

The Stars and Stripes

The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

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FRANCE TO THE A.E.F.—JULY 14, 1918

FRANCE celebrates on July 14 her national independence, as the Americans observed theirs July 4. On these two solemn days, American and French hearts beat in unison. All feel that the moment approaches when, thanks to their common efforts, the defeat of Germany will allow all the free nations to celebrate at last the independence of the world.

July 11, 1918

(Signed)

J. JOFFRE

114 SHIPS SPLASH IN TWENTY STATES ON RECORD, FOURTH

Total Countrywide Launchings Include 19 Craft for Navy

BUILDING KEEPS RIGHT ON

New Keels Begun in Many Yards Before Crafts Are Quite Off Ways

1,430,793 IS YEAR'S TONNAGE

Figure More Than Double Germany's Peace Time Output—30,000 Ships Fly Stars and Stripes

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

AMERICA, July 11.—We made the Fourth of July splash, all right. We beat the 80 ships we had expected to launch by making it 95. Counting 19 war vessels, the total was 114.

Everybody launched ships—that is, everybody who owned a shipyard. Owning shipyards is getting to be the favorite occupation of our best families. A total of 474,500 tons was launched. Of the steel ships produced, the Gulf yards launched one of 3,500 tons; the Great Lakes yards launched 11, aggregating 37,000 tons; the Atlantic coast, 12, coming to 85,000 tons; and the Pacific coast 18, with a total displacement of 161,000 tons.

Of wooden ships, the Gulf yards produced 13, 54,000 tons; the Atlantic coast 12, 42,000 tons; the Pacific coast 27, 91,000 tons. That makes the total 42 steel ships, of 287,500 tons deadweight, and 53 wooden ships, of 187,000 tons deadweight.

From Maine to Oregon

Twenty States launched ships, the launchings taking place at Bath, Me.; Fitzhughport, Camden and Newark, N.J.; Portsmouth, N.H.; Shooter's Island, N.Y.; Wilmington, Del.; Philadelphia, Chester, and Cornwells Heights, Pa.; Baltimore, Md.; Savannah, Ga.; Jacksonville and Tampa, Fla.; Mobile, Ala.; Pascagoula and Mossport, Miss.; Morgan City and Lakeville, La.; Alameda, San Pedro, Humboldt Bay, Oakland and San Francisco, Cal.; Seattle, Tacoma, Aberdeen, Bellingham and Olympia, Wash.; Astoria, St. John's and Columbia City, Ore.; Cleveland, Lorain and Ashabula, Ohio; Chicago; Duluth, Minn.; Detroit and George, Mich.; Tawas, Manitowish and Superior, Wis.; and Buffalo, N.Y.

Portland, Ore., was all prepared for a huge splash, with 11 ships totalling

Continued on Page 3

TEN BOCHE BULLETS NICKED THIS FLYER

But Seven of Them Only Went Through Lieut. Harwood's Clothes

There aren't many soldiers who get three wounds at one time and seven bullet holes through various articles of their wearing apparel and don't lose a day from duty. Yet it was done this week by Aviation Lieut. B. P. Harwood, a participant in one of the most spectacular air battles since American aviators have been flying at the front.

Lieut. Harwood, as observer, was flying well back of the German lines in a biplane piloted by Lieut. Frederick J. Lahr when, at a height of 2,000 meters, four German planes dived to attack. Three of them were chased off by three American planes, but the fourth soared down from behind, his machine gun firing. Lieut. Harwood replied with his gun, but it jammed after a few shots.

Sizing the situation, Lieut. Lahr turned the nose of his biplane downward and went into a tight spiral in an endeavor to shake the Boche off. In the meantime, a fourth American combat plane dived for the German.

Getting Back Home

In line, the three machines whirled downward to an altitude of 500 meters where Harwood found he had been wounded. One bullet had grazed his forehead, another his chin and a third his throat, none doing much more than breaking the skin. He counted seven bullet holes in his clothes and there were between 35 and 40 in the airplane.

Lieut. Lahr was unhurt, although his headrest was shot away.

BIGGEST HOSPITAL OPEN

AMERICA, July 11.—The Army has opened, at Fox Hills, Staten Island, N.Y., what is probably the biggest hospital of its kind in the world.

It cost over \$3,000,000 and was completed inside 100 days by 2,500 workmen.

There are 83 buildings on the fine site, and the hospital can care for 3,000 men.

It has a theatre with a seating capacity for almost that number of patients.

ONE MOVABLE HUT TO EACH DIVISION, K. OF C. PROGRAM

Theater, Sporting Goods Emporium and Canteen All on Wheels

EVERYTHING GIVEN AWAY

Secretaries Will Be Assigned to Units With Which They Were Stationed in States

A movie and vaudeville theater, sporting goods emporium and up-to-date canteen on wheels—that is what the Knights of Columbus are going to have with each American division in France. Ten of these triplicate joy-bringers are all ready to move out now, and will proceed to their destinations the minute that the official travel permits for the secretaries come through.

Mounted on auto trucks and trailers, each one of these outfits is going to move under its own power whether it listeth, with a tent, three secretaries, a movie machine, boxing gloves and baseball outfits aboard.

Once arrived in a divisional area—whether up front or in the rear doesn't matter—the sec. in charge is going to pick out the most convenient place to dump the whole thing; and within half a day thereafter he and his helpmates (and the odds are he will not lack of them) will have the whole blooming four-ring circus ready to do business at the new stand.

Then, when the division moves, all that the sec. and his assistants will have to do will be to dump all their stuff on the auto trucks and the trailers again, fall in in their proper station in the line and move with the division. The divisions simply can't lose 'em, so long as the gas and the tires hold out and the Boche shells don't connect with the paraphernalia of the Chevaliers de Colomb, as the natives call them.

The way divisions are moving forward it seems to be a pretty fairly logical way to solve the hut problem, say the K. of C. men.

Everything Given Away

While this K. of C. department-store-afloat, this caravan of cheer, will have a regular canteen attached, nothing in that canteen—smokes, sweets, paper, and what-not—is to be sold. Whatever the K. of C. has is going to be given away. There may not be an awful lot, but there'll be enough to go once around every time the outfit comes around. And the K. of C. further declares that it proposes to stick to that policy as long as the future abode becomes a fit place to put a skating rink.

