, as his decisive win over Cloney Tait proves.

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ELYSEE RESTAURANT Coventry Street, LONDON

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Wrigley's The use of WRIGLEY'S by the fighting men has created much comment in war correspondence. Even before American soldiers and sailors landed, the British, Canadian and French forces had adopted WRIGLEY'S as their wartime sweetmeat. And now that Uncle Sam's stalwart boys are hitting the line, WRIGLEY'S is a very noticeable ally of the Allies.

DERBY WINNER LOSES AT BELMONT TRACK

Exterminator Is Beaten by Kilts Two, Widener's Horse

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, May 30.—Exterminator, the Kentucky Derby winner and contender for the three year old crown, ran second to Joe Widener's imported Kilts Two and barely saved the place from Mrs. Payne Whitney's Square Dealer in the mile feature race at Belmont track.

Campfire, Richard T. Wilson's famous three year old has bowed a tendon in a trial for the Metropolitan Handicap, and probably will never be raced again.

In the Long Beach Handicap at Jamaica track, Spur led Cudgel home, winning the \$5,000 purse like a champion, covering the mile and a furlong in 1:52.35, only three-fifths of a second behind the record. Cudgel gave Spur 14 pounds, but Spur won by three-quarters of a length only. Cudgel had previously taken Omar Khayyam's measure at Pimlico.

At the Jamaica track, C. W. Starr's imported two year old gelding, War Zone, won the Suffolk Selling Stakes at five furlongs over H. P. Whitney's Purling.

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The AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY through its correspondents provides a BANKING OFFICE in practically EVERY TOWN IN FRANCE from which money can be sent home by MAIL or CABLE under AMERICAN EXPRESS CO'S SAFE AND QUICK METHOD

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

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

Wrigley's Doublemint Wrigley's Spearmint Wrigley's Peppermint

HOW TO RELIEVE TRENCH TEDIUM

-By WALLGREN



STILL MORE SECRETS FROM MR. BASE CENSOR

Read These Horrible Examples and Be Wise—And Give Him Credit for Knowing the Tricks of His Trade

Somebody has said that the base postal censor is like a fat man, in that nobody loves him. We never did believe you. Now we couldn't believe it if we wanted to, for we have just opened a letter beginning:

"Dearest Dimples and Mr. Conser": Naturally, anything in German makes a censor suspicious at once. But it is especially those endless German addresses that make us nervous, for we have to be always on the alert for codes and Hun tricks. Thus a letter addressed to "Mlle. S.—, Gercehligkeitstrasse, Switzerland," gave us a start the other day. Still we were glad to know that there is a "Street of Righteousness" so near the land of the Boche as that.

By this time everyone in the A.E.F. has heard of the black son of Alabama who discovered in a French African soldier "de first nigger dat can't speak his own language." But we still get bits of worth-while stuff from our stevedore regiments. Here's some lines from recent letters (you may have heard them before):

"George, I'm sure you take out dat whole \$10,000 insurance. Why, George, de government ain't gone send no ten thousand dollar niggers to de trenches so long as dey is any of de cheap \$5,000 one left."

"A couple of months back," writes an old-timer in one of the doughboy outfits, "I wrote sister Gertrude that I had made permanent K.P. Now she writes back, 'Well, Henry, congratulations, but don't get all swelled up over your K.P. Remember you're still once an enlisted man yourself and treat the boys white.'"

An Old Joke Revived

Then here is a foul tip on one of our oldest and most respected American institutions in Paris—and incidentally a resurrection of one of the oldest jokes in captivity:

"Dearest: I am sending you a French peacock as a souvenir from France. But the American Express Company is charging so much for packages these war days that I cut the buttons off to save weight. (You will find them in the inside pocket.)"

If you've read George Pattullo's base censoring yarn in the *Saturday Evening Post*, you have already heard of the flagrant violation of the censorship rule forbidding mention of the "effects of hostile fire" which one of our eagle-eyed readers found. It was in a letter by a truck driver and ran:

"Yesterday I passed through —, almost all the houses of which are in ruins, because the Germans shelled it for a week in 1915."

Or this "mention of casualties," also sternly forbidden by G.O. 13:

"While driving along the road to — I passed a cemetery where more than 1,000 people were buried."

