

SINGLE REGIMENT TAKES 54 WAIFS; TOTAL HITS 261

Banner Week of Campaign Gets Boost in Strenuous Fighting

K.P. BUYS ONE ON HIS OWN

Every Platoon in B Company Becomes Parrain Along With Officers

TWO FOR BASE HOSPITAL No. 5

Y.M.C.A. Secretaries in Base Camp Also Bid for Pair—Contribution Comes From States

Table with 2 columns: Name, Points. Includes Enlisted Personnel, Major J. W. Stillwell, Captain G. B. D., etc.

Taken This Week

Strenuous fighting on the front doesn't have anything but a stimulating influence on the adoption of French war orphans in the A.E.F.

The Americans get out and write a few pages in history with the machine gun and the bayonet—and right in the same week 68 children are adopted under THE STARS AND STRIPES plan and all previous records are surpassed.

The "Reveille" isn't a new 4:30 a.m. bugle call. Don't worry. It's a little white newspaper printed every once in a while with a mimeograph by an Ohio regiment, on letter sized paper, and by virtue of utilizing both sides of the sheet, it has two pages.

Things were pretty slow with the regiment some time ago. There wasn't much to do but nerve around the trenches and lay bets on which would be the company to bring in the first Boche prisoner.

Finally, Company M nabbed a Fritz and carried off the regimental honors, and just to celebrate the members contributed 1,000 francs for the support of two French children.

Now the Acc of Aces The "Reveille" thought it would be a good idea if the other companies became parrains, and without waiting to capture prisoners, so it started a campaign which ran through three issues of the paper.

The result: 18,500 francs forwarded for the care of 57 children for a year and enough more pledged and collectible next day to provide for 17 more.

The regiment becomes, as Private Cecil J. Wilkinson, editor of the "Reveille" suggests, the "ace of aces" in THE STARS AND STRIPES orphan adoption plan; and what with the other adoptions of the week, the total number of children in THE STARS AND STRIPES family went up to 17 more.

The "Reveille" began its campaign with this announcement: "Adopt a French Orphan. Back home they may have their Liberty Loan whirl winds and their Thrift Stamp campaigns, but those little financial undertakings are mere carbon copies of a regular knock-em-down-and-take-it-front-on Drive that is hereby launched by the "Reveille". It's for the benefit of the war orphans of France. Five hundred francs will keep one kid for one whole year.

Bagging While They're Flush "By day is at hand. We're bagging while yours' flush. The campaign in each company will be in charge of the Continued on Page 2

S.O.S. PICTURE CARDS CAN NOW GO THROUGH Nothing of Military Nature Can Pass Censor, Says New Ruling

Past card pictures of scenes in the intermediate section of the S.O.S. may be sent home to America, after all. This doesn't mean any and every postcard that strikes the S.O.S. man's fancy, however. Probably, as soon as he hears this, he will run off to buy two dozen assorted views and three dozen of the barracks in which he spent his third night on French soil.

But it can't be done. Views of a non-military nature alone are permissible. Barracks are altogether too military to be allowed.

Pity the Postmasters The new ruling puts out of commission the one published in last week's STARS AND STRIPES that post cards would come under the censor's ban. The former order was a precautionary measure taken while awaiting the final decision. The result will be first, the quick release of several thousand post cards that have been tucked away in dunny bags in Tours, Blois, and dozens of other places down that way, and second, scores of censored postcards protruding from overworked postmasters' throats throughout the U.S.A.

The post card order applies only to the intermediate sections of the S.O.S., not to the base posts. For them there is nothing stringy.

Photographs may also be sent from the intermediate sections provided they disclose no military information. A picture of an entire outfit would be barred, for instance, but one of two members of that outfit playing leapfrog in heavy marching order would be triumphantly passed.

CAMPAIN HAT BACK

The campaign hat is coming back—Easy! Don't throw up your sweaty overseas caps and call the O.M. king, as the Roman mob did in Gen. Caesar's day. The campaign hat has been the subject of a favorable recommendation, upon which favorable action is accepted as foregone. And the recommendation is that it be restored for the use of men in the S.O.S. and for certain forestry units.

The foresters will be the only troops near the front who will wear it—that is, at present. Everybody else is free to hope, however. In the meantime, the S.O.S. lads had better be digging down in their barracks-bags and fishing out the old hats they were told, long since, to put away; or, if they've lost them, they had better form in line right outside the supply sergeant's diggings and jester the life out of that much-pestered individual until he comes across with new ones.

MERCHANT FLEET SECOND IN WORLD; TEN MILLION TONS

America Has Built 629 Vessels in First Five Months of Year

TWO SHIPS A DAY IN MAY

Gross Tonnage Constructed Thus Far in 1918 Reaches 687,000

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 12.—The Department of Commerce statistical report shows that, in the first five months of this year, we have built 629 vessels of 687,000 gross tons. This brings the total merchant tonnage under our flag up to approximately 10,000,000 tons, not counting the transports and other merchant ships under Army and Navy control.

It makes our merchant fleet second only to that of Great Britain. The May tonnage output was three times that of January.

In January, 57 ships got their registry; February showed an increase to 84; March, to 138; April, to 165; and May shows 187 registered.

During May our shipyards delivered to the Government, fully equipped, 44 ships with a total tonnage of 246,000. If the last six days of the month 82,000 tons were delivered, and the new launches during the month came to 71 ships, aggregating 244,000 tons—more than two ships daily, and within 57,000 tons of the entire American launchings in 1901.

Five new yards for concrete ships have been authorized, and 42 ships of 7,500 tons each have been ordered.

COURT MARTIAL IN CENSORSHIP CASE

Aviation Cadet and Civilian Messenger Charged With Violating G. O.

Charges have been preferred against an aviation cadet, A.E.F., who is accused of attempting to send uncensored matter to the United States by a civilian attached to the A.E.F. who was returning to America. The case will be heard by general court martial shortly.

This is the first general court martial case of the sort which has come up since the preparation of the general order which specifically forbids the sending of personal communications of any sort except through the censored postal service.

As directed in that order, not only the messenger carrying the letters and photographs, some of which are reported to have been extremely indiscreet, was taken back to the base port under arrest, but also the cadet alleged to be primarily responsible for the violation of the order was arrested.

BEER MAY HOLD OUT

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 13.—Food Administrator Hoover opposes the bill now in Congress which would prohibit the further manufacture of beer and light wines. This will probably kill the measure, leaving whisky, gin and similar relays as the sole outlets.

There is lots of whisky in storage, however, and probably the whisky drinkers' only suffering will be the acute pain brought on by having to pay 25 to 40 cents per hoist.

47,000,000 AID RED CROSS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 13.—Total subscriptions to the Red Cross drive now reach \$166,000,000, and the final figures will probably not be short of \$170,000,000, which means a 70 per cent over-subscription.

The returns indicate that more than 47,000,000 individuals subscribed. The Red Cross was also enriched by the fines laid during the past week on food profiteers. One firm handed over \$20,000, and another \$9,000.

SAINTS JOIN MARINES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 13.—There is a rumor that the Mare Island Navy Yard quartermen, who some of the Marines are, are planning to join the American saints. Their names are: Arthur St. James, of Denver; Edward St. Luke, of Cheyenne; Orville St. John, of Seattle; Henry St. Peter, of Kansas City; and Arthur St. Matthew, of Spokane.

VERDUN BELLE, MARINE'S PAL, FINDS HER OWN

Trench Broken Mother-Dog Waits for Master on Battle's Rim

RETRIEVES OFFSPRING, TOO

Happy Family Reunion, Human and Canine, Is Held in Field Hospital

SEPARATED AFTER LONG HIKE

Young Soldier Started for Front With Seven Unweaned Puppies Added to His Pack

This is the story of Verdun Belle, a trench dog who adopted a young leatherneck, of how she followed him to the edge of the battle around Chateau-Thierry and was waiting for him when they carried him out. It is a true story.

Belle is a setter bitch, shabby white, with great patches of chocolate brown in her coat. Her ears are brown and silky. Her ancestry is dubious. She is under size and would not stand a chance among the laughter-broods they show in splendor at Madison Square Garden back home. But the Marines think there never was a dog like her since the world began.

No one in the regiment knows where she came, nor why, when she joined the outfit in a sector near Verdun. She singled out one of the privates as her very own and attached herself to him for the duration of the war. The young Marine would talk long and earnestly to her and every one swore that Belle could "compre" English.

She used to curl up at his feet when he slept or follow silently to keep him company at the listening post. She would sit hopefully in front of him whenever he settled down with his laden mess-kit, which the cooks always heaped extra high in honor of Belle.

She Knew the Game Belle was as used to war as the most weather-beaten poilu. The tremble of the ground did not disturb her and the whining whirr of the shells overhead only made her twitch and wrinkle her nose in her sleep. She was trench broken. You could have put a plate of savory pork chops on the parapet and nothing would have induced her to go up after them.

She weathered many a gas attack. Her master contrived a protection for her by cutting down and twisting a French gas mask. At first this sack over her nose irritated her tremendously, but once, when she was trying to claw it off with her forepaws, she got a whiff of the poisoned air. Then a great light dawned on Belle, and after that, at the first order, she would race for her mask. You could not have taken it from her until her master's pat on her back told her everything was all right.

In the middle of May, Belle presented a proud but not particularly astonished regiment with nine confused and wriggling puppies, black and white or like their mother, brown and white, and possessed of incredible appetites. Seven of these were alive and kicking when, not so very many days ago, the order came for the regiment to pull up stakes and speed across France to help stem the German tide north of the troubled Marne.

In the rush and hubbub of marching orders, Belle and her brood were forgotten. Continued on Page 2

FAT OF THE LAND FOR YANK TROOPS GOING INTO LINE

Chicken, Real Milk, Honey, Asparagus, Rabbit All for the Taking

MESS OUTFIT IN LONG HIKE

Cooks Do 128 Miles in Five Days to Find Regiment They Believed Was Starving

DOCTORS MARVEL AT GRIT OF WOUNDED

Only One Outcry in Busy Week in Four Dressing Rooms

The medical folk salute the wounded from the fighting around Chateau-Thierry. From the youngest litter boy to the senior surgeon, from the richest of the field dressing stations to the finest operating room in Paris, the testimony is overwhelming to this effect:—But they had never seen such grit in all their lives, never seen such unquenchable spirit.

In the four dressing-rooms of a divisional evacuation hospital through which the procession of wounded must pass on its way from the field hospitals, hundreds of soldiers were treated last week. There was not a murmur from any of them. One infantryman, who in all those cases where bleeding had to be stopped, where fresh dressings had to be given, where anti-tetanus had not yet been administered. Such week does not call for anesthesia. And in all that week, there was only one outcry. That was from a man with a slight skin wound.

Through the receiving room in the Red Cross hospital, 2 in Paris, 25 of the wounded passed in one night. One man, who had been crawling on all fours, crawled up the stairs after being at the dressing station 27 hours after he had fallen. He and talked airily of what had befallen him and told how another doughboy had administered first aid and then dug him walking gracefully in the field hospital.

"What's this fellow got, lieutenant?" asked someone peering over the sergeant's shoulder. "Guts," said the lieutenant, respectfully.

"I've only broken my arm," was the answer. "I can hoof it."

One infantryman was shot through both arms and both legs, breaking the bones of his right in the hip. He talked about the battle with the doctor who was dressing his wounds in the field hospital.

"What's this fellow got, lieutenant?" asked someone peering over the sergeant's shoulder. "Guts," said the lieutenant, respectfully.