As for the men who will man these portable huts (tents, rather), the K. of C. authorities plan to send, as far as possible, the same men to the same divisions—that is, to have the secretaries who looked out for certain divisions back in the States to go right along up with their old charges. Incidentally, the Knights announce that, until further notice, they are going to have an average of 50 secretaries landing in France each week.

As far as entertainment goes, the Knights are going to specialize on athletics, particularly boxing.

The Knights, on principle, are not going to send any women workers into the field. They are going to specialize on secretaries and chaplains. With this exception, however, French Red and Blue will also be over (by proxy, by proxy).

Uncle Joe Cannon is out for re-election to Congress in spite of his 80 odd years, and his opponents down Danville, Ill., may ask plaintively if he thinks his job in Congress is eternal.

MISS RANKIN FOR SENATE

AMERICA, July 11.—Miss Jennette Rankin, Representative from Montana, will fight for the Republican nomination to the United States Senatorship as a successor to the late Senator Walsh.

Uncle Joe Cannon is out for re-election to Congress in spite of his 80 odd years, and his opponents down Danville, Ill., may ask plaintively if he thinks his job in Congress is eternal.

JUSQU'AU BOUT!



MILLION EVERY DAY WAR RISK AVERAGE

June Figures Are for 8,000 Men—All Business at Base Ports

All war risk insurance underwriting in France is now being handled at the base ports of debarkation. During June 8,000 new arrivals took policies or boosted their figure, giving an average of \$1,000,000 a day, a stupendous figure.

The only men who have been eligible for insurance since the expiration of the final period of grace in April are those who have been in the service less than 120 days. This, of course, virtually limits the number who can still take out policies to a small percentage of the newcomers.

Every man whose Army career is less than 120 days old is now being reached as soon as he steps off the boat, or at least before he leaves the base port for the front. If he has a policy for less than \$10,000, he has an opportunity to increase it. If he still wants to wait, and has time to wait, he is given application forms which he can send in at his leisure, provided he does so within that 120 days.

Every opportunity to insure himself has, of course, previously been afforded him in the United States.

ARMY ASPIRANTS MUST BE QUALIFIED

Common School Education and Degree of Adaptability Necessary

All officers and non-commissioned officers, chosen for instruction at the Army and Corps schools, must, in addition to good general qualifications, have a good common school education, some degree of adaptability to play the role of instructor and, if they come from artillery or machine gun organizations, a knowledge of arithmetic to include common and decimal fractions.

This is the substance of a general order, according to which reports from the schools indicate that hitherto many cases organization commanders have not exercised sufficient care in the selection of men for the schools.

TWO RECORD CLAIMERS

AMERICA, July 11.—If you want any skinning done, send for Bill Townsend, of the State of Maine, by chowder!

Bill, who is 70 years old but feels just as young as he used to be, claims that he has the world's record for skinning.

His figures are: One muskrat, 40 seconds; eight foxes, 46 minutes. Los Angeles proudly lays claim to the American garbage record, having reduced its garbage to two-thirds—mostly by inserting it into chickens and then extracting eggs from the other end.

FARM OR OLD JOB WHEN WAR IS OVER

Open Every Door to Returning Soldiers, Say Secretary Lane

AMERICA, July 11.—"Give me \$22,000,000 and I will provide a plan that will give every man of the A.E.F. a chance to return to the life he lived before the war or to go on a farm."

Thus spoke Secretary Lane before the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, telling his hearers that it was not too early to prepare the way for the return of our soldiers to civil life.

He urged the reclamation on a vast scale of all America's unused lands, and proposed the use of the returning soldiers on that project. While the great reclamation was in progress, the workers, of course, would be supported and at the same time would be earning each his homestead.

Secretary Lane would allow each man 40 years in which to reimburse the government for improvements to his homestead. "Every man must get a chance," he said. "No door must be closed to him, but every door opened. He must be made to realize that by his own effort he can open any door."

Of the 220,000,000 acres of land owned by the government, 15,000,000 acres are redeemable swamp land.

TO SAVE NEWSPRINT

AMERICA, July 11.—The War Industries Board, in a sweeping effort to conserve news print paper, suggested to the publishers of the country that they discontinue the handing out of free copies to advertisers, exchanges and the like, and that they do away with "returners."

The publishers promptly announced steps to meet the Board's suggestion. The Board has also shut down on brass beds and similar metallic furniture, and tells us that we must make the old ones last.

WORK OR FIGHT!

AMERICA, July 11.—In order to release more men for war work, in compliance with the Government's "work or fight" order, the big New York City hotels and clubs have dismissed all their waiters and hired waitresses to work in their stead.

14TH AN A.E.F. HOLIDAY

July 14 is hereby declared a holiday for all troops in this command not actually engaged with the enemy. It will be their duty and privilege to celebrate the French Independence Day, which appeals alike to every citizen and soldier in France and America, with all the sympathetic interest and purpose that the French celebrated our Independence Day. Having among the French people and sharing the comradeship in arms of their soldiers, we have the deeper consciousness that the two anniversaries are linked together in common principles and a common cause.

By COMMAND OF GENERAL PERSHING.

PAYDAY A MONTH WILL BE ASSURED UNDER NEW PLAN

Some Money for Every Man in Whole A.E.F. Every Thirty Days

AMOUNT NOT YET DECIDED

System Will Not Affect Those for Whom Ghost Now Walks Regularly

A pay system will soon be adopted in the A.E.F. by which every man will receive every 30 days some of the money due him.

What this plan will be, just how it will operate, how much of his pay a soldier will be allowed per month, these and other details cannot now be announced. But it can be stated with certainty that a new plan will be put in operation, and that there will never be again, once that plan is in operation, a soldier in the whole A.E.F. who has gone without any money at all for more than the customary month which everyone has to wait.

The new plan will not interfere with men who are now fortunate enough to be paid regularly, month after month, with only a few days' fluctuation of the date one way or another.

Details Not Announced

It is not now possible to announce how closely, if at all, the new plan will follow the one outlined in this newspaper a few weeks ago when the fact that official steps towards a revision of the pay system were being definitely taken was first made known to the Army.

The men who will benefit by the once-a-month plan are, of course, a relatively small proportion of the whole A.E.F. Now that the million mark has been reached, that proportion, however small it may be, is growing all the time.

Wounded men make up a good part of the number. A wounded man means a service record temporarily strayed, and a misplaced service record, under the present plan, means no money. Men newly arrived from the States are also to be moneyless for a varying period unless present pay methods. But the payless payday is to be a thing of the past.