Glad He Caught This One

The rules about other forbidden things seem to be getting on the nerves of the company as well as the Base Censor. The other day we had a letter turned back by a platoon commander because it constituted a violation of the rule that members of the A.E.F. shall not write for newspapers. It was a subscription to *THE STARS AND STRIPES*. Another got the gate because it was correspondence with strangers. It was a request to an insurance company in the States to cancel the writer's policy! Still another went into the "correspondence with strangers" basket because it began:

"Dear Mlle.: Of course you will be surprised to hear from me, as you do not know me. I stole your address out of Jim —'s pocket."

The following, in a recent letter, we refuse to take as a personal insult and are putting it down to pure ignorance:

"Though you are Spanish and so am I, I am writing you in French because French and English are the only languages the American censor can read."

No, He Isn't Wise

Some writers persist in thinking we are, spring green, or extremely young, or that we work only with our feet, or something. "I can't tell you, the name of the town we are in, Dan," writes one foxy bird, "because of the censor. But you remember grandma's first name? I always said that it would be prettier spelled with a 'd' instead of an 'a' and an 'e' in place of the 'i.' Are you wise, Dad? If not, show this to mother and she will put you wise."

Alas, Dad isn't wise yet; nor is mother. But the foxy letter writer is far wiser than he was the day he wrote that letter—and a lot more expert as a K. P.

Even our generally well-behaved Italian boys try to pull that sort of raw stuff now and then. Here and there they drop in a line such as:

"Non vosso"—or, to put it in English,—"I can't tell you where we are, but you remember father's saint day."

It never occurs to them that our Italian expert knows those old Italian customs of each man having his own patron saint just as well as they do.

If the Kaiser Got This!

But apparently you can tell the old folks back in Italy a lot of bunk and still get away with it. Here's what one romanticist in a M.G.I.M. writes his father in Rome—after casually telling him for the first time that he has left America and come over to Europe with the American Army:

"We just went over the top in a fine attack. Took 300 prisoners and 3 battalions. Took 17 myself. Pres. Wilson's son and the son of the King of Italy are now in our company; and they were among the first in the attack. The war will be over in a few weeks, for the Germans are out of ammunition. Then I'll run down and see you for a few days before going back to America."

If you are tired of writing to the "only girl" over in the States, because something that parler francais looks better to you over here, try this one:

"Just here a bullet came along and finished my ink bottle and the Top won't lend me this pencil for more than a minute."

The Long, Long String

Some people claim that only a Frenchman, or an Italian, knows how to make love. But we always knew the American soldier would prove the most versatile in the world. The "Blue Envelope" is a big advantage to us in this line, too. It keeps each fellow's love affairs corralled, in the same pasture, so to speak.

Here's one with eight enclosures, from an expert who seems to need only a half hour in any town to make a hit there. At least he has a perfect string of "Dearest Darlings" all the way from the Pacific coast, right through the U.S., England, and across France clear up to the front line. The only reason he hasn't any in Africa is because the captain refused to stop the ship there.

Worse of all, he can write in French—or thinks he can, like many another member of the A.E.F. who ought to know better—and that is just as hard on the Base Censor as if he really could. But let's be fair. Perhaps he means all he says in all the letters. He may be planning to live in Salt Lake City after the war—or in Turkey.

After passing those eight, we can't help feeling sorry for this other poor fellow, who has only one best girl back there in the States, and who writes her 15 pages and then is so excited—or was it the top sergeant's bellow?—that he forgot to put on her address; or even his own so we could send it back to him. Or maybe he really was writing to the Base Censor.

The General Staff has no more brain-wearing problems a day than we have. Here, for instance, is a delicate little question in ethics. When a reader runs across a very ardent letter written by a Pvt. Someone he never heard of, and addresses the fair lady in the States, should he or should he not treat as "forbidden information" all the words beginning in D?

To the Same Girl

Or how about the private and his own colonel who both write eight-page letters three times a week to the same girl? You see our responsibilities—and also the necessity for "Blue Envelopes" to avoid company censorship. The bet is about evenly divided between the colonel's coin and cutes and the private's youth and good looks—though we'll have to admit that we have seen some colonels these days who still have the good looks and a lot of youth.

Or, to come back to the responsibility stuff, suppose we get the letters in the wrong envelopes? Don't worry. Rule number one with us is, never have two letters out of their envelopes at the same time.

