

NEW PAY SYSTEM FOR WHOLE ARMY IS BEING DEVISED

Britain's Plan of Separate Book for Every Soldier May Be Adopted

LONG DELAYS WOULD END

Advance of \$7.50 a Month Favored by Some Members of Q.M. Board

SERVICE RECORD NOT IN IT

Soldier Could Receive Cash on Time No Matter Where He or His Papers Were

The Chief Quartermaster of the A.E.F. is presenting the plans for a new and radically different system of pay for the American soldier in France.

A board of officers, representing every shade of experience in Army pay from the commander of troops who has approved many a payroll, to the man who has audited the accounts in the innermost sanctum of the Q.M.C., was appointed by the Chief Quartermaster to study the question from the bottom and report back to him. Their task was to devise a system by which the soldiers could get enough money for their needs, get it regularly and get it easily, which is more than all of them have been able to do under the present system, as that system has worked out under the stress and strain of a great expedition.

That board of officers has already completed the investigation, studied the innumerable complaints of delayed pay, worked out a new scheme of Army pay and submitted its report. Presumably that report is already under consideration at G.H.Q.

Only Part of Money Due

The new system—if a new system is finally adopted—will probably give a soldier regularly every month only a part of the money due him, will record that payment in a little paybook such as the British Tommy carries with him wherever he goes, and will make such payment no matter where or in what condition the soldier may be.

The partial payment system would give every enlisted man in the A.E.F. a regular monthly sum of spending money for hair-cuts, sarsaparilla, laundry, extra chewing tobacco and the like. It would give every man the same sum, no matter what his allotment, nor how many Liberty Bonds he had bought in some reckless moment, no matter whether he was a quartermaster sergeant, senior grade, or a buck private working on K.P. during his convalescence at some base hospital. Some of the men in favor of the partial payment plan are inclined to think that \$7.50 would be about right. At least, the War Department has said no soldier ought to leave himself any less than that for the emergencies of the month.

Then, every once in so often, you and the Army will have a settlement. Some think that settlements—the turning over of all accumulated moneys due you—should be made once every four months, with a strong effort to have you fall heir to your fortune about the beginning of leave time. It might be made every year. Some think that it would all be better if the money were allowed to accumulate until the end of the war so that Johnny should find a tidy sum waiting for him when he goes marching home. It would come in handy then.

Always Worth a Month's Pay

Each partial payment would be recorded by the disbursing officer in the little paybook carried in the pocket of each soldier. The beauty of such a paybook lies in the fact that it would always be negotiable for the month's pay, no matter how far the soldier might have strayed from his command, no matter where he was, at the last day of the month preceding, no matter what day of the month he presented it, no matter who had messed up or mislaid his service record.

He might be with his regiment in some rest area and could line up with the rest of the boys, paybook in hand, on payday. But he might be at the other end of France in a base hospital. He could get his \$7.50 just the same.

He might be guarding some distant bridge of a June evening and see a quartermaster riding by. Out he would dash. "My money or your life," he would say, and brandish the paybook. The entry page would show the officer that May pay was still due. He would dig into his jeans, produce the sum, make the entry, take a receipt and go on his way, with everybody happy.

Poor Old Service Record

You see, the service record would have to be present—or at least its data accessible—only when the periodic settlement was made. It will be interesting to see whether that settlement is administered at headquarters or by the separate units.

Probably the largest single factor in delayed pay has been the frequent and prolonged separation of the soldier and his service record. Lost and strayed S.R.s have provided one of the most vexing problems of the A.E.F. And when, after a long and painful parting, the soldier and the service record would meet once more, it would only too often be found that the necessary entries as to bonds, insurance, court-martial penalties, last payments, promotions, etc., had been improperly indicated or omitted entirely. But many paymasters, it is true, have

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HELPLESS VICTIMS OF THE HUN



If you want to get rid of any spark of tolerance for German rulers and German ways that may be left in you; if you want to see what German-made war does to helpless, plodding, patient rustic folk; above all, if you want to see patience and fortitude in the face of homelessness and discomfort and despair, the place for you to be is at the Gare d'Est, in Paris, watching refugees pour in from the invaded districts between Chateau-Thierry and Rheims.

There is the place where you will get "an eye full of war"—and also a double eye full of admiration for the way the French, even the children of France, stand up under all that war has done to them in the way of separation, and loss, and anguish of body and soul.

You see hatless women, with children clutching at their skirts, lugging in their arms the little remains of their household goods that they were able to snatch up in a hurry—kettles, pans,

even pictures, objects that would seem grotesque were it not for the tragedy that lies in the eyes of their possessors.

You see little boys tugging manfully at bulky and unwieldy parcels containing you know not what—all that could be salvaged from the threatened home. You see old men ambling, with rhythmic joints, painfully along, their sole belongings encased in a knotted tablecloth tied to a stick. And at one time there came to the Gare a poor woman carrying in her arms a full size goat—the goat which provided milk for her seven children, who followed after her.

For the assistance of these unfortunate, these dazed, innocent victims of a war not of their choosing, there is established, just outside the trainshed, a canteen—the Canteen of the Two Flags, as the Tricolor and Stars and Stripes pointed out it to go to show. It is a low, wooden building, with a kitchen and food counter at one end and a clothing counter at the other.

All along up and down the center are wooden tables and benches where, as fast as they come in, the refugees are fed, many of them for the first time in many hours.

In the canteen the representatives of the French and the American Red Cross work, day and night, aided by volunteer workers from the Y.M.C.A., the Society of Friends, and other philanthropic organizations. From sun-up to sunset on each of the early days of the great rush of refugee traffic they fed and clothed when there was need, an average of more than 3,000 people. It was the common thing for the clothing department to be cleaned out of its store twice in the course of a day, so hastily had the refugees been hustled out of their homes, so pitiable was, in particular, the plight of the children.

"But those children!" exclaimed one of the American women workers. "I never saw such brave little youngsters in my life! Never a cry, never a whimper of them. Not until late today, after eight hours of continuous handling of people, did I hear a crying child. "It was one of a pair of little blond boy twins, just down from the front. They had been sitting, one on either side of their mother, and eating their first meal of the day. Suddenly, the mother got up to greet one of her neighbors from their township, and to inquire about the fate of the others; and the right-hand twin, noticing she was gone, set up a pitiful howl.

The other twin looked at him in surprise and scorn, as if to shame him from his exhibition; and then, seeing the woe of his little brother, decided that it would be disloyal to the family if he didn't cry, too. So he helped out. But before they had been at it long, one of the French nurses of the *Croix Rouge* came to the rescue with two pieces of chocolate, and later with their *maman*. Then everything was serene again."

The gratitude of the people, children as well as grown-ups, for the aid and sustenance given them at the end of their terrifying journey has well-nigh overpowered the workers at the railroad canteen, and touched their hearts as has nothing before. Not a person, they say, young or old, but thanks them, deeply and sincerely, for the help and comfort given. Not an ungrateful or churlish visitor have they had during all the long days and nights when the refugees kept pouring in. There was no showing, no jostling, no discourtesy—and all in face of the nerve-racking preliminaries to the departure, the strain of the parting, the long, dismal journey down, the bleak prospect of still another journey ahead to temporary homes.

"It is a privilege to be able to do anything at all for such people," is the way everyone connected with the work expresses it. "The labor seems as nothing compared to their trial."

AMERICANS HELP TO STEM GERMAN DRIVE ON PARIS

Hold Up Advance at Three Points on Far-Flung Battlefront

INJUN FIGHTING OUR STYLE

"Magnificent Counter-Attack" Official French Tribute to A.E.F.'s Share

BROUGHT FROM MANY POINTS

Yankees Who Speed Into Fray Blow Up Marne Bridge and Fight Way Through

AMERICA CONFIDENT

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

NEW YORK, June 6.—The news from the front, naturally, has occupied the public attention almost to the exclusion of everything else. It is needless to say that the whole nation is deeply concerned, but I can declare positively that while the public realizes thoroughly the solemn import of events, there is absolutely no symptom of weakening nor any hesitation in putting forth every effort.

There are no large crowds around the newspaper bulletin boards here, and there is very little talking. The whole, silent attitude is that discussion is unnecessary, and that our job is to stand in a businesslike way, to the business of backing you up with money, men, supplies—wasting no time on anything else.

Critics and volunteer advisers took a unanimous vacation during the last week, and the public is highly satisfied that they should have done so.

It was on Tuesday of this week that the world learned, through the medium of the official French communiqué, that American troops were playing their part in the battle fought to oppose the German advance upon Paris. For the third great German offensive of 1918 which was launched in the early morning of May 27, soon developed as a drive upon Paris.

On Tuesday a heavy reinforcement had been hurried forward to cover the approaches to the city and when the resistance was growing more and more stubborn, it was possible to say that the drive had been checked and the enemy held. By that time, it had brought down, at the point of its greatest advance, to a distance of about 70 kilometers from the capital.

"American troops," said the official French report of the battle, "stopped the advance of German forces which were endeavoring to get into Vouilly Wood, and delivered a magnificent counter-attack, and drove the Germans to the north of the wood, on the Marne front, an enemy battalion, which had succeeded in crossing over to the left bank near Jaulgonne, was counter-attacked by French and American troops and driven back to the opposite side of the river after sustaining heavy losses. The bridge was destroyed and 160 prisoners were left in our hands."

This was the first news the world had that Americans were fighting in a new battle of the Marne, fighting at the spearhead of the southward thrust.

Their Kind of Fighting

The troops supplied by General Pershing were bundled into trains and motortrucks and brought hundreds of miles from east and west to the new theater of operations. Within a little over 24 hours after General Foch's order reached the individual units thus summoned into the battle, the Americans in numbers greater than had ever been assembled at any one part of the battle line in France were actively engaged against the enemy in various sectors of the line drawn up to halt the German advance.

The name at full speed to jump into a battle marked by the kind of warfare in which Americans are expected to flourish—open warfare, where the fighting is not in trenches, but is waged at whatever point offers a good offensive position, whether it be a stone farmhouse, a cluster of trees, a hay mow, or a clump of trees. It is a hardy and where the machine gunner and, above all, the man with a rifle over his shoulder and two good eyes in his head, comes into his own.

"Injun fighting," the doughboys call it, and swear the hope they may never see trenches and barbed wire again.

For an example of Injun fighting, take the little battle that flared up for ten minutes around an old farm house which an American company had turned into a fort and from which, by automatic fire and finally by good old hand-to-hand fighting, they drove the more stubborn Germans when, despite a wicked barrage laid down by our 75's, one of three storming columns succeeded in getting that far with its advance guard.

Cross Bridge Under Fire

American machine gunners were called upon to join with the French in holding the ground south and west of Chateau-Thierry. To gain time for the defense of the Marne, they were hurried forward at top speed and had scarcely piled out of the lorries, and been jubilantly greeted by the butchery units, when they were hidden to cross the river and engage the enemy, then entering Chateau-Thierry.

Though the bridge was under enemy fire, one section of the gunners managed to get across by a series of rapid dashes and, once there, to clear the way for the rest and later for such a rush of French Colonials as drove the Germans clean out of the town.

They held that town until the dawn on the second day showed that the Germans, who had been moving through the outskirts under curtains of dense and

SHIPS AND STEEL AND POWDER TOO COMING ON APACE

America's Material Contribution to War Grows Week by Week

LAUNCHINGS DAILY EVENTS

Rolling Mills at Maximum Output—Great Explosives Plant in Operation

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

NEW YORK, June 6.—Ships and steel and powder are coming on apace. The completions and launchings of ships continue busily and each week sees a large increase in accruing tonnage, with every sign of steadily enlarging ratio.

This statement is not based on optimistic promises, but on actual achievement. Indeed, now that the newspapers carry dispatches every day from all parts of both coasts with news of actual launchings, there is a total lack of large promises and prophecies such as filled the papers months ago when the ship program was only in the course of formation.

We are doing again what America truly has always done. Having buckled down to actual successful work, we don't want any jawing about it.

Steel Congestion Cleared Up

Steel congestion around the great plants and centers has practically been cleared up. The mills now report that they have reached their maximum output.

Steel men say officially that the regional directorate in the Government's management of the railroads has made good, having met all demands in the hauling of huge quantities of fuel, ore and other supplies. This represents an enormous improvement made in one short month.

Powder making began on Saturday at the great Government plant at Hadley's Bend on the Cumberland River in Tennessee. This is three months ahead of contract time.

The plant, when completed, will have cost \$90,000,000. It will cover an area three miles long and one and a half miles wide.

COL. ROOSEVELT SIGNS UP

NEW YORK, June 6.—The Republican Club of New York has taken Colonel Roosevelt back into the fold, and he has accepted the invitation.

NO PICTURE CARDS FROM S.O.S. TOWNS

Place May Be Mentioned, But Views Are Still Under Ban

The men who are stationed in the base and internment sections of the S.O.S. may boldly say where they are and may even give the name of the French town as their address. But this does not mean that they may send home picture post cards of that town.

If you are in Tours, you may write "Tours" at the head of your letters, but you may not send home cards with pictures of the cathedral of St. Gatien and other glories of that city.