DOLAN'S CONFESSION LENGTHY PROCESS

Not That He's Particularly Sinful, but He Doesn't Know French

Did you ever go looking up your sins in an English-French dictionary? Take it from Private Edward Dolan of the Engineers, it's a tough job.

Private Dolan had wanted to go to confession for a long while. He finally found a priest who was stationed near the particular part of the front which was his habit at the time. The priest couldn't talk English and Dolan couldn't talk French, but he confessed just the same.

Here's how. The priest had a little English-French dictionary. He lent it to Private Dolan. Dolan looked through it until he found some of his sins listed. Then he found point them out to the chaplain. It took Private Dolan about two hours to make his confession, and he's not a particularly sinful member of the A.E.F. at that.

ELEGANT BUMS IN FLIGHT

AMERICA, July 11.—Ever since it became not only unfashionable but illegal to loaf in the Empire State, there has been a steady, soft-shoe exodus from the purlieus of that commonwealth—the flight of the elegant bums.

One well-known man, when summoned for a violation of the anti-loafing law, made the interesting plea that he was ever so hard-worked taking care of his wife's money.

FALL OF BASTILLE FIRST GREAT BLOW IN FREEING FRANCE

French Revolution Flamed Into Being 129 Years Ago Sunday

PETTY RULER POWERLESS

Paris Mob Ruled City From Moment of Attack on Hated Symbol of Tyranny

REAL TROUBLE BEGAN JULY 12

News of Necker's Dismissal Spark That Kindled Oppressed People to Fury of Revolt

Sunday will be France's Fourth of July. And just as France observed our Fourth of July, so will all America celebrate the 14th, Bastille Day.

It was on July 14, 1789, that the mad-dened people of Paris, too long oppressed, trifled with too long, and risen at last in the first fine wrath of the Revolution, advanced upon and carried by storm the formidable and sinister fortress which was known as the Bastille.

With its rusty old cannon pointing at the heart of the crowded city, with its unspeakable dungeons, where men could be locked up forever without trial at the mere pleasure of the king, it had stood in the minds of a bitter and hungry people as a symbol of all the incredible oppression and inhumanity which now was to reap the whirlwind. That is why they stormed the Bastille. That is why the anniversary of its fall is celebrated as the birthday of French liberty.

The old Marquis de Lafayette, governor of the Bastille, had guessed what was in the wind, and, since the night of the 12th, had lifted the drawbridges which spanned the ancient moat and withdrawn with his reinforced guards to the interior of the many-towered prison. All that night and all the next morning sentries paced the battlements, alert for the trouble they could hear brewing in all the streets and cafes and forges of the unsleeping city.

For it was on the 12th that the ominous mutterings of the crowd broke forth in fury. News that Necker, a minister they trusted, had been dismissed by the silly king, had been brought by courtiers to Paris, and to the resentful multitude, gathered that sultry July afternoon in the Palais Royal Gardens, Camille Desmoulins uttered the fateful call to arms.

The Young Lawyer from Picardy

He was a fiery young lawyer from Picardy, and for all his eloquence, his passion gave him a stammer that kindled the Revolution. With hair streaming and a pistol brandished in either hand, he was lifted to a table in front of the "safe" Foy—afterwards they called that table the tribune of the Revolution—and there warned Paris that imported Swiss and German troops, already in and near the city, were tricked for butchery at a word from the pried king, primed for a Saint Bartholomew's Massacre of patriots. It was the supreme hour for France and mankind. "To arms!"

The crowd caught up the cry, "To arms!" Surging forward toward the Hotel de Ville, they were charged with drawn sabers by the Prince de Lambese at the head of a German regiment, and the first blood of the Revolution was shed. That was 129 years ago today.

All that night and all the next day the bells sounded and the fever of the people grew. A people's militia—within a few hours to become the National Guard headed by Lafayette—was formed in a twinkling, and to its standard flew many a deserting battalion from the folds of the old order.

Still the cry was "To arms!" But they had none. The city was ransacked. Anything would do. Armors gave up their stock or, if they did not, saw their shops plundered. The king's own Garde-Meuble yielded, raised its standard, and from the Age of Chivalry, a golden royal sword or two, and two funny, silver-mounted canons which his Majesty of Spain had formally presented to Louis XIV in days gone by.

Storming the Invalides

Then the multitude captured in a Seine boat five thousandweight of gunpowder, which the pious authorities were trying to smuggle out of the city. They charged the Invalides, whose friendly guards fired never a shot, and in whose towers was hidden a very arsenal—28,000 muskets, hidden under straw.

So they got powder and guns. When all night and all day, while the women sewed the cocardes of the new Tricolor and the cooks worked overtime, the anvils of the blacksmiths rang with the fashioning of many pikes. Thus, in no time, was a rag-and-bone-hobby army equipped for the desire of its heart—the siege of the Bastille. "To the Bastille!" became the war cry, caught up in the streets, sped by every tongue, passed from one end of raging Paris to the other.

The siege began at one in the afternoon of the 14th. The old governor knew that his moat was impassable, knew the

THE SAME AIM—COMMON VICTORY, SAYS PRESIDENT POINCARÉ

THE American people has, in honor of the French national holiday, organized in the main towns of the United States great manifestations of sympathy, and sent to France numerous and moving tokens of friendship. I will not myself miss the occasion of forwarding to the American Expeditionary Forces an admiring and hopeful message.

walls that had weathered four centuries of wind and rain were nine feet thick, knew his garrison of 82 old invalids...

TELEPHONE GIRLS ADOPT MASCOT-- YES, IT'S A BOY Helloists at G.H.Q. First in A.E.F. to Become Fairy Godmothers

MALLET RESERVE TRULY BINATIONAL Camion Unit Is Complete Amalgam of French and Americans WHERE FIGHT IS HOTTEST Men Live in Their Five-Ton Trucks as Turtle Lives in Its Shell

LIQUOR ISSUE MORE AND MORE IN PUBLIC MIND Becomes a Genuine Factor in National and State Politics BEER PRODUCTION HALVED Quantity of Alcohol in Near Drinks Is Sadly Reduced—New York G.O.P. Convention Near

Y MEN PUNISHED FOR EVADING CENSORSHIP Two Sentenced to Confinement and Ordered Returned to States Two Y.M.C.A. men, Henry P. Coor and Charles W. Dietrich, have been found guilty in court martial...