And last, will you paste the following in your censorship orders, or in your overseas cap:

Cut Out This List

1. The copies of *THE STARS AND STRIPES* which you mail home are not private and personal and family matters, and they must be censor stamped in your company and not sent in "Blue Envelopes" to the Base Censor.
2. If you will reread the orders on censorship, you will find that photographs can not be sent to any countries except the United States and Canada.
3. Officers are requested not to guess too unsuccessfully as to the language in which letters are written. When a letter written in Greek comes into us with the word "Chinese" written across the lower left-hand corner of the envelope, we recognize the good intentions of the

RAT SEEMS DOOMED ALONG WITH COOTIE

Prairie Dog Exterminator Gets a Chance at Trench Pet

As you may have heard five or 11 times already, this is a scientific war. Whenever an annoyance or an actual menace to the Army is discovered, scientific steps are taken to annihilate the pest.

Even the cootie is doomed. It is said that the research work is in charge of an officer to be designated as a Cootenant. But this story is about rats.

The rat, figuratively, is about to be trapped. A year or so ago there was a man—a member of the Biological Survey—who had great success in exterminating the prairie dogs out in Kansas and Colorado. When America came into the war, somebody in the War Department suggested that maybe this scientific exterminator of prairie dogs was so good at that job he might be able to solve the rat problem in the trenches. So they ordered him over here to give the rats a critical and microscopic look. He came over and went up front and studied the rodent. He studied it by and large, hither and yon, here and there and through and through. He found out what it liked for supper, and its favorite flower and how it cared for its young. And he doped out a way to les-

"AGONY WARTETTE" MAKES SWEET MOAN

Song for Anything That Comes Along in Their Repertoire

There were four of them—all of the Jawbone Squad, or the "Agony Wartette," as they styled themselves—producing sweet moan in a little hut just behind the lines.

Down swooped an aeroplane—a friendly one. As they heard the hum of the motor the four broke into:

Swing lo—ow, sweet ch—re—o—hut!
Comin' fo' carry me ho—me—hut!
Sw—ing lo—ow, sweet ch—re—o—hut!
Comin' fo' carry me ho—me—ome!

Bango! went a shell not so very far away. Straight off the quartette just busted into:

Dar'll be razors a-flyin' through the air!
Oif, Mah, YES!
Get away from dat window,
Mah love an' mah dove,
Get away from dat window, now Ah say!
Oh, come some older night, fo' dey's gwine to be a fight.

Dar'll be razors a-flyin' through the air!
All was still again. The quartette paused to smoke up a bit. Far off, on a slope down below, a solitary bugler (regardless of orders) was whining out the first sad notes of Tattoo.

That was too much for the frolicsome four. Letting their cigarettes go out as they got into it, they let ding with:

Gab'iel, Gab'iel, Gab'iel, Gab'iel,
Gab'iel, blow you' trump—trump—trump!

A nearby machine gun platoon decided that its pieces had been still long enough, and rattled off several clifflaps. Mockingly, gleefully, the quartette sang, in mincing kindergartenese:

Patter, patter, patter, patter,
Hear the little drops of rain!

Bango! Another shell. But the gang was tired of being appropriate. They went right on, in defiance of Kultur and the Good Old German God:

De ol' thine re—ligion, de ol' fashion' re—ligion,
De good ol' time re—ligion, it's good enough fo' me!

ONE WAY TO GET IT

"How did you get up on your French so well?"

"C'min' over on the boat. Worked like the devil; five hours a day. Just picked out a small vocabulary, only the stuff I'd really need. And then, when I c'mover here—why, the French just naturally rolled out of my face!"

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HEART SPEAKS OUT IN MOTHER'S LETTER

Censor Not Daunted by Suitcase Full of Mail After Hours

WHAT TEXAS NEGROES FELT

"I Want People to See Your Raising in Me," One Boy Writes Home

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The worthy activity manifested by "Our Paper" that led to the sending of a shipload of Mothers' Letters across the sea to the ones waiting back here...

In my capacity as commander of a company of 250 men, of whom 27 are white non-commissioned officers and 223 are drafted Texas negroes...

The results overwhelmed us. They all did it. Saturday night and Sunday morning everybody was doing it. And Sunday we all worked. That night my mail orderly took a suitcase full of letters...