Many a soldier on duty in the depths of the S.O.S., when he heard recently that his whereabouts would be no longer camouflaged under an A.P.O. number, immediately leaped to the conclusion that he could get by the censor with all the cards he had bought since his arrival in France. The young man was in error.

Local censors and even the post office authorities in different sections have been in doubt on the matter, but at the office of the Base Censor in Paris, when subject to reversal by G.H.Q., all questions of censorship policy are settled. It has been decided that the original rule as to post cards is still in force.

It is felt by the censors that, whereas the picture of the local cathedral may seem an innocent enough picture, such a card, with its mass of detail and small printing, offers too easy a medium for secret and contraband communication.

WOMEN AS BANK WORKERS

NEW YORK, June 6.—Minneapolis bankers have found out something wonderful. They have discovered that women are efficient bank workers. Thereby goes by the board the old, old joke about women's checkbooks.

In the light of this discovery, it has not yet been made known whether or not Mr. James Montgomery Flagg will withdraw from circulation his famous poster of "The First National Bank," upon which American masculine eyes have been stocking up these many, many years.

BIG FLEET ARMY MOVES

NEW YORK, June 6.—Charles M. Schwab, director-general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, has moved the corporation's offices from Washington to Philadelphia.

It was looked as though a young village were winding its way northward, with the 1,500 families of the corporation's employees all on route at the same time. It took 20 trains of 30 army trucks each to transport them all from the capital to the City of Seven Sundays.

BAD DAY FOR BLOWHARD

NEW YORK, June 6.—Your capture of Cantigny naturally delighted America, but I am glad to report—and you will be glad to hear—that there is very little vainglorious boasting and, thank God, no sob-sister stuff.

There is a healthy reaction everywhere here against blowhards, and a general recognition among the newspapers that THE STARS AND STRIPES, as the voice of the Army, ferociously jumps on sentimental gush. Your paper is receiving more and more praise and all think it is a real he paper.

MOTHERS' LETTERS ANSWERS ON WAY

Bulk of A.E.F. Messages Cleared From New York Eleven Days Ago

The answers to most of the Mothers' Letters must be already crossing the Atlantic. By May 27 the greater part of the messages of love and good cheer which the boys of the A.E.F. wrote on Mother's Day had either reached the homes in an about New York or were scattering to their myriad destinations throughout America. On that date, the Postmaster-General dispatched this cablegram, which, delayed in transmission, arrived too late for publication in last week's issue:

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—Mothers' Letters clearing for all cities of the United States from New York City at 9 a. m. this morning. No effort will be spared to expedite each letter to destination. (Signed) BERTLESON.

The bulk of the letters were sent from France not on an mail steamer or passenger liner. The fastest of the transports carried them. Some missed the boat. Though by far the greater part of them had reached the post offices of the A.E.F. by the night of May 15, Mothers' Letters to the number of 100,000 continued to struggle in from far-off units and through the hands of the slower censors during the next five days. These late comers reached the folks early this week.

Incidentally, the A.P.O. count of the Mothers' Letters showed that practically every member of the A.E.F. wrote one.

LEAVES OFF AGAIN

Off again, on again, or more properly, on again, off again—that is the exact history of the A.E.F. leave situation as it has developed in the last week.

The tale is told in what is probably the shortest memorandum ever issued from G.H.Q. Here is the full text: "All leaves are discontinued until further orders."

TOTAL DISABILITY LIBERALLY DEFINED

Will Be Regarded as Permanent When Likely to Continue

The term "total disability" as applied to soldiers of war risk insurance policies will be interpreted liberally, according to a Treasury Department circular just made public on this side. Just how the term will be defined has not yet been decided, for the reason that there have been no border line cases.

Total disability will also be regarded as permanent "whenever it is founded upon conditions which render it reasonably certain that it will continue throughout the life of the person suffering from it." The new regulation follows:

Any impairment of mind or body which renders it impossible for the disabled person to follow continuously any substantially gainful occupation shall be deemed to be total disability.

Total disability shall be deemed to be permanent whenever it is founded upon conditions which render it reasonably certain that it will continue throughout the life of the person suffering from it.

Whenever it shall be established that any person to whom any installment of insurance has been paid on the ground that the insured has become totally and permanently disabled, shall be deemed to be continuously, to follow any substantially gainful occupation, the payment of installments of insurance shall be discontinued forthwith and no further installments thereof shall be paid so long as such recovered ability shall continue.

NON-COMS' CHEVRONS ON RIGHT ARM ONLY

Left Sleeve Ornaments to Be Turned in Use of Newcomers

Non-coms' chevrons will hereafter be worn on the right sleeve only. You have, therefore, only half the reason for wanting to be a non-com that you had before. The left sleeve chevrons are going to be turned in—presumably to be placed on the right sleeve of other non-coms, yet to be made.

The reason is that, if allowed to continue wearing chevrons on both sleeves, our corporals and sergeants would soon become the most hyper-decorated members of the Allied fighting family. Would stripes, service stripes and chevrons would soon be running hither and yon up and down every non-com's arm, making him look like the great Nubian leopard in the song.

So the standing order for non-coms is, "Right dress!"

A.E.F.'S BIRTHDAY COMES TOMORROW; NOW A YEAR OLD

Story of Staff's Departure and Arrival Told for First Time

SAILED IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES

Vanguard Which Crossed Ocean on Baltic Saw No Trace of Submarine

A year ago tomorrow the vanguard of the A.E.F. landed at Liverpool.

On June 8, 1917, General Pershing and his staff set foot on English soil. Late in the afternoon on June 13 they were welcomed at the gates of Paris by such a moving, spontaneous, tumultuous greeting from the people of the city as they will remember all the days of their lives, such a welcome, probably, as they cannot know again till the war is done and the A.E.F. goes home.

Even as the crowds were cheering in the streets of Paris, the piers of the North River on the other side of the Atlantic were astir with the silent, hurrying preparations of the first contingent for departure, for it was the next day that the first convoy set sail for France.

On Tuesday of last week, General Pershing was entitled to sew on his second service chevron.

It was on May 28, 1917, that the General and his staff, with as little fuss and feathers and as much secrecy as an accident and immensely curious country would permit, set sail from the harbor of New York. They were crossing the sea to prepare the way, the ports, the camps, the bases, the system for the hundreds of thousands of troops that were to follow them within a year. The anniversary of that sailing was celebrated by the Battle of Cantigny, for it was just a year to the day later that the A.E.F. made its first attack in force.

Strict Orders for Secrecy

The voyage of the vanguard was hedged with secrecy and many of the facts and figures from the log of that voyage are given here for the first time to mark the anniversary. The time has come when we may turn back and read the first chapter in a history of the A.E.F.

For several days the lucky officers and men, picked for the party that was to accompany General Pershing, converged on New York, so that the morning of May 28 saw them all assembled on Governor's Island. The orders for secrecy had been strict. The General himself and most of his staff were uncomfortable, but unrecognizable, in civilian clothes.

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A.E.F.'S BIRTHDAY COMES TOMORROW; NOW A YEAR OLD

Continued from Page 1

when she was torpedoed not long before... the honor of bearing an American high command across the seas...

All in the Same Boat

Two boat drills were held and one of the Americans aboard noted with some misgivings that the steward in charge had assigned the General and all the colonels to one boat.

For all through the danger zone, every American soldier on board, from the General down had worn civilian clothes.

Wireless Brings Real News

Despite all the tension, there were the usual games of shuffleboard by way of exercise, the usual concerts with such chance talent aboard as could be furnished by Lyn Harding, the English actor, and Dorothy Gish, America's movie favorite...

Colonels Mistaken for Flyers

There was no demonstration planned or executed for the Americans in London nor any flourish of trumpets announcing their presence.

The Time of Their Lives

Everywhere they went, the enlisted men had the time of their lives, seeing London from bus tops, feasting royally, and having free run of the playhouses.

Flushed and Exultant

Exuberant soldiers, in town on permission, leaped on the running boards and led the cheering. Gaining perch on tree branches tried out their new vocabulary with such laboriously learned phrases as "How are you?"

Paris greeted the General and his party as an earnest of the fighting troops that were to come, and by the great joy and warmth of their greeting consecrated them to the task that lay ahead.

The next morning in the North River back home a line of transports, bearing the first contingent of American troops, weighed anchor and set sail for France.

WALK-OVER SHOES. 34 Boulevard des Italiens. 19-21 Boul. des Capucines. PARIS. All soldiers are welcome at the WALK-OVER Stores...

Toted Their Own Baggage

At noon they assembled at one of the little island piers, boarded the tug "Thomas Patton" and steamed off down the harbor to Chateau-Thierry...

The enlisted men, numbering few for one compared with the officers, were a bit low in their minds at the prospect of having to sling all the baggage for several days.

General Pershing and his staff were on a waning of flags and handkerchiefs, no stirring hand music sped the vanquisher of the greatest military expedition America had ever made or dreamed of making.

The voyage was no pleasure trip, for work began immediately. All the waking hours of the day and evening that were not given over to inoculations, mess, boat-drills and French lessons were devoted to the organization of the A.E.F. Life aboard the Baltic that week was different from any crossing the great liner had ever known.

Jobs and Seasidekness

Some of the officers will scarcely look back to that week as one of unalloyed pleasure. The language of sea-sickness and the oppression of sea-sickness combined unpleasantly to make the irregular verbs of the French language seem peculiarly elusive and unimportant.

NEW PAY SYSTEM FOR WHOLE ARMY IS BEING DEVISED

Continued from Page 1. long been accustomed to giving base pay for the month just past to any soldier who had become separated from his service record...

How Tommy Atkins Is Paid

Such a system as is roughly outlined above, if there were no other system adopted, would closely resemble the system in force in the British Army.

WORK INSTEAD OF WALKING PAPERS

Convicted Men to Get Hard Labor in Lines or in Back Areas. Dishonorable discharges for men convicted of an offense involving moral turpitude will not be granted except in the most serious cases.

SCHOOLS FLY HONOR FLAGS

NEW YORK, June 6.—Two thousand New York City school children have received honor flags for their work in connection with the Third Liberty Loan.

LAMPS BURN LATE DOWN AT G.H.Q.

Night Scene Resembles Busy Bank at End of the Month. The mess sergeant of a casual camp and the tollers on a hospital train during the high tide of an offensive may find it hard to believe...

LATEST RED CROSS FIGURES

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, June 6.—The Red Cross fund has topped \$144,000,000, with upward of 2,000,000 individual contributors...

Swan & Edgar LTD.

Swan & Edgar LTD. High-Class Gentlemen's Outfitters. REGENT STREET & PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. ALWAYS WEAR 'SWAN-STRIPE' Pyjamas.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE. 8 RUE DE RICHELIEU, PARIS (Royal Palace Hotel). To the Boys of the U.S.A.: We are proud of our gallant soldiers and sailors and have confidence that the Spirit of Liberty they exemplify...

American Exchange National Bank

American Exchange National Bank. NEW YORK CITY. The city echoes also with honors in the sale of war savings stamps, the sales going over \$2,250,000.

Swan & Edgar LTD. High-Class Gentlemen's Outfitters. REGENT STREET & PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. ALWAYS WEAR 'SWAN-STRIPE' Pyjamas. We hold the largest stock of Pyjamas in London.

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The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company. PARIS NEW YORK BORDEAUX. 41 Boulevard Haussmann. LONDON: 126 Old Broad Street, E. C. 2. Two Other Special Agencies in the War Zone. United States Depository of Public Moneys in Paris, New York & London.

GEORGE GROSSMITH & EDWARD LAURILLARD'S ATTRACTIONS. APOLLO THEATRE. Shaftesbury Avenue—Gerrard: 3243. "BE CAREFUL, BABY!" (which, in the States, was "TWIN BEDS"). PRINCE'S THEATRE. Shaftesbury Avenue (top end)—Gerrard: 3400. "YES, UNCLE!"

The STOLL THEATRES IN LONDON. THE ALHAMBRA. THE LONDON COLISEUM. THE BING BOYS ON BROADWAY. THE STOLL PICTURE THEATRE. AT ALL OF THE ABOVE THEATRES.

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

Greetings! FATIMA A Sensible Cigarette. Regisseuse Myriam Thureau-Loup.

**MARINES COME IN ON ORPHAN PLAN; TAKE FIVE WAIFS**

Week's Total of 22 Boosts Figure Up Toward 200 Mark

**80,000 FRANCS NOW PAID IN**

Sum Means Over \$14,000 in Ten Weeks Since Campaign Started

**NEW ARRIVALS HEARD FROM**

"Like Taking Candy From a Baby, or Even Easier," Reports One Collector

TAKEN THIS WEEK.

Finance Branch, Am. Salvage Depot No. 8	1
Capt. John F. Spencer, Q.M.R.C.	1
Div. Mobile Repair Shop	2
Aero Const. Squadron	2
Co. L. - Stevedore Regt.	1
1st Platoon, - Co. Marines	1
2nd Platoon, - Co. Marines	1
3rd Platoon, - Co. Marines	1
4th Platoon, - Co. Marines	1
M.G. Co., - Infantry	1
Co. G., - Infantry	1
Hqrs. Co., - F.A.	2
Aero Squadron	2
1st Platoon, Co. B., - M.G. Bn.	1
Battery F., - F.A.	1
Co. E., - Engrs.	1
Wagon Co. No. 1, - Engrs.	1
Previously adopted	171
Total	193

We knew it. Just glance down the foregoing column of names and figures. See it? The Marines.