Over the Old Drawbridge The terms, pardon and immunity for all were accepted, and down swung the lumbering old drawbridge. But when the besieging army, half soldierly, half mob, and crazy from the sight of its own blood, swept across and into the citadel of all they hated...

Table with 2 columns: Item and Count. Includes Telephone Girls, Class of '94, Troop C, Supply Co., etc.

Up Cambrai Way Thus, you saw them along the roads up Cambrai way last fall. When French troops were rushed into the gap that opened during the German drive of March 21, Mallet trucks carried them...

Prohibition in New York Prohibition promises to play a large and disturbing part in the approaching New York State campaign. The Lewis Whitman group will call for a ratification of the Federal Amendment...

GUILLON TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 93-33. 5, Boulevard des Capucins. LOCKHART SPIRAL SERVICE LEGGINGS. Made in U.S.A. Beware of Imitations. Moisture Proof.

"It is Not a Revolt" "But," said Louis, "that is a revolt!" "Sire," said Lamoignon, "it is not a revolt—it is a revolution."

Y Secretary Keeps It Up Next, in point of numbers, came the Y.M.C.A. The Y, at Base Hospital No. 8, under the secretarship of W. L. Kellogg, which previously had taken three orphans through collections made at Sunday services and in the canteen...

Nothing to Shoot, But He Gave Chase An American flyer on monitor duty was detailed to drive a replacement machine to a hangar near the front. It was his first trip toward the lines.

Yankee Flyer Wasn't Going to Let Boche Kid Him Along An American flyer on monitor duty was detailed to drive a replacement machine to a hangar near the front. It was his first trip toward the lines.

When in LONDON You will Stay at the WALDORF HOTEL Aldwych, Strand. E. LUCARINI Late of the Hotel Lotti, Paris, General Manager.

NEW AIR SERVICE HATCORD A green and black hat cord has been authorized for enlisted men of the Air Service. It replaces the orange and white cord of the Signal Corps heretofore worn by men of the Air Service.

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ASK FOR THEM! MANUAL FOR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCS) MANUAL FOR "WAR-WOMEN" IN FRANCE by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCS) ALL BOOKSTORES AND Y. M. C. A. CANTEENS

TO MEMBERS OF THE PRINTING TRADES Members of the American E. F. who can qualify as expert and thoroughly competent newspaper men in any branch—business, editorial, mechanical—are requested to register with this office, stating exact qualifications.

NEW YORK SCOFFS AT SIREN [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 11.—The New York police recently tested out a great siren, but it received a terrible frost because nobody paid the slightest attention to it.

Nothing to Shoot, But He Gave Chase An American flyer on monitor duty was detailed to drive a replacement machine to a hangar near the front. It was his first trip toward the lines.

To American Officers Fighting in France FOR MILITARY WORK THE BEST BOOTS ARE ESSENTIAL. Faulkner & Son make nothing but the best, and are equipping thousands of British Officers with footwear.

GEORGE GROSSMITH & EDWARD LAURILLARD'S ATTRACTIONS The Firm that Imports the New York Successes and KREPS them Successful in London. SHAFTESBURY THEATRE "YES, UNCLE!"

ASK FOR ADAMS EXPRESS CO'S CABLE AND MAIL FORMS When Making Remittances to U.S.A. through the CREDIT LYONNAIS and the COMPTOIR NATIONAL D'ESCOMPTE

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE 8 RUE DE RICHELIEU, PARIS (Royal Palace Hotel) THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK PARIS OFFICE: 23, RUE DE LA PAIX (Place de l'Opera)

The STOLL THEATRES IN LONDON SMOKING PERMITTED The ALHAMBRA Facing the famous Leicester Square EVERY EVENING 7.40 THE BING BOYS ON BROADWAY GEORGE ROBEY (England's Greatest Comedian) VIOLET LORRAINE and Star Cast REFRESHMENT LOUNGES

BARKERS THE GREAT MILITARY OUTFITTERS KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8. FAMOUS 'KENBAR' TRENCH COAT The "Kenbar" is a great favorite amongst Officers, and can be thoroughly relied upon. Guaranteed absolutely proof against any weather.

ASK FOR ADAMS EXPRESS CO'S CABLE AND MAIL FORMS When Making Remittances to U.S.A. through the CREDIT LYONNAIS and the COMPTOIR NATIONAL D'ESCOMPTE

OUR TWO COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF



STATUE OF LIBERTY ON THIS SIDE, TOO

Replica of Bartholdi Monument Reared Above River Seine

SCULPTOR IN WAR OF 1870

Idea Was Born as Vessel Sailed Up New York Harbor—Set Up in October, 1886

Few of the American soldiers who are homesick for a sight of the Statue of Liberty know that there is a Statue of Liberty in France. Few of the hundreds of thousands who, in the past year, have said their last farewell to America by waving to the colossal figure in New York harbor, and wondering as they did so how many years would slip by before they would see her again, know that a towering replica of that celebrated statue lifts its torch of bronze about the waters of the Seine.

On the edge of Paris, beyond the Eiffel Tower, midway in the span of the Pont de Grenelle, stands one of the models that the sculptor made in preparing for the great Statue of Liberty which France gave to the United States. You can see it if you take the Metro beyond the Etoile to the Quai de Grenelle station. This replica is smaller, far, and was given to Paris in 1889 by the Parisians who had made their home in America.

On its pedestal you read an extract from a letter written by Vice-President Levi P. Morton:

"We revere the France of the past because her soldiers helped us become a nation, and we love the France of today because she is one with us in the cause of free government. I propose the following inscription for the pedestal of the statue: 'Non erexitur neque thesauri proci-dia regni sunt verum amici. (Not armies nor treasures, but friends are the true protection of a realm.)'"

Sculptor an Alsatian

Not less closely than this inscription is the whole history of the Statue of Liberty linked with the building of the sentiment which has placed America and France side by side on the European battlefield.

The sculptor, Frederic-Auguste Bartholdi, was an Alsatian, an artist who hid aside his chisel to take up arms in the Franco-Prussian war, first as a leader of troops, and then as a member of Garibaldi's staff in the Vosges. When the war ended, Bartholdi's own Colmar was in the hands of the Germans and he was in the hands of the Commune. He was homeless.

