

HOSPITAL SYSTEM PUTS PAPER WORK OUT OF BUSINESS

Field Medical Card Will Reduce Clerical Task by Two Thirds

CHART GOES WITH PATIENT

Every Man Will Carry Own History No Matter Where He May Be Sent

HOPE FOR OTHER BRANCHES

Newly Announced Change May Be Only First Victory in War of the Typewriters

The Medical Department of the A.E.F. on Saturday inaugurated a new system of records which reduces by about two-thirds the volume of paper work in the American hospitals in France.

The amount of paper saved would probably be quite enough to issue THE STARS AND STRIPES; (the amount of labor saved, chiefly by cutting out needless duplication of work, is incalculable.)

The change, which is based on the system in force in the British hospitals, was foreseen and prepared for some weeks ago, and it is just as well, for, during the flow of wounded from the fighting line in the region northwest of Chateau Thierry, the cumbersome, over-weighted system of days gone by betrayed alarming symptoms of total collapse.

Card Fastened to Patient

The change ordered in the Medical Department is just one skirmish in the general war against over-complicated paper work throughout the A.E.F. Further victories in this war are looked for in other sectors and will be duly reported.

The key to the new system is the Field Medical Card, a simple cardboard chart, which, when folded twice, will fit into an ordinary size envelope.

This chart is started at the first point—the ambulance, field hospital or evacuation hospital—the patient reaches after he leaves the regimental aid station. Then it is fitted into its envelope and fastened by wires to his clothing like an identification disk. Whenever he goes thereafter the card goes with him—even following him to some general hospital back in America if he is evacuated overseas.

Old System Too Bulky

Every stopping place of the patient en route is noted on the card, every treatment of importance noted down. Thus, if he lands eventually at the base hospital at Angers or Savigny, the surgeon into whose hands he falls can tell at a glance whence he came, what the other doctors thought of his case and what they did for him, what operation was performed, what morphia given, what antitetanus serum administered, and when and where.

Under the old dispensation each hospital made out its own voluminous records and filed them proudly away. If, as frequently happened, it became necessary to ship a convoy of several hundred patients to another hospital that had room for them, the regulations called for a complete transfer card to be made out for the information of that hospital, and, if possible, a neat copy of the entire clinical record.

No Time for Transfer Cards

Often the convoys would be made up in such a rush that it was found impossible to prepare even the transfer cards, much less a full copy of the records. Thus, the surgeon down the line would have to tackle the cases afresh.

They might guess that a patient had already received the Wassermann test for syphilis, but they had no way of telling how it turned out. So it would have to be made again. In the early days of the A.E.F., a luckless patient might make the rounds of the hospitals, and the laboratory reports on his Wassermann tests never would catch up with him.

Only One Record Now

If, by strenuous efforts, the records did keep pace with the patient, it was only by raiding every department of the hospital for men to serve the typewriters all night long.

Now there is only one record made, and when the patient travels it travels with him. Complete papers for the file record of a case are made out only once. They are made out at the final hospital from which the patient is discharged to duty.

From there the papers required are much simpler, much more up-to-date in their terminology, much freer in their use of abbreviations. They are less detailed too. The old questions as to the family history of the patient have gone by the board.

When our cartoonist emerged from a brief and pleasant stay in hospital, he was moved to draw one picture of a bedside examination in full swing.

"You say your grandfather died of acute old age?" the doctor asked.

"No; he died of a Friday," the patient replied. "But what's he got to do with this, anyhow?"

And, judging by the ruthless way in which they have struck out all the fancy frills of hospital paper work, the powers that be in the Medical Department, answered:

NEW AIR MAIL RECORD

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—Lieutenant Torrey H. Webb brought an "air mail" from Boston to New York, reducing the time taken over the post office sky route from 3 hours and 22 minutes to a flat 3 hours.

To be absolutely sure of the proper supervision of the mail in transit, and to insure its correct distribution in New York, the American aviator carried the postmaster of Boston along with him as a passenger.

THE SOLDIER'S SINS

What are the four deadly sins of the soldier?

A Y.M.C.A. man wanted to know. So he held a questionnaire among some men who had just come out of the line, and reported it among other groups who had just come out of the line until he had what he considered a number sufficient to represent the sentiments of the whole A.E.F.

And the four cardinal vices were not likker, likker, likker and failure to submit to prophylactic treatment. They were these, in this order:

Cowardice, selfishness, stinginess, bragging.

"The answers surprised me," says the Y.M.C.A. man. "They weren't the answers I expected. But they also delighted me. Did you ever see a finer code of ethics in all your life—for a soldier of anyone else?"

AMERICA'S WOMEN MAY SOON REALIZE HOPE OF SUFFRAGE

President's Desire to Have Amendment Passed Should Help

PROHIBITIONISTS FIGHT ON

Effort Will Now Be Made to Get Liquor Issue Fairly Before Congress

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—The women of America are all smiles since the President made it clear this week that he wished the Senate to pass the national suffrage amendment.

This amendment needs a two-thirds vote and for some time only two or three votes have been lacking.

The suffragists hope and believe that the President's action will draw the waverers into the open, and there is great curiosity as to the result.

The same week brought the sex a setback. The American Federation of Labor, at its annual convention, voted down the proposal to put women on its executive council.

While suffrage hopes are rising, the prohibitionists fight doggedly on, hoping, in the face of fierce opposition, to put over the national dry amendment. Their first effort to slide the amendment through the Senate by tying it to the End Bill was an inglorious failure. Now they will try to present it separately before Congress. It is to be open warfare.

The local option elections in New Jersey neatly split that State fifty-fifty. Nimbler alcoholics can skip without great effort from a dry desert to a nice damp oasis.

NEW ARMY PAY PLAN SUBMITTED TO G.H.Q.

Embraces Features Already Predicted, Including Individual Books

The plan for a new system of Army pay has been formally submitted by the Chief Quartermaster to G.H.Q., where it is now under consideration.

The plan proposed embraces the chief features predicted for it in this newspaper two weeks ago. It involves the carrying by every soldier of his own little pay-book, on the strength of which he can collect his money every month, no matter what day of the month he presents it, and inasmuch as he may have strayed from his own command, no matter where his service record or what its condition.

It involves, also, the partial payment system—a system by which each soldier, no matter what his grade or no matter what he has set aside for Liberty bonds, allotments and insurance, would get the flat sum of \$7.50 every month. Then, every once in so often—say, every four months—he would have a settlement with the Government and draw all the balance due him.

These are the essential features, from the soldier's point of view, in the pay system devised by the board of four officers appointed by the Chief Quartermaster. Whether their report will be accepted and the system adopted for the A.E.F. remains to be seen.

ONLY TWO COLLISIONS IN BIGGEST AIR CAMP

Hoodoo Numbers Fail to Harm Flyers, but Queer Their Machines

Traffic rules of the air are so well defined at the A.E.F. training centers that collisions are rare. At the biggest, American training camp in France there have been only two.

One was fatal to both aviators. The other harmed neither aviator—though nobody can explain why it didn't except by suggesting that "there must be something in numbers."

Machines No. 313 and 323 crashed head-on at an altitude of 1,500 feet. Together they fell several hundred feet. Then they separated and both airmen made a safe landing several hundred yards apart. Both machines were so badly damaged that they were classed as a total loss.

After the landing, the two aviators shook hands and congratulated each other.

"I guess I ain't a hoodoo number, after all," said the first.

"Nor I either," suggested the second.

ON THE CHATEAU-THIERRY FRONT



Yankee Sharpshooters Picking Off Hun Snipers—They Got Several

SOUTH AND WEST GIVEN CHANCE AT WAR INDUSTRIES

Plan Aims to Prevent Congestion Along Atlantic Seaboard

EAST NOT AT ALL PUT OUT

Acceptance of Idea Another Admirable Instance of Solidarity of Whole Country

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—The War Industries Board and the Fuel and Railroad Administrations have issued a joint statement to the effect that hereafter they will restrict the expansion of war industries in the East and see that it spreads more to the South and West.

The move is made to prevent congestion along the Atlantic seaboard. Everywhere the move is read as fresh and gratifying evidence that our big machine is shaking down to business on a firm foundation.

The news was published with a total absence of adverse comment on the editorial pages of the Eastern press, which is an admirable instance of the new solidarity of the country.

A few years ago, such a step would have evoked thunders of wrathful comment. Now you can read every paragraph in every Eastern newspaper and not find one word of criticism or even objection.

This instance is only one of many. Each mail from home brings new evidence of the fact that the States were never more united than the country is being welded into a new unity in the furnace of war.

One letter just received in France from a man high in the national councils of the Democrats at Washington contains this illuminating paragraph: "The United States as a country is coming around nicely to the war. Every one is strong for the war, strong for complete victory. We don't hear much more from the pacifists, etc. One thing is sure: the war is making of us a nation. We'll never go back to that 'sovereign State' stuff."

AIRCRAFT DIRECTOR FOR BIG CORPORATION

Production Now Proceeding Satisfactorily and Without Talk

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—John D. Ryan, director of the Aircraft Production Board is sponsor of a bill just introduced in the Senate to form a \$100,000,000 aircraft corporation similar in scheme and purpose to the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

All the talk about airplanes has subsided since President Wilson prompted an investigation of our production and put in charge of that investigation the same Charles E. Hughes who had run against him for the presidency.

Ex-Justice Hughes, who first attracted the nation's attention as an investigator in the days of the old life insurance scandals, has thus far worked in complete silence and popular interest in the vexed question seems almost non-existent.

It is now plainly evident that the public had discounted from the start all the sensational news with which the late-but-not-dead was started. There is little doubt in any one's mind that airplane production—whatever may have been the case some months back—is now proceeding satisfactorily.

ANTI-LOADING LAW TALK

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—There is much talk of Congress's passing an anti-loading law, but no specific action has yet been taken. So far five States have enacted such laws.

NO HOME WORRIES IS IDEA OF LATEST RED CROSS BUREAU

New Service Will Try to Adjust Personal and Family Matters

WANT A DIVORCE? JUST ASK

Letterless Members of A.E.F. Can Find Out What's Wrong with Folks

But does G.H.Q. mean it?

At last we know in part how long the war is going to last, if Bulletin 31, just issued at G.H.Q., is to be taken at its words. We quote:

"Enlisted men of the American Expeditionary Forces who upon completion of 30 years' service, make application for retirement, will not be retired in France."

"The italics are G.H.Q.'s, not ours. Upon approval of the application, the bulletin continues, 'such soldiers will be ordered by the War Department to the United States with a view to their retirement upon arrival at the station specified in the War Department order, and final statement will not be prepared by the soldier's organization commander upon their departure from France, but will be prepared by the commanding officers at the stations to which such soldiers have been ordered for retirement.'

"Thirty years! The 'Thirty Years' War' come all over again! Sixty gold stripes, starting on our trusty lefts, and going all the way around the back of the necks!"

But there's one grand, great consolation. After 30 years, they will give us a free trip home!

MORMON GRANARIES TO HELP FEED NATION

Great Reserve Supply Is Turned Over to Food Administration

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—The Mormon Church has turned over the contents of all its granaries—more than 250,000 bushels of wheat—to the Federal Food Administration. This was the great reserve supply collected under the titheing practice of the church, by which Mormon farmers contributed annually a tenth of their crop as protection against famine.

It is the first time in Mormon history that anything has been allowed to interfere with the preservation of this reserve.

In other lines of food conservation endeavor, much has been happening. The Food Board has set New York State's public eating places down on their consumption of beef. They may serve boiled beef but twice a week, and roast beef and beefsteak only once, while householders are asked to use only one and a quarter pounds of beef a week for each person.

Since the passage of the food control act last August, the Federal Food Board has imposed a little more than 800 penalties for violations, showing how well the country has governed itself.

One hundred and fifty companies or individuals were ordered to cease business for limited or unlimited periods, and 500 made voluntary payments, usually to the Red Cross.

445,000 NEW YORK 'PHONES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—The new New York City telephone directory makes a showing of 445,000 subscribers. The suburban directory, with all its various and divergent subdivisions baffling the outsider, has now a total of 217,000 subscribers.

D.S.C. DESIGN ATTACKED

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—The National Sculpture Society has lodged a protest at Washington against the present design of the new Distinguished Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal, on the ground of lack of artistic merit. The society asks that American artists be called on to design better ones.

The Distinguished Service Cross is the only one of the two decorations the design of which has been seen to date by the A.E.F. While every member of the A.E.F. would be glad to win the D.S.C. or the D.S.M., or both, regardless of their design, one criticism of the D.S.C. in its present form has been made in several quarters.

It is that the decoration, as now constituted, seems a trifle too ornate, too regal to be in keeping with the democratic nature of the Government which confers it, and that something simpler, something a little more Spartan, might conform better to the nature of the deeds performed to win it, and to the spirit in which it is bestowed.

M.P.E.S. TO TAKE CHARGE OF A.E.F. MAIL ON JUNE 30

Adapted System Is Built on Experiences of British and French

MUST HAVE CO-OPERATION

Success of Plan Will Depend on Everyone from Company Orderly Up

The Military Postal Express Service, created by General Order 72, will assume control of the A.E.F. mail on June 30, instead of June 15 as originally planned.