Oh, sure, the Marines got busy on THE STARS AND STRIPES child mascot adoption scheme this week and called for five French war orphans to support for a year and start toward a useful life.

We called their attention a couple of weeks ago to the fact that they were the only branch of the A.E.F. not represented in the list of *parfaits* and as soon as they realized their delinquency they made up for delay. We knew why it was, of course—companies split up no money—hadn't seen the paymaster since he wore knee pants—didn't have time to read—busy hunting Boches—just an oversight.

Anyway, it's all right now. As they wrote, quoting several historic dispatches of former years, "The Marines have landed and have the situation—"

Like Candy From a Baby

"Collecting francs on payday was like taking candy from a baby, or even easier," said the treasurer of the fund, "for most of the boys made it a point to look me up. They think so much of French orphans that each platoon of our



One Pal Does a Good Turn for Another

company has adopted one piece. We feel sure that you will attribute our delay in the matter to the conditions under which we were placed and not to lack of interest in this most worthy cause. I feel sure that other companies in our organization will do their part when they get a chance.

So every branch of the A.E.F. is engaged in the laudable by-work of the war, fathering the fatherless, although, we will say, some of them are not as well represented as they ought to be. We have to mention these things, but something has got to be done and it seems to bring results. At any rate, in view of the diverting rumpus Fritz is now kicking up, we will excuse oversights made in the immediate future.

What with the Marines and the Field Artillery and the Machine Gunners and in during the week, running the total up to 193 and making it a cinch to get over the 200-mark, old General Want's second line of defense, in the next day or two.

Fresh From the States

The Headquarters Company of the Field Artillery, fresh from the States, started in to collect 500 francs for an orphan, but oversubscribed that amount and sent in 768 francs for two, with a balance to come.

"This is material manifestation of our approval of your worthy fund," the company wrote. "We are new arrivals here. We have had occasion to read but two issues of your excellent sheet, which we all consider a breath from home. (Immediately showed this letter to the boss.) For the time being, the boys want to father a girl, and in a short time we will send you the balance necessary to adopt a boy."

The Aero Squadron adopted a mascot a few weeks ago, and followed it this week by two more.

The Field Artillery scored again when Battery F., - F.A. asked for a child. The artillerymen wrote:

"The project of adopting a French war orphan was subscribed to with such unanimous enthusiasm by our organization that in the course of time we will undoubtedly acquire a small family of them. The choice of most of the men is a girl of the refugee class. As we are, to the best of our knowledge, the first organization of the Division to take this step, we have already applied the more or less appropriate name of 'Mrs. Wagon Company No. 1 - Engineers, wrote:



**RAILROAD FIELD ALL UNCLE SAM'S; COUNTRY PLEASSED**

**Drastic Action in Removing Heads Taken in Good Part**

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 6.—The drastic action in removing railroad presidents and raising freight and passenger rates has been taken in good part by the country.

Organs that have always championed the railroads in the past complain that the Government is now granting to the railroads the increases it had refused in past years, but it is plainly the public attitude that there is a decided difference between paying more money to the roads when they are under Government supervision, because we know now that that money will be used for the actual betterment of the roads and so for the benefit of the whole country.

There is just as great an approval of the nationalization of the express companies, a course which promises to remove a long-standing public grievance too well known to all of you to call for any discussion here.

**Received With Assent**

The national authority over the railroads was signaled this week by Mr. McAdoo's warning to some railroad workers' organizations against striking. In the old days one or another of the big brotherhoods was always on the point of walking out. Such action against the right to strike would assuredly have provoked an indignant and mighty protest in the past, but it appears now to be received with complete assent.

Undoubtedly, the knowledge that the Government has established boards of high character to investigate every grievance fairly and with the best of good will and justice has much to do with the acquiescent attitude of organized labor.

**85 SIZES OF SHOES**

"Shoes? Yes, sir. Which'll you have, 5 B or 14 EE?"

For those are the extremes of the Q.M.'s assortment of footwear. Reckoned in everything between—half sizes from 5 to 12½, and 13 and 14 in addition, and five widths, B, C, D, E, and EE for each size—and you'll find that you have just 85 different sizes of shoes to pick from.

Twelve used to be the biggest shoe in the Army, but trench experience has shown the need for two larger sizes. Because the Army's feet are getting bigger? Not exactly that, but because you don't wear just one pair of socks in the trenches, unless the weather is as balmy as it is now, and because you can't get the same shoe on over four pairs of socks, especially big thick ones, that you could over one pair of thin lister or silk.

No, there isn't going to be an issue of silk drop-stitch hosiery for summer wear.

**ELEVEN MORE D.S.C.'S FOR YANKEE VALOR**

**Award Conferred for Heroism Shown Before Cross Was Created**

The Distinguished Service Cross may be awarded for valor shown before the Cross itself was created. This fact is proved this week in the bestowal of the decoration on three officers in the U.S. Engineers (Railway) for courage in the surprise attack by the enemy at Gouzeaucourt, on the British front, on November 30, 1917.

CAPT. C. RAYMOND HULSART gets the Cross for going through heavy shell fire to direct the escape of his men, captured by the German attack; for remaining under shell fire until all his men had left; for going back into the barrage, once to assist a wounded American off the field and once to search for a wounded British soldier.

FIRST LIEUT. PAUL McLOUD'S award is for extraordinary heroism in remaining under shell fire until the escape, then assisting in rallying British troops and leading them to the trenches, directing the procurement and distribution of ammunition and displaying coolness and judgment while continually under fire.

2ND LIEUT. DONALD MACISAAC—who, at the time of the encounter, was a sergeant—went through the barrage and remained under fire with a wounded American soldier until help came, and then went back again to search for a wounded Tommy.

For More Recent Deeds

Additional awards of the D.S.C. for more recent deeds of heroism were announced this week as follows:

FIRST LIEUT. GEORGE B. REDWOOD, Inf., U.S.R.; CORP. IFFERY J. MONGEAY; PVTS. EDWARD B. ARMSTRONG, BERNARD M. BOIT, and CARSON L. SHAMMATE are each awarded the decoration for an exploit in a dangerous position of the enemy's trenches, where they surrounded a party of twice their own strength, captured even more of the enemy, drove off a rescuing party and made their way back with more prisoners.

FIRST LIEUT. CHRISTIAN R. HOLMES, Inf., U.S.R., and SGT. JAMES A. MURPHY are other recipients. The lieutenant, as leader of a patrol, displayed extraordinary coolness and bearing; cut and crawled through 12 strands of wire in front of an enemy listening post, leaped upon the sentinel, made him prisoner, and brought him back through No Man's Land. The sergeant aided in the exploit, and with coolness and nerve killed one of the enemy sentries who had fired on Lieut. Holmes.

CORPORAL ERNEST BURCH, Artillery, is now a wearer of the coveted medal for voluntarily leaving his dugout under intense enemy bombardment and without assistance rescuing a wounded comrade lying outside, exposed to enemy fire.

\$3,000,000,000 and a lot more for the Third Liberty Loan. \$100,000,000 more asked for the American Red Cross. Take it all in all, war on either side of the Atlantic amounts to the same thing: Shelling out.



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**FRANCE WILL GUARD PRECIOUS CHARGES**

**Townpeople Aid in Observing A.E.F.'s First Memorial Day**

Just how graciously and wholeheartedly the people of France assisted in many a solemn observance of Memorial Day by the A.E.F. is shown in detailed accounts that reached this office too late for inclusion in last week's issue.

In one town the graves of 42 American soldiers laid to rest in the little cemetery were decorated at the conclusion of a program that included addresses by a French general, the prefect of the department, the local curé and the American chaplain. Commenting on the day, the local newspaper says:

"Our town will guard piously the precious charge which the United States confides to her. Every year, when on great anniversaries we come to salute our dear dead, we shall not fail to bestow loving remembrance upon these noble Americans at rest in the midst of our own beloved France, as a mother would do, will take loving care of the graves of these heroes."

At the close of impressive exercises before the hotel de ville of another city, in which the sous-prefect, the mayor and a French general paid their tribute, the boys and girls of the city schools marched to the cemetery and decorated the graves of French and American soldiers.

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**FOUR WIN BRITISH MEDAL**

Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, under special authority granted by King George, has awarded the Military Medal to the following soldiers of the - Engineers (Railway), serving with the British Expeditionary Forces:—

Private 1st Class, ARTHUR P. TERRY, Private, 1st Class, RAYMOND G. RICKETTS, Private, 1st Class, THOMAS L. ARBUCKLE, Private RICHARD PARKINSON, Jr. The soldiers to whom the Medal was awarded were members of the crew of a light railway train engaged in hauling ammunition. The train of which they were in charge was standing at a station when the enemy began shelling that point. The burst of a shell a few feet from the side of the train ignited a portion of the ammunition boxes contained in one car, causing two shells to explode. The men moved the train to a water station near by, where they turned on the water and extinguished the fire.

**HOTEL PLAZA ATHENEE** 25, AVENUE MONTAIGNE, PARIS

**HOTEL D'ALBE** 11, AVENUE MONTAIGNE, PARIS

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

**The 1918 Academy!**

From the din of war to the still of peace is not a far cry these days, and you will do well to have in London well worth any hour of your time. The exhibition is open all-day-long. The exhibition is open from 10 to 6. The exhibition is open from 10 to 6. The exhibition is open from 10 to 6.

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**FLOWERS ON GRAVES OF TUSCANIA'S DEAD**

**Lusitania Victims Also Remembered in Memorial Day Observance**

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

LONDON, June 6.—Decorations Day was a holiday for all Yanks in Great Britain, and it had memorial significance in England, Scotland and Ireland. At an intercession service in Liverpool, there was a silent throng of 15,000. Led by the American consul, all U.S.A. patriots in Queenstown attended services at the graves of Lusitania victims, which they piled high with flowers. Graves of the Tuscania dead were similarly honored elsewhere in Ireland and Scotland.

In Edinburgh, Yanks in the air service assembled around a statue of Abraham Lincoln, in Old Carlton Cemetery, erected to the memory of Scottish-American soldiers who fell in the Civil War. At Southampton Cemetery the graves of A.E.F. men who died en route to Europe or in hospitals in Britain were visited. The Y.M.C.A. held impressive services at the biggest patch of Yankland in Britain, and over the resting places of buried comrades.

Dr. Fort Newton, of Iowa, preaching at City Temple, London, suggested that after the war a day should be set apart, holy and tender, on which the free nations who have fought together might unite in laying flowers on the graves of the men who died that the world might be free.

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**NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF FLY CLUB**

Being located at the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 1 and 3 Rue des Italiens, Paris, I have undertaken to get in touch with all Fly men who are in service abroad. I wish to keep information concerning them which will be precious in years to come for the annals of the Club, and request that every Fly man reading this notice will send me his name and address without delay. W. G. WENDELL.

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"The seamless shorts are also good."

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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 1915. It has been in continual use ever since and I have liked it immensely. It certainly justifies your claims of being water and bug proof."

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FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1918

## TWO SOLDIERS

The other day permission was asked of an officer in charge of the baggage and packages carried by a train which runs between two important American centers in France, to place aboard some bundles which it was important should be delivered quickly in the various towns through which the train passed. He objected. He "wasn't supposed to haul them," it seemed, and it "made a lot of extra work and trouble for the baggage-man."

Appeal and argument finally gained the concession that "if the baggage-man wanted to take them it was all right."

The baggage-man was a private, and he was sweating at his job of hustling trucks aboard.

"Sure, I'll take 'em," he said. "I don't mind."

On the battle front the United States gives the Medal of Honor to the man who "performs a deed so clearly above and beyond the call of duty that no one could justly blame him for leaving it undone."

The other man who performs a job "so clearly above and beyond the call of duty that no one could justly blame him for leaving it undone," but just the same he is doing a great service for his country.

The perspiring private who took the packages was helping to win the war. The officer who was afraid it would be too much trouble wasn't.

## COGS, NOT CLOGS

Every week or so some one writes us as follows:

"N-body seems to notice the —s, although we are doing some of the most important work in the whole A.E.F."

Every one here who he a stevedore unloading a case of bacon from a newly arrived steamer or a corps commander mapping out a contemplated attack is doing some of the most important work in the A.E.F., some part which, if left undone, would render the whole intricate mechanism of the military machine impotent and helpless.

If your work wasn't important, you wouldn't be doing it. Don't let apparent "lack of notice" kid you into thinking otherwise.

## DEFENSE DE CRACHER

Whether you are ill or well, the Medical Department has to have your cooperation—if you are ill, to cure you; if you are well, to keep you so. Your health in the Army, as never before in your lives, is largely within your own keeping. And any laxity on your part will probably not react so strongly upon you as it will upon your fellow soldiers.

"If it makes you feel more at home to spit, spit right here," reads a notice in our barracks. Have you noticed the universal absence of cuspidors in France? If a whole people can exist, enjoy life, and build up an army that has saved the world at the Marne and at Verdun without spitting into the four corners of the map, cannot we, as brothers in arms, do as much out of mere common politeness, to say nothing of the benefit to our own health?