During the war, especially when his work took him to Bordeaux to receive a shipment of ammunition which had come from America, he had been disturbed at finding that a tireless German propaganda was steadily at work in the United States undermining the ancient friendship between America and France, and it became the dream of Bartholdi's life to do something which should at once cement and symbolize that friendship before the eyes of the world.

To that dream he gave up the next 15 years of his life. He set out for America, and it was as he stood at the rail while his boat sailed up the wonder-harbor of New York that there was born the idea of the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World.

Delay and Discouragement

The 15 years were packed with delay and discouragement, but Bartholdi never faltered. The proposal that the French should give the statue while Americans gave the pedestal was made in time to have the offer celebrate the

MARK TIME!

EVERY now and again the armies in the field—like regiments on the march—arrive at a marking-time period. Leave is rather easier to obtain—and a brief trip to London comes within the bounds of possibility. When you come over—no matter where you may be staying—remember that for Luncheon, Afternoon Tea, or Dinner, there is no better rendezvous in the West End than the

ELYSEE RESTAURANT, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus.

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MOVIE INDUSTRY CALLED ESSENTIAL

Golden Throated Caruso Now Hides His Voice Behind Screen

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, July 11.—The movie folk are registering joy, relief, pride, gratitude, happiness, rapture, bliss and other kindred emotions as a result of the draft ruling that theirs is an essential industry. Thus many perfectly beautiful young men need, for the present, face nothing more terrifying than the camera. Caruso of the golden larynx is following in the footsteps of the bouncing Geraldine Farrar. Geraldine, after developing a marvelous lyric soprano and making a huge fortune therefrom, suddenly discovered that she could make even more money in the utter silence of the screen.

Not to be outdone, the world's greatest tenor decided to make an excursion into a business in which even his loudest note could not be heard. He has set his fine Italian hand to a contract which, according to his press agent, will bring him \$100,000 a picture.

centennial of American Independence. But it was eight years later when, on the Fourth of July, in Paris, the statue was formally presented to America.

In the meanwhile, Bartholdi had completed the hand for exhibition at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and had completed the head so that it might be exhibited at the great Exposition which Paris, with her marvelous recuperative powers, held only eight years after the battle of Sedan. In the meanwhile, too, Bartholdi had fashioned the statue of Lafayette which stands in Union Square, New York, the gift of the Parisians to the people of that city by way of thanks for the money and help that had been given Paris after the destruction of the Prussian siege.

Finally, in June, 1885, a French frigate set sail for New York with the famous statue packed in 210 cases, and the next year, on October 28, 1886, the monument to the ancient and indissoluble friendship between the two republics was accepted with memorable pomp and circumstance by Mayor Cleveland, then in his first term as President of the United States. With De Lesseps, the great engineer of Suez and Panama, speaking for the French, with William M. Everts speaking for the Americans, with John Greenleaf Whittier reading the ode of dedication, the Statue of Liberty was offered to America.

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GERMAN PRISONERS NOT TO GO TO U. S. Captives Taken by A.E.F. Will Be Kept in Camps Over Here

TWO ENCLOSURES READY Only Staff Officers or Representatives to Be Allowed Inside as Visitors

German prisoners taken by members of the A.E.F. will not, as has been reported, be sent to the United States. The present policy of the A.E.F. is to keep them in France, and already two large permanent prison camps—"prisoner of war enclosures" (P.W.E.) officially—have been instituted here. In addition, there are divisional P.W.E.s, where combatant troops will deliver their hands, and other central enclosures. The old rule forbidding conversation with prisoners is still in force, with the added emphasis that no person in the A.E.F., except those on the staffs of divisions, corps or armies, or their representatives, and the escort actually on duty, will be allowed to enter any part of a P.W.E. However, prisoners who may be required by the General Staff, A.E.F., for special examination, will be sent to G.H.Q. at the staff's request, and returned to their proper camps as soon as practicable.

To Reply to Inquiries

The bureau will reply to all inquiries about prisoners, keep all their personal effects and money for them, censor their mail, receive and keep their wills, and keep up their pay record, for an "allocation of pay" will be allowed to prisoners for each day's labor. This will be handed over in some form of token or scrip by the Q.M. in order that it may be used only at the prisoners' camp, and may not be of use, say, in effecting an escape. All prisoners of war, with the exception of officers, will be required to work. It is stipulated that the labor exacted shall not be excessive, but it is also laid down that their own welfare requires that they be well employed. They will be subject to the same discipline as is in force in the United States Army, and will be under the general control of the Provost Marshal General. Any punishment that may be meted out to them will be only those that could lawfully be inflicted on our own troops.

Welfare Work Among Prisoners

Welfare work among prisoners will be carried on under the auspices of regularly constituted relief societies, and, in order to be sure that they are getting a square deal, permission will be granted to the members of neutral diplomatic corps to visit and inspect all of the A.E.F.'s prison camps. On the occasion of these visits, the prisoners will have opportunity to talk to the neutral delegates out of hearing of any of their American captives.

THE PHOTO FIENDS

"Yep, I went and put my gas mask on and then had my picture taken." "Huh! You're about as sensible as the bloke that jumped onto the trolley car and insisted on paying the conductor's fare."

114 SHIPS SPLASH IN TWENTY STATES ON RECORD FOURTH

Continued from Page 1

40,000 tons all ready to take the ways, but a freshet held it up. That launching would have sent our merchant ship record over the hundred mark, but we view a mere dozen or so ships as simply a trivial detail these days. Director-General Schwab says that we shall have 3,000,000 tons deadweight this year. He says that last year he would not have considered it possible, but that with the wonderful loyalty and enthusiasm of the workers, and with the progress now under way, he is certain that we will have more than trebled the output of last year when 1918 ends.

First Launching in Wisconsin

The first ship launched was a 3,000 ton cargo carrier at Superior, Wis., which slipped into the water when the Fourth of July was exactly one minute old. Shooter's Island launched a 7,500 ton ship precisely at sunrise. After that big splash celebrated the day everywhere every few minutes.

Fourteen New Destroyers

The list of launchings given above is for merchant vessels only, and does not include the launchings of naval vessels. Nineteen war vessels slid into the water. At San Francisco, eight destroyers were launched; at Newport News, three; at Philadelphia, two; at Quincy, Mass., one. At the Charleston, S.C., Navy Yard, one gunboat hit the water, at Mobile, a minesweeper; and at New York, another. The official report is that in the fiscal year just closed we launched 1,622 new ships, of 1,430,700 tons deadweight—more than double the output of the German yards in peace time. One half of the fiscal year's output was completed during the last four months. Nearly 30,000 vessels now fly our flag.