15,000 TROOPS, ON BOARD 18 TRANSPORTS, SAILED FROM NEW YORK YEAR AGO TODAY AS FIRST FIGHTING CONTINGENT OF A.E.F.



THE WAVES OF THE ATLANTIC

FAT OF THE LAND FOR YANK TROOPS GOING INTO LINE

Chicken, Real Milk, Honey, Asparagus, Rabbit All for the Taking

MESS OUTFIT IN LONG HIKE

Cooks Do 128 Miles in Five Days to Find Regiment They Believed Was Starving

When the Yanks jumped into the second Battle of the Marne, they came from far and near, came by train, came by camion, came afoot, came they little cared how so long as they got there.

It was a great pell-mell rush of reinforcements to a point in the line where reinforcements were needed. In that rush, one regiment of infantry piled into dusty motor trucks and sped up hill and down dale at such a rate that they left their mess and supply personnel, their kitchens and their provisions far behind—so far behind that a whole unforgettable week went by without their catching up somewhere northwest of Chateau-Thierry.

And the boys, with only the vaguest notion of what that week held in store for them, thought gloomily of their meager supply of iron rations, wondered how long the hard luck and crowded will would last and hazarded the guess that the mess sergeants were asleep under some distant, peaceful hedge, while the cooks must be rioting in some roadside buvette.

In the Regiment's Wake But far in the rear, toiling along under the scorching sun behind their field kitchens and the wagons of supplies, the lords of the mess were coming as fast as they could. They had supposed they would come by train, but it had that ever been the plan, it went awry.

Veteran sergeants who had not been hikers over here, cooks who had scoured the open road, started out overland in the wake of the regimental train. They walked 128 miles in five days and one of them got out of a sick bed to do it.

They walked as the most hardened hiker would walk, with only a cold lunch to stay their stomachs, with only one hour's rest, except the regular ten minutes' breathing spell allowed in every hour. And when they reached the end of the 128th mile, it was not to rest, but to start in and cook for dear life.

The one thought that was in their minds as they put mile after mile behind them was the thought that the poor lads must be hungry and that no regiment can fight without its cooks behind them.

But the poor lads, with whom the cooks commiserated as they plodded along the dusty highway, were living, for the most part, on the fat of a wonderful land.

It was one of the loveliest and most fertile countryside in all the world into which the Germans made their southward thrust the last week in May. Fine farms, rich stocks of cattle and fowl, new yielding gardens had been abandoned.

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BUMPER CROP PROSPECTS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 13.—Crop prospects continue to improve even beyond last month's favorable outlook.

The Government forecast is now for 931,000,000 bushels of winter wheat, and there seems very fair reason to hope that the final harvest may reach the billion mark.

Spring wheat is in splendid condition, with the weather continuing favorable.

The oat and rye crops also appear to break the record if we are ordinarily lucky in weather from now on.

Speaking of weather, it was our rugged winter of 1917-1918 that got the ground in shape for the smashing crop that is going to come out of it. The Hans laughed while we shivered and shovelled.

Now the laugh is the other way. For all this wheat is going to you and your brother warriors, to the refugees whose homes you will win back. And there will be a little left over for us, too.

SLACKERS' ROUNDUP ONLY STAGE TRICK

Home-Made Badge Part of Makeup That Fools New Yorkers

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 13.—This town has gotten triumphantly, disgracefully and hopelessly stung by an American imitator of the famous Captain Koenig, the German cobbler who once stung a German town.

A few evenings ago, a young man flashing a glittering gold badge appeared in the tenderloin with a motor wagon and began gathering in slackers, right and left. He terrorized the whole district and did such a thriving business that soldiers and sailors joined him and brought two additional motor trucks, which were filled with prisoners in a jiffy.

Yells Fill Police Station The young avenger cleaned up the theater district and delivered his captures at the police station, where the police respectfully received the prisoners and locked them up over night. The station house nearly exploded with yells of rage, and the next morning the newspapers fell for it unanimously.

Then it developed that the avenger was a \$15 clerk and that the badge was a shabby home-made brass effort. The president of a big corporation and a Metropolitan Opera tenor were among the prisoners, and there was hardly a single real slacker among the whole outfit.

HARD LUCK STILL ON JOB [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 13.—Fate proves it can do anything when it is really on the job.

Two men were recently engaged in painting a ship from a scaffold. Some oil leaked from the vessel. A riveter working nearby dropped a red-hot rivet. The oil flamed up, and the scaffold caught fire.

The men jumped overboard and were drowned.

U-BOATS' VISIT TO AMERICAN SHORES WAKES NO ALARM

Seaboard Cities Decline to Uproot Themselves and Move Inland

COAST PATROL ADEQUATE

Panic Spirit of 1898 Altogether Lacking Along Coast—New York Saves Light

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 13.—Our Teutonic well wisher's latest exploit in moving his portable battlefront to our fishing and surf-bathing preserve between the Virginia beaches and the Hawkeye threatened for a few days to create a famine in capital "C" headline type in the newspaper offices, but it really didn't excite the public very much, being viewed more as a matter of news interest than of personal concern.

There was a refreshing difference between this attitude and that exhibited in the Spanish-American war, when every city along the Atlantic coast demanded the protection of the entire American Navy for itself every time somebody saw smoke on the horizon.

New York, for example, this time enjoyed the visible demonstration of instant readiness and adequate equipment afforded by the coast patrol and the Navy yard. Crows journeyed to Coney Island and spent the day watching the balloons, air planes, destroyers and hordes of other speedy craft covering the sea.

Great White Way Dark At night the city darkened itself, and did it with neither panic nor objection. The Great White Way went out of business as easily as though the mere blowing out of a candle were involved.

Many of us are almost thankful to the submariners because the vast aggregation of electric signs that decorated the front pages by day is now out of business temporarily, at least. The prodigious extravagance in electricity along Broadway has been a source of quiet but ardent objection by many thoughtful men.

The householders all obeyed the request to dance or shade their lights and nobody blinked by except irresponsible "Coney Island," which mournfully announces that it will have to go out of business if it is not permitted to set the heavens ablaze nightly.

The ingenious amusement proprietors of the West hot-dog resort proposed to for three days of the week, but the police suggested that they arrange the matter with the Kaiser. As the Kaiser cannot be reached at present, Coney Island remains doused.

Toward the end of the week the submarine news was pretty well backed off the front pages by accounts of what the men of the infantry and Marines did on the Marne, and everybody was very much tickled. There has been quite a bargain-counter rush of enthusiastic volunteers at the Marine recruiting depots in consequence.

Many Rookies Among Four Regiments of Infantry and One of Marines

13 TO 19 DAYS ON VOYAGE

Vessels Stole Out of North River and Separated Into Groups Under Navy's Escort

JUBILANT WELCOME IN PARIS

Children Knelt in Streets as Old Glory Was Borne Through City to Tomb of Lafayette

A year ago today our first contingent of fighting troops set sail for France. Under cover of darkness, in the early morning of June 14, 1917, the transports of the first convoy slipped silently down the waters of the North River, across the harbor of New York and out to sea.

The greatest secrecy hedged about their sailing, but the devious of the water front on both the Manhattan and the Jersey shores and the dwellers in the sky-scraping apartment houses on Riverside Drive must have guessed what was in the wind, for all during the two preceding days the troop-laden ships had been moving out from the Hoboken piers and taking their place in a line in the middle of the Hudson from 90th Street down.

After some consideration and debate, the War Department had decided to send General Pershing and his headquarters to France without delay and to leave one division of the Regular Army follow him as soon as possible. The Commander-in-Chief and his staff had set sail from Governor's Island on May 28, and on the day of his landing in Liverpool, June 8, came the order of embarkation to the part of the first division that was to sail in the first convoy. The next day, and for several days thereafter, for the most part in the midnight hours while Hoboken was fast asleep, the troops filed quietly aboard. Meanwhile, the leathernecks were as silently and as secretly boarding their transports in Philadelphia.

Most of Them Infantrymen There were, roughly, 15,000 soldiers. Some ambulance and hospital men there were, some motor truck drivers and Signal Corps experts, and some stevedores, but the greater part of the troops that took their farewell look at the Goddess of Liberty a year ago today were infantrymen.

They represented the Marine Corps and the Regular Army, but a Regular Army that had, a few weeks before, been abruptly and violently expanded to several times its familiar size. So of the seasoned, old-time doughboys who had soldiered on the border and seen overseas service that referred to the Pacific and the Atlantic, there was only a skeleton formation within the ranks of the first contingent.

More than three-quarters of the lucky 15,000 were out-and-out rookies, and some of them had not been in uniform more than a week when they found themselves aboard the first transports. Some of them lacked in training and equipment what "light" troops might lack in man and were a little vague about the fine distinction between shelter-halves and chevrons.

It was the theory of the first great rush overseas that the boats should take them as they found them, and that what they lacked in training and equipment they could pick up in Sunny (laughter) France.

It is a very different looking first contingent that is now doing itself proud in the field. But even at the beginning every one greeted every one else as "old timer" and the work "rookie" was a fighting word.

Every man aboard those transports Continued on Page 2

SCHOOL FOR M.P.'S NOW ON THE BOOKS

Won't They Hate to Show Their Travel Orders on the Way?

The latest addition to the A.E.F. educational scheme—a school for M.P.'s. Yes, it's come at last. The M.P.'s, brassards, blouses, caps and all, are going to be marched off to school. They will have to sit with their cunning little hands folded on the edges of their desks, and won't be allowed to pass notes to each other—much less to look at passes. They will have exercises in arm waving and lip-waving, in totem-lashing and rebuke-handling. In short, they will get everything that is coming to them—everything that they need in their business.

The prospects of the new course mapped out for the hierarchy of the Highways is not yet out. It is safe to predict, however, that it will include military map-reading; human map-reading; the British system; Jif-fish; French geography; folk-lore; Janythology; ancient and modern; pathology; astrology—otherwise known as setting bone-heads right; astronomy; signal-lit; brass-defecting; and polite conversation, in French and English and plain United States.

True, one solitary Yank M.P. once held up a whole French artillery column with the single bilingual aljuration of: "No passay. — it" and forced it to detour for a good ten miles, general and all; but the school authorities feel that an M.P.'s knowledge of French ought to be a trifle more adequate to occasions of that sort.

Anyway, anyway you're a mind to school; and gosh! how some of 'em dread making the trip there and 'bug held up for their travel orders!

FIRST A. E. F. FIGHTING CONTINGENT SAILED JUNE 14, 1917

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was enormously proud at being a part of the first contingent. Every one then in training or about to go in training over home was sick with impatience to get to France, and the first contingent looked upon the luckiest boys in America. Their own pride in their position was but an echo of a general order—General Order No. 4, issued at Hoboken on July 11:

Uphold Highest Traditions
"Every member of this division will be instructed in the responsibility of his position as a representative of the first unit of the Army of the United States to serve in Europe. He will be carefully impressed with the grave responsibility resting upon him to uphold the highest traditions of the Regular Army and to establish the morale for all subsequent organizations ordered to the front. The vital necessity for a soldierly appearance, a cheerful and prompt obedience to orders and the uncomplaining performance of hard work and acceptance of hardships will be impressed upon all."