We have adapted ourselves well to particularly trying conditions, declares our Medical Department. We have still to contract the admirable French habit of not spitting.

Let's go. Thereby we shall take out new health insurance, not so much for ourselves as for our comrades.

## JUST LIKE HOME

We get American food. We hear "Americain" talked all about us, in billets and in line. We get letters from America—sometimes—and American papers occasionally. We rename the streets of our billet villages after those in our home towns. In short, we have made ourselves at home. No, we are at home.

It is right that the people who are really at home in our old home should know this. They have an idea, some of them, that we're entirely marooned, surrounded by "furriners," and that we'll come back unable to speak the English language as it is spoken in the United States, and unable to digest American "vittles," and hopelessly wedded to French ways and customs—if to nothing else that is French. It is up to us to write and tell them that we are at home; and that, being so at home, we are happy.

Harry Lauder summed it up pretty well when he made the young Scots volunteer overseas write back to his old mother in the Highlands:

"Sure, they's piperrrs a-playin' in the mornnin',  
An' auld Scotch chunes is fine;  
There's a tartan plaidie buckled on each laddie

As they all wheel into line!  
I can hearr them praisin' bonny Scotlan',  
And singin' o' Scotlan's fame—  
So don't greet, dearr,  
I'm a richt herre—  
It's just like bin' at haim!"

What goes for Scotland in that song goes for America with us. If we only open our eyes to what is about us, we will see that it is "unco like haim." And having opened our own eyes, it is up to us to see that the good folks we left are kept no longer in the dark about it.

## THE TRUCE OF GOD

Cardinal Hartman, Archbishop of the German city of Cologne, persuaded the Pope to intervene and ask that Allied airmen grant "the truce of God" to his city on the day of the feast of Corpus Christi, which this year fell on May 30, the same as our Memorial Day. The announcement by Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, said that the Pope had intervened "with a view to special regard being paid by all the belligerents to Corpus Christi processions."

The French, British and American authorities, though they might well have replied to the German Cardinal's plea by recalling the bombardment of Paris on Good Friday and the demolition of a church and killing of a large number of worshippers therein on that day, acquiesced, and gave assurances that Cologne and other cities in the Rhine valley would be undisturbed. Those assurances were lived up to scrupulously.

Early on the morning of Corpus Christi—of Memorial Day—the German long-range artillery began again to bombard Paris. All day long it kept up. One of the objects struck was a church—a church in which that very day the same service had been sung as was sung in protected Cologne.

"That the shell did not repeat that damage of Good Friday was no fault of the Hun. Then, to cap the climax and make the holy day a real 'feast day' in German eyes, the Hun aviators, shortly before midnight, attempted an aerial raid on Paris.

No one, of course, will be so far-fetched in reasoning as to hold Cardinal Hartman himself responsible for the Hun's breach of faith, since every one knows too well that the godless military masters of Germany go about their work without consulting priest or prelate of any creed or nationality. Still, at this time it is interesting to recall Cardinal Hartman's approach to Cardinal Mercier, of Belgium, during a consistory in Rome not long ago, and the great Belgian prelate's response.

"We will not speak of war, my brother," said the German cardinal.

"And we, my brother," retorted he of Belgium, "will not speak of peace."

After Corpus Christi, who in all the Christian world will speak of peace with the Hun?

## CANTIGNY

"The enemy have taken Cantigny," said the German communiqué that conceded the American success east of Amiens.

It did not say, "The Americans have taken Cantigny."

The American press, in extolling our progress, has taken pains to show that the stroke is in no way comparable to the great battle that started May 27. The French and British press has found space, even in these eventful days, to bestow upon us genuine and heartfelt praise.

And to fill the cup of encomiums, Germany contributes her little white lie:

"The enemy have taken Cantigny."

"Showing up Private Lazy"

"Hello, Bill, how are you? I am fine. How's everything? There's lots I could tell you, but the censor wouldn't let it pass, so what's the use? No more now from your old friend, Private Lazy."

We gather through word from America and through underground connections with the censors' headquarters that much in this fashion run thousands of letters posted every balmy Sunday by the incomplete letter-writers of the A.E.F.

The foregoing sample is furnished just to tip off the home folks to the commonness of all the artful dodges of Private Lazy. They may not know what Private Lazy himself knows very well, that whereas the censor is a tattle on certain forbidden subjects, there is more than enough stuff every soldier can write and welcome to pack brimful a weekly letter home.

When he would rather sleep or go fishing, it's a low down trick to blame the censor, who gets cussed enough as it is.

According to the man

An enlisted man was walking along the street. Two American officers, a lieutenant and a major, passed him, and he snapped up to a salute. The major returned it absently, mechanically, without looking at the man and without halting his conversation. The lieutenant ducked his head to meet his hand, so that it was impossible for the enlisted man to tell whether the lieutenant was looking at him or not.

The enlisted man walked on. Towards him was coming an American captain. He carried his left arm in a sling and leaned upon a cane. He walked slowly, almost painfully, and his arm was in a sling because a Boche bullet had smashed it.

Again the enlisted man saluted. The convalescing officer crooked his cane over his temporarily useless left wrist, looked the enlisted man square in the eye, and returned the salute.

This time the enlisted man was proud of his Army.

Your Liberty Bonds

Your Liberty Bonds of the second issue will be paid in full with the deduction of the July allotment. A Government security with a face value of fifty dollars, one hundred dollars—perhaps two or three such securities—will become your own property.

That monthly allotment of five, ten or more dollars will go back into your pay.

If you want to, you can sell your bonds and buy as many silk handkerchiefs with Allied flags embroidered on them as you care to.

If you want to, you can leave the bonds where they are and have that much of a nest egg—worth a few dollars more and with interest attached—when you go home.

## Where It Comes From

YOU hear of Liberty Loans that are over-subscribed to the tune of \$1,700,000,000. You hear of Red Cross drives that aim for \$100,000,000 and achieve \$133,000,000. You hear of a drive made by the Knights of Columbus for \$2,500,000 from the city of New York which realized \$5,000,000 from Catholic and Protestant and Jew.

You hear of cities that not only go over the quota assigned them by the Liberty Loan committee, but do it with 250 per cent. You hear of churches that are assigned \$35,000 as their share of a drive for a war philanthropy, and proceed to raise \$80,000.

You read in the papers how one financier gives a million outright to the Red Cross; another half a million; another a quarter of a million, and so forth. You read how great banks and corporations subscribe for blocks and blocks of Liberty Bonds, running the total way into the millions. But—take all those great contributions and subscriptions, add them together, and see what a pitifully small amount of the whole they really were.

Where does the money that is back of you come from, then, if the great folks' outpouring comes to so little? The answer is, it comes from everybody—from everybody of low and high degree, but mainly from those of low degree, from those to whom the gift or the loan means real deprivation, real sacrifice for the sake of an ideal.

READ this letter, from a poor woman living in the Bronx, New York, to the Liberty Loan committee of the city:

"I support myself and my two children by taking home washing. I took a loan of \$200 for myself on the other loan, and now I am paying for \$200 for the children to the Produce Exchange Bank, Manhattanville branch. Please don't put my children's names in the slacker's lists. I say this, being that my children received a card from your office this morning requesting them to make a payment on their Liberty Loan.

"I have just made that payment. I regret having put you to so much trouble, but, please, everything is all right, so don't put my little ones on the slacker's list. And I got three of my neighbors to take a loan, but I don't take any credit for that if only you will overlook my delay on my children's account and not make it appear my children are slackers. I have paid for my children's loan, and so they are not slackers."

HERE is a letter from another woman:

"In reply to Liberty bond postal, I am letting you know that I am a working woman, go out to work every day of the week, except Sunday, for which I get \$5 a week and meals. I have also volunteered in the canteen of Staten Island, in which I am now a member, have also got a son who is in the Signal Corps of New Jersey now, but he has been in the service of Uncle Sam over three years already, got his honorable discharge, but re-enlisted, but still I thought I was not doing enough and I bought a Liberty bond at \$1 a week from my wages of \$5 a week."

"She thought she was not doing enough"—to lend to her country and its cause a whole fifth of that meager wage! But rest on that. I hope from the bottom of my heart it will be a little help to Uncle Sam. I know it is not much, but it is the best I can do at the present time for my country, and if everybody would do same, I am sure we would win out. Yours truly,

"P.S.—Daughter of a veteran of Civil War, who is still alive and is 75 years old on the 1st of June, has a pension from the Govt. He has also instructed his grandchildren to honor and to fight for their country from the time they were first able to walk."

THAT is the written testimony of the devotion of the common folk, the common people of America that Lincoln loved and understood so well, to the cause for which you are striving—the testimony they themselves have written. Among them, in their homes during the canvasses for funds to be applied to your safety and comfort, the same thing occurs, over and over again.

This is the story of a canvasser for one of those funds:

"One evening an old man came in answer to our knock. He looked us over critically as we stated our business, and then yelled to some one, 'Will I let them in, Maggie?' Maggie consented. We entered, and a few minutes later made our exit with a crisp ten spot."

THINK there was Mrs. Breen, who said in a rich brogue: "Shure, things is so dear an' that bye of mine costs a mint! Ye know, he got hit in the mou'th with a ball an' lost his eyes front an' an' took him down. Dr. Stone on Eight' Avenyeh an' he put two gold teeth in and charged me \$18. An shure, last Easter Sundah (a year ago, if ye don't mind) when Johnny was goin' to mass, the two teeth fell out—they weren't gold at all, but tin!" Nevertheless, in spite of the teeth, Mrs. Breen came across for the fund, to aid boys a little older than her Johnny, fighting for her and Johnny, too.

"I musn't forget the little mother who asked us to hold the baby while she ran downstairs to get 'something' for the fund, she said, from her husband," the story goes on. "We had walked up four flights of stairs, but we consented to hold the baby. In a few minutes she was back and nearly bowed us over by giving us a check for \$100!"

SO it goes, all along the line. From little earthware teapots, from belting leopards, from gold coins, from long-piled-up savings in banks, comes the steady stream of gold—the people's hard-won gold—to keep you on your job, and to keep you happy and well while you are on it. In one instance hardworking shipbuilders gave up their Saturday half-holiday to work, and turned over at their overtime pay thus earned to the Red Cross. In other cases:

But why go on? Everywhere the people are giving, giving, lending, lending, lending to further your cause and theirs; giving and lending as no nation has ever given or loaned before. Everywhere that giving and lending means a sacrifice of comforts and luxuries; in a vast majority of cases it means a sacrifice of real necessities. But it is done cheerfully, exultantly—by the charwoman and the day laborer ten times more than the society lady and the Wall Street magnate—because it is done for the securing of that Freedom which you have been called upon to defend. And it will continue to be so done to the end.

Where does the money come from? It comes from the heart and soul of all America.

## A FIELD NOTE BOOK

"In America," remarked the interpreter, "you buy your firewood dressed. Over here as often as not, we buy it on the hoof."

He was leading the battalion supply officer through a little wood adjacent to a billeting town.

"Our trees are numbers 50 and 58—price 30 francs," he continued.

He looked at several tree trunks to get the run of the numbers blazed on them.

"Here we are—these two. Send a squad out at 1 p.m. and the mayor will turn them over to you. By buying on the hoof, you get your wood over so much cheaper."

A town in ruins from shell fire. Not a roof left in the place; not an unbroken pane of glass. A sign at the outskirts of the village was the sole reminder of sunnier days. It read: "GIPSIES MUST NOT CAMP HERE."

# "ONCE UPON A TIME"



## A SUGGESTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have read in your valuable paper, from time to time, articles on the necessity for saluting and saluting properly, and because I believed you were "in the know" about it, I have tried to live up to the sentiments contained in them. But, as you must admit, the variety of persons now in France who wear something closely approximating an American officer's uniform and general getup makes it at times mighty hard to tell who is entitled to the salute and who isn't.

You know how it is: You knew what the salute stands for and value it as such; consequently, you don't like to hand it out to people—no matter how much respect you may have for them and their institutions—who are not strictly entitled to it. An enlisted man's salute, as you lay it down, is a sign of solemn allegiance to the United States—to the freely chosen President of the United States, from whom the officer saluted draws his authority by commission. When you salute anyone else, it becomes a mere sort of bowledyo greeting, it seems to me, and thus loses its significance.

Thinking that way about it, I can't help feeling sort of—well, sort of funny when I find I have saluted, say, a Red Cross officer or a war correspondent. It's usually the Sam Browne belt or the seal on the garrison cap that throws me off the scent; in bad light it is oftentimes hard to tell whether or not the shoulder bars and collar ornaments are there. Oh, of course there's no harm done, but when there's a right way and a wrong way of doing things, you naturally like to do them the right way.

Might I, as a humble member of the A.E.F., suggest in order to keep the salute at its full face value, and in order to do away with misunderstandings and cases of mistaken identity, that:

The wearing of the Sam Browne belt be restricted to duly commissioned officers; and that the seal, with the eagle arrows and all, be worn on the garrison caps of officers alone? The belt and the seal are the quickest things to recognize, the things which most men go by in offering salutes. If their wear could be restricted to the "salutable" people only, it would clear up the situation for lots of men, among them.

Yours respectfully,  
D. W. LINDEN.