It is an adapted system, built on the experiences of the British and French in wrestling with the knotty problem of getting letters from and to particularly rough-weather shifting personnel of vast armies in the field.

The M.P.E.S. is not presented to the A.E.F. as a cure-all for all past postal difficulties. Its director boldly states that its success will depend on the co-operation of the officers in charge of army, corps or divisional postal detachments and the C.O. and company mail orderlies of detached or S.O.S. units.

Statistical Section's Help

It is up to such commanding officers to pick the right man for orderly, up to the orderly in turn to serve immediately notice on the nearest M.P.E.S. office whenever his unit moves out of its territory. If the unit moves out of all touch with any such office, the orderly should have his C.O. write or wire the new whereabouts to the T.S. Central Post Office at Tours. It is up to the orderly, too, to send word in through his C.O. to the Central Post Office whenever he is convinced that, through a mishap in the Statistical Section, one of his men is not getting his mail.

It is up to all the workers of the Statistical Section to see that its records are always accurate, for those records furnish the only index available for the redirecting of mail.

"If not called for or delivered within 3 days," as the envelopes used to say back home, letters will be returned to the Central Post Office for redirection. Newly arriving officers may give that post office as their address. Officers after the move should keep it posted on their changes of address.

Z. of A. Biggest Problem

The distribution of mail to the comparatively stationary folk of the S.O.S. will be simple. The test of the M.P.E.S. will come in its service to the ever unsettled troops in the Z. to A.

For serving these, itinerant post offices will be created by army, corps or divisional troops. Each such itinerant post office will have an A.P.O. number and that number will be the permanent address of all the regiments, companies or individuals composing those units.

The division may move and probably will. The A.P.O. number is fixed. The soldier will move and his address will move with him. A soldier in the Artillery or Aviation of a corps or in a division will give the folks back home the A.P.O. number of that corps or division and the M.P.E.S. will do the rest.

Geographically, say, the troops of A. P. O. 850 might be resting in billets within easy walking distance of a permanent M. P. E. S. office of quite another number, but the troops should worry about that. It is up to the M.P.E.S.

BOCHE BOMB KILLS MOTHER GALMICHE

Americans Swear to Avenge Kindly Old Sock Mender

Mother Galmiche is dead—Mother Galmiche who, ever since the Americans went into the sector northwest of Toul, had been mending their socks for them and mothering them in many other ways.

She was the only victim of a Boche air raid of a week ago Thursday, during which bombs were dropped behind the Toul front.

The little old grandmother was sitting outside her cottage, knitting. At her feet her three little grandchildren were playing. Suddenly, the bombs dropped in an adjoining field and burst. A fragrant and hot straight at Mother Galmiche, piercing her heart.

The only consolation to the Americans who had known and loved her is that her grandchildren were unharmed. And they vow to avenge Mother Galmiche the next time they go over.

AMERICA'S SHARE IN BIG STRUGGLE WELL ON INCREASE

Slice of German Territory Now Held by Units of A.E.F.

BOMBING PLANES AT WORK

Railway Points Between Verdun and Metz Attacked by Our Airmen

MORE TROOPS REACH FRANCE

Arrivals During Week Add Materially to Number of Yankee Fighters Now Over Here

The past week has brought fresh evidence of America's increasing participation in the war against Germany.

It was announced that American troops had taken over a sector in that part of the line which runs down through Alsace to the Swiss frontier—the first news that Americans were fighting on German territory.

It was announced that a group of American daylight bombing planes was in action behind our front and that, without losses, they had made two successful raids on railway points between Verdun and Metz.

Furthermore, the arrival of fresh contingents of fighting troops at various points increased materially the size of our army in France.

Mr. Bonar Law, speaking in the House of Commons on Tuesday, pointed out that it was part of the German scheme to use up the Allied reserves before the arrival of the American troops. This had failed. The number of American troops that had already come, he said, the numbers which were pouring in this month and which would continue to pour in every month, had reached a figure which even a month or two ago the British would have thought absolutely impossible. The small rivulet had become a stream. It had now become a great river which would flow continuously under the whole available manpower of America, if necessary, was thrown into the scale. This, he said, was the great fact of this year.

"America is not coming into the war, she is in the war."

YANKEES NOW FIGHTING IN FOOTHILLS OF ALPS

An early morning skirmish in that part of the battle line which swings across the border into Alsace, brings to light during the past week the fact that ever since the third week in May American troops have held a sector in the foothills of the Alps near the Swiss frontier.

The Croix de Guerre has been posthumously awarded to Private W. J. Guyton, Infantry, who was killed in that sector by German machine gun fire—the first American soldier to fall on German territory.

or that sector runs through a marvellously picturesque mountain region which was German territory from the day when the trouble-breeding treaty which concluded the Franco-Prussian War tore the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine from the side of France. Some part of the lost provinces was regained by the French armies in the first weeks of the present war and has been held in a shifting battle line ever since.

First Sight of Americans

The Alsatian mountaineers had never laid eyes on an American soldier when these troops appeared behind the lines, and their coming was greeted by a great outpouring of the people, with much waving of gay handkerchiefs, blowing of kisses and tossing of flowers. It was night when the Americans went quietly forward to relieve the French and take possession of their new sector.

Dawn showed them a wonderful countryside, with the Allied line now scaling a mountain height, now dipping down into a valley. At some points the opposing lines are a mile apart and the infantry on the American ridge can only peer across the valley to the ridge where a thin dark line shows the course of the German barbed wire. On the other hand in the valleys the lines are so close that the Americans and German can exchange insults by word of mouth when so disposed.

The nature of the country would indicate a dependence on artillery, and thus far the fighting there has been largely an artillery duel, with the booming of the guns at night waking a thousand Alpine echoes that pass from hill to hill and fade away in the distance.

Within Sight of Rhine

Some artillery observation posts are on high peaks and the watchers there can see far behind the enemy lines. Some days when the air is clear, they can even see the Rhine itself by the aid of a big telescope which swings in a wide slot cut in the mountain side.

Just as the Americans had been fighting in the Toul, Verdun, Luneville and Montferrand sectors for some time before the powers that be deemed it wise to mention the fact, so the news of American troops in what—from 1871 until 1914—was German territory, could not be sent back to the United States until nearly four weeks after the Yankees went into Alsace.

YANKEE BOMBING PLANES IN TWO SUCCESSFUL RAIDS

The first group of American daylight bombing planes has already made two successful raids over German territory and returned none the worse for the experience.

The first raid was made last week on the little railroad town of Dommarivert-Buconourt, some 20 miles northwest of Verdun. The second raid had Comfians as its objective, a town lying a little to the west of Metz. There the bombers dropped 79 eight-kilo bombs on the German cantonnements and supply depots and they had the satisfaction of seeing the roundhouse of the railway station in flames before they flew back to France.

The initial flight was from a sunlit, grassy plateau and the witnesses of the auspicious occasion included flyers from the British, French and American armies—notably some of the most dar-

ing Britons who have been raising such havoc by their daylight raids in the land. They saw the five bombing planes, led by the commander of the unit, rise to an altitude of a few hundred feet, turn sharply to the north and fly away toward Germany.

Greeted by Shrapnel
At the lines, only desultory firing from the anti-aircraft batteries gave notice that the enemy was on the watch, but as the Americans approached the railway junction at Dommarivay-Baroncourt, there was a heavy shrapnel bombardment. This did not prevent the group of bombing planes, always maintaining the same formation in which they had crossed the lines, dropping to within a few hundred meters of the ground.

A shot from the commander's pistol announced his sighting of the railway works below and his was the first bomb dropped. Other bombs followed and everything about the railway point below was enveloped in smoke before the bombers circled and started back.

A flock of Albatrosses gave chase, but two of our own machines forced two of the Hun's to dive when they tried to cut off the bomber who was bringing up the rear. This running fight lasted all the way back to the lines.

At the lines, the triumphant five were met by the American pursuit planes which had accompanied them that far when they set out for Germany. After a hundred mile fight, they were back safe at the flyers' quarters by dusk and there a big jollification dinner was served to mark the day.

The second flight seemed more successful in terms of damage done, but it was less eventful. Only two German planes were sighted and these showed no signs of fight.

The flyer in command was an American who had served his time in the French air service and later entered the American Army.

NEW DOSE OF BING IF THERE IS DOUBT

Many Service Records Lack Complete Data on Immunization

If there is any doubt as to whether or not you have been vaccinated or "binged" any doubt as to whether the vaccination or bing has taken effect, they're going to do it over again on you.

Hardly cheering news, but true. The whole trouble is that too many service records have been received with incomplete entries concerning immunization. "Soldier" against smallpox, typhoid fever, and paratyphoid. It appears in many cases that the necessary doses have been given without a man's receiving credit for them on his service record.

So, as it is set forth in a special bulletin emanating from G.H.Q., whenever the record of immunization is incomplete, the individual soldier will be sent to a medical officer for such examination and interrogation as may be necessary to determine whether the immunization has been properly accomplished. If the evidence as to previous immunization is satisfactory to the medical officer, the record will be completed by an appropriate entry. If any doubt exists, the soldier will be re-vaccinated.

Back to the Sore Arm Squad
In other words, if they forget to put it down on your service record that you had both shots and were carried up on the arm, you've got to go before a medical and convince him that it was all done to you. If you can't convince him, or if he is an energetic young medico, back you go to the old Sore Arm Squad.

But here's a crumb of comfort. As they are using triple vaccine on us now, the one shot does for both paratyphoid and typhoid; so, while you may have a little bigger head from the triple dose, you won't be kept trotting around and riled up, as in the old days.

As to vaccination, if you can roll up your sleeve and show a good scar, even though you've been re-vaccinated unnecessarily, all that the medico has to do is to put down on your record, under "Result," is "Unsuccessful but protected," and let it go at that.

AIR SERVICE BUCKS ALL ANXIOUS TO FLY

Enlisted Men May Be Given an Opportunity to Train

Enlisted men in the Aero Squadron of the A.E.F. have a grievance. They are not allowed to fly. Air Service regulations provide that no one shall fly an airplane but commissioned officers or cadets, at least, out of the running.

The situation has resulted in several more or less formal requests that they be allowed to fly, and has gained the assurance that, after the present supply of officers and cadets is trained, they may have an opportunity.

In the meantime the men are learning a lot about aviation, and are becoming expert in the mechanical end. Any buck private at the training camps can sit on his bunk and tell you, without looking the time and size of any airplane that passes within hearing.

But many of the enlisted men have already "been up," and most of these "have had the stick in their hand," and controlled the machine for varying distances. Some are confident they can fly alone. In fact, one did a few days ago.

He is a private. He went out on the field one morning, got into a machine, and flew away. He was gone two hours on a cross-country flight before he brought the plane back and made a perfect landing.

A French instructor who saw the return was congratulating him upon his feat when an American officer rushed up and arrested him.

The American officer agreed that it was a creditable flight, but insisted also that rules had to be observed. The private is now in the brig.

The Pavillon Minstrels recruited from members of the A.E.F. in Paris and organized by the Y.M.C.A., are booked for the show to be given on July 4 at the Champs Elysees Theater in the Avenue Montaigne. They have already given several performances in the Paris region, the last time at the British Army and Navy Leave Club.

AMERICANS ON JOB; GERMAN PLAN FAILS

Enemy's Xivray Losses Exceed Number of Yanks in Action

INVITATIONS ARE SENT OUT

"We'll Be in Toul Monday," Reads Note Dropped by Boche Aviator

The official communiqué of the night of June 16 tells briefly the story of another failure of the Germans to catch the Americans napping on the Toul front. It says:

"This morning in the Volvre the enemy executed a local attack against the left of our position. During the attack there was brisk artillery firing. The assailants not only failed to penetrate our lines, but were thrown back with severe losses, and left several prisoners in our hands, of whom one was an officer."

This is, without boasting, the laconic official account of a creditable little operation wherein less than a company of Americans withstood three or four times as many Germans, drove them back to their own line with a loss of more men than the Americans had in the fight, took prisoners from them and sent them back empty handed.

Smoke Screens Hide Activity

A week before the attack the enemy had been seen belching out smoke clouds around Mont Sec, a leaf shaped hill which looks across a wide sweep of wood and field and swamp in the plain below where the line runs, and again two days before the attack smoke screens had been used to hide whatever activity they had been preparing. The day before the attack a strolling Boche plane had been snooping about behind our lines and by way of pleasantness had dropped a note in a village which we shall call New York saying, "We are going to take New York Sunday and be in Toul Monday."

The Germans got their party together and trained it for a week behind their lines. It was a good strong party of some five or six hundred men, with a detachment of mortar troops included, and it was to crawl out into our No Man's Land, send up a rocket when it got there to set off its artillery; and come on over. The artillery was to put down a box barrage at Xivray. The party would then break up into three detachments, one to come straight on, the others to come round on the sides, catch the Americans in their dugouts and carry a few of them back to Germany.

One Thing Spoiled Plan

There was only one thing that spoiled the plan. The Americans were on the job. A scoutry unit caught sight of the crowd out in the No Man's Land before the Hun artillery began. He gave the alarm, which meant that the German guns started in and then our own artillery before the German guns got going. The result was something of a slaughter in the mass of Germans out front and of those who came on notwithstanding the artillery.