Present in that first contingent were one regiment of Marines, four of Infantry, one Signal Corps company, four motor truck companies, one bakery company, Ambulance Company No. 6, Field Hospital No. 6 and some 500 steredores.
The boats that bore them were the Tenadores, the Saratoga (rammed in the harbor on a later voyage), the Havana, the Pastores, the Momus, the Antilles, the Lenoque, the Mallory, the Finland and the San Jacinto. Laden with Marines, the Hancock, the Henderson and the DeKall came up from Delaware Bay and joined the convoy outside New York Harbor. The old McClellan traveled along as a refrigerator ship, while the Montanan, Dakotan, Occidente and Luckenbach brought up the rear with animals and freight.
The 18 transports separated into groups according to their speed and, under escort of the Navy, they crossed the Atlantic in a fortnight of as serene

and friendly weather as sea-faring men are wont to encounter in a dozen years of ocean sailing. This was the first contingent of these soldiers, the first experiments in boat-drills and submarine guard duty. They were the first to take their blankets up on deck and bunk under the stars, the first to barter with the stewards for contraband chow smuggled from the officers' mess in the dark of the moon, the first to compose letters home signed to battle the censor.
It was at 10:30 on the night of June 21, before the advance guard of the convoy reached the submarine zone, that the landing ships had their celebrated encounter with what was believed—and is still by many believed—to have been a U-boat. It was on June 22 that the cheers from the crowded rails announced one by one the presence on the horizon of United States destroyers, came out to greet them and guard them safe to shore.

First Sight of Land
In those days, the slender U-boat was a far more anxious question for the convoys than it is today and it was with relief that all on board the first four ships saw on June 25 the French coast on the horizon, the scarlet sun-lit sails of the fishing craft and watched over head the welcoming, sheltering flight of a French airplane. When they cast anchor off the coast that evening at seven, they assumed that all danger was past, little dreaming that they were never more accessible to the submarines and that two had been reported as lurking in those waters that very afternoon. They wondered why the tireless destroyers circled ceaselessly around them all night long.

Next morning the Tenadores, the Saratoga, the Havana and the Pastores docked at the port of a somewhat cheerless city which most Americans had never even heard of a year ago today. It had been selected as the first of the American base ports while the first of the convoys was midway across the Atlantic, and the final sailing orders were given by wireless. It was

then a sleepy, shabby seaport town where prices were low and Sanke manners and customs all unknown.

Last in Port on July 2
At intervals through the next few days, the other transports came over the horizon and into port so that the last of them was safe at its pier by July 2. The correspondents who crossed with the convoy and those who came down from Paris to meet the incoming ships would not let them send home word of the safe arrival. But it was unfortunate. Perhaps it was by way of revenge that they tried then and there to wish on the innocent Yanks the dreadful name of "Sammie." By some mishap, however, a message slipped past the guard, was published in London and flashed home to America, so that the whole world had the news.

Guesses from 80,000 Up
The quartermaster was ready for them with 17,000 rations, but it was necessary for a good many of the men to use the boats as barracks for several days. They would march out to camp in the morning after first mess, work, exercise and drill there all day, and return to the docks in time for dinner at night. As the one-way road system was already in force there, they made the trip back to the boats along another thoroughfare.
This simplified the quartermaster's problems, but it confused the correspondents dreadfully. Some of them who were itching to know how many troops were in the first contingent, tried keeping a rough count of the number seen marching away from the docks each morning. When you watch an unending line of soldiers cross the back of the stage in a war-pipe back home, you may be shrewd enough to suspect that once they are out of sight, they race behind the back drop in order to reappear at the other side and march across again and again, and the French journalists watching the streets of the port had no reasons to suspect there were repeaters in our line of march, so they innocently arrived at a staggering total. There were many rough estimates circulated and published as to how many we had sent. And the lowest guess was 80,000.

Fine Health, Finer Spirits
The difficulties the first arrivals encountered were many, but they were minor and transitory. The soldiers were in fine health and still finer spirits. Things rapidly became smoother and smoother for them and by July 15 the

motor trucks were placed on the last and slowest of the boats. Thus the first contingent had to struggle along over muddy and insufficient roads for several days without their help. Then, too, many a soldier and his equipment became separated in the loading so that a lot of them were unprepared to camp those first few days.

Thundering Cheers Greet Rifles
It was Paris to holiday garb, a Paris all gay with sunshine and bunting and flowers. The officers rode on horseback, the men followed afoot. The cheers that greeted the first in line—the sappers—were as nothing to the very thunder of welcome which greeted the first group with rifles over their shoulders.

Through scenes such as these, with every one cheering and all the jubilant thousands catching on the passing band the melody and the spirit of "Dixie," the parade made its way from the Invalides to the Picpus cemetery, where, at a tomb which will ever be a shrine for American pilgrims, the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. whispered the words that were in every one's heart that day—"Lafayette, nous voila!"

As a military parade, it was not the snappiest thing ever staged, for there was no such thing as keeping a straight formation when all the girls of Paris were nosing you with chains of daisies, crowning you with poppies, thrusting roses into your belt; when the little children were breaking through the lines to kneel in the streets as the flag went by; when weather-beaten, battle-scarred poets were scoring their place as spectators and insisting on walking alongside.

VERDUN BELLE, MARINE'S PAL, FINDS HER LOST CHILDREN

Continued from Page 1
ten by everyone but the young Marine. It never once entered his head to leave her or her pups behind. Somewhere he found a market basket and tumbled the litter into that. He could carry the pups, he explained, and the mother dog would trot at his heels.

Now the amount of hardware a Marine is expected to carry on the march is carefully calculated to the maximum strength of the average soldier, yet this leatherneck found extra muscle somewhere for his precious basket. If it came to the worst, he thought, he could jettison his pack. It was not very clear in his mind what he would do with his charges during a battle, but he trusted to luck and Verdun Belle.

For 40 kilometers he carried his burden along the parched French highway. No one wanted to kid him out of it nor could have if they would. When there followed a long advance by canton, he yielded his place to the basket of wriggling pups while he himself hung on the tail-board.

When There Were Three
But then there was more hiking and the basket proved too much. It seemed that the battle line was somewhere far off. Solemnly, the young Marine killed four of the puppies, discarded the basket and slipped the other three into his shirt.

Thus he trudged on his way, carrying those three, pouted and frowning, as a kangaroo carries its young, while the mother-dog trotted trustfully behind.

One night he found that one of the black and white pups was dead. The road, by this time, was black with hurrying troops, lumbering lorries jostling the line of advancing ambulances, dusty-gray columns of soldiers moving on as far ahead and as far behind as the eye could see. Passing silently in the other direction was the desolate procession of refugees from the invaded countryside. Now and then a herd of cows or a little cluster of fugitives from some

desolated village, trundling their most cherished possessions in wheelbarrows and baby-carts, would cause an eddy in the traffic.

No Sign of Belle
Somewhere in this congestion and confusion, Belle was lost. In the morning there was no sign of her, and the young Marine did not know what to do. He begged a cup of milk from an old Frenchwoman, and with the eye-dropper from his kit he tried to feed the two pups. It did not work very well. Faithfully, the veering wind brought down the valley from far ahead the sound of the cannon. Soon he would be in the thick of it, and there was no Belle to care for the pups.

Two ambulances of a field hospital were passing in the unending caravan. A lieutenant who looked human was in the front seat of one of them, a sergeant beside him. The leatherneck ran up to them, blurted out his story, gazed at them imploringly and thrust the puppies into their hands.

"Take good care of them," he said, "I don't suppose I'll ever see them again."
And he was gone. A little later in the day, that field hospital was pitching its tents and setting up its kitchens and tables in a deserted farm. Amid all the hurry of preparation for the big job ahead, they found time to worry about those pups. The problem was food. Corned willy was tried and found wanting.

Food Problem Grows Vital
Finally, the first sergeant hunted up a farm-bred private and the two of them spent that evening chasing four nervous and distrustful cows around a pasture, trying vainly to capture enough milk to provide subsistence for the new additions to the personnel.

Next morning the problem was still unsolved. But it was solved that evening. For that evening, a fresh contingent of Marines trooped by the farm and in their wake—tired, anxious, but undiscouraged—was Verdun Belle. Ten kilometers

back two days before, she had lost her master and, until she should find him again, she evidently had thought that any Marine was better than none.

The troops did not halt at the farm, but Belle did. At the gates she stopped dead in her tracks, drew in her lolling tongue, sniffed inquiringly the evening air and like a flash—a white streak along the drive—she raced to the distant tree where, on a pile of discarded dressings in the shade, the pups were sleeping.

Their Own Mess Call
All the corps men stopped work and stood around and marvelled. For the onlooker it was such a family reunion as warms the heart. For the worried mess sergeant it was a great relief. For the pups it was a mess call, clear and unmistakable.

So, with renewed faith in her heart and only one worry left in her mind, Verdun Belle and her puppies settled down on detached service with this field hospital. When, next day, the reach of the artillery made it advisable that it should move down the valley to the shelter of a fine hillside chateau, you may be sure that war was made in the first ambulance for the three casuals.

In a grove of trees beside the house, the tents of the personnel were pitched and the coats of the expected patients ranged side by side. The wounded came—came hour after hour in steady stream, and the boys of the hospital worked on them night and day. They could not possibly keep track of all the cases, but there was one who did. Always a mistress of the art of keeping out from under foot, very quietly Belle hung around and investigated each ambulance that turned in from the road and backed up with its load of pain to the door of the receiving room.

A Case of Shell Shock
Then one evening she lifted out a young Marine, listless in the limp stupor of shell shock. To the busy workers he was just Case Number Such-and-Such, but there was no need to tell any one

who saw the wild jubilation of the dog that Belle had found her own again at last.

The first consciousness he had of his new surroundings was the feel of her rough pink tongue licking the dust from his face. And those who passed that way on Sunday last found two cots shored together in the kindly shade of a spreading tree. On one the mother dog lay contented with her puppies. Fast asleep on the other, his arm thrown out so that one grimy hand could clutch one silken ear, lay the young Marine.

Before long they would have to ship him on to the evacuation hospital, on from there to the base hospital, on and on and on. It was not very clear to anyone how another separation could be prevented. It was a perplexing question but they knew in their hearts they could safely leave the answer to some one else. They could leave it to Verdun Belle.

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MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY.

The Naval Officer and the "Little Grey Books"