## THE TRAINS AGAIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Someone has inquired as to the why of the absence of letters from or mention of the Ammunition Trains.

All right, Gwendolyn. Here goes. I think I can answer the question of the letters, but the absence of mention of us is probably because the A.E.F. doesn't know yet what an Ammunition Train really is or does.

Nobody in the Train has any time to write except on Saturday afternoons and after parties, and the afternoons are taken up writing home, and who wants to write to a newspaper after parties?

What are we doing all the rest of our time? Well, the first thing when we drive—I mean walk—into a town is to get settled; then we except to haul out all the manure for the inhabitants; then we dig up our street cleaning outfits. Oh, yes, we carry them with us; they are part of our equipment. I don't know where we got them, but they're here, just the same.

When that job is finished (we have a white wing department that works every day) if it is nice and sunny, we take longer strolls over the country roads, ensemble with a lieutenant as guide, and sometimes we are permitted to take along all our earthly possessions and all the rifle ammunition we can carry. "Ain't that nice?" And when we get away out about three or six kilometers, we discover that we have to be back for dinner and most anyone in the A.E.F. knows it is fun carrying all your possessions, with a rifle and 100 rounds of ammunition. Oh, yes, they gave us rifles, but they haven't told us what to shoot at as yet.

As I was saying, we take these strolls twice a day when there is nothing easier to do. Of course, everyone does or should know that all well regulated Ammunition Trains haul their German "pizen" after dark, so that doesn't interfere with the other sports.

Since we turned the clock up, we have an extra hour to get back to the soil by helping the natives plow and plant pommes de terre and other fruit. Oh, well, I guess if we didn't

## TRIBUTE

There's tumultuous confusion a-comin' down the road,  
An' the camouflage don't neerways hide the dust,  
An' it ain't no flock of camions, though some's carryin' a load  
(I guess the provos winked—or got it fast).  
But now it's comin' closer, you can tell 'em by the roar—  
It's the Empty Second Infantry, a-goin' in once more.

Oh, they've met the Hun at the length of a gun,  
And they know what he is and they mind what he's done,  
So that's why they sing as they slog to more fun!  
You doughboys, you slowboys,  
Here's luck, an' let her go, boys—  
We like you, Infantry.

Now us in the Artillery don't live no life of ease,  
Nor yet particularly security,  
For the present that Fritz sends us one can't dodge behind the trees,  
Unless trees was much thicker than they be.  
But we know our lot is doughnuts, Orders Home and Gay Paree  
To what you march to singing, Empty Second Infantry.

Oh, there's numerous blanks in your company ranks,  
But there's two in the Boches' for one in the Yanks',  
An' all that he gav, you returned him with thanks,  
You doughboys, you slowboys,  
Here's luck, and let her go, boys—  
We like you, Infantry.

F.M.H.D., F.A.

keep busy, we would get homesick, and, anyway, we have gotten used to it now, as we have been over here now—let's see—about three years and a half. I think—

I will add that as soon as we get a village cleaned up nice and get acquainted with the population, we change our minds about wanting to live there, and we pull out and find a new town that needs policing.

When this war is over, we are going to take contracts for cleaning up towns and villages, for we will be experts then.

Outside of all this, we are very well satisfied. A German avian decided (after a little persuasion) that he ought to alight over here, and the inconsiderate devil, instead of coming down close in, had to drop about three miles away, and all the taxicabs are busy, we had to walk out to pay him our disrespect.

I am getting away from my subject, but as this is a "kings and cabbages" story, I guess I can write about a mile or two. How do you find so much time to write? Oh, I am one of the exclusive set—in other words, I'm one of the guys who get tired of sleeping at an unreasonably early hour and get out and make a lotta noise with a horn adoped in the service by some one who never tried to blow one. So you see I have a few minutes to spare while waiting for the time to blow first call, and, do you know, some of the fellows beat me up, thus depriving me of the pleasure of waking them up? But, of course, in all well regulated outfits there are those who are always taking the joy out of life.

Just a few words for THE STARS AND STRIPES and I will bow tops over this letter. We have read papers and papers, and real papers, having lived in the United States years ago, but we want to hand it to THE STAR AND STRIPES, for we think it is the best paper on the English speaking press (having never read the other languages) and we are all strong for it, and the folks at home like it "boko." Now please don't steal any of Wallgren's space for this letter, for we must have that by all means.

Port arms—dismissed!  
ERNEST Y. STONG, — Am. Tn.

## YOU BET IT'S RIGHT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I need a little information and as THE STARS AND STRIPES seems to cover everything connected with the A.E.F. I am in hopes you can answer this directly or in the columns of our paper.

The case is this: I have just received a letter from home saying that my mother is proudly displaying a service flag because "yours truly" is with the A.E.F. in France. As I happen to be only a Field Clerk instead

of an officer or enlisted man in the Army, I am wondering if it is right to let her display this flag. Of course, she didn't know the difference when I came home shortly before leaving for France with my uniform, collar ornaments, etc.; in fact, I had an idea myself, then, that I belonged to the Army.

Since I have learned, however, that there is to be no service stripe or other official recognition for Army Field Clerks, and that our true status is only that of militarized civilian, I don't like to be masquerading at home as a soldier. I would appreciate it very much if you can tell me if my information regarding the status of Field Clerks is correct; and if it is, I will make another effort to enlist in some branch of the service.

For about two weeks around the first of last August, I worked night and day to get my business straightened up, so I could report at the recruiting station and get down at Camp Bowie with my outfit—a guard regiment of Infantry with which I had served two enlistments some years ago and in which I had many friends. But it didn't get me anything, for when I did report the officer in charge kindly but firmly called attention to a defect in my left eye which he said wouldn't allow him to use me at all. I got the same rebuff from the Regulars and the Marine Corps and after that didn't have the heart to bother the Navy office.

Some days later, I fell for a little notice in the paper to the effect that six Army Field Clerks were needed immediately at a certain post, and when a friend told me that Field Clerks were a part of the service and went with troops in the field, I said goodbye to my office and beat it on the next train. A few hours later, being an expert stenographer, I made a hit with my C.O.-to-be, had taken the oath to stick on the job for the duration of the war, and was informed that I was subject to the rules and articles of war.

My draft number had not been called, and at that time the Government's policy that nearly every young man could do something in the service had not been formed, and the Field Clerk job looked like my only chance.

I believe that there are a number of other men like myself in the Field Clerk Corps, and if we are not in the Army, I think we should be given an opportunity to enlist in the military service, although not commissioned officers. Such being the case, the mother of a Field Clerk in service in France is clearly entitled to display a service flag.

Mr. Heard and all his fellow Field Clerks are in the Army, then, and doing a very necessary work; they are an important cog in the military machine, and every A.E.F. who is doing his best on the job, is "doing his damndest" for his country at a time when every ounce of energy is needed in the fight for freedom and right.—EMTON.]

LANSON J. HEARD, A.E.F.

[The Adjutant General of the Army has held that Army Field Clerks and Field Clerks, C.M.C., constitute a part of the military establishment, their status being that of officers in the military service, although not commissioned officers. Such being the case, the mother of a Field Clerk in service in France is clearly entitled to display a service flag.

I would certainly like to have an expression from you on this matter, if such a course would be proper on the part of the official organ of the A.E.F. Of course, it doesn't make so much difference, if a man is doing his best, where he is placed, but I surely would like to feel that I am in the Army.

UP TO THE J.A.G.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have read with interest the discussions in your excellent paper concerning the question of Army Field Clerks being permitted to wear the war service chevron.

To date, however, I notice that no one has quoted the opinion of the Adjutant General of the Army in his memorandum of September 18, 1917, of which the following is an extract: "Par. 14. As Army Field Clerks and Field Clerks, Quartermaster Corps, constitute a part of the military establishment, campaign badges may be issued to them at cost price for services rendered by them in campaign as officers or enlisted men."

To my mind, this seems to settle the question and I pass it along for what it may be worth.

J. ROLAND FOLLETT, A.E.F.

[Campaign badges and the war service chevron are things apart. The Adjutant General of the Army has ruled that Field Clerks can wear the former, but the J.A.G. of the A.E.F. has not yet given his decision as to the right of Field Clerks to wear the war service chevron, and his ruling, as we understand it, will settle the question.—Editor.]

THE ARMY'S POETS

IN THE ENGINEERS

If it's work you would be doin' Such as ties in need o' hewin', 'Till yer back is jes' one ruin, Join th' Engineers.

AFTER THE MAN EATERS



Sing a song of cooties, Shirts all full of them, Isn't it a pretty mess From collar-band to hem;

THE POOR BOOB OR A PRIVATE'S ROMANCE

A TRAGEDY IN ELEVEN INDORSEMENTS

From: Pvt. 1/c1 Edward Bangs, Inf. A.P.O. 701, A.E.F., May 1, 1918. To: Miss Elizabeth Jones, Subject: Emotions of Pvt. 1/c1 Bangs.

FIRST BALL GLOVE IS MADE IN FRANCE

Bat Shortage Can Be Remedied by Enterprising Manufacturer

U-BOAT SINKS EQUIPMENT

Goods Worth \$30,000 Lost When Liner Oronsa Was Torpedoed

Score another run for France. A French manufacturer has made a baseball glove—a fielder's glove, to be exact—working from specifications and blueprints furnished him by the Y.M.C.A.

French Woodworkers This Way

The greatest shortage in equipment is the lack of bats. Everything from spokes to tree limbs is now being used, and where units are lucky enough to have a real bat, it is screwed together and tied together and clamped together every time it threatens to crack under the strain.

Must Have Bats

For we've got to have bats. And it would be easier to have them made here than to wait for another shipment to replace those lost with the Oronsa.

LYONS GRAND NOUVEL HOTEL

11 Rue Gréotte Favorite Stopping Place of American Officers Rooms from 6 to 20 francs

J. COQUILLOT BOOT MAKER

Trench Boots, Riding Boots, Puttees and Aviators' Needs TUNISIER TO SAUMUR. 25 Ave. des Champs-Élysées, PARIS.

MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

Plans, Guides, Aeronautic Maps for American Officers and Soldiers. CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE (Librairie des Cartes Campbell) 7, Rue François-Lafayette, Paris (opposite Sunday School, Nord-Sud, Notre-Dame-de-Lorette).

AMERICAN EYE GLASSES

E. B. Meyrowitz OPTICIAN PARIS 1, Old Bond St. 3, Rue Scribe.

ANNEX IS ADDED TO LONDON CLUB

More Sleeping Accommodations for Officers of American Forces

The American Officers' Club, at 9 Chesterfield Gardens, W. 1, London, has proved so popular that an annex is being fitted up in a neighboring building to provide much-needed additional bedroom accommodations.

GRANDE MAISON de BLANC

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

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

Paris: 1 & 3 Rue des Italiens. UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY OF PUBLIC MONIES Places its banking facilities at the disposal of the officers and men of the AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES Special facilities afforded officers with accounts with this institution to negotiate their personal checks anywhere in France. Money transferred to all parts of the United States by draft or cable.

SONG OF A SEASICK SOLDIER

Oh, the poets may sing of the billowing sea, But give me the land for mine, With the feel and the smell of the good warm earth, Far away from the scent of the brine!

DOUGHBOY DOPE

I've heard that talk about Democracy, An' a lot more o' this here high-brain stuff, I'm here to say it mostly got past me, But, I know we gotta call the Kaiser's name.

OUR SERVICE FLAG

We want a place for our Service Flag, For the Service Flag of America, We looked in vain to find a place, In all the world there wasn't space.

CROSSES

Each life must have its crosses, And a soldier gets his share, From a trip across the ocean To the envied Croix de Guerre.

GRANDPA'S STORY

Gather, my children, come to my knee; What is this object which you can see Standing so close to Grandpa's canteen? Aren't you surprised? It's only a bean!

SLEATOR & CARTER

PARIS, 39 Avenue de l'Opera, PARIS English & American Civil & Military Tailors Olive Drab Uniforms and American Insignia a Speciality

TO MEMBERS OF THE American Expeditionary Force

- As the foremost Military Store in Britain we extend you hearty greetings and good wishes. You come well-equipped, your requirements will be small—we know that, but our welcome bears none of the coldness of commerce.

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.

Our Equipment Booklet gladly sent Post Free. BRITISH SOLDIERS AS WELCOME AS EVER



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

Piccadilly Circus by Tube from everywhere.

Come and Play at

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

Right up in the heart of the French Alps—the beautiful spots where tourists have enjoyed themselves for years. When you get your leave, plan to come here.

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

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

Better Vaudeville has not been put on during the war. American, English, and French artists from the best theaters in the largest cities are here to entertain you.

Operated for all Members of the American Expeditionary Force.

Advertisement for DW Tent-Shelter. Features an illustration of a soldier standing next to a tent. Text: UNDER THE "DW" TENT-SHELTER YOU DEFY RAIN WIND MUD SNOW. DICKSON, WALRAVE & Co Rue de la Chapelle, 49 à Paris

# NEW YANK ACES CALL GERMAN BLUFF

But wartime's trumpet diars  
Raised duce around the place;  
He left them over there,  
And here we call him Ace.

We used to call him Jack  
Until he took a ring  
Upon the racing track—  
Then he was labelled King.