SHIPYARD WORKERS SEND GREETINGS

C-in-C. Gives A.E.F. Congratulations on Splendid Support

The following cablegram, signed by Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the Federal Shipping Board, was received by General Pershing this week: "Your inspiring leadership of the American Army in France has thrilled the shipyard workers, and if the time comes when you need even the shipyard men over there, they will go to the last man. We want you and the boys in the trenches to know that the men in the yards are going the limit to provide in record-breaking time the ships that will carry more men, food and ammunition to the intrepid American Expeditionary Forces." General Pershing replied: "The launching of one hundred ships on the Fourth of July is the most inspiring news that has come to us. All ranks of the Army in France send their congratulations and heartfelt thanks to their patriotic brethren in the shipyard at home. No more defiant answer could be given to the enemy's challenge. With such backing we cannot fail to win. All hail America's shipbuilders!"

WEEK'S ACTIVITIES ALONG BATTLE LINE

Italian Advance in Albania ---Americans Aid in Hamel Attack

The week ending Wednesday, July 10, witnessed repeated and successful minor operations on all the Allied fronts from Amiens to Macedonia, with improved positions and some 8,000 prisoners to show for the week's activity.

The activity on the largest scale was staged on the Italian front. On Saturday, the Italians and French, aided by British monitors and aircraft, launched an offensive on the other side of the Adriatic. Their advance in Albania, which is really the western wing of the Balkan front, had, within three days, brought the Allied forces within 40 miles of Durazzo, yielded more than 1,300 prisoners, besides considerable gains in guns and other material.

On the western front, the various operations were designed to capture observation points and other positions calculated to improve the defensive strength of the Allied line. Improvements busily made while waiting for the expected German offensive.

The most striking of these operations was the capture of the woods of Vaire and Hamel, and the village of Hamel, which lies some 15 kilometers to the east of Amiens. The advance was made by Australian troops, assisted by American Infantry. This engagement was fought on July 4 and marked the first appearance of Americans in a British offensive.

They advanced the line some 2,000 yards and brought in 1,500 prisoners. July 4 was celebrated on the French front by an attack between the Oise and the Aisne, an attack which brought in more than 1,000 prisoners and advanced the line along a three mile front to a depth of more than three quarters of a mile.

The American communiques reported artillery and patrol activity on the Picardy, Chateau-Thierry, Vosges and Woëvre fronts, a successful American raid in the Vosges and an unsuccessful attempt of the Germans to reach our lines in the same region.

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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...

FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1918.

The not paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of July 5, 1918, was 103,107.

FRANCE A million Yankee soldiers are fighting for the great idea which is called America, but they would not be here at all if it were not for France...

It is difficult to imagine that the United States would ever have sent an army to fight on European soil in a war in which France was not engaged. More and more clearly the American people see now that they are waging one against their old, old battle for independence...

She can thank all the devoted friends who from the time of Franklin, in many a column and in many a class room, have preached the cult of France. She can thank, above all, her own men of genius who have made the French spirit eloquent and sing to all the world the beautiful song which is France...

Now when ancient French towns are appearing as new names in American school books, when millions of Americans are storing or will store the memories of their youth with the things of France, the old comradeship between the two Republics seems destined to be deepened and the prophet, straining his eyes along the vista of a thousand years, can see the shadow of no quarrel between them.

BUSTERS AND BUSTED It has been brought to the notice of this newspaper that certain officers have made it more or less of a practice to bust non-coms who have reached their organizations through hospitals and replacement camps.

It has got to stop. Not because we say so, but because G.H.Q. does. Hereafter the man in the line who, by reason of wounds or sickness, has to begin his military career over again, as it were, will not therefore be deprived of his rating.

BILLIONS FOR DEFENSE When, something like a hundred years ago, the Boy of Algiers grew so high handed that he scared all God-fearing people off the Mediterranean, he suggested, in his gentlemanly-piratical manner, that the United States of America might as well save itself a whole lot of trouble and make him a cash present.

That slight difficulty with the Boy looks like a joke now, although Stephen Decatur wrote a rather memorable little chapter into American naval history before the laugh was turned on the Boy.

Today, in our fight against a more surpassing pirate, our slogan is exactly the same—with the alteration of a single letter. Five and a half billions for armament, twelve billions for the Army, eight billions for the next Liberty Loan, twenty-two billions of bonds issued or authorized, nearly fourteen billions spent in our first year of war.

Some day, when the whole itemized account is laid on the Kaiser's desk—if they let him keep a desk—he may find a meager crumb of comfort in reflecting what a lot it cost to lick him. But lick him it will.

DRAWING THE LINE There are some things concerning ourselves which the German high command undoubtedly knows even better than most of us do. If they have not a better idea of the number of American soldiers in France than the average doughboy had before the Fourth of July, then their intelligence

system is weaker than we have been giving it credit for.

If they do not know what and how many one-time German liners are engaged in transporting troops from the United States to European battlefields, then they never have deserved to have a merchant marine.

But there are some things which they undoubtedly do not know. The position of certain units in and behind the lines, the location of a certain headquarters, the point from which a troublesome battery is firing, what roads are being used and what are not—all these things they may never learn at all, or learn only when the whole tactical map has been so purposely altered that the knowing does them no good.

And the man who kicked, before he reached the front, because the censorship wouldn't allow such an such a piece of seemingly harmless information to get back to America, may now be thanking his stars that it didn't.

So sees that the censor's line must be drawn a long way on the side of safety.

JULY 4, 1918

On July 4, 1918, Paris, with the forces of her enemy only 40 miles from her beautiful gates, generous Paris, all gay with humming and a-thrill with the music of many bands, gave over her streets to a jubilant celebration not of any holiday of hers but our own, our Independence Day.

And on the sight of war-scarred Yankee youngsters, marching from the flower-decked statue of Washington and the new-christened Avenue du President Wilson down the lovely Champs-Elysees, marching under circling and swooping airplanes and through a very rain of rose petals, there smiled down not merely the Premier of France and the Premier of Italy, but the Premier of Britain as well.