Only a few reached the village streets. These were surrounded and the survivors were hand to hand fighting in the streets before the enemy finally gave it up as a bad job and went back empty handed to their own lines.

If the purpose of the raid was to take prisoners, as captured Germans declared it failed completely. The raiders did try to carry off a wounded American, whereupon a party of an officer and three men went after them, chased the Germans back to their own trenches, and brought back the almost captured doughboy on a stretcher which the Germans hadn't had time to carry away with them.

Major Moves His Bed

Perhaps the Germans were trying to get one wind up. They were dropping eight-inch shells promiscuously around in the fields away behind our lines all during the day.

One of them went through a roof and brought the house down on top of a major in his bed. The major was dug out unharmed and then put his cot out in the garden and went to sleep again.

Another shell smashed in the front door of an infirmary. It shattered the wall alongside under the Red Cross flag, which kept on floating. Another landed outside of the village of New York aforesaid, stoving in the wooden front of another infirmary and killing a horse which had been thoughtlessly left behind when the inhabitants made for the dugouts.

One eight-inch shell sailed into a bedroom which was getting up out of its bed, hit it in the nose and put it out of business, which is one for the Boche.

The net result of the eight-inch efforts, the first in a long time, was that while people who had been sleeping comfortably next to the pig sties talked a lot about going out into the woods with their cots and while one or two civilians did pack up their furniture and the family hay truck and go south, everybody went back to bed as usual in the usual place.

GOTHAM INCOME TAX UP TOWARD BILLION

America Has 206 Persons Whose Annual Incomes Exceed Million

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, June 20.—New York City will probably turn in over \$700,000,000 in income taxes. Some proud Gothamites guess at \$1,000,000,000, but the accountants don't back it up.

However, the money is pouring in so that the revenue office literally fills barrels with checks and Treasury certificates. It makes the little village feel proud, despite the dousing of Broadway gulls.

To get back to the income tax, an analysis of last year's returns shows that there are 206 persons with annual incomes over \$1,000,000, and 367 with incomes between \$1,000,000 and \$500,000. One hundred and fifty thousand people had incomes of from \$5,000 to \$10,000, 72,000 reported incomes of from \$4,000 to \$5,000, and 55,000 incomes from \$3,000 to \$4,000.

A larger proportion of brokers than of any other occupational class reported incomes over \$3,000. Lawyers and judges came next and after them lumbermen and manufacturers. But—

Teachers, editors, authors, saloon-keepers, actors, musicians, preachers, and farmers came way at the end of the list.

"NOTHING TO REPORT"

When Major Pitealini's red-coats went a-flyin' down the road From Lexington to Boston before the Yankees' goad, The Minute Men communique'd, as soon as breath they caught: "Upon the Massachusetts front, there's nothing to report."

When Washington, debouching from the icy Delaware, Marched into sleepy Trenton town and bagged the Hessians there, The Continental Congress got these hurried words and short: "Upon the whole New Jersey front, there's nothing to report."

When Andrew Jackson did his bit way down New Orleans way, Did Andy send to Madison a loud hip-hip hooray? Not on your life: Old Hickory just scribbled, with a snort: "Upon the Mississippi front, there's nothing to report."

When General Scott (the elder) licked old por-lex Santa Ana In Mexico, and thus advanced our well-known starry banner, These were his words to Jamps K. Polk, to tell him how 'twas fought: "Upon the Cerro Gordo front, there's nothing to report."

When U. S. Grant and R. E. Lee signed up and called it quits, Did U. S. Grant indulge himself in linguistic fits? No so; he sent to Lincoln this illuminating thought: "Upon the Appomatox front, there's nothing to report."

When Dewey blew Montojo out of fair Manila Bay, He didn't put the tidings; there were cable tolls to pay. He thus informed McKinley of the victory he'd wrought: "Upon the Philippine front, there's nothing to report."

When the Allied Armies' heavy guns have battered down Berlin And we have strung the Kaiser up to answer for his sin, We bet that President Wilson will get something of this sort: "Upon the Prussia-German front, there's nothing to report."

YANKS LEARN MORE OF GERMAN METHODS

Dead Hun Found in Captured Woods Chained to Gun

BELGIAN FORCED TO FIGHT

"Kamerad" Who So Treacherously Stabbed Marine Gets Caught Just the Same

Stories of German methods—which are synonymous with German horrors—are being unearthed with each new struggle, little or big, between Yank and Hun along the Château-Thierry front. They are not, most of them, new stories; they are stories which were old before we came to France, but which, hearing at second or third hand, or reading in accounts where the proof was indirect at best, we did not always take the trouble to believe.

But the men who have fought north-west of Château-Thierry, having seen and heard, now believe. When one Infantry company had finally cleared a wood of the nests of machine guns that infested it, they found a single dead German beside one of the guns. His mates had fled. Perhaps he himself would have fled—if he had not been chained to the gun. Yankee shrapnel or a Yankee rifle ball had found him there, and the advancing Yankee troops came squarely upon the evidence of German atrocity to its own kind.

A wounded Belgian, in German uniform, taken prisoner last week, told how he had crossed the German border and been forced into active service against his will. And he was not the only Belgian, he said, who had been so treated.

Lured by Fake Telegram
A prisoner who spoke excellent English asserted that he had been in America when the war broke out, but hurried to Germany on receipt of a cablegram saying that his mother was desperately ill. Once he reached Germany, it was no trouble at all to get him into the German Army.

A Marine was bringing in a prisoner who had thrown up his hands and shouted "Kamerad" at the first encounter. On the way in, the prisoner was asked for a knife and dropped the eight-inch shells promiscuously around in the fields away behind our lines all during the day.

Two Hun prisoners, one slightly, one very seriously wounded, were brought to a field hospital together and placed on cots side by side.

The prisoner who was slightly wounded began to boast. There were plenty of German reserves, he said; Germany could keep up her attacks wherever she chose, indefinitely, despite her losses; yes, there were plenty of reserves.

"Sie lügen!" cried the other. "You lie!"

A few hours later he died, and his body now lies in the little cemetery in a quiet corner of the hospital grounds.

NEW K. OF C. HEADQUARTERS

The Knights of Columbus have opened their new general A.E.F. headquarters at 16 Place de la Madeleine, Paris. The rooms are being renovated and, when the lighting system has been fully installed, will be open evenings and Sundays, as well as during the day, for all American soldiers.

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WEST POINT CLASS THIRD IN 14 MONTHS

Diplomas Are Awarded to 137 Men Before Distinguished Audience

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, June 20.—The United States Military Academy graduated its third class since the declaration of war before an audience of distinguished visitors, including Secretary Baker; General March, Chief of the General Staff; General Silbert, of the gas division; General Hodges, commanding the 70th Division at Camp Devens, and General Donaldson.

There were 137 graduates. John Paul Dean, of Worcester, Mass., was the first honor man, and the next nine were: P. H. Timothy, Nashville; Hugh J. Casey, Brooklyn; Robert E. Hamilton, Ambidge, Penn.; Patrick H. Tansey, Memphis; Hans Kramer, Detroit; A. G. Matthews, West Point; A. B. Shattuck, Lake George, N. Y.; L. E. Hewitt, Northwood, Iowa; M. C. Grenata, Lodi, Cal.

New York University this year gave degrees to 706 graduates, of whom 132 were recorded as being in the national service. Fordham gave 187 degrees, and many of the graduates were in uniform. Incidentally, New York University gave Charles M. Schwab a degree in commercial science—D.C.S., or C.S.D., according to whether you Anglicize or Latinize it. The result is that the director-general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation can now style himself Dr. Schwab.

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9 bis, Rue de Londres, à Paris. Tel. Gut. 50-72. SPECIAL PRICES TO AMERICANS

MACHINE GUN CHIEF FOR EVERY DIVISION

Additional Member of Staff Will Be Lieutenant Colonel

Each division of the A.E.F. is going to have its machine gun officer from now on. He will be an additional officer—that is, one more officer on the division commander's staff, and he will have the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

His duties, as set forth in a new general order, will be to keep the division commanders informed at all times as to the efficiency of the machine gun units of the division; to advise the division commander on all matters affecting these units' efficiency, and particularly on their proper tactical co-ordination in plans of attack or defense.

It is also provided that for combined instruction, or when the tactical situation requires it, the division commander may place the divisional machine gun officer in direct command of all or any part of the machine gun units at his disposal.

THE CURTAIN! QUICK!!!

Corporal: Say, Sarge, in what state would a man be if he fell into the river Seine?
Sergeant: A wet state, I guess.
Corporal: No, insane.
(Corporal now a private).

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300 WAR ORPHANS ADOPTED BY A. E. F.; BALLOONS NOW IN

Third Line Trench Carried with 39 Orders in Past Week

NAVAL AIRMEN REGISTER

"Scheme Nearly Knocked Them Cold," Is Report of Sky Sailors

BAKERS ON PARRAINS' LIST

Fine Observation by Flyers Big Factor in Boosting Figure—Godmothers Are Heard from

TAKEN THIS WEEK

Lt. F. A. W. and W. H. E.	1
Off. Staff, 2nd Bn., F. A.	1
Officers and Enlisted Men, Co. D.	1
Balloon Sq.	4
Company B., Balloon Sq.	4
Bakery Co., No. 1, Q.M.C.	1
Co. C., Balloon Sq.	2
Hq. Co., Balloon Sq.	1
Balloon Replacement Sq.	1
Co. D Club, Engrs., Ry.	1
Personnel Office of Chief Q.M. H.Q. S.O.S.	1
Officers of the Artillery	1
Co. A., M.G. Bn.	1
Lt., S.C.	1
Roselle S. Wilson, Y.M.C.A.	1
Co. A., Inf.	1
Unit No., Graves Registration Service	1
U.S. Naval Air Station	8
Joy and Claire Gerbulet	1
Field and Staff Officers, Engrs., Ry.	1
Company G., Balloon Sq.	2
Res. and Insp. Div., S.C.	1
Co. E., U.S. Engrs.	1
J. R. R. (M.G. Band)	1
Previously adopted	261
Total	300

This was balloon week in the adoption of French war orphans under THE STARS AND STRIPES plan.

The visibility improved suddenly early in the week and continued good for so long that no less than six units of balloon men were able to observe the opportunity to enlist enthusiastic human little mascots and smooth out the wrinkles in their troubled lives for a year. And the aeronauts did such helpful work—directing the fire, as it were—that the A.E.F. went right about and captured the third line trenches. The total reached the 300 mark.

Company D. Balloon Squadron, spotted four orphans at once, and immediately telephoned down to the ground, beating out by two hours Company B. Balloon Squadron, who came down in a parachute for a like number. Company C. Balloon Squadron, was third to pick up and locate the proposition and order three, and this was followed by three other squadrons taking four orphans, making a total of 15 for the balloon men for the week.

Not a Bad Second, Either. Second to the aeronauts—and not a bad second at that—ran the naval aviators. The Navy flyers got right up in the air, too, and spotted eight in a group, which were adopted by various units of a certain naval aviation station.

The schemes nearly knocked them cold "on the ground," were the colors of the air. "Interest in French orphans went sky high, and I think it advisable to try and create a permanent fund at this station."

"It might be interesting to you to know that we had the 560 francs originally started out to get within two hours, and that after we had exceeded this and passed the 2,000 franc mark, a collection was taken in a box which amounted to 556 francs. When we finished, we had half a bushel of money containing coins from 13 different nations and one 100 franc note. This 556 francs was taken up in less than ten minutes."

"We would like to have several questions answered," continued the aviators. "What unit of the A.E.F. holds the record for single contributions, etc.?"

"Are there more boys than girls waiting to be adopted?" "It is true that there are very few French children that have red hair." "Can an orphan be sent to the United States?"

The Record Holders. For the benefit of all concerned, it may be said that an Ohio regiment last week adopted 54 orphans, which is the regimental record. Two companies of the same regiment adopted five children each, which is the high mark for companies. One Aero Squadron has five children, and others have four. And then we have the two balloon squadrons this week with four each.

As to the other questions, the available children are about equally divided between boys and girls, but girls have been more asked for, and the Red Cross committee in charge of selecting the children has been favoring the boys in filling most of the requests sent in which mention no choice. There are no red-headed children in France—not real red, anyhow.

The present French law on legal adoption is so rigid that actual adoption of war orphans by members of the A.E.F. is practically impossible. At the termination of the war it may be changed, but it is apparent that France will need her children, particularly her boys, and it is doubtful if they will be permitted to leave. The plan of THE STARS AND STRIPES aims merely to help these needy children temporarily over a very critical period in their lives.

"OLD KIP"

Oh, they ain't long on the highbrow in this Yankee gang of ours. And they don't read Walter Pater in their precious leisure hours. But they do like simple soldiers-sons, a-full of pep and zip—

And the guy what's wrote the best of 'em is Mister Rudyard Kipling!

So, it's good old cheery Kip—(you will pardon us our lip. But we like your stuff so mighty well formally we'll skip)—

You have lightened many a load with your poems of camp and road, And you've kept us grinning cheery 'neath the Top's or Skipper's good!

We get thrilled on "Danny Deever," and, before we hit the hay, There's a chorus round the fire singing "Road to Mandalay!"

When we're feelin' sentimental, there's that "Mother" thing of yours That just lifts us out o' France back to our own Atlantic shores!