## VISITING AIRMAN BREAKS UP MEET

### Things Begin to Happen When M.T.S. Men Try to Celebrate

## BIG NEWS FROM UP FRONT

### Athletic Carnival Yields to Stern Business After First Five Events

"Awn yar-r mar-ricks!" bellowed the starter.

And then an airplane came busily buzzing its way over the horizon.

Now airplanes are no more an unusual sight in the town of — than they are in — or — than they are in this part of France.

Consequently, it was no surprise that none of those gathered at Advance M.T.S. Park No. 1 paid the slightest attention to this particular aviator, for they were engrossed in what they deemed a far more important task, the job of making as good a moving as possible in their first annual Memorial Day field meet.

"Gesset!" bawled the starter.

The unobserved aircraft sank to ground as close as he could possibly get to headquarters without taking off a foot or two.

"Go!" shouted the starter, much relieved that his job was over until the next event.

Carnival Goes Hooley

And just about this time, things began to pop. The aviator had burst into headquarters with certain news from the front, which you may have read in the papers, and immediately every orderly in the place snapped out of his lethargy.

One hustled to the athletic field, where there was to have been a grand program of 28 track and field events, two baseball games and a sprinkling of boxing and wrestling bouts.

Promptly the grand carnival went hooley.

After that, the B.V.D.'s of track and field were hastily canonized behind the O.D.'s of more serious business, and the main part of self development resolved itself into filling gas and oil tanks, a pastime which lasted well on toward midnight.

The large group of trucks went off just as soon as they could be equipped, with another large group following shortly after.

And this is all, except for the fact that there really was an athletic meet of five events before everything was called off. They resulted as follows:

50-yard dash: Won by McConnell, Motorcyclist Co.; second, Pope, Motor Transport Co.; Time, 5 1/2 seconds.

100-yard dash: Same winners; Time, 10 4/5 seconds.

3-legged 100-yard race: Won by Block and Olsen, Co.; Motor Mechanic; second, Pope and Kohl, Motor Transport Co.

Shuttle broad jump: Won by ten-men team from Motor Transport Co.

Shot put: Won by five-men team from Co., 1st Motor Mechanic; Longest throw, 27 feet.

## NAVY TRIUMPHANT IN LONDON CONTEST

### Army Is Consoled by Fact That It Wasn't a League Game

## BASE SECTION STILL LEADS

### Sunningdale Canadians Also Have Yet to Taste Defeat—Air- men Fight Hard

LONDON, June 6.—The London Base Section, though routed by the U.S. Navy at the special game on Decoration Day, pulled itself together sufficiently to drive off raiders from the A.E.F. Houslow Aerodrome Saturday in a ten inning game, 5 to 4.

Other Saturday results in the Anglo-American league follow: Sunningdale Canadians to Canadian Pay Office 2, at Highbury Grounds; U.S. Navy, 7; Northolt A.E.F. at Service 5, at Northolt; Epsom Canadians, 10; Canadian Record Office 2, at Epsom. The league standing:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Base Section	2	0	1.000
Sunningdale Canadians	2	0	1.000
Epsom Canadians	2	1	.667
Northolt A.E.F.	2	1	.667
Houslow A.E.F.	1	2	.333
U.S. Navy	1	2	.333
Canadian Records	0	2	.000
Canadian Payoffice	0	3	.000

The Navy's Victory

It seems that the Navy team is manned by tricky submariners. After the London Base Section demolished the split-skirted crew two Saturdays ago, and the Houslow A.E.F. flyers went over the fragments last Saturday, leaving 9 oily bubbles on the surface of an otherwise vacant sea, the pirates poked up their heads at Chelsea Grounds today and terrified the Base Section into a 7 to 3 rout.

And it was decoration day, too, with the highest, gayest sporting crowd that London has seen in many a war year.

A distinguished party occupied the royal box, including Her Royal Highness Princess Patricia of Connaught, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Clonmel, Lady Helmsley, Lady Celia Coates, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. White-law Reid, Mrs. Henry Sturgis, Admiral Sims and aides, Major-General Biddle, C.G., at the base section, with his aides, and the C.O. of the A.E.F. Air Service in Britain.

And the Army crowd used so many players in desperate efforts to intimidate the mast-climbers that a list of their names can not be given, as it would inform the Germans as to the strength of the A.E.F. in England.

Doesn't Count in Standing

The doughboys found three encouraging factors in the game. The result won't count in the Anglo-American League, as this was a special match not on the schedule. The league games will be more interesting now that it is known that the Navy is not down and out. And after all, it was a game for charity, a noble charity, too—to buy milk for the poorest families of Britain—so the admission fee was not wasted. The score:

Navy	100000123-7
Army	001000200-3

## ARMY'S FOOTBALL ACE

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, June 6.—The West Point athlete, Elmer Oliphant, will be the only cadet ever graduated with the honor of having won the Army "A" in four different branches of sport—football, baseball, basketball and track.

As a football player, Oliphant established a record, scoring in four years 219 points for the cadet eleven. In 1915 he made both touchdowns and kicked the resultant goals, which defeated the Navy by a score of 14 to 0.

Frederick Pollard, of Brown, the colored halfback who was the sensation of the 1916 football season, has left college to become a physical director for the Y.M.C.A. at Camp Meade, Admiral, Maryland.

## K. OF C. PRIZE CUP GOES TO GOB NINE

### Boys in O.D. Have Game Put Away When Big Smash Comes

## BASE SECTION FIELD DAY

### Boxing, Baseball, Track and Mar- tial Events Are All on Program

Far be it from the official reporter for THE STARS AND STRIPES Base Section No. 2 to attempt to utter the glowing encomiums bestowed by the French newspapers upon the big Base athletic track meet Memorial Day afternoon, but the O.R. of the S. and S. is willing to admit that never in his long life of festive sport journalism has he witnessed such a rasher event.

A feature of the day was the deadly duel between Chevrolet and Ralph De Palma, a driver famous for his cunning.

De Palma got to Chevrolet's rear wheels after eight laps and for ten wild miles both hung close together.

Chevrolet of the 18th mile, but at the 20th, Chevrolet made a tremendous spurt and flashed past. De Palma held the lead until his tires burst.

## SMITH AND WALKER LEAD THE LEAGUES

### Giants' Slump Is Fierce, CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, June 6.—J. Carlisle Smith, veteran third baseman of the Boston Braves, retained his hold on leading batting honors in the National league the past week.

In the American league, Clarence Walker, hard-hitting outfielder of the Athletics, has displaced George Sisler as top batsman. Several New York players are runners-up in both leagues.

The Giants have made a slump so awful that Gotham is all weep. Some are even swearing.

Hubert Thormahlen is becoming the idol of New York fans. He has pitched five games for the Yankees and won four of them. One was a 14 inning fight.

Hubert has allowed only two runs, and neither of them was Hubert's fault. He is a local product, and developed as a pitcher with the Englewood Field club in an amateur league.

## CUDGEL WINS BIG STAKES

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, June 6.—Cudgel won the \$12,000 Kentucky Handicap at Louisville by a length over Pip Junior. His time was 2:25.

At Belmont Park, Elfin Queen won the five furlong Juvenile stakes in 2:35, within three-fifths of a second of the world's record by Colin and set a fastest time made in the Juvenile stakes since they were first run in 1874.

Joe Widener's imported three year old, Trump La Motte, won a Metropolitan mile handicap over Old Koenig in 1:38 3/5. Omar Khayyam was badly out of it, running sixth.

Before 20,000 people at Belmont Park, the three year old Motor Cop won the famous \$8,000 Withers stakes.

## SPORTING COMMENT

From Joe Wood, famous pitcher, it now is known that he is not a pitcher. In 1915 Smokey Joe's arm went on the fretz and it looked as though his baseball career was ended.

Another twirler is making good in the outfield this year. He is Babe Ruth, who twirls and plays in the outfield for the Red Sox, and as a center fielder he has become now because of the heavy toll demanded by the Army and Navy.

Ruth promises to be the most valuable man on the team. Besides twirling well, he is shugging like a fiend, and after the first month was leading the American league in stickwork with the high average of .457.

Recently in one game he was struck home now because of the heavy toll demanded by the Army and Navy. Ruth promises to be the most valuable man on the team. Besides twirling well, he is shugging like a fiend, and after the first month was leading the American league in stickwork with the high average of .457.

## DE PALMA'S LAURELS COME AFTER RACE

### Scorers Err in Calculating Harkness Handicap Laps

## TOMMY MILTON IS SECOND

### Accident Kills Chances of English Driver Who Was Favorite in Betting

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, June 6.—Ralph De Palma won the hundred mile Harkness Handicap automobile race at Sheepshead Bay after a fight that was not confined to the big track.

Tommy Milton was first declared winner, but protested the decision and the judges, upon investigation, found that the scorers had made an error in calculating the number of laps.

De Palma's tires burst in a grand spurt with Chevrolet, but the inquiry showed that they didn't burst until the race was over.

Tommy Milton was second, anyway. He made it in 58 minutes, 31 seconds, which is eight miles an hour slower than Chevrolet's great drive last year.

Oldfield came in third in 59 minutes 14 1/2 seconds. Vail was fourth with 61 minutes, 20 seconds as his time.

Barrio Rosta, the noted English driver and the favorite in the betting, broke his connecting rod and the resulting smash exploded the car, forcing him to drive into the pit in flames.

Louis Chevrolet, starting at scratch, was forced to make three tire changes and fell hopelessly to the rear.

The Pacific coast champion, Emar Toft, blew a tire to bits, and "Red Flash" Peterman of Pittsburgh slid a hundred yards into the pit with brakes locked, providing the crowd with a tremendous thrill.

A feature of the day was the deadly duel between Chevrolet and Ralph De Palma, a driver famous for his cunning.

De Palma got to Chevrolet's rear wheels after eight laps and for ten wild miles both hung close together.

Chevrolet of the 18th mile, but at the 20th, Chevrolet made a tremendous spurt and flashed past. De Palma held the lead until his tires burst.

## HOTEL LOTTI

### THE NEWEST AND MOST COMPLETE

7 à 11, Rue de Castiglione  
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Headquarters Detachment, Company B. — Engineers, defeated another detachment of the same company by a score of 11 to 5.

The features of the game were the pitching of Johnson and the stick work of McFarlin and Stolle, for the winners and Red Harding's fielding for the losers.

The batteries were: Co. B, Ogeltree and Hibedeaux; Hdqrs., Johnson, Green and Croft. The score:

Company B. 10003100—5 8 4  
Headquarters. 03230201—11 17 3

## SPORTING COMMENT

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The National Sporting Club of London, which has kept the boxing game on a high plane in England for many years, still controls the sport. Despite the new curfew law, which forces everyone to be at home by 11 o'clock, the club is staging shows, starting them an hour earlier.

The officials recently adopted a new weight schedule for the various classes as follows: Flyweight, 112 pounds; bantamweight, 115; featherweight, 126; lightweight, 136; welterweight, 147; middleweight, 160; light heavyweight, 175; and heavyweight any weight over that.

Contestants must weigh in eight hours before a match, and all championship contests must be decided under the rules of the club.

## FULTON-DEMPEY GO SURE

### NEW YORK, June 6.—At Baltimore, Kid Williams came back, licking Young Chaney, the sensational local bantam, in 12 hot rounds.

Williams forced the fight from the start, hammering his opponent wickedly on the body and rocking him in the tenth with a terrifically hard left hook to the jaw. Williams left the ring unmarked.

Knockout Brennan, the Irish heavyweight, has enlisted in the Navy Reserve. He has more knockouts to his credit than any other heavyweight.

Dempey of the Salt Lake City heavyweight, and Fred Fulton have signed on for a 20 round battle to a decision, to be staged in Danbury, Conn., on the Fourth of July.

## AIRMEN VICTORS AFTER 11 INNINGS

### Squadron Defeats Engineers by Bunching Hits at Right Minute

It took 11 fast innings for the — Aero Squadron to put it over, Company F. — Engineers, by the score of 7 to 6.

It looked bad for the airmen in the first half of the 11th, when two successive singles put men on first and second, but Kees tightened and fanned the next man, and Townsend, playing left field, scooped up Wyatt's hot grounder in one hand, and by a perfect throw to the plate caught the runner trying to score from second.

Kearns relayed the ball to second and retired the side. In their haste how it ought to be done, the charge was 19 to 7. The lineup were as follows: T.A.S., Carpenter, 2b; Gould, ss; Brown, c; Leavitt, lb, captain; Phillips, cf; Duffus, 2b; Long, rf; Bourke, lf; Meuz and Phillips, p. M.T.C., Malpass, c; Lally, p; Price, 1b; Evans, 2b; Harris, ss; Hawley, 3b; Albright, cf; Crawford, rf; Murphy, lf. The score:

M.T.C. Co. 300001102—7  
T.A.S. 4220106X—19

Artillerymen Score Shutout

Battery A.—F.A., pulled another on the Aspirants, this time 2 to 0. Both hurlers were stingy, but Lefty Schroeder shrapnelled and bombed the scholars all over the lot.