JUST prior to the War a brilliant young naval officer had a bad breakdown; a breakdown so complete that it looked as though his career were at an end. He was ordered an entire and protracted rest—not only from professional duty but from every form of work. But War broke out, and his services—he was a clever expert—were promptly needed. He reported.
Despite his anxiety to serve, however, he found that he was utterly incapable of performing his duties. He was keen to give that service which he knew was in him, but neither his professional pride nor his eager patriotism enabled him to overcome his handicap.
He wrote to the Pelman Institute and became a student of "the little grey books." Within a few months that officer had so distinguished himself by ability and zeal that he was promoted to an important command over the heads of senior officers. He generously gives the credit to Pelmanism.
This officer's experience is remarkable, but by no means unique in the Pelman records. Letters are constantly being received by the Pelman Institute from Army and Navy officers, business and professional men and women, telling of extraordinary advances in efficiency resulting from a few weeks' study of "the little grey books" in which the simple principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly expounded.
Equally remarkable are the tributes from soldiers and sailors:—
GENERAL:—I take the Pelman Course very seriously, as all soldiers who have made their profession a serious study must do. I am very deeply interested in the Course and have been so from the very commencement. There is no doubt I have benefited considerably by it. I may add that I have felt a step in rank which, though only temporary, is certainly one in the right direction.
LIEUT.-COLONEL:—Very many thanks for the special Military Exercises. As a direct consequence of Lesson 2 I have got a step in rank which, though only temporary, is certainly one in the right direction.
CAPTAIN:—My memory is immensely improved—so much so that I have just been able to accept a Staff appointment, which I could not have done before doing the Pelman Course.
So popular is the Pelman System in the Army that often officers and men coming back from the front on a few days' leave come straight from the train to the Pelman Institute to enroll for the Course on the recommendation of a brother-in-arms or to bring a message from a fellow Pelman student in the trenches.
Is "Pelmanism" Worth While?
Let any man of common-sense reflect upon the fact that nearly one hundred Admirals and Generals, as well as considerably over 2,000 other officers and men, are now Pelmanists. Would one of these waste a moment of their scanty and hard-won leisure over the study of Pelmanism unless they were convinced by plain evidence and by the private testimony of brother officers that Pelmanism is unquestionably worth while?
The extracts from letters published by the Pelman Institute during the past year or two constitute the most remarkable volume of evidence of its kind that has ever been made public. There is not a class or rank—from the highest to the humblest—from which there has not come voluntary evidence that the Pelman system is daily claiming "NEVER FAILS" to produce ALL THE BENEFITS THAT ARE CLAIMED FOR IT.
All Classes Benefit
Clerks, typists, salesmen, tradesmen, and artisans are benefiting in the form of increased salaries and wages. Increases of 100 per cent and 200 per cent in salary are quite frequently reported; in several cases 300 per cent is mentioned as the increase of salary due to Pelmanism!
Professional men find that "Pelmanism" results not only in an immense economy of time and effort, but also in vastly more efficient work. It says something for Pelmanism when members of such different professions as solicitors, doctors, barristers, clergymen, architects, journalists, accountants, musicians, and schoolmasters have all expressed their emphatic appreciation of the value of Pelmanism as a means of professional advancement.
Members of Parliament (both Houses), peers and peeresses, men and women high in social and political life, famous novelists, actors and actresses, scientists, professors, and university graduates and tutors—the "little grey books" have ardent admirers amongst all of these. Even Royalty is represented—and by several enrolments!
Wounded Officers "Pelmanism"
There must be some thousands of wounded officers and men throughout the country who are studying "Pelmanism" while in hospital; and these speak of the "little grey books" with real affection, not only as a source of present interest and pleasure, but also as a definite assurance of a more certain future.
Indeed, quite apart from any other advantage, the course is well worth ten times the time and money simply for the stimulus it gives. The "little grey books" give one a sense of power, a new belief in Possibility.
Here is a characteristic letter bearing on the point; it was written by a University man now in the Army.
"The Course has prevented me from becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger. I may add, it inculcates a clean, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and pressed upon me as a means of self-improvement. I consider this an extraordinary success."
"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with the synopsis of the lessons) will be sent gratis and post free, together with a full report of Truth's famous Report and a form entitling readers of Stars and Stripes to the complete Pelman Course at one-third less than the usual fee, on application to The Pelman Institute, Pelman House, Bloombury Street, London, W.C. 1.

SINGLE REGIMENT TAKES 54 ORPHANS; TOTAL 261

Continued from Page 1
first sergeant. All ranks of francs from all ranks of Yanks are acceptable.
"We've been in France for months. We know the condition of the poor wretches whose fathers have made the supreme sacrifice. There is no need of pleading their cases."

Bright Buckeye Sunshine
By noon of the sixth day the "Reveille" was able to announce that enough francs had been gathered to introduce "sunshine—bright, cheery, substantial, buckeye sunshine—into the lives of 25 children, and six days later it proclaimed that the regiment "not only went over the top and took the first line trench, but penetrated far beyond the original objectives and still is gaining ground"; that "Company F, in a spirited dash," passed Company I and became the "ace" of the regiment, and that "distinguished service honors went to Private Charles Shuman of Company A, who, single-handed, took an orphan behind as the eye could see. Passing silently in the other direction was the desolate procession of refugees from the invaded countryside. Now and then a herd of cows or a little cluster of fugitives from some

what you are doing for French war orphans is the best thing in it. I am a little short of funds at present, but am going to divide what I have and am enclosing \$50 of the good old kind of money as a first payment."

"OFFICER-R.S. CENTER?"
Officers who consider themselves out of luck on money due them from the Government, either for pay or mileage, should write right away to the Post Disbursing Officer, H.Q. S.O.S., Bldg. 5, Room 133, A.P.O. 717, American E.F. Said disbursing officer had, at last report, 177 checks held because of insufficient addresses. The officers to whom those checks are due may get them by informing the disbursing officer of their present addresses.
Also, if any officers in the A.E.F. have lost any trunks or bedding rolls, they had better write to 1st Lieut. F. E. Wood, Officer in Charge, Lost Baggage Bureau, Transportation Department, A.P.O. 717. The number of bedding rolls which have been found, and for which delivery orders can be issued, is 339. The number of trunks awaiting their owners is 349.
Among the 339 bedding rolls and 349 trunks are a few belonging to Army Field Clerks, Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. men, and others working with the A.E.F.

100 francs," he said, and contributed five francs more.

So the regiment becomes the "ace of aces" of the parvains, and THE STARS AND STRIPES thanks Chaplain J. J. Killiday, who supervises the "Reveille"; Editor Wilkinson, Private I. F. Stratton, associate editor, and the contributors to the fund, on behalf of the 54 French youngsters to be tided over the coming year of need, who, all their lives, will remember the coming of this regiment to France.

Not counting the 17 orphans pledged, these are the units of the regiment which have forwarded the money to complete their respective adoptions:—
Company A..... 2
Pvt. Charles Shuman..... 1
Officers Co. B..... 1
1st Platoon, Co. B..... 1
2nd Platoon, Co. B..... 1
3rd Platoon, Co. B..... 1
4th Platoon, Co. B..... 1
Co. C..... 1
Co. D..... 1
Co. E..... 1
Headquarters, Co. F..... 2
3rd Platoon, Co. F..... 1
Platoons, Co. F..... 2
Co. G..... 2
Co. H..... 2
Co. I..... 1
1st Platoon, Co. I..... 1
2nd Platoon, Co. I..... 1
3rd Platoon, Co. I..... 1
4th Platoon, Co. I..... 1
Co. L..... 1
Co. M..... 3
Headquarters Co..... 2
Machine Gun Co..... 2
Medical Detachment..... 1
Staff and Field Officers..... 1

California Heard From
Eleven other individuals and units sent in their requests for a total of 34 children, making 69 all told for the week; and fractional contributions were received as follows:—
George E. Voorhies, Jr., Santa Barbara, California..... 125 frs.
Mrs. H. F. Rathbun, New York 13 frs. 30 Co. D.—Engrs..... 50 frs.
Mr. Voorhies is the first contributor from the United States.
"Enclosed find draft for 125 francs as a 'starter' to adopt an orphan," he wrote. "Am broke now, so will send 125 francs more after I get my income-tax paid (if I do) and the balance soon. Saw the copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES in Sunday's New York Tribune and am having it framed and hung in the country club."
Major J. W. Stillwell, of the General Staff, became a pawn on behalf of his children in THE STARS AND STRIPES. "Have just got hold of my first copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES," wrote "Southern Officer," and the story of

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers company funds.

Editorial: Guy T. Visknicki, Capt., Inf., N.A. (Editor and General Manager); Alexander Woolcott, Sgt., M.D.N.A.; Hudson Hawley, Pvt., M.G. Bn.; A. A. Wallgren, Pvt., U.S.M.C.; John T. Winterich, Pvt., A.S.; H.W. Ross, Pvt., Engrs., Ry.

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Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: The Dorland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 8 francs for six months, to civilians, 10 francs for six months. Local French money not accepted in payment. In England, to soldiers 6s. 6d. for six months, to civilians 8s. Civilian subscriptions from the United States \$2.00 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G.2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France, Telephone: Gutenberg 12.95.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1918.

A YEAR AGO TODAY

A year ago today the first fighting troops of the A.E.F. set sail from the port of New York. A year ago today, in the still dark hours before dawn, while all the city slept, the first convoy dropped silently down the river and out to sea.

Though it was Flag Day, no flags could wave them on their way; no cheers or music sounded a farewell from the shore; no harbor craft might boom a thunderous Godspeed. But the prayers of America were with them—and with them the hearts of America.

They were not many—not more than 15,000. A large part of them were raw recruits. There was no bombastic notion in any one's mind that this little handful of soldiers could at once and alone add materially to the strength of the long, stern line of the Allied defense. Yet surely no more important contingent of like size ever went forth to battle since the world began. The reason they were welcomed like conquering heroes in the streets of Paris on our first 4th of July in France, the reason they were sent at that time at all, was because that first contingent was the pledge of the hundreds of thousands who have already followed them, a token and a prophecy of the millions on the way.

FLAG DAY

All over America today, in every country where the representatives of America are engaged in carrying out the American vision, on the high seas where the fleet of America keeps its ceaseless watch and ward, the flag will be flown. The occurrence of Flag Day this year finds the banner in more distant places, at one and the same time, than has ever before been the case.

It is a far cry back to the days when the flag had but 13 stars in the blue field alongside its 13 stripes. But the glorious thought of the flag is not in the extension of those stars to 48, nor in the multitude of far removed spots on which today the flag is planted. It is, rather, that the flag of 48 stars stands for exactly the same ideal of liberty as did the flag of 13 stars; that the America of 1918 is as alive and alert in the defense of that ideal as was the America of 1776.

The flag has never led the way to war save when human freedom was at stake. The flag's glory has been that it has always emerged triumphant and untarnished from the fray. The flag's honor—and the honor of all that the flag stands for—is in our keeping. The flag must never be besmirched. The flag will never touch the ground.

FRED BLAKELY—HOW!

As evidence of how all America is back of us, some of the little unconsidered stories that slip into the crowded newspapers back home these days are more impressive than the staggering total of Liberty Loan subscriptions, more eloquent than the most resounding patriotic speech that echoes across the Atlantic.

In a West Virginia mining town, one Fred Blakely is known as the man who loads more tons of coal in a day than any other man in the state. That means something in a year when the miners are determined that the earth shall yield for the Allies more fuel than it ever did before. Fred is staking for the A.E.F. He is dog tired at night, but somehow he has managed every week to knit a sweater for some soldier in France.

GLORY BE!

It is good news that a new system of Army pay is under consideration in the high councils of the A.E.F. It is better news that the whole spirit and purpose of that contemplated revision is the creation of a system by which each and every soldier, no matter how far he has strayed as a casual and no matter what the condition of his service record, will get each month enough money for his real needs, get it quickly and get it easily.

We have had evidence aplenty of men going seven and eight months without a son of pay. Last winter, we would see again and again a service record in which "Pay due from enlistment" was about the only entirely reliable entry.

Soldiers have made the rounds of the hospitals and come up smiling but broke in a replacement division. Here and there in their wand-rings they had hopefully signed a payroll, but always moved on their way before the frames arrived.

It is small wonder if some of them, when they heard anyone speak of the Yank as the highest paid soldier in the world, wondered where he got that stuff.

It is true that an emergency measure permits several paying points in the A.E.F. to deal out, on improvised and supplementary service records, a flat \$7.50 to every man as his pay for the

month just past, no matter where his original service record might be or what its state. But it is also true that, complicated by all the frills of insurance, allotment and Liberty loan, dependent for its success on the whole-hearted co-operation of officers who are newcomers to the Army, and strained by the rush and shuffle of a farflung expedition ever on the move, the old pay system, whosoever the fault, has not worked to the satisfaction of the most important man in the Army—the private.

When a new system is finally launched, whatever its character, it will prove an immediate success only if every officer in command of troops bends every energy to the task of mastering the new machinery and seeing that it works. The officer who is careless in this matter, who can bother about his own pay and sleep comfortably of nights before he has done everything in his power to see that his men are paid, is not fit to wear a Sam Browne belt.

THE ANSWER

Submarines appear off the coast of America and sink a number of small vessels and a fair-sized steamer. And then—And then some three thousand applicants appear in one day at the Naval Reserve recruiting offices.