We have felt like little Mowgli—oh, a lot o' times this year!— All so helpless in the jungle, but your song has brought us cheer: For when shells is bustin' round us, and it's mighty hard to grin, We can gather heart and courage from the tale o' Gunga Din!

Though we cannot say of Fritz' what you said of Fuzzy-Wuzz, We can bear with him as patient like us Mr. Job of '14, If we only have a volume of a fattened sort of scrip, Filled from title-page to back-page with the dittie of Old Kip!

So, it's good old sunny Kip—(you might call us kind o' lip For addressin' you familiar-like—but you don't care a rip.)—

To your arm more power be; and when this here scrap's 'fuz, We will bless the name of Kipling through all North America!

A PROUD PARRAIN



D.S.G. AWARDS

Distinguished Service Crosses have been awarded to the following members of the A.E.F. for gallantry in action:

- MAJOR ALEXANDER RASMUSSEN, Inf., U.S.R. (Posthumous).
- SERGEANT GRAY E. SWINGLE, U.S. Eng. (Posthumous).
- CORPORAL THOMAS A. CARROLL, Inf.
- PRIVATE FIRST CLASS LESLIE M. LANE, Inf.
- PRIVATE OSCAR GRIFFITH, Medical Dept. (Posthumous).
- PRIVATE FRANK J. GOLDCAMP, U.S. Eng.
- To Captain Charles J. Biddle, A.S., S.C., U.S.R., and to Privates First Class Mark V. Brennan, Edward A. G. Wylie, Harold E. Purly and John O'Malley Dale, the Commander-in-Chief has written letters of commendation. General Pershing's words to the four enlisted men were:

"I have heard with great pleasure of your fine conduct. The soldierly qualities exhibited by you on this occasion are admired throughout the command."

HUN AVIATOR'S CAP SENT TO PRESIDENT

Former Washington Policeman Finds Nippers Useful in War

Within about a week from now there will be presented to President Wilson a German aviator's cap, together with one of his shoulder-strap pilot's insignia, to the President, that Captain Philip Browne, Q.M.C., X.A., formerly of the Washington Police Force, hasn't forgotten the days when he used to help protect the President from cranks and crowds.

Captain Browne, who has strayed far from his original precinct, came upon a German aviator who had landed with intent to trespass in a perfectly good French wheatfield, took him prisoner, got him away from an enraged crowd of French civilians, and turned him over to the French authorities encased in a real old-fashioned pair of American police handcuffs.

The Boche machine—a Fokker triplane—was hit, but after a long fall the aviator regained control of it, and proceeded to attempt to land. Captain Browne, who had been a witness of the air-battle, jumped into an automobile with several French officers, and hastened toward the spot where it seemed that the Fokker would land. Down it came plump in the middle of a wheatfield. Covering the German with his revolver, Captain Browne advanced. The aviator, standing coolly at attention, surrendered to the American, and was about the most surprised man in the world when he saw his captor produce the handcuffs. He didn't know that he had run into a professional capturer, but that is just what had happened to him.

FIRE BUFFS GET CHANCE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—Here's a chance for the "Buffs," the fire-finders, the would-be Boys-That-Fight-The-Flames, whose name in any big city is Legion. New York is going to enroll 4,000 volunteer firemen, to make up for the shortage caused by the departure of many regular firemen for the work of mounting the ladder and putting the hooks into the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs.

FORD CANDIDACY SOLE RIPPLE IN SEA OF POLITICS

Democratic and Republican Warhorses Don't Know What to Do

SUMMER SURE TO BE ACTIVE

Col. Roosevelt Will Not Take Sides in Fight for New York Governorship

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

AMERICA, June 20.—A chaste peace prevailed on all this front during the past week, as if the whole country were at Sunday School. Nobody slammed anybody else. Nobody brought charges of strictly fresh advice to Washington. Nobody proclaimed dolefully that the country was going to the dogs.

The only occurrence making even a ripple of excitement was the acceptance by Henry Ford of the Democratic nomination to the United States Senate from Michigan. His nomination has produced a flood of controversy more interesting for its ingenuity and its complexity than for its illumination.

Good old Democratic war horses plaintively denounce Ford as a Republican. Republican warhorses, who don't want him to get the Republican nomination, too, declare he is a mighty poor Republican. Meanwhile, a quiet movement aims at fusion, and if Ford does not get the Republican nomination, it is expected that will get a second nomination anyway from some nonpartisan independent organization.

Many Feroocious Skirmishes. Political advance patrols on both sides have already had ferocious skirmishes and people who hate a quiet life anticipate a delightful summer. The perturbation of the Michigan Republicans shows graphically how utterly the good old political trench system has been eliminated in favor of a war of movement. A few years ago, a Republican nomination in Michigan was equivalent to election.

The political genius displayed in picking Ford for the Democratic nomination is universally admitted. It creates conditions which split the State wide open and probably affects other State situations sympathetically.

New York's governorship fight is becoming strenuous on the Republican side, while the Democrats hold back and keep their candidates under excellent camouflage. Governor Whitman and Attorney General Morton E. Lewis are the chief Republican candidates, and so far their chances are about even to the ordinary eyes.

Col. Roosevelt, returning from the West, has issued a formal statement that he will take no part on either side in this governorship contest. His declaration of strict neutrality is particularly interesting to the politicians because the Colonel's nephew is managing the Lewis campaign.

HOW ABOUT CHECKERS?

They must be good. Anyway here's their challenge: "The Field Artillery will meet all comers in the field of sport. Wrestling, boxing, broncho-busting, roping, bulldozing, music and any other sport." You are asked to address Sgt. Thompson, Battery B., Field Artillery, A.P.O. 703.

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SOLD BY ALL GROCERIES

OLD ROMANCE WAKES FOR SALVAGE SARGE

Search Among Clothes of Wounded Man Reveals Ancient History

"Funny thing," began a sergeant of a certain salvage unit near the front. "The things you'll run into when you're sorting over this junk."

"Look at this pile of wounded guys' clothes, sent up from the field hospital. It was in just such a pile as that that I got one of the surprises of my life. It was poking it over to see how much of it could be saved and how much could be scrapped, when out of a pocket fell a picture, the picture of a girl. Well, I'm human, and I picked it up to look at it. And I'm a son-of-a-gun if it wasn't a girl I used to go with steady some ten years ago!"

"Seeing I was on the scent, and to make sure, I picked up the blouse and looked in the pockets. I found another picture, and on it the information that she was a Mrs. Somebody or other now, and that the guy who'd been wounded was the Mr. of the family."

"Well, I picked out the two pictures, got the fellow's address from a letter in his pocket, and went on working. But as soon as I can get anything like time off from this junkman's job, I'm going to try and bum a ride down to the hospital and see if he wants anything done for him. He must have been a pretty decent sort of a fellow, or she wouldn't have married him. . . . Yes, she thought pretty well of me: oh, I hate myself, I do!"

"All the same, doesn't it beat the devil? I hadn't heard from her in a good eight years—no news of any kind—and then the first bit of info I get is from her picture in the middle of a pile of torn up O.D. and scrapped guns 'way up in the north of France!"

"It's a funny little old world, now isn't it?"

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The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F. all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1918.

DISCOURAGING

"It is more or less discouraging to the reserve officers," writes an officer to this paper, "to see no advancement as a reward for conscientious effort when provisional second lieutenants who completed the same course—"

It is more or less discouraging—or would be for some people—to be a private, spend a tolerably uncomfortable winter in a dugout or an Adrian barracks, neither of them steam-heated, and then, when spring comes, hike a hundred and fifty kilometers along a dusty road into battle and die there.

THE CAMPAIGN HAT

The man in the S.O.S. sighs for a chance with the death or glory boys up front and, once a week or thereabouts, expresses his regrets in verse. But now he has a mighty consolation. If a soldier is a forester—

GO AHEAD, GERMANY

Germany wants to get Von Rintelen, the arch-plotter and co-worker of Bernstorff, Boy-Ed, Von Papen and company, now held prisoner in the United States, back in the fold. With characteristic German tact, she informed the United States that if he were not exchanged there would be severe reprisals on American prisoners in Germany; and all the world knows what German reprisals mean.

THE ONLY TEST

From time to time we are wont to ponder "on the stuff of which heroes are made." We reflect upon it subconsciously, just as some of us ruminate—or once did ruminate—on how we are going to feel under fire.

A BIT OF AMERICA

She is an old, or at least an elderly woman. The place where she lives is a particular ugly little American manufacturing town; its inhabitants are largely what we used to call foreigners.

TRUE TO FORM

In 1905 the Kaiser awarded to Mr. Wilson-Marshall of New York, winner of the ocean yacht race in that year, an alleged gold cup which he declared to be worth \$5,000. Recently Mr. Wilson-Marshall decided to auction off the cup for the benefit of the Red Cross.

CITED

The temporary adoption of French war orphans and the children of war-maimed soldiers under THE STARS AND STRIPES plan received a fine impetus last week when an Infantry regiment—

THE DEALER

The dealer assayed and tested it, and then reported that, instead of being of gold, the cup was made of German pewter; and that, far from being worth the \$5,000 the Kaiser claimed for it, it was only worth \$35.

THE REGIMENT

The regiment made a campaign for francs which was directed by the chaplain and two buck privates and forwarded a cigar box full of more or less tattered paper money. It was a generous offering.

THE REGIMENT

But the money was gathered just after payday, and we are assured that its collection didn't impoverish any of the 3,600 men concerned. Yet it will provide comfort and

education for a year for 54 children at a critical period in their lives, and appreciably lessen the difficulties of many widowed mothers and little brothers and sisters.

THE UNIFORM

An imposing motor car whirls through the town filled to the brim with imposing beings all adorned with the Sam Browne belt. It passes a knot of soldiers who snup to attention and salute smartly before re-lapsing. They are already gazing at the tail-lights when one of the men in the tonneau catches on the wind the muttered comment: "Oh, hell, it was only those war correspondents."

There are so many men in and about the A.E.F. who are not soldiers at all, but who can be distinguished from officers only after a careful scrutiny in a bright light, that it is small wonder some of our French friends are puzzled and our own enlisted men confused.

A letter on this subject, written by a plaintive private and published on this page a fortnight ago, suggested that "the wearing of the Sam Browne belt be restricted to duly commissioned officers of the Army and that the seal, with the eagle, arrows and all be worn on the garrison caps of officers alone."

A good many agree with him. A good many think, for that matter, that the war correspondent, the Red Cross worker, the Y.M.C.A. secretary, the Knights of Columbus and the Salvation Army man should each wear a uniform so distinctive in cut and color that he could be recognized a block away—that, thus attired, he would be happier and the whole Army better off.

The fewer the Distinguished Service Crosses awarded the greater the honor each will carry. The less freely and the less promiscuously the Sam Browne belt is distributed, the more it will mean and the greater respect it will command.

THE MEN OF THE WEST

From the great West, where, with a do and dare, Their father went, they come; From great cities fair, and the forests where The great fir grows, they come;

THE TANK

Oh, she's nothin' sweet to look at an' no sympathy to hear; She ain't no pomp of beauty, that's a cinch— She howls like Holy Jumps when a feller shifts.

CHEVRONS AGAIN

To the editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I am writing for definite information in regard to the gold service chevrons. I have read in your estimable newspaper that the stripe is for all who have served six months overseas.

GETTING BACK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Will you kindly advise me how I can return to my own outfit? Since leaving the hospital I have been in two outfits, and if there is any special request for transfer to be made, I should like to know.

NOTHING NEW YET

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: A number of officers would like very much to have you publish in our paper some additional information concerning the Bill which was passed by Congress granting to officers having dependent families commutation for light, heat and quarters.

THE PRIVATE

Beauty isn't everything, even when you're soldiering. And a lot of strange equipment will get by at inspection if you have an excuse—always providing the excuse is good enough.

THE ONCE OVER

ONCE upon a time there was a man. He might have been a civilian or he might have been a soldier; I don't know and it doesn't matter. Anyway, he landed at a base port in France; he might have come on a transport, or he might have come in a banana boat or a box car or a dory; I don't know and it doesn't matter.

THE HUNT FOR THE FRONT

A JOURNEY DIRECTED BY NOBODY IN PARTICULAR. "Like it?" repeated the doughboy. "I don't know; I ain't been there since Tuesday. You might go on up the line and ask the Second Battalion. They're in the line finding out whether they like it or not."

CHEVONS AGAIN

Now, will you kindly come to our assistance and tell us the number and date of the order which authorizes the wearing of these stripes and state just how they should be worn (mesturements, etc.), and just who is entitled to wear them? Or, best of all, if you could send me a copy of the above-mentioned order I could then lead forth a certain ass to his proper pasture, teach him to know it and stay there in the future and all would be lovely.

GETTING BACK

[G.H.Q. has announced that every effort would be made to get a man in a replacement unit back with his old outfit, wherever such a transfer was practicable. A general order states that replacement organization commanders will issue detailed instructions to insure the return of officers and soldiers to their original units whenever the efficient operation of the replacement system is not affected by such assignments. The case of every individual so situated is, therefore, in the power of the replacement commander, who must judge each case by its own circumstances.—EDITOR.]