The artillerymen scored their first run in the third when Stupp singled, stole second and third, and scored on O'Connor's error. Again in the sixth they succeeded in putting one over when La Mere dropped Kracke's Texas leaguer and Plitts doubled. Cobb made two nice catches and Castool some pretty stops.

Plitts besides hanging on two real hits, cut off a series of seven with a beautiful throw to the plate. The score: Aspirants... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0  
Battery A... 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 X—2

Two base hits—Plitts: Struck out by Schroeder 14, by Fuller 7; bases on balls, of Schroeder 1; stolen bases, Stepp 2, Castool; run responsible for Castool 1; left on bases, Aspirants 3, Battery A, 6. Time of game, 1:34. Umpire, Garner Unleford. Cheer leader, Rex Murphy.

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## CRIMSON OARSMEN LEAD YALE EIGHT

### Harvard Crosses the Line Three Lengths to Good on Housatonic

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) NEW YORK, June 6.—Harvard's first wartime eight led Yale past the finish of a two-mile stretch on the Housatonic, with three lengths to spare.

The grueling race was rowed in perfect form with a wealth of reserve power. Harvard's time was 10 minutes, 58 seconds. Yale's time was 11 minutes, 4 seconds.

Harvard opened the gap at the start, but Yale fought gamely and in the first mile the struggle alternated, frequently furnishing a magnificent sight as the boats dashed ahead practically abreast.

Yale faltered at the mile and a quarter point and fell behind a length in the next quarter. Three oarsmen dropped exhausted at the finish. The race was rowed on water that was glassy in the frightful heat.

Before the race, the Harvard freshmen baseball team beat the Yale freshmen 12 to 8. The Harvard boys took the lead in the first inning and were never headed.

Lafayette defeated the U. of P. by a 2 to 1 score in a game played at Easton. At West Point the Army licked Stevens Institute 5 to 1. At Annapolis the Navy was victorious over the team from Mount St. Joseph to the tune of 6 to 0.

## HOTEL CONTINENTAL

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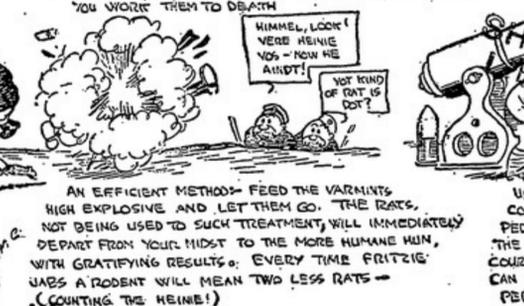
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USE THEM FOR ASCERTAINING THE RANGE OF THE GUNS— CONCEAL A RAT IN EACH SHELL, FIRST ATTACHING PEDOMETER TO THE RODENT'S LEFT HIND LEG. WHEN THE SHELL HAS COMPLETED ITS FLIGHT THE RAT WILL OF COURSE RETURN TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED. THEN YOU CAN EASILY READ THE KILOMETERS REGISTERED ON THE PEDOMETER— PROVIDING SOMEONE HOLDS THE RAT.



HAVE THE COMPANY BARBER GIVE ALL THE RATS A CLOSE SHAVE AND MAKE THEM STAY OUT IN THE RAIN ALL NIGHT SO THEY WILL CATCH PNEUMONIAS— AS THIS SICKNESS IS FATAL TO RATS, YOU WILL SOON BE RID OF THEM.



HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE, HERE BATTIE, NICE BATTIE, COME, LET PAPA READ YOUR 'RUST WATER!'

# -By WALLGREN

## HELPFUL HINTS



BLOW THE RODENTS UP WITH GAS AND WAFT THEM AWAY ON THE ATMOSPHERE. WE GUARANTEE THAT NO RAT WHO HAS BEEN THUSLY TREATED WILL EVER RETURN. BESIDES THERE BEING NO CORPSE, THERE ARE NO BURIAL EXPENSES.

## STEVEDORES' CAREER

### A ROUND OF HARMONY

Base Ports Vibrate With Music These Warm Spring Days

### VAUDEVILLE OFFICERS

### Buck Dancing Contest Produces Footwork That Would Make New York Sit Up

Just because the colored stevedores of the A.E.F. sing at their work and on the way to work and when passing in the home and sing when they get to their barracks is no reason to suppose that the work doesn't get done. The work does get done, and gets done well, whether on account of the music or in spite of it, it is hard to say.

Nobody who reads the results of the work—enormous loads of all kinds of supplies taken off the ships and loaded into miles and miles of giant warehouses or on to the freight cars waiting at the big docks—is likely to quarrel with the music made by this branch of the Army. And surely nobody who has heard the music will quarrel with it.

Every night, at a certain base port, there are dozens of concerts in the stevedores' camp, with harmony close and beautiful.

The other evening, some officers, bored perhaps with each other, commandeered a few stevedores that were passing—in all likelihood to engage in one of the two authorized crap games the commanding officer allows, with a rake-off for the company fund—and asked them to come into the officers' quarters.

The officers' barracks has a piano, and a floor made of salvaged boards, and one of the stevedores had a guitar and a knife. With these meager properties, a show was put on that would have stood 'em up on Forty-second Street any old night.

### Buck Dancing Contest Leads

A buck dancing contest lead the program, the prize being a purse of half a franc from each officer present. The Alabamian at the piano let himself out, ragging his whole repertoire and making up more rags to fill in the gaps.

On a makeshift floor and in heavy issue shoes, that, however good they are, are not built for dancing speed, five stevedores, one after another, shook ten hoofs. It wasn't easy to award the prize, which finally went to a young Mr. sergeant, who did 15 minutes of varied steps that Fred Stone on his zippiest evenings wouldn't be ashamed of.

### Then Private Bill

of Louisiana, played dozens of tunes on his guitar—pronounced GITT'ar. With the adroit manipulation of the knife along the strings he got the strange, poignant and beautiful effect of the ukulele. When he played "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," one Q.M. captain from Lynchburg couldn't stand it any longer. He just got out his O.D. handkerchief and had a good cry.

"Can you play 'When You and I Were Young, Maggie'?" asked a major. "No, seh," said Bill. And immediately proceeded to play it.

"Why, that's it," the major said. "Mebbe so, seh," admitted Bill. "Ah don't rightly know the name of none of them songs. Ah just use 'em to keep my white madam down in N'-waw-leens practice on the piano."

### Plenty of Parodies

The stevedores have a lot of parodies. One they sing all the time is "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way."

Trying to be a soldier for the U.S.A. Going to be a hot time in France some day; I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way.

It takes the Ninth Cavalree To make the Germans lay their weapons down.

Four long years, England and France, Trying to put the Germans in a trance; Fighting for your country, and it ain't no lie Eastward riding going to change my mind.

Takes the Ninth Cavalree To make the Germans lay their weapons down.

At ten o'clock taps sounded. "Go on to bed, boys," said the captain. And they filed out to their quarters.

"Gosh," said the captain. "I sure do hate to send them boys to bed. Like the song says, I 'could sit all night and listen."

### JUST THE OTHER WAY

"Are you," asked the old gentleman "a doughboy?"

"No," replied Private Pasfranc, who hadn't seen the paymaster in six weeks "I'm a doughless boy."

## AS WE KNOW THEM

### THE PRIVATE

He kicks about his meager pay, he kicks about the grub; He swears by all that's holy that his corporal is a dub; To him each regulation is a source of much distress— But he's never sick on pay day, and he's never lato for mess.

He curses reveille and drill; he tries to skip retreat; He howls about the effort that it costs him to look neat; When work in any form looms up, he tries hard to renig— But he's strong for playing poker, and he's great on bunk fatigue.

He crabs about each feature of his military life; His idea of delight is to engage in verbal strife; He prides himself on knowing every pessimistic trick— And the height of his ambition is to register a kick.

But he really doesn't mean it, for it's just a clever ruse; And we know that chronic kickers have no time to get the blues. And if kickers make good fighters, then we're ready to begin To kick Fritz out of Flanders, all the way back to Berlin! PVT. GEORGE E. PARKER, CO. L.—Inf.

### WHAT THEY'LL DO

"When I get back home," remarked the sergeant to the rest of the gang. "I'm going to get off the boat down the river and go right to those Turkish baths in the Woolworth building—you know where they are. And I'm going to stay in there and soak for an entire week, to make up for all the baths I've lost out on over here."

"When I get back home," remarked the corporal. "I'm going out to a little old ice cream parlor run by some old colored people that really do know how to make ice cream—not the salty, watery stuff they hand out over here and charge you a franc for, but the real thing. And I'm going to eat myself absolutely hog-sick."

The private said nothing for a moment. Then:

"When I get back home and into city clothes I'm going to walk up and down every street in town with my hands in my pockets. And if there are any M.P.s in that town of mine by that time, I'm going to get up and thumb my nose at every one of them. And if any one of them raises his jimmy, I'm going to say, 'Yah, you son-of-a-gun! The likes of you made me take my hands out of my pockets, where they was comfortable, every time I turned around in France. But now, that I'm in city clothes, you can go plumb to hell!'"

"Shake!" said the sergeant. But the corporal had slipped the mitt to the private before he could say it.

"Shake!" cried they all.

### Hundred Miles of Track

Nearly 100 miles of railroad track have been laid and there is more to go down. The men are laying American steel and driving real American spikes, and they are making time the progress they would if they were using French rails under the French method.

The troops and workmen on the job are quartered in a camp at one end of the yard, with the exception of some units of American colored troops who are enjoying the early summer in tents, and the German prisoners. The main camp is laid out with streets and blocks of barracks.

The German prisoners live in tents also. When not at work they are confined to quarters, the confinement being made secure by a barbed wire fence which encircles their quarters and a squad or so of English soldiers on guard duty. The English troops are in charge of the prisoners. They also act as foremen. The Germans were captured by the British, and that is one reason why the Tommies are guarding them now.

The speed with which the Americans have progressed with the construction of the yard is a constant marvel to the French population. Peasants come for miles to see the steam shovels devouring a hill and see track laying gangs put down rails that are fastened with "nails."

### Revelation to Hun Prisoners

But the big revelation has been to the 1,000 German prisoners working on the job. When first they arrived, they were inclined to be a little insolent and not averse to making predictions as to what was going to happen to America in this war. In the few weeks since their arrival, however, they have undergone a decided psychological change.

From their camps they can see the American docks of the base port and the main American railroads leading to the interior and the front, and the main United States line of rail transport passes within a few hundred feet of them. They see ships dock and discharge varied cargoes not singly but by the dozen and the score. They see train loads of cheering, singing American soldiers go by day and hear them by night, riding in American cars pulled by American locomotives.

They are dumfounded by the American effort and savoring from their vantage point, the fruits of American activity, they have sadly admitted that Germany has been grossly deceived about the part the United States is playing in the war.

## BUSTED SUSPENDERS

### LOOKED MIGHTY FINE

But Jerry Wondered Why All the Salutes Kept Coming

Jerry never could wear a belt. He couldn't keep the necessary nether garments properly supported without suspenders. So suspenders he had—a fine ornate pair of galluses, designed and embellished by his Aunt Melinda down in Middle Haddam, Conn.

They were, some galluses. Like the shad which haunts the waters of the mighty river beside which, they first were inflicted on the world, they shone in the moonlight.

On this particular night one of their supporting arches had busted clean in two, while Jerry—who was on permanent K.P.—was bending over to lube up a heavy pair of water. Nothing daunted, Jerry strung the one remaining faithful gallus from his left hip up over his right shoulder and back down again to his left hip. Thus equipped, with an extra hitch to make sure, he sallied forth into the night.

Snap! And Snap Again

Snap! In the half light of the moon, then just coming up, a passing dough-boy saluted him.

Snap! The sentry at the gate of the French cantonment brought his rifle up to present arms. But as Jerry didn't know the difference between the French present-arms and the carry-arms of the old, old manual, that didn't bother him at all. It bothered the Frenchman, though, for he expected to have his carefully executed salute returned in good style.

SNAP! The Yank sentry on No. 1 post rattled his rifle up to the perpendicular with a slam of palm on wood and leather that could have been heard a mile. It woke Jerry from his reverie. He looked; sure enough, there was one

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A Bank with more than 1,000 branches through.

There you will find Wells Fargo blank forms and instructions for filling them out.

The identical form filled out by you is immediately sent SOCIETE GENERALE to us in PARIS and the payment is distributed by mail or cable to our New York office and thence to the address given by you. If by mail we send a duplicate by following steamer to ensure prompt payment should the original be lost in transit.

Money may be paid in to any SOCIETE GENERALE Branch for opening a deposit account with us in Paris—subject to check.

WELLS FARGO & CO. Head Office NEW YORK 4 Rue Scribe, Paris LONDON: 28 Charles St. Haymarket

## Do You Know the Filene Paris Service for Soldiers?

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.

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BOSTON, and 208 Rue de Rivoli, PARIS

MISS EVANS and MISS CHIPPERFIELD, REPRESENTATIVES

Also representing: BAMBERGER'S & COMPANY Newark, N.J. JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY Pittsburg, Pa. SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT, BARNEY St. Louis, Mo.