And then the riveters of the country set a new all-around record. And then Secretary Daniels announces that the road to France has been kept open and will be kept open.

A few folks were probably frightened. It was the best thing that could happen to them.

The big result is this: Everyone who wasn't fighting mad before is fighting mad now.

It was the ruthless submarine campaign that brought us into the war. A ruthless submarine campaign at the doors of America isn't going to drive us out. It will just drive us on all the harder.

THE HANDS OF THE A.E.F.

America seeks as her reward in this war only the great gain that will come to all decent countries from the mere fact that the Prussian menace has passed like the passing of a nightmare—the peace that comes to all good people when a dirty bully, who has been roaming loose in the land, is caught, beaten and made powerless.

America will ask for no land or riches when this war is done.

From time to time it is well that we should renew this pledge of our high purpose. It has been expressed often and in many words. It has seldom been said in fewer words or with greater eloquence than in a Spartan speech by General Johnson Hagood, when, in the presence of the victor of the Marne, he spoke in behalf of the Army.

"We come to France for no material gain," he said. "We expect to divide no spoils. We come to fight for what we believe is right, and when the victory is ours, we shall return empty-handed, unless it be, perhaps, to take our dead with us."

BULL

Have you heard that the Empty Stenth Division was practically cut to pieces in its gallant attack last Sunday—or perhaps it was Wednesday?

Have you heard that its sister division, the Empty Stenth plus One, was about to return to America to fight the Mexicans?

What! You didn't even know we were at war with Mexico? Where have you been these past twelve months?

You have probably been minding your own business of soldiering. And the men who have been spreading those stories have been minding their business very badly.

Of course, there's something behind all these wild yarns that are continually struggling for circulation in the A.E.F. That one about the Empty Stenth's being cut to pieces, for instance. It must be true, because who do you suppose told us? A lieutenant who had not been with the division for two months.

What's the use of waiting to get information from G.H.Q. when there's a handy man like that around?

"JUST THINKING"

We are in receipt of a copy of a poem, sent us by Pvt. Melvin Ryder, which, according to him, purports to have been "passed on from soldier to soldier, and edited somewhat," and to have been written by William Burke, 3400 Emerald Avenue, Chicago, Ill., whose A.E.F. address is unknown.

The poem in question is, with the exception of a paltry few words and punctuation changes, (one of which destroys the rhyme which the original had), a direct duplicate of "Just Thinking," written by a member of the editorial staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES, on the afternoon of either February 4 or 5, in the office of the Chief of the Press Division, I.S., G.S., at _____, France, and printed on the first page, top of second column from the left, of the second issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES, on February 15, 1918.

From the nature of the copy—even the same title, "Just Thinking," is used—the "poem" purporting to have been written by William Burke is manifestly a taking down of the original; probably, from the nature of the changes, an attempt to reconstruct it from memory, or more uncharitably, an attempt to cover up the adoption of it as his own by a slight switching of the phraseology.

THE STARS AND STRIPES isn't calling William Burke to account—yet. It is "just thinking."

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

As in the early days of 1914, French troop trains are decked with poppies and roses, with every flower of field and garden. And just as in those days when the war was young, the poilu, after four years, rides up to the front, blithely, lustily singing, and with roses stuck in his cap and blouse.

Germany told the world that France was "bled white." Germany lied, and knew that she lied. The soul of France, reflected in the eyes and voices of her fighting men, is both unvanquished and unvanquishable.

The Army's Poets

SOLDIER SMILES

You may talk of kings and princes,
And the glory of their show;
You may sing of knights and ladies
In the days of long ago.
You may paint a vivid picture
Of the wonder-words to see,
But the smiles on soldier faces
Look the best of all to me.

They are gassed and shelled and tortured,
They are shocked and shot and shattered,
And you marvel when they speak;
They will give their all in battle
That the world may be made free,
And their smiles must brighten
Are real miracles to see.

They have smiled since they were babies—
Latter, love have been their charms—
And their smiles were patriotic
When their country called to arms;
They go laughing to the trenches,
Filling fighting lines with give,
And with smiles they come back wounded—
Those are smiles that puzzle me.

Kings and princes may be mighty
As the bloody brutes of war;
They may use the worst of weapons
Never dreamed of ere before;
But they're sure to meet disaster
Over land and on the sea.
For the soldier-boys of Freedom
Fight—and smile—the whole world free!
CAPT. ALLEN A. STOCKDALE,
Base Hospital No. 1.

THE FAMILY TREE

My great, great, great, great granddad, so runs
A family tale.
Was a death or glory customer in a sassy suit
Of mail;
Whose quaint and Chesterfieldian way of showing
marked affection
Was to spit forth and here a hoe in a feudal
friend's complexion.

And later on his progeny took uncontrolled
delight
In holding up the weekly stage in bright and
broad daylight.
And frisking all the sturdy squires, until the
year went out.
That Dick Turpin was the devil in hell (which
no one seemed to doubt).

Saw from knight and highwayman descend
some gentlemen of France,
Who wore embroidery on their vests and ribbons
on their pants;
And they raised hell, I'm told, with
dukes and kings and lords,
And carved their way to name and fame with
their jewelry counter swords.

And then there was a set of blades, back on my
family tree,
Who scrapped in Rome's arena, to cure them of
opium.
And one of 'em stood on a bridge and with
good old Roman cheer
Rough-housed Sextus' army with a cheese-knife
and a spear.

And I suppose, still farther back, that some big
ape-faced guy
Amused himself by heaving bricks at fierce
dinosaurs.
And tamed his next-door neighbors by balancing
a bowlder.
As a sort of invitation, on his prehistoric
shoulder.

And oftentimes, these has-been boys sit just
my three-plank cot,
And rattle their rusty ordnance and bewail
their bitter lot;
And one old whiskered veteran with envy sighs
singing:
"Why wasn't this Holo-Zollern there when I
was boss of Spain?"

And they reach out from the shadows in which
their forms are hid,
And they slap me on the shoulder and they
say: "Go get 'em, kid!"
They ain't no room for four—
And I know them Germans will catch hell—
and my family here.

HOW TO KNOW

Where've I been and what've I seen?
Towns and such that what you mean?
That sort of an answer's easy to give,
But to put in words the things we live,
The actual things we've all been through,
To picture 'em, just as you,
Is more than any one can do.

What is it like up on the line?
Have you got a couple years of time
To spend while I try to describe an fight
And endeavor to win the prize we live?
So you may know without being there
How the machine gun lads and the doughboys
Or the coolies go crawling everywhere?

How does it feel to go over the Top?
I can show up my shoulders, but then I must
stop.
Oh, we know, all right—as a mother knows
How it feels to her when the one boy goes
And doesn't return—as some of us do
And some of us don't—each time, when it
through—
You'll have to wait till it happens to you.
MEL RYDER.

WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS

The West Wind is the home-bound wind
As it blows across the sea;
And every heart a breath of love
From a lonely heart to thee.

And the West Wind sings as it sweeps along
Where it plays with the white-capped foam;
But it will not pause, for it bears a song,
And the theme of the song is—Home.

And the West Wind whispers, soft and low,
As of old in the lullaby,
As a father hushes, as it starts to blow,
The sound of a baby's cry.

Then he sends a kiss to his little child,
And the West Wind bears it home;
While a doughboy down in the front line trench
Wins a prayer on the wind in the gloom.

For France is the East and the wind is West,
And the sea is a long, long way,
But the bridge of the sea is a wisp of love
At the close of a lonely day.

So the West Wind bears on its broad, broad
breast
As it swings its way o'er the sea,
A thought of love to a million hearts
And a throb of love to thee.

To thee does the West Wind bear a thought—
Dost thou hear it over there,
Oh, mother hear, and baby dear,
On the soft, sweet twilight air?

And, woman God save, dost thou hear it too?
For it goes like a dart to thee;
Hark! It blows on the path of the sunset warm,
West bound on the eastern sea.

For the West Wind is the Home Bound Wind,
And it blows with the ocean's chance;
'Tis the Wind of Love in the hand of God,
And it blows from the fields of France.

WM. L. STIDGER.

THE LEGIONNAIRE SPEAKS

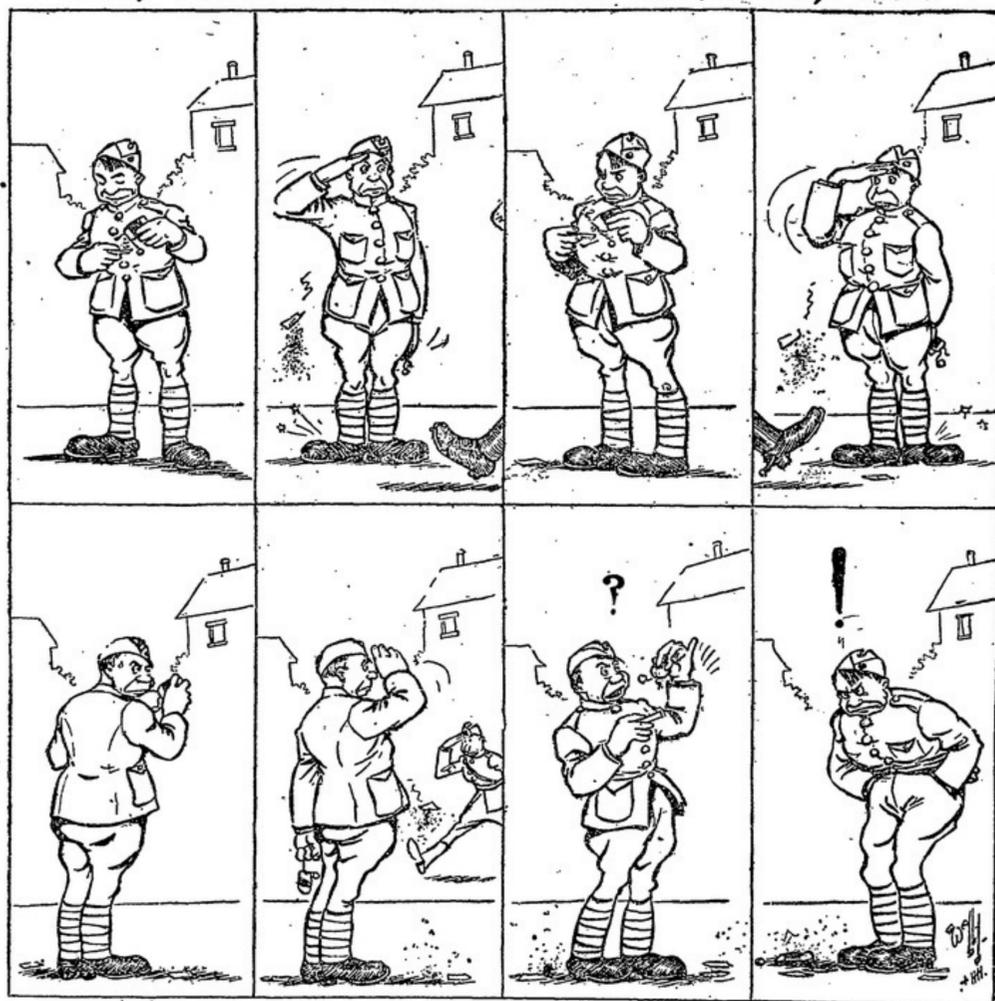
I've just come back from the swamp land,
From the land of muck and mire,
Where the earth is a ditch of blood and pth
And iron and lead and fire.
I've been up to my knees in waters that freeze
And suck out the lives of men;
While the shells shriek by till you pray to die—
And I'm going back again.