Thus did Britain and France join with us in celebrating the anniversary of that day when the rebellious colonists signed the paper which declared them forever independent of Britain. How little France dreamed when she sent troops and ships and money to the aid of the revolutionists, how little England dreamed when her general was forced to surrender to the rebel chief at Yorktown, that from and by the independence thereby won, would be formed a nation that would grow in little more than a hundred million, an ally on whose limitless stores of men and money they could draw in their hour of greatest need.

Surely the whirligig of time brings in not only its revenges but its rewards and its amends. So Britain and France helped us celebrate the safest and sanest Fourth of all—safest because America is arming to the teeth in defense of all she holds most dear, sanest because America has never looked things more squarely in the face or thought so clearly as she is thinking in this year of years.

ITEMS FROM THE HOME TOWN

At a pretty home wedding at high noon yesterday, Miss Eleanor Tracy Downes became the bride of Mr. Boswell Alexander Spencer. Two score friends were present and bade the happy couple adieu on a two weeks' honeymoon. Mr. Spencer is the son of J. W. Spencer, the well-known furniture dealer, and the bride...

We needn't finish it. It's just typical "society" item that we all read from time to time in the home town paper. (Gives us a funny sensation, doesn't it? We realize that some people still are getting married and going on honeymoon trips, and, for all we know, taking baths in hot water. Not that we have any objection to Boswell getting married. We just—but then we can hardly analyze it.

But when we come across an item like this we don't have any trouble defining our emotion: Eighty-four men left yesterday for Camp —. This is the largest single group to leave since the declaration of war. And as the great preponderance of items is of the latter trend, there can't be any mistaking the general impression the home town paper creates.

We know that the old gang is coming—with rifles and cannon and shells and other things to make war with, and that when they all get here—oh, boy!

HOW TO LENGTHEN THE WAR

A private in a truck train went to a reserve tank the other day, opened the faucet, and drew off a liberal quantity of gasoline in a bucket. "I guess," he remarked, "the old man would raise hell if he saw this, but I've got to wash my pants."

Yes, the "old man" probably would have raised hell. If he is the right kind of an "old man," he would have raised seven or eight different kinds of it. Millions of schoolboys are selling war savings stamps in the States to keep us going over here and millions are stinting to buy them. There were three gallons of gasoline in that bucket and, what with the money it cost to make it and to build and run the ships to get it over here, we shouldn't be surprised if it represented a whole week's work for some bright-eyed, enthusiastic, patriotic schoolboy.

The private in question would probably fight if you accused him of betraying his friends in the trenches. Yet gasoline means airplanes, and airplanes mean dead Germans, and dead Germans mean live Americans. It's the same with every commodity we handle. Conservation and care mean lives and a shorter war.

HEROES ELSEWHERE

It appears that the heroes, even the American brand, are not all on this side of the water. Witness the case of the Missouri rural mail carrier. He had a letter from a soldier in France to a girl in Missouri. Being a rural carrier, he knew every romance on his route by heart, and he knew, therefore, that that girl was waiting for that letter.

So he set out to deliver it. A hailstorm came up and punched 97 holes in the roof of his wagon; a bolt of lightning half paralyzed his horse. But he got the letter through.

And speaking of Missouri and heroes, it is altogether fitting to mention the small boys of Jackson, in that State, who have plowed up their baseball park and planted it to corn.

The Army's Poets

RAGS One, two, three, four—one, two, three, four. They come marching on to the parade ground For their duty setting up exercises. Who is near the head of the column, Wagging his tail and with a confident look? It is Rags.

As they run and squat and jump about, He moves from one position to another, Seeming always to take an interest in the way things go. As they march in line formation, With the officer walking cocky in front, Rags is right beside of him, Making sure the C.O. doesn't fall down on his job.

At noon, when the band marches on to the ground, To play its daily concert, Rags is near the front escorting it in, And as the bandmen take their place on the stand, He takes his position, also, alongside, And enjoys the music even more than those about.

When the daily work is over, And the boys go to the Y.M.C.A. For entertainment, refreshment, talking, reading, writing, Invariably Rags is there, Going from one to another, If he gets a cracker or a pat, it's all the same, He is still your friend.

Then, on Memorial Day at the cemetery, When the men stood with grim faces, Though he could not go through the gate (he knew) To stand beside the graves, He was right next the fence, looking through, And withal, he stood as solemn as any.

H. L. Anderson, Chief Engineer's Office, G.H.Q. Note.—Rags, a large fuzzy-wuzzy dog at G.H.Q. Pedigree, probably half Alfordale and half Scotch collie.

THE RED, WHITE—AND BLACK

Red is the flag of Germany, Red for the blood she spilled; White is the flag of Germany, White for the shame she will'd; Black is the flag of Germany, Black for the graves she filled! M. G.

MOTHER 'O MINE

Dear mother 'o mine, do you mind the day In a railroad station, with a crowd that was gay, When you said goodbye, and blessed with a kiss Your grown up lad; never dreaming he'd miss That kiss and caress in the year yet to run, As never before, your own loving son, And dad's tear-dimmed eyes, as we waited the train?

I knew what he thought, 'cause mine were the same. It didn't take long, that parting so brief, Your face wreathed in smiles, what traces of grief Tormented your heart were buried right there, But that parting so brief makes me wish to compare That kiss and caress to a ship-building crew: When the liner is finished, save a riot or two, In a spot where they're needed, a moment of time Completes a great task and a vessel sublime.

It's the ship of my life, it was launched not in vain; It needed the rivet, the touch of a plane, To smooth down the rough spots or clamp down a plate, when the rivets were plain, On the hull that might leak when the time was too late. For the ship must be worthy to plow through the sea, And to ride o'er the foam where the billows toss free. Come storms or come danger or blue skies and sun, There's no turning back till the journey is done. I've put on the O.D.s; there is no retreat, And there's no turning back till the task is done. Come flame or come bullets, come gas or come shells, They may break up the body, those products of hell; But your kiss and caress, like a seal, guarantees that your boy will be true while he fights overseas; For my soul has been pledged to, wherever I trod, The love of my mother, my country, and God. Pvt. Walter W. Hubbard, C.A.C.

THE WHITE WOLVES

You, too, loved, on days like these, Under the pines to lie at ease, And watch the flocks of clouds go by, Where now the white planes fit and fly. And you were the shepherd of those sheep, Grazing along that azure steep, On many a bushy, idle day, Where now the white wolves seek their prey. R. R. Kirk, S.S.U. 648.