### ARE YOU WOUNDED? THEN GO FARMING

Base Hospital Gives Practical Training to Its Convalescents

### REAL PARADISE PROVIDED

Something for Every Getting Well Sick Man to Do in Loire Valley

I want to go back. I want to go back. I want to go back to the farm. Far away from here. With a wound stripe on my arm. I miss the sergeant (A former bar-quent) Waking me at 4 a.m. I think your Z. of A. sir. Z'very gay, sir. NEVETRELESS! I want to be there. I want to see there. A certain someone\* full of charm. That's why my litany Is always of Brittany Down on the farm! Sons of the Ez Patients. \*Believed to refer vaguely to nurse, searcher, Y.M.C.A. girl, or fair villager.

### A RIVER BANK IDYLL



### SPRING DAYS DOWN IN THE S.O.S.

When a player steals home in an S.O.S. after mess ball game these rainless days and is forced to slide for it, he raises a dust cloud that looks like the smoke screen of a couple of super-dreadnoughts. Wherefore, they have found a real use for the old overseas cap in the S.O.S. They brush off home plate with it.

that by tucking the ridge-pole of the old overseas cap down under the eaves-trough the wearer might make himself really presentable, and so his whole command did it. The result was so close a resemblance to the new cap that this particular unit feels that it anticipated the whole Army.

### MAN OF 93 HAS WAR RISK POLICY

And Premiums Have Been Computed for Even Higher Figure

There is a man 93 years old in the service of the United States who is eligible for war risk insurance. Not only is he eligible for it, but he actually holds a war risk policy. It happened back in Washington. An officer in the War Risk Bureau there who is now in the War Risk Bureau here was approached one afternoon by his chief, with the resulting dialogue: The Chief: How far along have you computed those premium tables? The Officer: Up to 65 years inclusive, sir. The Chief: Well, here's a man 93 years old in such and such an office of the Navy who wants to take out a policy. Figure those tables up to 95. He may have a brother a couple of years older. So the officer took a 40 mile automobile ride to the place where he kept his cotton gin, or milling machine, or caterpillar tractor, of whatever apparatus is used to figure out premium tables, and worked into the wee sma' hours of the morning computing those tables for every age between 65 and 95. Whether his chief was kidding him or not is not for the officer to say. He can only point to the tables as proof of his work. And if anyone in the A.E.F. between 65 and 95 wants a war risk policy and can't find the premium in the new war risk circular, the Bureau can supply it.

### THE SPRINKLING CARTS

I have seen the bravest quail. I have seen the faintest shine. I have watched the best grow stale From long vigil in the line; But of all incongruous things, Fit to throw one in a trance. This the explanation brings: Sprinkling carts on roads where mud Topped the rim of wagon wheel When I first arrived—oh, Lud! How those marches made me feel! Wet and slimy was the way, Dull and lowery was the sky, Till I gave up in dismay, Lugged, and wanted much to die. Now the roads are full of dust, Throats cry out for many beers; So, to wet them down or bust, Came the doughty Engineers With their water-wagon bold Hitched to mules that gaily prance Hest those men, with hearts of gold, Sprinkling on the roads of France!

Every soldier who rises from a sick bed in Base Hospital, 8 and begins to think restlessly of getting back to his outfit must turn farmer before he can turn fighter again.

As soon as he has retrieved his legs and convinced the ward surgeon that he should be marked "Convalescent," he bids a grateful farewell to the nurses who have brought him round, promises the head nurse he will write her how he is getting along and betakes himself to the convalescent camp. This is so near the hospital proper that you can hit its top sergeant, if you care to take the risk, with a well-aimed pebble from the hospital windows. And it is the men of the convalescent camp who run the hundred acre farm which Base 8 has just acquired. It is a fine old hill-side farm, which was doubtless under tillage long before the Romans came that way to build the wall of which a crumbling fragment is still proudly pointed out in the little town of Savenay nearby. Very possibly its method of cultivation could have furnished helpful hints to Virgil when he wrote his "Bucolics," the "Rural New Yorker" or ancient Rome. Now it is an American farm, tilled and sown according to the latest light, not from Rome but from Ithaca. Any fine morning you journey that way you will see men in olive drab hoeing the potatoes or weeding the redish bed or tossing fodder to Hindenburg, the fattest of the pigs. From the freshly turned fields, the workers take in the wonder of that landscape, where the silver Loire stretches away in the misty distance through a rolling countryside dotted with slow turning windmills. A shift in the wind brings up from the village the music of the cathedral chimers.

### Helping Themselves and Others

While these soldiers are thus being won back to the sturdiness they need, they know that the work they are doing is storing up food for other men who will come along, sick or wounded, to fill the beds they have left vacant. For while the farm and its instruments have been provided out of the bottomless pocketbook of the Red Cross, the institution threatens soon to be profitable. It promises to furnish eggs, green vegetables in abundance, pork aplenty and fresh milk to the tune of three hundred precious quarts a day; added riches for what is already celebrated up and down the line as the best mess in the A.E.F. It is a wide market truck in such quantities and so close at hand that the mess sergeant's head can rest easier in his tent of nights. When a man reports from the ward to the convalescent camp, he is immediately classified as Class A, B, C, or D, and not till he has worked for a while with the robustness required of Class A can he throw down his hoe and reach for his rifle. Two hours of every morning are given over to farm work, the afternoons to drills and games. The O.D. farm hands all ride back to noon chow in trucks, but the A men have to walk over to the farm in the morning. Every Monday, the medical officers pass on the general state of health and reclassify the doughboys. The members of the board are known as the Owls because of their disconcerting knack for recognizing malingering at sight and for hissing the sometimes brilliant bits of acting done by the occasional doughboy who has grown so fond of his bed and his egg-nogs that he is known around the premises as a "mattress lizard."

### Plan Wholly Self-Operating

The whole "Back-Through-The-Farm" movement, the whole convalescent camp is self operating. It provides only two S.O.S. jobs, because the passing procession of patients manage the whole affair themselves. The convalescent sergeants and corporals drill the rest. A recuperating cook patters about a field range set up in the ancient kitchen of the farm house and a slowly fattening patient does the odd chores about the place, while another wields the hammer in the making of pig pens and such. The only two permanent workers on the farm are two medical department sergeants who happen to have been graduated from the Cornell School of Agriculture. Doubtless if the war had not involved America, one of them would now be occupying the Chair of Manure at that celebrated institution. As it is, both of them, who enrolled for their service in France, now find themselves dwelling in a farm house of a ripe old age, administering by day the problems of fertilizer and rotation of crops. At night they watch the moon come up over the Loire and pick out from their mandolins the strains of "Far Above Cayuga's Waters." The farm house is pleasing within, now that it has been raked fore and aft with that passion for cleanliness which American medical officers display to the occasional annoyance of the enlisted personnel. The surroundings are attractive. Already the convalescent officers are seeking it out as a place to read and write of an afternoon. The head nurse may give a tea there once in a while when the work slackens a bit, and on the fourth of July there will be held, for the pleasure of all within the post, a good old American barbecue.

### TO REIMBURSE OFFICERS

Officers who lost their equipment when the steamship Tuscania was torpedoed and sunk in February, can be reimbursed, according to a paragraph inserted in the Urgency Deficiency Bill, now on the statute books. Word of the inclusion of the paragraph in the measure and its adoption has just been received here.

Monsieur Bonnechance—that isn't his name—runs a thriving little farm in a village not far from the spot where several hundred Americans are quartered. Monsieur Bonnechance is a veteran of '70. Also, he keeps a highly creditable cellar.

He was showing some Yanks the cellar, and stopped before a cask of goodly age and girth. "It shall be opened for all you Americans," he said, "après la victoire!" The line forms at the right.

A graceful little species of bird that looks, flies and acts like a cross between a common sparrow and a barn swallow is fond of frequenting one mess hall in large numbers after every meal. The mess hall used to be a French cavalry stable, but it is scrupulously clean from stone floor to tiled roof.

So far the K.P. union has not protested against the birds' doing a good share of its work, although it is evident that the feathered understudies receive only board and lodging for their helpful scavenger work.

In that same mess hall the doughboy may read as he eats the pleasant names—and numbers—of the horses who used to tenant it: "Tapine 423," "Bayard 365," "Myriame 442," "Mirabelle 378." And one is a little poem all itself: "Rose D'Or 384."

The Atterbury, otherwise Attaboy Special, whose lusty Yankee whistle is the nightly lullaby of one town in the S.O.S., has a bell that is the wonder of the countryside. French locomotives, as every American here found out on his first sight or ride back of one, carry no bells. Crowds of French people gather in delighted wonder to watch the Attaboy go snorting through the villages—rather not to watch it, but to hear that wonderful bell.

A real live imitation of Coney Island has sprung up on the banks of a river within handy reach of the Americans in the vicinity. For their benefit most of its placards are printed in a sort of English. Reads the announcement for the ring game: "7 ring 4 cent."

The New Overseas Cap has been anticipated by at least one officer. He found

It is the duty of a certain Engineer sergeant to take half a hundred German prisoners out in the morning and see that, in the following eight hours, they do their bit toward winning the war—for the Allies. For three days the sergeant had been troubled by the fact that the P.G.s were not "bitting the ball." He had exhorted them and ordered them and they neither understood nor obeyed. Finally, he sent for an interpreter. The latter arrived when the sergeant was in a particularly angry mood. "I want you to make these guys quit layin' down on the job," said the sergeant. "I want you to ask 'em how the hell they expect us to win this war by stalling around this way."

Second class mail is no more certain of arriving in the S.O.S. than it is anywhere else. So one man who likes, much as he does the rest of us, to see his home town paper once in a while, has his wife cut out the news that will interest him and ship it along in a sealed envelope, postage paid. When he gets a letter from home his office looks like a clipping bureau. But he finds out what's going on.

Company censors in the S.O.S. haven't yet gotten entirely used to the rule permitting the mention of certain place names. More than one soldier's letter has started back over the ocean with the names carefully excised and then as carefully written in again over the gaping holes in the paper.

One casual barracks is so high-ceilinged that the bunks stand four deep, and the upper is, to say the least, well up. They are not always in use, but once in a while an unusually large number of casuals happens along and fills them up.

It was under such circumstances that one man got in so late that nothing but the fourth floor was left.

"How'd you sleep?" asked the friendly casual top in the morning. "Sleep?" was the answer. "I didn't sleep, I just lay awake and hung on."

"What's this, another rest camp?" asked the spokesman of a group of newly arrived casuals of a group of newly arrived casuals who descended from an "hommes 40, chevaux 8" special at a certain town in France. "No, this ain't no rest camp," said an Engineer sergeant. "This is a railroad construction outfit. You do nine hours a day on a shovel here and march four miles to and from work."

"Thank Heaven," said the casual with a sigh. "We was afraid it was one of those rest camps."

Hotel Brighton Paris 218 Rue de Rivoli PLEASANT ROOMS WITH BATH MODERATE PRICES

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

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS Questions Answered By BRAN MASH T. E.F.V., A.H.W.—No, men in the service are not expected to send wedding presents to parties resident in the United States and not anxious to leave the United States via the Atlantic route. If, however, a perfectly husky civilian friend of yours sends you an invitation to the approaching ceremony, it is perfectly permissible to note the date and then cable him, on that very occasion. "Many slacky returns of the day," or something equally bright. He will understand that the cable message costs just as much as the more conventional pickle fork, and all will be well. R.T.H.—In answer to your request as to what to use in Army introductions, these forms are offered as guaranteed sure-fire hits: "Private Blankinface, permit me to present General Hellowheels; though I suppose it's really unnecessary to introduce you, since you are both in the A.E.F. and surely must know each other." "Sergeant Beetlingbrow, this is Lieutenant New, who is going to take charge of your platoon from now on. Please treat him kindly, as he has had a tender bringing-up, and don't let any of your boys use rough language in his presence." "Captain Outofstuff, let me make you acquainted with Major Holdemup. He's in the Q.M., and as you have to make requisitions on it, you are bound to run into him again—I mean, have a run-in with him—I mean, ah—er (giggle)." U.J.P.—Yes, it is always better form to request your guests (in the lower right hand corner of the invitation card) to bring their own gas masks. If you lend them some of your supply, the nose-grips may be a trifle worn and your guests—if they have acquiline features—may thereby be seriously inconvenienced during the height of the festivities.

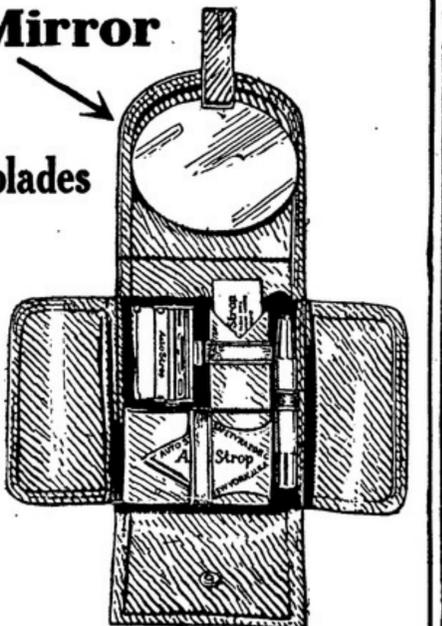


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THE AutoStrop Razor is the real soldier's razor. It needs no supply base. It is self-maintaining, a complete shaving outfit. The twelve blades in the kit will give at least five hundred clean shaves,

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