I'm a fool, you say? Let another pay—
I've done my bit? Not I;
For the things I know of the Prussian foe
Will haunt me till I die.
So what is the use, while manhood's juice
Is still in my flesh and blood,
Of trying to stay back here and play
With the slacker and the "dud"?

So it's Flanders for me, the Land of the Free,
The land that is free from the curse
Of men who are dead for the honor is dead.
Men are dead while they live, which is worse
Than to suffer and fall at the clarion call
Of Liberty, Justice and Truth.
So swing your arms, you want men—
I give you my all, My Youth!

SGT. LION A. DEYOUNG—Supply Train.

YES, AND YOU'D HAVE SAID IT, TOO



AN OLD, OLD CHURCH IN FRANCE

It isn't much of a church, as churches go. It has had very few wealthy parishioners and benefactors in the course of its seven centuries of existence. It has served the needs of the little farming community of which it is the center; and, having done that, it has done enough. It had never seen any people other than its own quiet, kindly parishioners up to the advent of *les Americains*.

It is, in fact, a homely little church—homely, even as the little bell tower in which it is situated is homely. The rude painter of an earlier day had even more horrible than the reality the picture of the good saint going through his martyrdom. The wood-carved, cherubs look dyspeptic and doleful—quite unlike the cheery little altar boys who through the chance of Sundays. The statues are gassy of eye and uninspiring of features. The pews are rickety, and in ill repair. The windows are gaudily bright when the sun strikes them, and more dull splashes of color when the sky is lowering. It is an ugly church.

But to the Americans who used their way up the hill toward it every Sunday morning, it is still a church. With half-closed eyes, they look around its unpromising interior, and conjure up from its form and substance the memories of other churches they have left behind. They know that the statues and pictures and bas-reliefs, unsmooth and incomplete as they are, stand for the same things that other and comelier statues and pictures and bas-reliefs stand for in other churches, some in France, some in America. And knowing that, they sit back and are content.

On a Sunday morning, when the Americans struggle up from their huts and billets, and the good people of the countryside follow their way in on farm wagons and tottering carryalls, the courtyard square in front of the church, deserted during the weeks save for the daily guard, moment formation, becomes thronged again. The Americans perceive, with a sense of kin-to-homeness, that the good old custom of "visiting" before church time is the same in France as it is in America;—possibly, it started in France for all they know. Here Monsieur Jacques, who tills his little farm some three or four kilometers outside the village, stops to hohob with Monsieur Jean, who runs the little cafe-store at the bottom of the hill. And here Madame Jacques has a reunion with Madame Robert, her sister, and admires the children tugging at Madame Robert's skirts—such handsome little children, and all dressed up in their Sunday clothes!

It is, in one sense, a depressing sight, that

of the crowd in the courtyard. Save for the lawing Americans in O.D., there are no young men to be seen. The old men, most of them veterans of 1870, hobble painfully over the stones and up the steps leading into the church. Few if any of the middle aged men—and there are few enough of them—are minus the little buttonhole decorations, the little breast badges, that broken service well rendered in the field during the present war; the majority bear mute testimony elsewhere to their participation in the conflict. And many of the women, the rangy-limber, sun-tanned hardworking farmers' wives and daughters, and the no less sturdy housewives of the village itself, are clad in black.

Here and there may be a *poilu* on leave, his red and gold and dark blue standing out in sharp contrast to the horizon hue of his fighting garb. Beside him, never letting go of him and never taking eyes from his face, walks mother or wife or sweetheart. Neighbors stop them from time to time in their progress toward the church, shake the polu by the hand, and ask him how it goes; admire the new decoration on his breast; finger it, slap him on the back, and pass on. The children look up at him with wide-eyed admiration and awe; is he not a man who has done great things for *La Patrie*?

Into the church they drift by twos and threes, farmer and tradesman and farming woman and housewife and *poilu* and American and, not to be forgotten, the youngsters. The youngsters' church manners, it may be said in passing, are the finest in the world. To be sure, the credit goes mainly to the little girls, for the boys are practically all herded inside the altar rail under the watchful eye of the *curé*, so that not even the most rognish of them would dare misbehave. But believe they all do; and the view from the front of the church, showing all those little curl-and-bow-framed faces, like so many real cherubs just above the new tops, is worth the notoriety and consequent discomfort of going up there and turning around to look at.

The service begins. The little choir, mainly composed of young girls in their teens, does its best trying not to flat the high notes, but flat them it does. As the service wears on and the deeper pitched chants come into play, there is always an old man way in the back of the church, himself a former chorister, who, after carefully adjusting his *pinoc-nez*, will clear his throat and help in booming out the Gloria or the Credo. At the latter part, if the *curé*, the preliminary portion of the mass

concluded, comes—still chanting the creed in unison with his choir—down the aisles to take up the collection.

It has been a happy time for the *curé* and the little parish since *les Americains* came. *Les Americains*, in their home churches, were most of them brought up to believe that one paid ten cents for a seat, and put ten cents into the collection plate—at least. So here, they see no reason to do otherwise, and in go the francs and the half-francs, all along the O.D. line; although Madame, the washer-woman, with her large family and her husband away at the war, puts in but her widow's mite, one ten centime piece.

And many little things have been done by *le curé* for the poor of the parish during the winter just past—many a man has been tidied over the fuel shortage and the rest, thanks to the tactful help of the good father, reinforced by the contributions of his new soldier parishioners. And the little church has never known such Christmas and Easter collections in all its long history.

The *curé* reascends to the altar and the service is resumed. Encouraged by the kindly aid of the old man in the rear pew, the choir attempts one of the quaint and beautiful old hymns to the Virgin—whose statue is there, all banked in evergreens the year round—and renders it lovingly and well. Comes the tinkling of the bell; the awed hush of the moment of the consecration of the bread and wine; the tinkling again at the breaking of the host; and then, bravely but pathetically, the choir breaks forth into the age-old prayer for peace:

"Agnus Dei, qui tobis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem."

They have chanted the Agnus Dei bravely, hopefully, patiently, these four years. Still they chant it, their hopes still high, their voices still unwavering.

The service draws to a close. The tiny altar boy staggers his way down and up the altar steps again under the load of that huge missal from which the priest reads the last gospel. That concluded, the congregation, French and American, rises and sings the "Little Psalm."

"Praise the Lord, all ye nations," it runs, "Praise him, all ye people. For his mercy has been confirmed upon us; and the truth of the Lord remaineth forever."

The sun comes bursting in through those gaudy, splashed windows up above, and lightens there below the representatives of the two nations, united to defend the fruit of the Lord, and to make it prevail. And at that moment the little, ugly old stone church becomes strangely transfigured and beautiful.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

From the San Francisco Examiner, May 31st.

There is a spirit of the American Expeditionary Force in France—the A.E.F. as it has been initialized—is the noble spirit of helpfulness. Our soldiers who have gone overseas to take their places on the battle line have gone with the feeling of being on a crusade to help a wounded and bleeding friend.

Nothing shows more plainly this truly fine spirit of our men, this extraordinary attitude for an army of fighting men, than the plan that has been undertaken for company units in the forces to finance the support of French orphans and children of crippled French soldiers.

With one hand, so to speak, will our men fight against the common enemy, and with the other help alleviate the suffering that the enemy already has wrought. It is truly something which justifies superlatives.

Read how THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official weekly paper of the A.E.F., appeals for support of this fine plan:

"In France there are thousands of children who need help—orphans, children of crippled soldiers, children of the invaded districts whose parents may now be laboring behind German lines at the point of a bayonet, or may be dead. Of all those who have made sacrifices for liberty, their sufferings are the most acute. Of all causes, theirs is the worst, the most pressing. Some are ill, all of them are hungry and poorly clothed. The picture of these children is the saddest of the whole war. Some of them know who their parents are, or were; others do not. Some do not even know their own names and are simply given a number and are enrolled as 'unclaimed.' They are public charges.

"We of the A.E.F. know the French children. Not a soldier in France but admires and loves them. They were at the dock to greet us. They followed our columns, they have been with us ever since. To the elder world of France we are yet an untried army. But the youth of France has not suspended

A COOTIE REMEDY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In your copy of May 31st, I notice you give a cartoon on how to get rid of cooties. Here is the way I treat them and think it is a good remedy.

First, get a rope or wire, rope preferred, that is about 30 feet long and has two ends. Be sure you get both ends. Then place one end on the ground and the other in the air, climb up and place some cheese or butter—butter preferred—on the top, then come down and hide. You will not have to wait long before a Mr. Cootie will be along. He, of course, hears the cheese or butter up on the rope or wire, and goes up to get a bite. Now, climb up yourself and cut the wire or rope about two feet below Mr. Cootie and place on that end an ice cream cone. Then come down and hide. Mr. Cootie will get all the butter or cheese he wants and start down, not knowing the rope or wire is cut and fall in the ice cream cone and freeze to death.

The same cheese or butter will work for a day or more, if you remove the dead immediately.

W. D. B.
who is working for the cause.

GOOD IDEA

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Owing to the amount of tonnage the Government must dispatch every day, we lose the privilege of receiving packages from home. My solution to this perplexing problem is this: Let every man who receives the daily home town paper pledge himself to cancel the subscription.

We all know that the papers are from a month to six weeks old, and when they do come, not only is the news stale, but they come in such bunches that it is hopeless ever to wade through them all.

This morning two of our men received between them about 75 papers, needing a special bag for transportation from the postoffice. When you figure the weight of 75 papers, and see in your mind's eye thousands of our men going through the same performance, then you can see where our tonnage is being wasted.

What do you think of the idea? If it is any good, get behind it.

ARTHUR M. VOGEL,
Central Med. Dept. Lab.

YOU ARE NOT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Three friends and I served in the American Field Service, two in the Camlon and two in the Ambulance. Are we entitled to wear American Army service chevrons for the periods of six months we served? We are all in the American service now.

H. ELLIS SIBLEY, Sgt., Hq. Co., — Engrs. Ry.

[No. The service chevrons is only awarded for service with the A.E.F. There was no A.E.F. before April 6, 1917—for a short while after. But no one has any right to go back beyond that date—computing his claim to the gold stripe.—Ed.]

MAKE THEM PAY, NATION'S WORD TO PROFITEERS

President's Attitude Toward New Tax Bill Has Country's Backing

HOOVER PLAN HITS PACKER Full Publicity for Wholesale Prices and Profits—Budget System Coming

By J. W. MULLER. American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES. [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 13.—President Wilson's appearance before a joint session of Congress to urge immediate work on the great new tax bill has to date been approved by the country with practical unanimity.

This particular passage of the President's address has done immeasurably much to hearten those who are willing to give everything. The way our rich men have come forward in this war has been wonderfully fine, and means much to the future American, for it will give us a new understanding of each other. For that very reason it will be big war work and peace work to separate the goats now.

Getting After the Packers We all know that there are goats. America is no ostrich to hide its head in the sand, and people realize thoroughly well that there are bound to be selfish and ignominious people looking out for themselves. Because the spirit of the country is so excellent and generous that it makes a man fill with pride, we feel all the more determined to hunt down and destroy the base minority that would stain our honorable record.

The President has also approved the Hoover plan for the control of the packing industry and full publicity of wholesale prices and profits. The Government will not take over the plants, but has shown plainly that if the scheme for regulation proves ineffective, the next step will be Government management. Another great national improvement slowly making headway is the fight to install the budget system in Congress. It may be a long struggle, but it will come inevitably sooner or later, and will mean a vast benefit to the nation thereafter, both financially and for cleaner politics.