All Breathe Same Spirit

But this is the thing that will interest: Did you ever censor a letter from a Texas cotton-patch dandy to his mother? I was irresistibly moved to make pencil extracts from three, anonymously, of course. They weren't ALL like these...

"Mother, when I stop to think what I am here for, and of the thousands that are here with me fighting for the same Cause, it makes me feel big and proud to know that the good Lord has given me health and strength to be one of the number...

That extract is verbatim—not edited in the least by myself. Its writer never had a college education. Had he been just ten weeks after the draft would not have called him. He is married, and, as the allotment records show, a



EVERYONE WRITE—G.H.Q. ASKS YOU TO

One Way to Help Win War Is Keeping in Touch With Family

To write home frequently and regularly—that is one of the soldier's most important duties. In the present G.H.Q. has just put forward in a general order. G.H.Q. goes into the subject thoroughly and explicitly, having this to say:

"Duty to one's country does not end on the parade ground, nor even on the battle field, but consists in doing everything in one's power to help win the war. To write home frequently and regularly, to keep in constant touch with family and friends, is one of the soldier's most important duties."

"Mothers and fathers will suffer if they do not hear often from sons fighting in France. In the present large companies, it is not possible for officers to write letters for their men. Every man must do it for himself."

"When no letters are received from overseas, the greatest distress is caused to those at home. They either feel that letters have been written but lost en route, or else they imagine all sorts of evils, such as sickness, wounds, even death. Both are bad for the active militant spirit which every true American must possess if our Army is to obtain the real victory that all so earnestly desire."

Everyone in the United States who has a son or brother in the American

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Questions Answered By BRAN MASH

X.—If the Major greets your punctilious salute with a slap on the back and a jab in the ribs and a playful kick in the anatomy and a line like, "Well, you sentry-dogging, late-for-reveille, good-for-nothing old skeezer, what'll can I get you out of now?" the only thing you can do is to humor him and pretend you like it. Once in a while a Major with exactly those foibles will crop up even in the best-regulated Army. When he does, he means awfully well, and should be treated, not snubbed. Give him a good comeback.

R.—No, it is not good form to flash the wedding announcement of your bunkie's ex-best girl on him just as he is going up into the line. He might get awfully peeved and actually go out and kill a German, just to work off his spite. And that, you know, would never do.

Y.—If your lieutenant-platoon-commander passes out real cigarettes because he's just got a cable saying he is the father of twins, take the cigarettes and then add some tactful remark such as "What was they, Loot? Boys or girls or mixed doubles? Or ain't the missus been specific and don't you know?" That will put you in right to a fareyou-well, and is good for a first-class-privacy recommendation any day in the year.

L.—If you are invited to take part in a raid, accept at once. Raids are often as interesting as surprise parties used to be back in the States—with the exception that they play kissing games afterward when they hand out the Croix de Guerre.

V.—No, it is rather better taste not to roll the bones when the Captain is making his inspection tour. The Captain would like to roll 'em, too, and try to catch up for that pay check and travel commutation that's due him—but he darsen't. Don't tempt the good man.

ALL NIGHT DETAIL HAS EXTRA BIG JOB

Sergeant in Charge of Burial Party Is Still Pretty Sore

He was ordered to take five men and go out into No Man's Land and bury a dead German. He picked his quintet for that pleasing bit of policing, and went out, expecting to be back in about half an hour.

The night wore on into morning, and the sergeant and his gang didn't come back. Their captain began to feel a bit uneasy. They might have been sniped off or something, and the captain didn't like the idea.

About dawn the sentry at the sally-port in the wire heard an "It's me—burial party returning," received the necessary password, and let them through, dirty and sore.

"Say, sir," the sergeant said in an aggrieved tone when, a little later, he confronted his captain, "you told me there was only one Hun out there. There was six—a whole squad of 'em! We've been working all night to get 'em underground."

MOTOR MINSTRELS PLAY FOUR NIGHTS

Show Is Advertised on Billboards in True American Style

"One hundred people, 30 piece orchestra, and a jazz band, together with two carloads of special scenery, gorgeous costumes, all the newest and many original songs."