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To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: [THE STARS AND STRIPES of May 10 (fourth column, first page) gave all the information regarding the above law in the possession of G.H.Q. As soon as G.H.Q. is informed of the Controller of the Treasury's interpretation of the law, it will be published in your newspaper. It is presumed, however, that this commutation will be paid wherever any officer entitled to it may direct.—EDITOR.]

The Army's Poets

SONG OF THE CENSOR MAN

Oh, I am the man with a mightier pen Than the chisel the lawgiver knew; The snip of my shears is more dreaded of men Than the scow of that Napoleon drew.

Oh, it's snip, snip, snip is the rhythmic swing Of my shears in the morning light, And the clip, clip, clip is the raucous ring Of their case in the starry night.

Oh, I know all the secrets that ever were told, Till eery unfortunate prays, That the book of omnipotent knowledge I hold May be sealed to the end of my days.

BEEFING

It seems I'm never satisfied No matter where I go, My job is easy, my duties light, I still find grief and woe.

When we were in the U.S.A., I thought we had no chance, And I wasn't really satisfied Till on my way to France.

When they try to please me And dish out first class chow, And there's sugar in the coffee, I'll holler and howl.

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AMERICAN FRANCE

1—Chateau-Thierry

Written down by the soldiers of the A.E.F., one by one, there are appearing for the first time in the pages of American history, the names of old French towns. They are towns rich in the memories of a thousand years and scarred with the half-forgotten wounds of a hundred wars. Theirs are names that French children have known for centuries and which now your children and your children's children will read in the school books of America.

Such a name is Chateau-Thierry. It was there that the German armies in the great thrust for Paris, they began on May 27 first met the resistance of Yankee troops.

Chateau-Thierry is a little town on a hill. Past its foot flow the slow, untroubled waters of the Marne. From the gray stone, red tiled outskirts on the other side of the river, you cross a three-arched bridge of stone to mount by winding paths to where the ancient church lifts its sixteenth century spire to the heavens. House by house and down the centuries around a squat, deep-dugoned chateau. Of this chateau only two vine-hung gates and the fragments of a thick-set wall are left to tell the story of many a bitter siege.

Built by Charles Martel The chateau was built in 720 by Charles Martel, the great Hammer of the Franks and grandfather of the still greater Charlemagne—the same Charles Martel who saved Europe for Western Christendom when, 12 years later, he met and vanquished the turbaned hosts of the all conquering Saracens in the battle of Poitiers. Little remains of the castle itself, but you can still see the base of the tower where one of his feeble successors, Charles the Simple, was held a prisoner.

When, in the early days of June, 1918, men once more fought hand to hand in the narrow streets of Chateau-Thierry and the thunder of the guns stirred ancient echoes in the crumbling ruins of the castle, history was but repeating itself. The river valleys, converging upon the plain of Paris and finding there a narrow outlet, have ever served as a highway to the final battlefield of an invasion with the capital as the goal. That is why around Chateau-Thierry, reared like a stubborn bastion on the rim of that basin, the soldiers of many a forgotten cause have fought and died. It has always blocked the path to Paris.

Now held as a watchtower by the dukes of France, now as an outpost by the counts of Champagne, the castle changed hands again and again through the early centuries.

English archers took and held it in 1421, toward the close of the century of the Hundred Years' War between England and France, the interminable war which finally brought Joan of Arc up out of the fields of Lorraine to lead the armies of the King and which, at the end, lost to the English crown all its rich French fiefdoms save only Calais.

Germans Had It of Old In the first half of the sixteenth century while adventurers on the other of the Atlantic were exploring with fear and wonder the mysteries of the wilderness with the Catholic and the warring Huguenots fought, such bitter, battles for the control of France that, in the course of 30 years, a million Frenchmen perished. Spanish troops entered France as allies of the Catholics. Those were the days when a Spanish garrison held Paris, nor, for all his sieges, could the Protestant chief, Henry of Navarre, enter its gates till he had marched through crowds of joyous people to the church of Saint-Denis and there, in the presence of the prelates, asked to be received "into the pale of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church."

A half century later, the Spaniards sacked it in the course of the terrible Wars of Religion, when Catholics and Huguenots fought, such bitter, battles for the control of France that, in the course of 30 years, a million Frenchmen perished. Spanish troops entered France as allies of the Catholics. Those were the days when a Spanish garrison held Paris, nor, for all his sieges, could the Protestant chief, Henry of Navarre, enter its gates till he had marched through crowds of joyous people to the church of Saint-Denis and there, in the presence of the prelates, asked to be received "into the pale of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church."

Then—and not for the last time—the dwellers along the Marne save an army of German march upon Paris. For leading his train through Champagne, Charles pressed his invasion to within 21 leagues of the capital and in that invasion the Germans, took Chateau-Thierry.

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Greatest Battle in 1814 It was in 1814 that the Spaniards fell upon Chateau-Thierry, but its greatest battle was fought in that desperate February of 1814 when England, Prussia, the German States, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Sweden and America, a crusading alliance—joined hands against Napoleon. From the south and the east they invaded France and hemmed in on all sides, the little Emperor was forced for the first time in his life to fight on the defensive.

Fighting with only 20,000 young and untired conscripts, he fell upon and smashed at Chateau-Thierry an army of 50,000 Russians and Prussians. It was a final flash of the old success, a shining victory in the midst of a disastrous campaign, for on the last day of March Napoleon's enemies entered Paris, and before many weeks had passed, he had been exiled to Elba.

Chateau-Thierry was taken and retaken in 1814. Just a hundred years later, its walls looked down upon the retreat of the enemy before the victors of the Marne.

Visiting there in the spring of this year, you would have the Chateau-Thierry a town set in a fair and peaceful countryside, proud of its sleep-crowded pasturage and rich in its vines and cherry trees—a little town of 7,000 people, no larger than Rochester, Minn., or Red Bank, N.J.

And this town is a shrine for French pilgrims, not because of the battles fought in its streets, but because it was the home of the muster of fables, La Fontaine. Very much as it was in the seventeenth century, you can see today the house with its outside staircase and its moss-grown well where this most beloved of French poets was born.

In walk an hour or so up the road that leads to the northwest, and you come to La Ferté-Milon, the home of Racine, Jean de La Fontaine and Jean Racine—they are the poets of that region at the heart of the country which is known as Ile de France, the poets whose work, in its simplicity, its modesty, its eternal common sense, gives to the French spirit its finest, its purest expression.

La Fontaine at Chateau-Thierry The French of all ranks and ages love their poet of Chateau-Thierry. When, in the early days of the Revolution, the infuriated mob in Paris gave themselves over to the September massacres of bloody memory, and thousands of prisoners were butchered, one woman was spared for no other reason than because she was the granddaughter of La Fontaine. French children hear his fables in the nursery and know them by heart; their fathers and mothers find

ANGELS—JUST FROM AMERICA



SPRING DAYS UP AT THE FRONT

"Say," said an infantryman. "Do you want to hear about the worst piece of out-of-luck that ever happened in the A.E.F.? A pal of mine went into the fight with 2,000 francs in his pocket—you know."

"Now he's reported missing."

An ancient French school house, deserted in the fight of the villagers, was taken over by the Americans as part of the headquarters of a field ambulance. The interrupted lesson could be read upon the bulletin board by the Yankee wounded carried through and a Daudet among them could have woven a masterpiece from it. The moral that the teacher was inculcating when he held his "devoirs classe" was this:

"The free man obeys his conscience and the laws of his country."

And the phrase set before the pupils for their composition exercise that day—the date was written on the board, 29. Mai, 1918—was:

"Un jour de grand vent."

"The day of the big wind."

Don't carry anything in your gas mask bag that doesn't belong there. That isn't a general order, but the fruit of at least one man's experience.

He had gone over the top on a patrol. Somebody smelled gas; on went the masks. He bit into it, clamped his nose on tight, and started to breathe. That is, he tried to. For several agonizing minutes he struggled to get wind through it. And then he found it was a false alarm.

Thinking his stars that it hadn't been a real attack to be endured with a safety appliance that was as dangerous as the German pizen itself, he went to his lieutenant at the first opportunity and told him that the thing didn't work.

The lieutenant looked at it. "What's this?" he asked. "Even the slip at the base of the respirator he drew a post card that had stuck there."

"Now try it," he said. "It worked. That man isn't using his mask bag as a mail pouch any more."

The top sergeant of a field hospital was tenderly straightening out the papers—clippings, letters, photographs—that had been found in the pockets of a Marine from Philadelphia who had died from his wounds on his way to an evacuation hospital. "I see he got his man first," said the top, and showed among the papers there a muddy two-mark note.

"Major, er—I mean Colonel—no, pardon me, Major—"

You really can't tell the difference after the major or the lieutenant colonel has been hiking a few kilometers along the dusty roads away up beyond the sprinkling cart zone. The gold leaves and the silver leaves lose all their glint and glimmer beneath a coat of gray-brown dust. So it is perfectly permissible to make mistakes.

USELESS QUESTIONS

For the sake of efficiency in the Army, it is suggested that hereafter all useless questions shall be mentioned only by number.

It is estimated that this will save enough force expended in unnecessary movements of the vocal cords each day to dig 181 miles of trench six feet deep, or transport 103 doughboys a month from New York to Liverpool.

- (1) Say, what day is this, anyway?
(2) When are we going to get another mail?
(3) How many troops do you suppose we've got in France?
(4) Have you heard when we are going to get paid?
(5) What the devil is the matter with them cooks?
(6) Who dyes s'pose designed that monkey-hut?
(7) Seen anybody with my Saturday Evening Post?
(8) How much do you owe the Government?
(9) Do you know when we're going up the line?
(10) How much longer do you think this thing'll last?

Others will be published from time to time as occasion requires.

WHY TAKE A REGIMENT?

Buck No. 1: The regiment 's goin' to attack at dawn and get those woods east of the village.

Buck No. 2: What they goin' to take the whole regiment for? Why not just send a wood detail?

OLD AND NEW STYLE—NO. 1

In camp back home: Sir, I have the First Sergeant's permission to speak to the Captain.

In billets over here: Sir, the Top told me I could speak to you about this here. In the trenches: Say, Captain—

summed up in them all their philosophy of life.

It was at Chateau-Thierry that La Fontaine was Master of the Waters and the Forests. It was there he made friends with the wandering dog, the tolling ant, the mounting lark—all the animals of the countryside who move in his fables. It was there he wrote "The Wolves and the Eve," of which the moral is the motto of his people in this year of trial:

"We can conclude from this that one must war continually with the wicked. Fence is all very well in itself, I admit, but of what use is it with enemies who are faithless?"

IF YOU ARE WISE, YOU WILL SAY COLONEL

If it is a lieutenant colonel, you're right, and if it's a major, it makes him feel good.

A batch of German prisoners was being marched along the road under convey of a sergeant. They swung past a little audience of Yanks.

"Hello boys!" called one gleeful captive in regular English. And pointing to the line he added just as gleefully: "It's hell up there!"

A lean young infantryman hurried across France with his regiment, was lunged into a fight near Chateau-Thierry with scanty sleep and short rations, went over a crest with the first wave of assault, emerged from a mix-up with a German bayonet none the worse except for a tear in the seat of his breeches, escaped by a miracle every blast in the murderous cross fire of German machine guns and finally came out one of the few unscratched ones in his platoon.

He dropped on the ground, doubly thankful for the promise of a few moments rest. He dropped on the ground, but when he got up again in all the agony of his first wound. His face had landed in a bunch of nettles.

A Marine confided to the surgeon who was dressing his wound that his company had, at one point, swarmed up to the German artillery and taken the guns. Were you able to bring them back?" the doctor wanted to know.

"Bring them back? Hell, we're camping there."

Up at the front you hear *vin rouge* called by the nickname by which every *billit* knows it. The word *pluard* is now the best Americanese.

Two Marines on the outskirts of Chateau-Thierry made a dash at a German machine gun that was coming into play on their bunch. The first, a private, grabbed the mouth of the gun with his hand and shoved it up in the air. It almost blew his hand to bits but the thing he remembers best was the way his platoon, the corporal, laughed as he jabbed his bayonet through the four Germans who were behind that gun.

When one division moved up to a new headquarters it took along with it a sergeant in the Q.M.C. who believes in being as comfortable as the exigencies of war will permit. He was one of those "sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights," and straightway he began to look around for a bed. In a barn he found the village hearse, which by some oversight had not been evacuated. And there he lies tonight.

Somebody else liked the idea and tried to bunk on the roof. But the hearse wouldn't stand it. It threatened to collapse all over the sergeant, and after a council of war it was decided that the hearse had not been constructed on a one-man basis and ought to stay that way.

"It's very comfortable," the sergeant explains. "And if they ever shell the barn, here I am, all ready for 'em."

"The 'dis-ornamenting' of non-coms by removing the chevrons from the left arm has been accomplished with no serious complications, but not without causing some slight consternation in certain quarters."

"On one occasion an old time Army sergeant who had finally arrived here after languishing in the States all winter and spring was seen intently observing a sergeant recently bereft of half his stripes. Finally, he approached the latter."

"Say," he demanded, "what the devil kind of a soldier are you? You're a non-com on one side and a buck private on the other, but by the looks of the cap you've got on, I should say you're some kind of a sailor."

A.E.F. SMILES

As lonesome as a guardhouse without a rat. As cheerful as a wounded captain going home to "instruct."