LIBERTY BOND RULES NOT FOR EVERYBODY

No Authority for Transfer If Subscription Isn't Paid in Full This is about Liberty bonds. Some people are going to get refunds on money paid in, or deduction from pay of them. But not everybody—don't crowd.

According to instructions from the War Department at Washington, when the Liberty Bonds are issued to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York are discontinued on account of their discharge, or under the authority of previous rulings, the discontinuance will be effective from the date of commencement. If the amount deducted is less than \$50, organization commanders are authorized to credit enlisted men on their pay rolls or on their final statements.

If \$50 or more has been deducted, a statement showing the exact amount should be forwarded to the Depot Quartermaster at Washington, D.C., who will furnish one or more bonds and refund the balance in cash. This applies equally to discontinuance which has previously been made without refunding.

In Case of Death There is no authority for a discharged soldier's continuing his monthly payments to the Federal Reserve Bank. He may, however, remit to the Depot Quartermaster at Washington an amount which, together with the amount deducted from his pay, will make an even multiple of \$50. Upon receipt of that sum, the Depot Quartermaster will furnish him with the requisite number of bonds.

Finally, it is laid down that there is no authority for the transfer of Liberty Bonds which are not completely paid for.

ECONOMIZING ON TALK [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 13.—City telephone girls have received orders to stop telling subscribers the time of day. Habitual economists are now painfully buying clocks.

IN A BACK HOME CAMP



The One Who Was Drafted Yesterday—"Gosh, I Didn't Know They Took em as Old as You."

THE PEN VERSUS THE SWORD

Being a Handy Classification of 7 of the 57 Varieties of A. E. F. Correspondents.

(This pamphlet was prepared by a Reserve Shavelite who joined the colors to help make the v.s. for D., but remained to censor soldiers' mail.)

1. Private Poncho is a good doughboy as doughboys go, but from his letters you get the idea that he considers the Army on a par with Sing Sing. He cries out to his friends and relatives to witness his misfortune. No liberty, he moans. Individually crushed. Why, he has no more privacy than Irvin Cobb's w.k. goldfish. And besides, the overseas cap makes his ears sick on. But usually the issue of his pen takes on a rosy hue along about the time pay-day rolls around.

2. Bugler Tattoo writes to four girls at a clip, and in the same superlative degree of sweetness. And sugar so scarce in France, too! When he has a pretty thought he must jot it down on his cuff (par O.D. shirt), like George Sand, later weaving it into his billboards. If everything else fails he adds a fancy fringe of X's and a S.W.A.K. Lucky for him that no two girls live in the same town. He tells them all about the dolls he is running into over here, but hastens to add that "you can give me the American girls every time." Quelque diplomate! He is forever harping upon the time when he shall "return from the battle's deadly roar to his little gel." Set to music, his line would be a Spanish-American war song in *vers libre*.

3. Cook At Attachment is a poor fish that is always worrying about home. He fears that pa can't get in the crops without him. Then maybe while he's gone Mary'll up and marry a slacker; or his boss'll die; or there won't be nothing left for a sojor after the Germans is licked but the Old Sojers' Home. W. Sergeant March's letters, like Fatima cigarettes, are distinctly individual. He has Lyman Home and Barton Holmes blocked off the map when it comes to doing travelogues. With telling stroke he describes the quaint customs of native life, with the verve of a Washington Irving. He is strong for native life, this Buddy. No phase has so far escaped his F.F. lens eye. In one epistle wooden shoes is the burden of the text. In the next, perhaps, the penchant of the boulevardier for Byrrh. Again, his pen may take an architectural turn with paragraphs about churches, flying buttresses, and evidences of the Louis XIV. regime in bouvettes and boulangeries. He recently wrote

4. G. Corporeal Halt can't spell worth a damn, and spends half his time in apologizing for not having written sooner. He is always enclosing souvenir handkerchiefs, bearing such highly colored inscriptions as "To the One I Love" and "I Can't Forget You." When his letter is yet too short he begins to reminisce. He asks his pal, Steve, back in Neenah, Wis., if he remembers the night they went to the Lake in the Ford with the Minnie sisters, and had the breakdown. Oh, boy! He asks Isabelle to recall their hammock-cays. And what wouldn't he give to go again with their set to one of those delightfully informal Friday night dances in Red Man's Hall up over Shields's meat market.

5. Private Gumbo is the optimistic "ill" feller that ever headed a letter. "Somewhere in France," he tells his folks to fit the calf, for he will sure be with them by the Fourth of July. Every other sentence has a "Ha! Ha!" tacked on the end. Surely he is slowly laughing himself to death. In each letter he sums up his blessings: elbow grease; weather fine; hot showers; a minimum of cooties; a letter from his girl every week; plenty of Bull; and a late pass once in a while. And all's right with the world. If he just wouldn't write with a dull pencil on both sides of that tissue-stationery given out by the Red Triangle!

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SPECIALISTS ONLY SOUGHT FOR TANKS

Applications From Officers and Men Must Pass Through G.H.Q.

CHANCE FOR CHAUFFEURS Pay, Rank and Allowances to Be Same as in Engineer Corps

Do you want to get into the Tank Corps? If you do, send in your application through military channels to G.H.Q. This applies to both officers and men.

But, to get into the Tank Corps, you must have certain essential qualifications. Officers, to be eligible, must have been under military training for a period of not less than one year. They must have practical knowledge of gas engines—which, in the order announcing the qualifications, is set down as "ability to operate an auto-machine"—and must also know quite a bit about topography. And first of all in the order's stipulations comes the requirement that they "should be possessed of excellent physical and mental ability."

What Tank Officers Do For enlisted men the requirements are that they shall be of good character and good physique; that they shall have had some military training and experience as chauffeurs, or as truck or tractor drivers—or, failing that, that they shall have been artificers or auto-mechanics. For all ranks the applications for transfer are to be made through military channels, stating the qualifications possessed by the applicants. All statements of qualifications must be verified by the applicant's immediate commanding officer.

A colonel in the Tank Corps commands two or more "centers," that being the group transfer are to be made battalions. A lieutenant-colonel commands each center. A major commands a battalion; a captain, a company, as in the other branches of the service. The staff of the Tank Corps will be made up of officers from the grade of first lieutenant up to colonel. A first lieutenant of "tanks," then, will be either on staff work or in command of a platoon. A second lieutenant will be either in command of a platoon or an individual tank.

Ranks and Duties of Enlisted Men The pay, rank and allowance for the enlisted men of the Tank Corps will be the same as those prevailing in the Engineer Corps. For convenience, the ranks among the enlisted personnel, together with the duties assignable to each, are given below in the form of a table:

- Master Engineer, Senior Grade, Mechanical specialist.
- Sergeant, first class, Sergeant-Major, First Sergeant, Foreman Mechanician, Signaler, Supply, Electrician, Topographer, Draughtsman, Photographer, or Clerk.
- Tank Commander, Tank Driver, Motor Mechanician, Electrician, Blacksmith, Acetylene Welder, Mess, Supply, Signaler, Draughtsman, Topographer, Photographer, or Clerk.
- Reserve Tank Commander, Tank Driver, Gunner, Auto Driver, or Cook.
- Private, 1st class, Reserve Tank Driver, Truck Driver, Motor-cyclist, Gunner, Telephone Operator, or Signaler.
- Private, Gunner, Mechanician, Helper, Clerk, Orderly, Bugler, Signaler, etc.

EXPERTS ONLY WANTED

After noon mess one day the Negro company fell in in front of their barracks. The company was in charge of a sergeant of their own line. Evidently he wished his men to make a showing, for he started with his admonition: "Now all yo' niggards what don't understand military evolutions fall out, for Ise gwine to gib some mighty peculiar commands."

Mirabelle: They have citations in the French Army; what do they have in the German army? Annabelle: John writes me that they have shoot-on-sightings.

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S.O.S.

(Written in reply to the letter that the S.O.S. does not fight.)

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We are working right behind you, and we're many thousands strong; Some things we bring for you to keep, and some to pass along; And when you do the passing, keep a steady hand and eye. For war here to which the French wish our Service of Supply.

"They" once denied us service stripes and kindred front-line trappings; But "they" came through with the chevrons, though we don't mix in your scraps. There may be men among us who could show you how to die, But our country needs us elsewhere—in the Service of Supply. CORP. JOHN C. DOBLETTE, Co. B., — Engrs.

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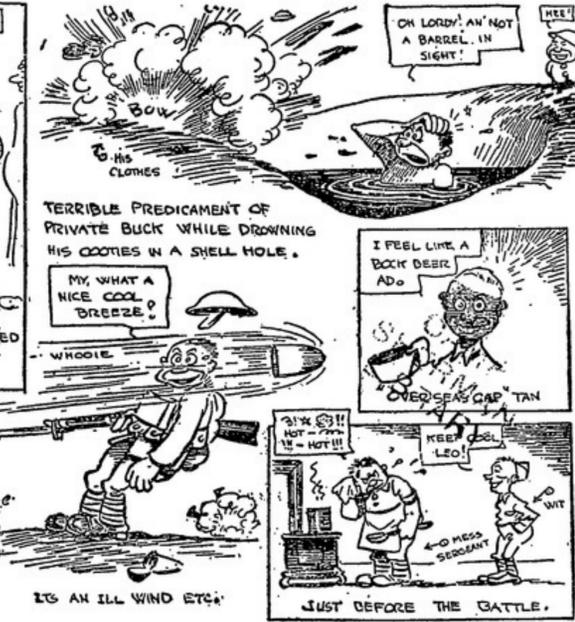
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SUNNY FRANCE IS RIGHT AFTER ALL

-By WALLGREN



DON'T START ANYTHING THAT YOU CAN'T FINISH

And If You Are Ever Tempted to, Remember the Fate of Cook Kyler and Be Forewarned

Kyler is only a cook, else I wouldn't drag him into this. But this business of passing the buck has become such a fad in military circles that I've got to bring somebody into it or the readers of THE STARS AND STRIPES would doubt my story.

Now both Cook Kyler and I are entitled to wear the gold chevron about which so much fuss has been made during the past month or so, but we're still mere bootboys when it comes to putting it over on the other guy and getting away with it without a star shell bursting over our heads.

Not so long ago, on one Sunday evening, we were standing on a street corner in the little town of C—, discussing Fritz's offensive and wondering just how it will seem when Miss Liberty smiles down upon us again, when an American soldier, who responds readily to the entomogen of Private Tice and who is a frequent boarder at the detachment guard house, turned the corner and headed straight for our barracks.

"Oh, *all'ez* *coast*!" Kyler asks him. "In out?" he says and kept on going.

Free Man Once More
Now there aren't many American soldiers in C— but we have a guard house just the same; and on this Sunday evening Private Tice had been released from there after two weeks of confinement, said confinement being imposed upon him after celebrating his first birthday on foreign soil.

In the town of C— there are five notable cafes each having a Yankee name, the names being donated by the members of this detachment. Walking east from our barracks they come in rotation: The Three Colors, The Dirty Spoon, The Bucket of Blood, Dirty's Cafe and Pop's Retreat.

When off duty, Private Tice made the rounds of these cafes daily and became quite well acquainted, as did a number of others, with the pretty mademoiselles who tend to our wants.

It was almost a safe bet, as Kyler said, that Tice would soon make the rounds again and spread the glad news that he was out.

"He'll be heading for the Dirty Spoon in ten minutes and I got an idea."

"What's that?" I says.

She'd Do Her Bit
So Kyler explained after which we entered the first cafe and found Marcelle frying eggs on the kitchen range. We explained our idea to her in French and she gladly consented to do her part. And before we left she could speak the sentence perfectly.

"Comment now?" says Kyler.