So read the posters which adorned the billboards for miles about the vicinity of the Motor Transport Repair Shops, and they were regular billboard posters too. The show was scheduled to play a three-days' engagement, but popular demand necessitated a fourth performance. Reports of the first night circulated so fast—perhaps due to the fact that among those present were noticed five telephonettes (sergeants or corporals, we are at a loss to know which, but not to show our ignorance we call them all captain)—that on the second evening they started arriving in trucks, automobiles, and motorcycles (no, no, not more telephonettes, but members of the A.E.F., who were anywhere within 50 miles.)

Six days following the conception of the idea the show was put on with the aforementioned results, acclaimed by all as being one of the best, if not the best, minstrel shows they had ever attended and worth two bucks a seat; but the only change made was "be early," as the S.R.O. sign was hung out every evening at 6:30 and the curtain did not rise until eight.

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Already many of you have found the Store—JUNIOR Army & Navy Store, just off Piccadilly Circus, the hub of London.

There is a welcome for each of you—and for those that follow you—the Store is open even if you only want to know the time. We supply equipment and kit, the very best at the lowest possible prices, and you can obtain every satisfaction by ordering by post. Your friends at home can arrange to send you parcels of comforts through us.

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15 Regent St., London, S.W. 1.

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BY WAY OF F. REWELL



The war of the Trojans and all the Greek crew Was fought for the sake of a fair lady who

Went absent without leave, for weal or for woe, And took her permission to Paris to go.

All Greeks grasped steel helmets and trench knives and tanks And wheel teams and chariots and fell into ranks. Shipping boards gave no trouble with quarrels or slips: The beauty of Helen had launched all the ships.

Class A provider. Also, he is what is termed a 100 per cent man—he is a confidential orderly and never forgets a detail of instructions or routine.

Proud of His Raising Here is another: "I never shall forget what you and papa said to me before my leaving for Camp Travis—My boy, in all your trials do not forget to be true to your country and your God; and, whatever you do, obey orders. I have been trying to do this—not only while here, but I mean to keep that in my heart throughout my life; not that I may be praised, but that people may see you and your raising in me."

That chap, a full-blooded, dark-skinned, fine-looking negro, was an undergrad in a southern college for negroes when he was drafted. Like the writer of the first extract, he is a natural leader among his fellows—one of the sort we depend on as a nucleus for good discipline in a command. This extract is likewise verbatim.

And here's another bit, thrown in for good measure—from a letter by a youngster who has ramblled over the face of God's earth and learned a few things in the Big School, but is not a college man:

"Mother, I am a long way away from you, but my thoughts are always with you. Every day is Mother's Day for me, for I think of you by day and dream of you at night. Don't worry about me, for I am getting along fine."

Good Doctrine for Whole A.E.F. Pretty good doctrine for all of us of the A.E.F., enlisted men or officers though we may be, to "try on." And may I query: Was any letter to Mother, homeward bound on that famous ship,

All cautioned their sweethearts that since they must go, To keep home hearths heated, on dirling so slow; For each warrior was off to the battle and strife

To make the world safe for a good looking wife. But they'd never have fought if they'd read Helen's note, Which just before leaving she hastily wrote: "Menelaus just entered our once happy home With an overseas cap on the top of his dome. FAIRFAX D. DOWNNEY, 1st Lieut., F.A."

Expeditionary Forces is proud of him, is constantly thinking of him, is anxious to hear from him. Letters home will bring many letters in reply, and the closer home ties will have potent influence for good both in France and in the United States.

"All officers should realize this fact, and help by encouraging their men and providing them with the proper facilities, do everything in their power to interest them in the vital question of writing home."

truer in its ring or tenderer in its sentiment than these three, picked at random from the outgoing mail of a 250-man company? Could any one of us do better than to trim his sails according to the second sentence of that last extract?

And remember: The writers of those letters were our southern darlings—many of them descendants of black men and women brought to America in the slave ships of the forties and the fifties for which the beautiful French river city of Nantes was noted. It is a romantic circumstance that many of these fellows are here as American soldiers on French soil, offering their lives for the country whence, in less enlightened times, came those who took them from their native Africa to enslave them in the sugar-lands of the very nation to which slavery in any form is today the most abhorrent.

The men who sanctioned my making anonymous extracts from those letters are all enlisted men in Company B, Engineers. It must be added that every letter that went out from this company had enclosed with it the touching Mother's Day pamphlet distributed by the M.C.A. "THE OLD MAN."

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

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