As futile as the major's attempts to speak French. As ignorant as a war news editor buck home.

As noisy as a barracks on payday night.

Thus, one doughboy simply says to another, "No. 2." The proper answer being in each case, "I.S.K." abbreviated form of "I don't know."

The more important useless questions in the A.E.F. follow:

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ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Questions Answered

By BRAN MASH

O.P.—Yes, you stand at attention and say "Sir" to a British regimental sergeant-major, but you do not salute him when passing on the street or road.

(Note: This is the straight dope and not the usual kind of bull that gets into this column—J.D.)

T.P.—The seat on the Top's right is undoubtedly the seat of honor for your guest, but also the seat of danger; that is, unless the Top is a sou'wayer.

G.L.M.—When borrowing someone else's putts for guard mount, be sure of course, to return them rolled in the original order, and not hindside to. If you fail to take them back in shape, your friend may be out of luck himself the next time he tries to make order.

H.P.—No, you are not required to salute German officers when you meet them up front unexpectedly. You are however, expected to invite them over into our lines at once, and to see that the case is made thoroughly at home in the case provided for them. Also, you should keep them well covered, so they won't catch cold.

V.H.—No, it would not get you anywhere to march along the road under convey of a sergeant. They swung past a little audience of Yanks.

"Hello boys!" called one gleeful captive in regular English. And pointing to the line he added just as gleefully: "It's hell up there!"

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By BRAN MASH

O.P.—Yes, you stand at attention and say "Sir" to a British regimental sergeant-major, but you do not salute him when passing on the street or road.

(Note: This is the straight dope and not the usual kind of bull that gets into this column—J.D.)

T.P.—The seat on the Top's right is undoubtedly the seat of honor for your guest, but also the seat of danger; that is, unless the Top is a sou'wayer.

G.L.M.—When borrowing someone else's putts for guard mount, be sure of course, to return them rolled in the original order, and not hindside to. If you fail to take them back in shape, your friend may be out of luck himself the next time he tries to make order.

H.P.—No, you are not required to salute German officers when you meet them up front unexpectedly. You are however, expected to invite them over into our lines at once, and to see that the case is made thoroughly at home in the case provided for them. Also, you should keep them well covered, so they won't catch cold.

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Along the road of Yesterday June blossoms, orange-scented, fall; The heart of Madeleine was gay. And all the world was well.

YANKS NIP HUN RALLY IN BELLEAU WOODS

Adown the lane we call Today Came Madeleine, with lowered head, And, bending close, we heard her say: "My orange blossoms—all are red."

CHAMPION WHITE SOX AGAIN HIT BY WAR

Three More Players Making Ten in All, Enter Country's Service

McGraw Buys Two Supers

Camp Dix Soldiers Beat Pennsylv. 2 to 1, in Fast 12 Inning Battle

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.] AMERICA, June 20.—The Champion White Sox have been hard hit by the war, three more players being lost by Charles Comiskey's team during the past week, making ten in all who have either been killed or are in the fighting forces of his war industries.

Infielder Patrick Hargrove joined the Army during the week, while Pitcher Claude Williams, one of the standbys in the box, and Catcher Byrd Lynn, under study for Ray Schalk, turned shipbuilders.

Cleveland strengthened its infield by purchasing First Baseman Wheeler Johnston of the Milwaukee club of the American association, where Johnston has been playing gilt edged ball and hitting the pill like a fender. Several players and a cash consideration figured in the deal.

Manager McGraw of the Giants is providing against emergencies, and has purchased Infielder Sicking and Pitcher Rose from the San Antonio club of the Texas league.

Camp Dix soldiers won over the University of Pennsylvania nine in a sensational 12 inning game, 2 to 1.

RESPIRATOR NINES FAIL TO KEEP SCORE

Major Pitches and Two Umpires Brave Vin Rouge Bottles

Undaunted by the account of a baseball game published in a recent edition of the A.E.F. weekly describing a novel nine innings in which the players wore respirators, the officers and the enlisted men of Camp Hospital No. 13 recently played the opener of a schedule which calls for respirators every playing minute of the season. This requirement will be rather a neat way of sidestepping the recent G.O. which calls for at least two hours' exercise a month with respirators.

To guard against injury, a regulation indoor baseball was used, and the rules were made as the game progressed, the officers favoring the sandlot rules and the enlisted men banking on whiplash, they remembered about baseball.

The score is not necessary. Indeed, it was not kept, owing to a scarcity of adding machines in those diggings. The features of the game included some fancy base running on the part of Captain R. —, a former semi-pro star of Brooklyn. The adjutant of the hospital, Major G. —, pitched for his side in a manner worthy of Smoky Al Woods in his palmist days.

Two umpires were used up, the international audience at the sidelines using vin rouge bottles in a graceful and efficient manner. The crowd which was a scarcity of brave men to umpire.

Hospital Men Hit Hard A game played between Hospital No. 23 and Hospital No. 22 was featured by the hard hitting and fast base running of the boys from Hospital 23 and costly errors on both sides. McAndrews, behind the bat for Hospital 22, showed up well at the bat and caught his usual heady game. The score:

Table with 2 columns: Team, Score. Hospital 23 19 4, Hospital 22 9 6. Batteries: 23, Smith and Chick; Norris and McCoy; 22, Thompson and Erickson, McAndrews.

Would Play Paris Team With nine straight victories to its credit, plus no defeats, the baseball unit of Base Hospital No. 17 (Harper Unit of Detroit) is bidding for a trip to Paris to play a short series. Lieut. LeRoy L. Bell, managing the boys, has partially completed plans to that end, and will promise, he says, to show the Paris league some real team work developed in Burgundy.

St. Louis Wins Again St. Louis annihilated Cleveland two weeks ago, 11 to 10. Now the two teams have met again. This time Cleveland presented her straight lineup and again lost 6 to 1. Thomas had Cleveland eating out of his hand. In a game between the officers of the two units, St. Louis turned the tables on the Cleveland Sam Brownses, reversing the 10 to 2 score against them by an 18 to 4 win in seven innings.

Strikes Out 19 Men A capacity crowd attended the game Sunday between the Engineers and the M.T.R.S. Unit teams, as the Engineers are the only team who have beaten the M.T.R.S. this year. Payne, formerly pitcher of the Chicago White Sox World Champions, had 19 strike-outs to his credit. The score:

Table with 2 columns: Team, Score. M.T.R.S. 10 14 2, Engrs. 9 6 6.

Headquarters Men Victors Company C — Headquarters Regiment, romped away with the — Labor Company by a score of 16 to 3. The Headquarters men made their big kill on the fifth, when every man but one on their batting order came across the pan with a tally. Both sides fielded raggedly. The score:

Table with 2 columns: Team, Score. Labor Co. 0 0 2 0 0 9 1 0 3 3 9, Hqrs. Regt. 2 4 0 0 0 0 2 1 16 17 6.

CADETS SET RECORDS [By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.] AMERICA, June 20.—The class of 1920 won the annual West Point Intercollegiate field meet by a big margin of points.

Gene Vidal, star football player, smashed two records, clearing the bar at 8 feet, 3/4 inch, the high jump, and throwing the discus 124 feet, 5 inches.

Shrader established a new record in the pole vault, clearing the rod at 17 feet, 6 inches.

JOHREN TAKES BIG STAKES

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.] AMERICA, June 20.—Harry Payne Whitney's Johren, the 3-year-old son of Spearmint and Mineola, took the crown as the leading 3-year-old at Belmont Park, Long Island, by winning the Belmont stakes before an enormous crowd.

The stakes were run over an extremely difficult winding course of a mile and three-eighths, the time being 2:20 2/5. Johren won from War Cloud, the closest competitor, by a length and a half.

EX-YANK TWIRLER BEATED BY BULLET

Lefty Russell Temporarily Out of Game on Lorraine Grounds

Rafter Drives Ambulance

All-Star Nine Should Soon Be in Making from A.E.F. Material

All baseball fans remember Lefty Russell, who twirled for the New York Yanks several years ago. Well, Lefty is hors de combat just now, as a result of getting beamed by a German bullet while taking part in an American attack in Lorraine recently. He was going over the top at the time.

With his head copiously bandaged, Lefty is confined to one of the Red Cross hospitals in the Paris area. He is able to be about, however, and is anxiously awaiting the time when he will be reported fit for another front line crack at the Hun.

Russell twirled with success for the Yanks three years ago, but a broken arm put him out of commission for several months. Two years ago he was transferred to the Newark team, where he played first base until he enlisted about eight months ago.

Another former Yankee player, Billy Rafter, who covered an outfield position two years ago, is over here doing his bit. Billy is driving an ambulance in the Tenth section and will have many interesting yarns to spill in the clubhouse when he gets back home.

Harry Courney, with the Newark Peels for two seasons, is an ambulance and ration driver for the Red Cross. When in Paris, he twirls for the Red Cross team.

Cranston, who acted as understudy for Stuffy McInnes with Connie Mack's club, is a member of an Engineer regiment company and is right up in the thick of the fray.

Soon an all-star nine will be in the making over here.

TY COBB VETERAN OF JOHNSON CIRCUIT

Holds Record in American League with 14 Years in Service

Ty Cobb, the oldest man in the American league? Yes, it is a fact. The famous Tyros, although only 31 years of age, is now the grand old man of Ban Johnson's circuit. He is the oldest man in point of active service since the passing of the veteran Sam Crawford and the resignation of Terry Turner to the rank of utility man. This is Cobb's 14th year with the Detroit club.

It is quite an unusual stunt for a player of only 31 years to have been in the big leagues for so long a term. There may be older players who have served as long in the major leagues, but no one has ever earned that distinction at Ty's age.

Terry Turner, Cleveland's blonde shortstop, joined the American league one year before Cobb. Terry ceased to be a regular last year.

Frank Schulte, former Cub star, played 14 years in the National league. He is being used as pinch hitter by Washington this season.

Bobby Wallace of the St. Louis Browns played in the American league longer than any other man—20 years—but not always as a regular. He is acting as coach for the club.

Ty Cobb went from Augusta to Detroit back in 1906, when he but 19 years of age, and ever since he has been one of the big stars of the American league. In 1917 he stole over 50 bases and batted .388, and from this it can readily be seen that he is still good for a number of years yet. If Cobb can keep on at the gallop he has been traveling he will surely surpass the records made by Larry Lajoie and Ilians Wagner.

Sherwood Magee is the real veteran of the big leagues, however, this being his 15th year as a regular. Parkert, in point of age, is one of the oldest players in active service, being 37.

DIAMOND FLASHES

Ross Young, the Giants' new outfielder, has easily proven the prize find of the season, and the youngster is keeping up his sensational fielding and batting. Next in line of "finds" is Truck Hannah, catcher of the Yankees. The Thorman of the Yanks looks like the best twirling "find" of the year. McGaffigan, who succeeded Nisbett with the Phillies, is the pet of the Quaker City fans.

Chiff Markie, former New York Yank, was recently reported among the missing over here. He enlisted about eight months ago.

With two out in the ninth, Gabby Cravath recently spoiled a no-hit game for Del Greiner of the Dodgers.

Hollocher, the new Cub infielder, procured from Portland, is living up to his reputation and is making good. Rube Foster is another youngster making good.

Bert Adams, former New York Yank, is managing the St. Joe club of the Western league.

Forest Cady, former Red Sox backstop, who now belongs to Connie Mack, is recovering from injuries sustained in an auto accident.

Jake Daubert, the big Brooklyn first baseman, was 33 years old last month. Jake is swatting the pill over the .300 mark, as usual.

Fleider Jones, manager of the St. Louis Browns, has resigned. He says the job was too much for him. The team was just beginning to hit its stride when Jones quit.

BATS AND GLOVES BEING MADE HERE

Y.M.C.A. and K. of C. Place Orders with French Manufacturers

BASEBALL NOT A SUCCESS Sample Blows Up Under a Heavy Bombardment—But There's Still Hope

France is making bats. The whole nation hasn't gone into the business, nor even all the wood turners, planning mill operators, wood choppers, but enough manufacturers are devoting themselves to bat production to make things interesting.

Already the Y.M.C.A. has placed an order for 1000 bats to be made in France and the K. of C. one for 3000.

Gloves are also being made, though perfection has not been reached in this branch of the sporting goods art. The Y.M.C.A. has just ordered 500 gloves and hopes for early deliveries. The K. of C. has placed an order for 100 sets of boxing gloves of French manufacture.

When it comes to baseballs, however, it is something else again. One K. of C. man, who is not a member of the market, recently tried out a baseball of French manufacture. He hit in regular Polo Ground form, and what! where the baseball had been a white puff resembling a burst of shrapnel. That particular grand of baseball is no longer eligible for championship A.E.F. honors.

That bat question is not so easy of solution as you might think. French ash is rather too heavy to make good wagon-tongue material, and American central belt ash and English ash, which were apparently created for that purpose alone, are not obtainable, or at least do not grow, in France.

Bats of heavy French ash, however, are far, far better than no bats at all.

ATHLETIC EVENTS ON 4TH PROGRAM

Day to Be Observed Wherever A.E.F. is Found—Colombes Meet Plans

The Fourth of July will be celebrated throughout the A.E.F. insofar as the war doesn't interfere to stop—as it did with at least one Memorial Day program—with as many track and field meets and baseball games as the nature of the terrain will allow.