"Tice you're de bunk!" says Marcelle.

"Bon!" I says; "that's the girl!"

So we went to the other four cafes and taught all the girls to say "Tice, you're de bunk," it being understood that they were to greet him with these words upon his appearance that evening. Each, so as to keep the words fresh in her mind, invariably would say, "Tice, you're de bunk!"

After that we returned to our barracks and awaited results.

Along about nine o'clock Tice came home with a heavy heart and sat down on the edge of his bunk with his face in his hands.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asks him.

"Tice, me," he says; "I'm dreamin'! Every June in town says I'm de bunk. Can you beat it?"

"Oh, cheer up," says Kyler. "Supposin' you are; is that anything to worry about?"

This last remark didn't seem to cheer him a bit.

"That night as we were turning in Kyler threw his shoe at a rat and the shoe went through a window pane into the back yard. While Kyler went after his foot gear, Tice came over and whispered:

"I got who put them girls up to that! Just wait! I'll fix him!"

Fish for the Catching
The following Sunday Kyler learned there were nice fish to be had less than a mile from town for the mere trouble of catching them. So we secured some tackle and set forth, anticipating a record catch.

When we reached the stream we found the fish rather refined. They were not the tall sticks variety; they didn't fall for the line we handed out to them. It had either been pulled on them before or they didn't know a good worm when they saw it. However, we returned much downhearted, but not beaten.



ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Play Manners

By BRAN MASH

Now that the baseball season as well as the war season is well advanced, it behooves us all to mind our P's and Q's about our manners on the diamond. Nowhere else on earth does American upbringing show up so plainly.

Never spike an officer who is covering second when you slide into him on your way down from first—that is, unless he is a general officer. If he is a general officer, slide right into him feet foremost, kick up all the dust you can and try to get right about the shins.

Well, by the time we'd exhausted our grenades we had a sack full of fine fish. If there's any laws in France forbidding the dynamiting of fish, we didn't break them. The interior of a hand grenade is not composed of dynamite, and that's about the only thing that would save us if it came to technical questions in court.

On the way back to town we came to a place where they were having a Sunday dance.

"There's some soldiers over there," says Kyler; "let's go over."

We placed our sack of fish in a fence corner and went in. There was a large crowd in attendance some drinking at the tables and others dancing to the tune of a mechanical music box that was operated with a crank. But nowhere were there any American soldiers.

"That's queer," says Kyler; "I'd a bet my next month's pay I saw an American soldier in here."

We looked on a while, had three or four lemonades and then left.

"When?" I says. "Our fish are gone. I'm a liar!"

"What?" I says. "Fish gone! How's this?" Then I turned loose with some of my old time spasms that often came over me when I drove uncles miles to the hay racks, and it brought a lot of the dancers out to see what was taking place.

Private Tice Reappears
We searched the dance hall, all the buildings on the place, looked under the porch, and finally came to the conclusion that one of the dancers had gone south with our ill-gained fish, whereupon we swore vengeance and set out for town.

First, we went to the cook house and had a bite to eat, then we went to the barracks. As we were entering we met Private Tice coming out.

"What luck?" he asks.

"We didn't go," I says.

We decided finally that the treats were on Kyler, he being the one who concealed the fish in the fence corner. So we went down to the Dirty Spoon, that being the nearest place.

As the night wore on, Kyler began sniffling like a hound smelling a scent.

"Do you smell anything?" he asks.

I sniffed, too.

"Yes," I says; "I smell our fish cooking."

"Damned if I don't have 'em arrested!" Kyler says. "I'll learn 'em how to steal my fish!"

"Yes," I says; "but supposing we had to prove they were our fish, and how we got 'em?"

"I never thought of that," he says. "But at that I'll bet it's our fish they're cookin'."

We went to another cafe and sat down.

"Encore," says Kyler; "that fish smell keeps right on following us."

And right as we was; they were cooking fish at that cafe. So we went on to the next one, and to the next. At all five cafes they were frying fish!

"That night after we had gone to bed Tice came in and lit the candle. He suddenly coughed violently, like he had something sticking in his throat.

"What's the matter?" Kyler asks him.

"Got a fish bone in your craw?"

"No," he says; "but if I don't kick all my covers off tonight trying to swim like fish, it won't be my fault!"

COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

Arthur Rathlow, crack Illinois A. C. swimmer, has joined the Air Service.

F. J. Natwick, the best hurdler at the University of Wisconsin, has joined the Tank Service.

Nebraska defeated Kansas in a dual meet 69 to 40. H. McMahon, of Nebraska, won four first, the 100, 220, 440 dashes, and the 220 hurdles.

Carroll of the University of Illinois, ran the 100 in 10 flat, the 220 in 2:3-5 and the 220 yard hurdles in 26 4-5 in a dual meet with Chicago, Illinois winning the meet.

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DIAMOND FLASHES

The Minneapolis club, formerly owned by the Castillons, has been bought by a local syndicate of business men.

Pitcher Thomas, of the Minneapolis club, has been taken in the draft. Catcher Dillhoefer of the Phillies has enlisted.

The standings in the International League on May 21 were: Newark, 10 won; 2 lost; Birmingham, 9-2; Baltimore, 7-6; Rochester, 5-6; Buffalo, 5-6; Jersey City, 4-5; Toronto, 3-5; Syracuse, 2-10.

In the Southern association the standings on May 20 were: New Orleans, 21-9; Little Rock, 20-10; Chattanooga, 17-14; Mobile, 16-14; Birmingham, 12-16; Birmingham, 10-14; Nashville, 12-15; Atlanta, 9-21.

Pitcher Carl Mays "beamed" Tris Speaker at Boston recently, but Tris was hit on the top of the head and was not injured.

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The mobile hospital consists of fixed sterilizing, X-ray, and electric lighting plants mounted on two motor trucks. In addition, transported on ordinary motor trucks to the temporary assigned as required, are a light frame operating room, tentage, and hospital material sufficient to establish a surgical hospital of 12 beds.

The mobile surgical unit consists of portable sterilizing, X-ray and electric lighting plants, light frame operating room and surgical material mounted on two motor trucks. This unit will supplement the equipment of the advanced field hospital of the division to which it is assigned and will provide facilities for immediate surgical aid to men so seriously wounded that it would be dangerous to transport them to a fixed hospital.

A Medical Department major will be in charge of each mobile hospital, with a staff of 11 commissioned officers. Twenty-two nurses will also be attached to each unit, and the enlisted personnel will number 80. These nurses, snuck up in

the combat zone, will hold the "frontmost front" record for American women.

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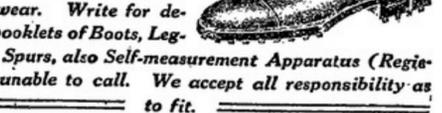
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By way of making the men understand a poster explains the system at every bookshelf, with this sentence as a climax: "These books are loaned on the honor system. If you fail, it fails. America is far away, tonnage scarce and books precious. Play square with the other fellow; he has played square with you."

To Place Books Everywhere

There are to be books everywhere. You could scarcely exaggerate the demand. Before the supply was as large as it is today, a single copy of O. Henry's "The Four Million," which one boy had brought over in his barracks bag, was split up into as many volumes as there were tales between the covers, and these were passed along the line and read and reread till the print was fairly rubbed off the page.

TRAGEDY OF A COOK SHACK

There was a mess sergeant at Brest. In one day he got flup. With the major—this trip he's doing K.P. with the rest!

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St. Louis, Mo., has presented the A.E.F. with a rich-voiced male variety quartette which is now warbling its way from hut to hut. The boss and the first tenor are city employees out in St. Louis. The second tenor is a real estate man and the baritone is an insurance agent. These four used to sing swipes around the piano of an evening and were forever being asked to entertain the Chamber of Commerce banquets and the like back home.

When the war came, all of them were over the draft age and all of them had dependents, but they were bent on doing something, so they started in to sing at the various training camps, and before they knew it, it was arranged for them to take a six-months' leave and do a little overseas close harmony in the Y.M.C.A. huts.

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S. W. M.—Louisville has won more pennants than Milwaukee in the American association, capturing four of the Brewers' two.

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THEY WEREN'T WISE TO WHAT HE SAID

But Once the Sergeant d'Instruction Got Hep, They Showed Stuff

The French sergeant d'Instruction was laboring with a newly arrived machine gun company initiating it into the mysteries of the Hotchkiss gun. In particular, he wanted to show the gunners how to hold the handle down when the old piece started bumping and wiggling. "Tenez—tenez, comme ca!" he exhorted. But the gunners, in spite of all their French-in-Favour-Lessons, didn't catch on that it was pull he wanted.

ALONG THE TRANSPORT RAIL

"Say, Bill, we don't seem to be gettin' anywhere in thisyer boat. Wassamatter?" "Dunno. Must have got caught in some o' those military channels."

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SOUVENIR HUNTER GETS AWAY WITH IT

But He Didn't Keep His Relic as Long as He Meant to

"HAPPY LITTLE INCIDENT"

Head Attendant of English Castle Might Have Been Peeved, but He Wasn't

By GEORGE T. BYE, London Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES. LONDON, June 13.—What is the most prized historical relic of the Anglo-Saxons? You know, of course, but don't whisper it out loud for the Roche to hear. That would help him fix the setting of this little story.

This most prized historical relic of the Anglo-Saxons rests in state in the great hall of a certain ancient castle. In the great door of the great hall is a great key, long as a bayonet and nearly as heavy.

One day not a week ago a regiment of Yanks had marched past the castle and was standing at rest near it, waiting for a boat train for France. As they stood, the head attendant of the great hall, from a spear slit of the castle, looked them over with warming eyes.

But when they had all seen and heard and were gone, speeding away on a fast train, the head attendant made a discovery that turned him white, then green, then red. The great key was missing! The great hole of the great lock of the great door of the great hall was as empty as the hub of a doughnut.

It wasn't necessary to telephone Scotland Yard or to invoke any of the neighborhood Sherlock Holmeses. There was only one way that key could have disappeared—up the sleeve of some souvenir fiend of a Yank.

Carried Back in State

The story moves rapidly now. The head attendant left an assistant to guard the precious Anglo-Saxon relic, and hurried off to an American camp, where he reported his loss to a brigadier general. The brigadier general wired a French port where the regiment was due to land.

The regimental colonel got the wire and sent word to all his captains to shake up every company and see that the great key was produced forthwith.

Of course, it quickly came to light— from out the folds of the kit-pack of a shame-faced Anglo-Saxon from Nebraska. Three days later the great key was borne by a major and two captains back to the head attendant, who received it with a joyous bow.

He cranked the great key in its great bole while, with warming eye, he said: "It was, after all, a happy little incident, and one could hardly censure an enthusiastic young Anglo-Saxon for coveting so choice a racial souvenir. But was the young man an Anglo-Saxon? The officers said they had been informed the souvenir hunter was a full-blooded Indian from your state of Nebraska. Now if he is not an Anglo-Saxon, why should he seek this souvenir?"

I could give the head attendant only one answer—that the Yank must have lugged the great key all the way to France in the hope that he could use it at the front as a trench club.

PRAYERS

A Sister's Prayer Dear God, if I were but a boy, I would enlist at once and fight For Liberty. Oh, what a joy To give my life for Thee and Right!

A Veteran's Prayer Alas! my God, I'm sixty-one; Though used to armies and the fray, "Too old," they say, "to shoulder gun; 'Tis hard to only watch and pray."

But I have sent my son to France, My flesh and blood to fight for me. O happy son! This is your chance To die for God and Liberty! THOMAS F. COAKLEY, Lt., Chaplain.

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