Up front it may be necessary to call off one or two events if the Boche gets sore and tries to break up the game because they won't let him play. But the day will be celebrated just as athletically up forward as it will in the S.O.S. and in the base sections.

The promoters of the meet held at Colombes, near Paris, on Memorial Day stage a similar event on the Fourth at the same place, the following program has been announced:

100-yard dash, shot put, grenade throwing, 440-yard dash, running broad jump, 220-yard dash, tug of war (ten men on a side), mile relay race (teams must represent detachments), special matches, arranged by central committee; baseball game, specially arranged match.

Contestants in the mile relay and special races will be permitted to wear running suits and light shoes, but spikes are barred.

No entrance fee will be charged.

SPORTING COMMENT

Grenade throwing has been added to most of the intercollegiate field and track meet programs back home, and it promises to remain permanently on the list. The bullet-eyes are set at three distances, 75 yards, 100 yards, and 125 yards, and points are counted according to the number of bullet-eyes hit. The targets are painted on the ground. The weight of the shot used is 18 ounces. Competition is on the team plan, each team comprising four men.

Babe Ruth, Red Sox twirler, in addition to being a star pitcher, also is some pumpkins when it comes to batting, especially the long distance variety. Only recently Ruth equaled the major league record for consecutive home runs, getting his third four bagger in a row off Walter Johnson. Three days in a row, Babe smashed out these circuit drives. Ruth got his first home off Allan Russell of the Yanks. The following game he cleaned up one of Meigs's benders for four sacks. Ray Caldwell, formerly with the Yanks, performed the same trick back in 1915. Jim Scott, Red Faber and Hal Hixon were the twirlers he made his victims.

Bobby Walthour to race! That may surprise many of the oldtimers. No, it is not the veteran, Bobby, Jr., is following in the footsteps of his daddy, and participated in the boys' race, at Newark recently. The youngster has been showing up well and promises to be one of the leaders in this game, just as his father was for many years past. Walthour, Sr., retired last year.

Camp Grant, at Rockford, Ill., can boast of the strongest boxing team in the service. In this camp are Eddie McGourty and Mike O'Dowd, middleweights of high class; Andre Anderson, heavyweight; Homer Smith, heavy; Johnny Ritchie, featherweight; and Joe Carcell, welterweight. This is quite a formidable array of talent, and should win over almost any camp.

WITH THE MITTWIELDERS

Benny Leonard and Ritchie Mitchell may meet in a return match for the benefit of the Great Lakes Station fund, the fight to be held in Chicago.

Leading middleweight Kewpie Ertle by almost five pounds when he stopped the little claimant to the heavyweight title at Milwaukee. This is a big handicap for many years past. Ertle's efforts are being made to match Kid Herman, the world's bantamweight champion, and Dick Loadman, conqueror of Johnny Ertle. Herman is in the Army, but expects to obtain a leave for the bout.

Fredie Welsh of Peoria has been drafted.

Fredie Welsh is longing for another crack at Benny Leonard and his title. Fredie claims he is in better shape now than he was the last year he engaged in bouts, and that if Leonard will give him another chance he is sure he will regain the crown.

Charley Welner, Newark heavyweight boxer, has enlisted in the Navy. George Chip lost on a foul to Clay Turner in the loud sound of their fight at Bridgeport, Conn.

HAWAIIAN SWIMMERS STAR

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.] AMERICA, June 20.—Honolulu swimmers at Alameda, Cal., established three new records.

Duke Kahanawoku covered the 100 yards in 1:01 2/5, breaking Cecil Hamley's Australian mark by two seconds.

Clarence Lane swam 80 yards in 42 seconds flat, breaking the previous record by three seconds.

Harold Krueger swam 60 yards, backward stroke, in :35 2/5, beating Charles Daniels' New York A.C. record of 42 seconds.

TRY OUT TRACK MEET HELD AT A.P.O. 717

Entry List for Swimming Events is Opened—17 Nines in League

Athletic competition is flourishing in the A.P.O. 717 section. The well-known national pastime of the U.S.A., of course, is the forerunner on the roster of sports. Seventeen nines are entered in the league of the S.O.S. Headquarters of the season has been opened, with almost every evening and every Sunday.

With the putting up of the Major Willard D. Straight Cup great rivalry and interest is being shown. To date five games have been played by some of the teams, with the Medical and Co., of the Headquarters, Battalion, setting the pace respectively with four and three victories, neither having a defeat scored against it.

Track sports and swimming events are included on the program. A large float has been launched and the entry list for the initial aquatic feature of the season has been opened. With Lieutenant Mosie, a former Lake water star, and Mr. John of the Y.M.C.A. making preliminary arrangements for the swimming season, beaucoup splashing and stroking, ducking and splurging should be seen and heard.

A try-out track meet was held recently to select a representative team for a Franco-American affair to be held July 4. The participants competed in regulation Army dress.

Pitcher Excels in Dash Jack, star pitcher of the Medical team, proved a dark-horse. He won the 100-yard dash final after a neck-and-neck race with Cliff and Redfin. When it came to high jumping Jack also proved the star. Five feet in regulation dress isn't a bad jump. Summary:

50-Yard Dash (final heat).—Won by Reiffin; second, Jack; third, Graffina.

100-Yard Dash (first heat).—Won by Jack; second, Snyder; third, Jaffe. Second heat: Won by Cliff; second, Reiffin; third, Reiffin. Time, 11 seconds.

440-Yard Dash.—Won by Minogue; second, Bennett; third, Colours. Time, 63 seconds.

1-Mile Run.—Won by Silverstein; second, Collier.

High Jump.—Won by Jack, 5ft.; Johnson, 4ft. 11in.; Gedbold, 4ft. 10 in.; Snyder, 4ft. 10 in.

Broad Jump.—Won by Johnson, 18ft. 5 1/2 in.; Musser, 18ft. 3 1/2 in.; Jack, 17ft. 1/2 in.

Put.—Won by Minogue, 31ft. 9 in.; second, Johnson, 30ft. 6 in.; third, Caron, 29ft. 5 in.

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Regulation Marching Boot of best Tan Chrome calf, hand made throughout, absolutely waterproof. Dark lacing. Drilled soles. 5/7 6

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SPORTS MOVE ALONG IN SPITE OF WAR

National League Gate Receipts Go Up as Giants Go Down

War or no war, it has been a bumper season thus far in the world of sports back home.

The nervous baseball magnates, who began retrenching last winter for fear there would be a great falling off in patronage this summer, are very low in their minds just now, for the crowds have poured out to the games as devotedly as ever, and the only falling off in attendance noted during the first two months of the season has been in the few major league cities where the club owners had lost their nerve and wrecked the clubs in advance.

The gate receipts have run steadily high in the American league, where the race has been close, and business perked up in the National league when the Cubs passed the Giants.

The college meets and the river races have drawn as well as if, not better than, formerly. The race tracks are prospering; the golf links and tennis courts are crowded. Friendly weather and the force of habit have kept the business of sports at its old level just as if the Kaiser had never been born.

MOLLA STILL WINNING

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.] AMERICA, June 20.—Miss Molla Bjurstedt, the national tennis champion, won the Women's Metropolitan championship at Forest Hills, L.I., in straight sets 6-2, 6-3, thereby gaining permanent possession of the silver championship cup.

Telep Louvre 12-20 Longines Watches 11 Bd des Italiens Repairs

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BOMB, SHELL AND SHRAPNEL

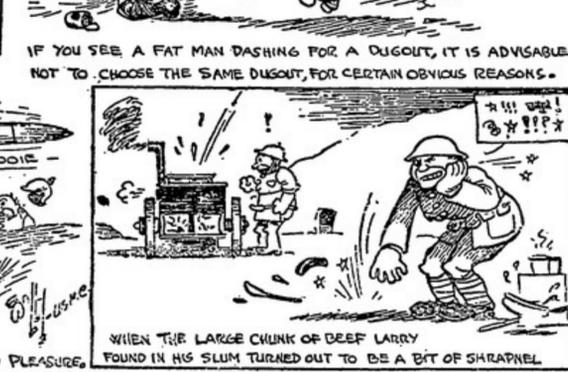
-By WALLGREN



HELPFUL HINTS.

HEY! WHERE IN HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

NEVER STOP A SHELL WITH YOUR HANDS UNLESS YOUR FEET ARE SECURELY CLAMPED TO SOME STATIONARY OBJECT - OTHERWISE YOU WILL ACCOMPANY THE SHELL WITH SUDDEN AND SPONTANEOUS RAPIDITY, IN A DIRECTION CONTRARY TO YOUR WISHES; AND AS THIS HAS SOME APPEARANCES OF RETREATING, IT IS CONSIDERED VERY BAD FORM.



NO TRAIN TRAVEL SAVE ON BUSINESS

A.E.F. Must Not Block Railroads During Its Spare Time

TO CHECK HUN'S AGENTS

New Road Rules Also Laid Down for Army's Truck Smashers

You guys that like to travel! You guys that have to travel, whether you want to or not! You motorcycle propellers, ambulance drivers, truck encouragees, and plain chauffeurs! Lay off washing the top of the car or (mudling) for these travel orders; gather round and listen to the plaint of the poor A.P.M. and his merry men.

Here's the latest orders about train travel—no such travel on passes hereafter. Get that! No train travel except on official business or on the weekly leave—in case you belong to an outfit that is lucky enough to have any time off at the end of the week. These are the reasons for that order.

On Saturday and Sunday, all the divisions (if it's one of the divisions that has spare time during training) wants to travel. This so disrupts the trains passing through the divisional area that it seriously interrupts movement of troops. In some cases men have actually taken possession of trains, and the entire schedule for the railroad has been broken up. That, you can see, can't very well go on. Hence the order.

YANKEE PRISONER OUTWITS CAPTORS

Slays Two Germans and Is Himself Struck as He Enters Dugout

Through no fault of his own, Pvt. P. J. Crosby, A.E.F., was taken prisoner in the course of a counter-attack on our sector northwest of Toul and carried away toward the enemy trenches by a German captain and private.

Suddenly, down came the American barrage, designed to cut off the raiders from their return. The two Germans flung for themselves from the ground, with Pvt. Crosby to one side of them, to wait for the American fire to let up.

As he struck the ground, Crosby's hand came in contact with a steel rod. Gripping it, he jumped to his feet, dealt the German captain a swinging blow on the head, and killed him. He disposed of the private in the same fashion.

Thus freed, he made his way back to our lines, full of that pleasant glow which comes from a good job well done and a nasty experience well escaped. But just as he reached the door of a dugout—within one step of safety—a Hun shell did him and got half his back. He died the same night.

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION

Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities

T.T.—You say she complains that you haven't written her in a long time. Well, you haven't, have you? What are you going to do about it?

R.F.S.—So her kid brother is coming over here and she wants you to look out for him? Write to her at once and politely but firmly decline the offer. To begin with, he's probably being fought with by the British somewhere near Belgium while you're fighting with the French somewhere near Switzerland, or vice versa. And in the second place, anybody's kid brother is always an awful nuisance. No matter if it busts your chances with her, lay off him!

F.D.—No, never send her a letter in a blue envelope if you want it to get to her in any reasonable time. Blue envelopes have to go through a lot of red tape before they finally get down the line to the ports and from there across. Better run the risk of having the Lot who does your censoring know all about everything than keep her waiting for a letter. The Lot will probably forget it, anyway; that's what lieutenants are for.

S.D.L.—Don't fill your letters to her too full of praise for the lieutenant who does your censoring. She's sure to be able to scare up a girl friend who knows him, and will then start thinking about him, and then, the first thing you know, you'll be ditched, side-tracked, serapp, salvaged, ordered to the rear and replaced. What the hell chance of competition have you got up against a Sam Browne?

Traffic and Speed Rules

Of course, you all hate traffic rules; but traffic rules are necessary. Think of that block that occurred during the first Somme push, when a road wide enough to accommodate four trucks abreast was blocked for 15 miles—and not a wheel turned for 18 hours! And on that road

HORSES AND MULES NOT COOTIE NESTS

Animals Will Have to Go to Scratchville of Their Own

NINE TREATED AT A TIME

Sulphur Soap and Vapor Baths Kill 'em Dead—Meaning the Bugs

It had to come, and it has come—a Scratchville-for-horses-and-mules. It isn't by-the-sea at all. It's in the part of France that has a New England winter half the year and an Indian summer the rest of the year. And since the horses and mules can't very well scratch themselves, something has to be done for them.

The long-eared friends of man are subject to many, if not all, of the skin diseases of human kind in one form or another, as any cavalryman or field artilleryman will tell you—and then some. It takes a deal of patience and carrying and brushing and everything else to keep them in good shape when they're normal. But when they're abnormally badly off—

That is where the big veterinary plant down at _____ in the Z. of A. comes into play.

You have read how the sulphur soap is applied, under the hot showers, to the trench-itchee victims at Scratchville-by-the-sea. Owing to the undiluted fact that horses and mules cannot soap the middle of one another's backs, as they do, the veterinary men devised, it is a much more aristocratic one—that of the vapor bath.

Down Comes the Lever

A shed, with nine stalls, is erected on the veterinarians' grounds. Soon another of the same dimensions will be up and in full use. Into the shed, through the center door, the horses or mules are led, and there securely fastened in. Their long and melancholy faces, shrouded by canvas veils that keep their ears and necks well covered, are the only things apparent from the outside.

At one end of the shed is the sulphur vapor generator. The sergeant in charge—who has handled horses all his life and knows what he does to 'em in consequence—comes down on the lever. Pshwish! A little more pumping and the vapor is on, coursing through the closed-up sheds and eddying about the flea-bitten and mango-ridden flanks of the mounts.

Whack! Black Beauty, who has gotten a whiff of the fumes despite the veil over her classic brow, kicks out a snort, but to no effect. She may knock a stray board out of the rear or front of the shed, but she'll never get out. The reinforced waistcoting, if you might call it that, will be too much for her; and, anyway, there are eight fellow sufferers in the adjoining stalls who wouldn't take an attempted escape in good part at all.

So the nine stand there, stamping, clanking a bit, gazing with big mournful eyes at the Sulphur Sergeant, as if to say, "How could you?"

When that fails to have any effect, the animals just settle down to a real good soak, looking very disgusted and detached the while. After about 15 or 20

ALL GOOD MEN & TRUE

Fighting in France are invited to look in and see us when on leave in London—we pride ourselves on our first-class cooking and quick service. We are right in the heart of the West End, and will take up no more of your time than is necessary for a substantial luncheon, a dainty tea or a well-served dinner. Good orchestra and an atmosphere of genuine refinement.

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Resources more than : : : : \$600,000,000

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THE DIFFERENCE

10 per cent tip: "Merci."
15 per cent tip: "Merci, m'sieur."
20 per cent tip: "Merci, bien."
25 per cent tip: "Merci bien, m'sieur."
30 per cent tip: "Merci beaucoup."
35 per cent tip: "Merci beaucoup, m'sieur."
40 per cent tip: "Je vous remercie beaucoup."
50 per cent tip: "Ah! Je vous remercie beaucoup, m'sieur!"
60 per cent tip: "Merci—merci—merci—merci!"

HEARD IN HEADQUARTERS

1st Stenog: Say, Mac, what does O.I.C. stand for?
2nd Stenog: "Officer in Charge," you boobhead.
1st Stenog. (absent mindedly): Oh, I see.

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W.B.Y.—Don't Indulge in too many promises about the things you'll bring back to her.

You know how much regard your billet mate has for property rights, and you know how things get lost in the Army quicker than anywhere else. Remember that kid bag your squad lost overboard on the transport? Well, the same thing might happen going back, now, mightn't it? Take the tip and lay off the promises!

S.D.L.—Don't fill your letters to her too full of praise for the lieutenant who does your censoring. She's sure to be able to scare up a girl friend who knows him, and will then start thinking about him, and then, the first thing you know, you'll be ditched, side-tracked, serapp, salvaged, ordered to the rear and replaced. What the hell chance of competition have you got up against a Sam Browne?

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Bang!
Quick! Down on your belly, Sam.
The thing's busted, by damn!

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"Aquascutum" TRENCH COAT

Regd. LINED DETACHABLE FLEECE, FUR OR LEATHER

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

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

VALISE.
DISPENSES WITH WOLSELEY & BLANKETS
Waterproof Bed and Valise in One.
Vermis Proof. Weight about 11 lbs.
CONSTRUCTED TO HOLD ALL KIT AND TO STAND — HARD WEAR FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD. —
Complete with Straps, Name and Regiment painted on

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

By Appointment to His Majesty the King.
Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 Years.
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Right up in the heart of the French Alps—the beautiful spots where tourists have enjoyed themselves for years. When you get your leave, plan to come here. Lake Bourget is here too. And the magnificent Savoie Country is all about. It is a most charming locality in a wonderful land.

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

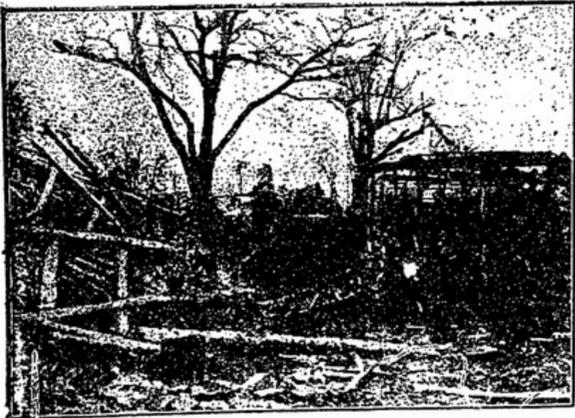
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Band and Orchestra Concerts are given in the famously constructed Grand Cercle Casino and Gardens.

A splendid staff of American ladies are assisting in making it the most pleasant place in France for you to recuperate, rest, or spend your Military Vacation.

Operated for all Members of the
American Expeditionary Force.

AFTER THE YANKS WRESTED CANTIGNY FROM THE HUN



What was left of Cantigny when the Germans were driven out



Taking a wounded prisoner to the field hospital



How to be happy though wounded

STEADY PROGRESS, AMERICA'S REPORT

Country's Push to Win War Grows More Determined With Every Hour

GLOOMY GUS TYPE MISSING

National Spirit of Confidence Result of Absolute Assurance of Good Work

BY J. W. MULLER

American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, June 20.—There is continuously satisfactory news of steady progress along practically every line of war work. Both the Gloomy Gus and Barnum types have faded quite away from the stage for the time being at least, and the whole country appears to me to express a tranquil and perfectly spontaneous sense of that quality of confidence which comes from absolute assurance of good work.

Your excellent editorial of May 24, "Those Gloomy Gusses," expresses not only your own ideas but the general idea of the American people, so far as I can tell from my constant and careful observation and correspondence. My dispatches have consistently discounted both pessimistic and optimistic reports of the past months; my duty to you was to keep you fully advised even if things went wrong, but the absolute truth was as I have said every week, and this has now been demonstrated beyond all possibility of doubt.

We had a huge machine to build, and huge troubles were naturally bound to occur; but every sane and wise observer could see continuing progress daily. You need not have one single doubt of the purpose and ability of your country to stand behind you and make good.

Pushing Harder Every Hour

The whole heart and body of America is in this push, and it is going to push harder every hour. Plamboyant statements are disgusting, but this fact is magnificently true, and I am thrilled anew by every manifestation of the fine temper and devotion of our nation.

Sensational headlines are truly, miles away from presenting a real picture of America, due to the headlong system of gathering news which gives utterly insignificant subjects a huge though transient prominence. I could send a list of many scores of apparently important sensations of the past months that vanished again utterly from discussion within 24 hours.

I strongly advise the Army to read belated newspapers from the States with the knowledge in mind that American journalism has a huge task.

FLOWERS BLOSSOM IN G.H.Q. GARDENS

Every Barracks Has Show Spot, With One Grand Set Piece

The American soldier, whenever he gets a chance, likes to domesticate himself. In that respect he is coming to be more and more like his British contemporary. An example of this is shown in the Marine camp down at G.H.Q. where every one of the little red "barrackes" has its flower bed, the bright-colored pansies predominating. The walks are kept as scrupulously clean and tidied up as though they were on a millionaire's estate back home.

But aside from the little private flower beds that adorn the fronts and sides of the huts, there is one grand big set piece in a corner of the grounds. Here, in the center, is a carefully graded mound of earth, neatly covered with closely cropped sod, in the shape of a five pointed star. And on either side are similar decorative mounds in the shapes of a club, a diamond, a spade, and a heart!

A Company celebrates its caretaking of the little beauty patch by contributing a similarly ornamental raised "A"—just like Braille print—all in greenward. The walks are lined with whitewashed stones, and the gravel is carefully raked and scratched, just like the human body after exposure to sheep ticks.

Maps for all fronts. Plans, Guides, Aeronautic Maps for American Officers and Soldiers. CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE (Librairie des Cartes Campbell) 7, Rue de Valenciennes, Paris.

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ECONOMY OF PAPER URGED ONCE MORE

Mimeographers Must Use Both Sides; Wrapping When Necessary

The strict necessity for conserving the Army's paper supply is emphasized in a new general order announcing still further economies. A previous general order was devoted to the question. The new order lays down the following rules for mimeographing work: Both sides of the sheet will be used when the work requires more than a single page. No title page will be used. If the copy does not fill a page, the unused portion of the sheet will be cut off and used for other mimeographs or blocked into scratch pads. Sizes of editions of mimeographed pamphlets will be computed for immediate needs, and no additional copies will be made.

No article of issue are to be wrapped unless, like sugar, they cannot be carried without, or unless paper is needed to protect them during transit. The same rule will be observed with regard to wrapping packages of medicine.

Those who are especially conscientious, however, will carry their sugar a spoon at a time, making as many trips as necessary.

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To Send Money Home GO TO ANY BRANCH OF THE Societe Generale A Bank with more than 1,000 branches throughout France. There you will find Wells Fargo blank forms and instructions. You get a Wells Fargo receipt. The identical form filled out by you is immediately sent by the SOCIETE GENERALE to us in PARIS and the payment order is dispatched by mail or cable to our New York office and thence to the address given by you. If by mail we send a duplicate by following steamer to ensure prompt payment the original be lost in transit. Money may be paid in to any SOCIETE GENERALE Branch for opening a deposit-account with us in Paris—subject to check. WELLS FARGO & CO. Head Office NEW YORK 4 Rue Scribe, Paris LONDON: 28 Charles St., Haymarket

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CENTRAL OFFICE FOR A.E.F. RECORDS Troublesome Paper Work Now Being Absorbed in Vast Warehouse YOUR WHOLE STORY THERE Catalogue Tells When You Arrived In France and What You've Done Since

The Central Records office—recently moved from G.H.Q. to the little village of St. Pierre des Corps, not far from Tours—is gradually absorbing some of the paper work that used to harass the separate units of the A.E.F. and is likely, as time goes on, to absorb a good deal more.

It is an office so large that it makes the biggest newspaper city room in America look like a hall bedroom and makes the office of THE STARS AND STRIPES look like a window ledge. Within this one-room warehouse 724 feet long, in which, as you look in from the main entrance, the rows upon rows of typewriters and filing cabinets stretch far away in the distance, are kept the statistics of all of us. It is the index of the A.E.F.

Will Centralize Work It is the new tendency of the A.E.F. to draw in toward Headquarters the great burden of the Army's paper work, on the theory that the work will be better done there than in the crude and temporary quarters of moving companies, and that the records will be clearer and more accurate the less they are left to men selected not for their clerical talents but for their gifts as commanders of troops, for their fitness as fighters.

There is a great likelihood, for instance, that before long the service records, which are forever going astray or being crudely indexed, will be kept at Headquarters. They may be kept at this Central Records office or for the purposes of pay calculations more nearly within reach of the Chief Quartermaster. Already, service records innumerable do pour into the Central Records Office, those of men in hospital or of soldiers killed in action, and service records that have gone astray.

VILLAGE PRIEST GETS BIG SURPRISE Curé Calls Down Congregation, but Yanks Think He Means Them

The curé of a little village church down in the S.O.S. got it into his head that his parishioners were overcharging the Americans for laundry work, for chocolate, for souvenirs, and other things. Being a downright sort of person he decided that something must be done about it.

Next Sunday, in his church, filled one-half with his own congregation and the other half with les soldats americains, he proceeded to read the former the riot act. In accents strong, and French, he laid down the law. "Vous demandez cinq francs quand vous avez droit à un franc seulement!" was one of the points he laid stress on again and again by way of telling the faithful that some of them were asking five times more than they had a right to.

Cinq Francs by the Bushel The Americans didn't know much French, but they had been over here long enough to know cinq francs when they heard it. They heard it so often in the course of that sermon that they thought that was what the good man wanted from each and every one of them.

So when M. le curé started down the main aisle right after the beginning of the credo to take up the collection he was fairly swamped with five-franc notes. Every O.D. blouse was unbuttoned and from every one came the little blue paper. By the time he had got down the main aisle and was going to turn up the side aisle, they had so exhausted the collection basket's capacity that he had to make an apron out of his cassock. And he couldn't understand it at all.

The chaplain of the particular American unit that thus shelled out sat in the back of the church. Knowing French—and also the boys—he was surprised at the outlay. Later, he inquired, and found out what prompted it. Then the boys and he had a mighty good laugh.

TRENCH-WAY ADS Under shell fire—Wear Paris Garters. No metal can touch you. To prevent gas attacks—Give the Boche no quarter. Then he can't work his meter. For breakfast—Feed Fritz shrapnel. Shot from guns. There's a reason. Extra attraction at the Theater of War. The Kaiser Kamrads in Their killing Kultur Komedy, "The Boomerang."

might be an oversupply of horseshoers much needed elsewhere. Move on the next desk and you see the records of the soldiers who have died in France, and, further on, the casualty records. You will even find a Buck Department where are settled the knotty problems that arise when some unit cheerfully permits said back to the Central Records Office.

Some officers are attached here and some field clerks, but for the most part the work is done by enlisted men. Probably most of them sigh for more adventurous work, and no doubt one of them who has toiled over the bill with a typewriter under each arm feels like writing home: "I brought down two machines today," and letting it go at that.

However, they are cheered up when they remember that the major in command is fresh from nearly two years of active service with the cavalry of the British and Persian armies.

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