HOGGIN' IT

Well, I've eaten food sublime, and I've eaten good that's rotten, From Alaska's coldest corner to where the landscape's cotton; At times there has been plenty, then there's times when there's been none, And I've kept me upper stiffest, for complainin' I'm not one. But it's now that I'm protestin'—oh, I've suffered silence long— It's fancy food I'm cravin', for my system's goin' wrong. Oh, it's bacon, bacon, bacon, Till your belly's fairly achin'; For some biscuits or some hot cakes that in your mouth would melt; There's no German dog could dare me, No fear of death would scare me, If I only had some chicken a la King beneath me, bet.

Now I read where Mr. Hoover tells the folks to lay off hoggin'. We'll be needin' lots of grub to put the Fritz on the toboggan; And the way that they've responded makes me feel so proud and proud. That you'd like to meet old Bill to take his measure for a shroud. Lord, it's plenty that we're gettin', but I'd be damnin' jigs. If they'd pass an order home to stop a killin' off the pigs.

For it's bacon, bacon, bacon, Till your very soul is shakin'— If I could pick me eatin', it's a different song I'd sing; I'd not miss a raddin' party, For my patrol I'd be quite hearty. Oh, I'd swap me chance for Heaven for some chicken a la King. Med. Mique.

THE CAPTAIN

He isn't such a great big chap, But a little that is his job, With a look in his eye and a thrust to his chin That would make the foe turn yellow. Why, only back a few days ago, He takes the fellers out, And starts to blaze with Betsy And put the Hun to rout.

He swung the breech, put in the primer, And then he rammed them home— Now to find a "skin" like that, boys, It's far you'll have to roam.

And when the Hun sent 'em over, Did they quit serving the piece? Oh, no, not they, but showed them home Till Betsy's nose looked greased.

The runner, he sure did well, But then, that is his job, The old boy said, "I'll serve"— For number one 'twas a prob.

He couldn't say "Don't do it," As the Lieut. can say to us, But that's a big boy's job, you know, And he's such a little cuss.

You see, we all look out for him, For he does well by each lad, And we all hope all the A.E.F. Get Co.O.s like we've had. Baty. A.—F.A.

HER BOY, TOO



"—BUT THAT 4th IN PARIS IN 1918!"

AND it shall come to pass in the years to come, when, in various parts of America they are celebrating the 4th of July with bonfires and parades, some old soldier in the company—a battered old soldier, perhaps, with an empty sleeve to tell his story—sure to pipe up and say: "Al, this is all very well, but you should have been in Paris on that 4th of July back in 1918."

"That was the year when our Independence Day was first celebrated by all the free peoples of Europe. That was the greatest Fourth I ever knew or ever hope to know. Those who were in Florence and Rome boasted a festive time, yes, and at every camp behind our lines, at every port where our troops were pouring in, at every town and village in France, there was celebration."

"There were high jinks, too, in London, with the King, bless his heart, fairly cheering his royal head off at a first, close, joshball game between the Army and the Navy out (Chelsea way)—our Army, mind you, and our Navy. Then, it must have been no bad thing to have been with the Yanks who celebrated by helping their pals from Australia take the village of Hamel, for you must remember that the Germans had pushed their way quite some distance into France that anxious summer."

"We knew our President was speaking a world-famous speech at Mount Vernon that day, and we guessed that old New York must be fairly standing on its head with excitement." But all in all, we counted ourselves luckiest who were in Paris that day, for Paris is the heart of France and France was the heart of the war.

"Y O U did not have to read the newspapers to know that there were going to be great doings. It was in the air. It was in the flags that began to flutter from every window early in the week, in the extra greetings every passing post gave us, in the friendlier smiles from every girl in France. "Certainly it was in the uproarious trucks that came trundling into Paris on the night of the third, bringing fresh from Chateau-Thierry—oh, you've heard of Chateau-Thierry at school, have you?—well, bringing from there a lot of howling young hellions who were even a bit of jubilation there was no keeping them under cover till time for the great show to commence."

"The morning of the Fourth poured all Paris into the streets. I don't think I ever saw so many flags before. I don't think I ever saw so many flowers. I don't think I ever breathed air that was more a-tingle with holiday spirit. It was wonderful, undaunted Paris, holding out one hand to America, and with the other snapping her fingers at the German legions drawn up not more than 40 miles from her gates."

"The morning papers all carried the news that the millionth American had sailed for France, and we could not help cheering, for the early spring had known faltering weeks when, in the bottom of our hearts, we wondered if America were coming as fast as France had a right to expect. "It had been in Paris on that other Fourth when a prophetic battalion of Yankee infantry marched in the parade, but then the total number of our troops in France was not more than 15,000. That had been the Fourth of promise, this was the Fourth of fulfillment. The newspapers hummed with the tidings, and we were all so engrossed we scarcely noticed that the old Sultan of Turkey had celebrated the day by passing unto his fathers."

"T O begin with, there were great goings on in the Place d'Étoile, where, under the statue of Washington, they remained the Avenue "Trocadéro" the Avenue du President Wilson. And you know for sure you were at the heart of the world affair, all unexpected and unannounced, a car drew up and out got the Premier of Britain and the Premier of Italy to sit them down beside the Premier of France and watch our boys march by."

"So the parade passed in review, passed and turned down the Champs Elysees, which was just as fair to see then as it is today, passed under the arching shade trees to the Place de la Concorde. There were French dragoons, wonderful on their fine horses with drawn sabers. There were French infantry, and the crowd went wild when they saw that from every point's bayonet fluttered a small, perky American flag."

"I remember how every hat came off as the American nurses passed, straight and brave and true as steel. Then, to the music of "Swords and Lances," down the broad thoroughfare in double columns of fours from the boys, Infantry, Marines, Artillerymen, and all, with their helmets telling whence they had come."

"I can hear the cheering now. Sometimes it seemed to be led by the American wounded, who, fresh from some hospital, stood grinning and waving their unbandaged arms from the crowd. And these American soldiers who were able to see the parade because their work was in Paris yelled louder than any one else, and there wasn't a man among them, from the highest to the lowest, who would not have given all he had or hoped to be just to be of that bunch that marched that day in the Champs Elysees."

"Overhead, French aviators looped the loop and circled low—now flying straight as an arrow the length of the avenue, now swooping so low that the craning thousands held their breath while the fragile, gaily painted wings seemed almost to graze the tossing tree-tops. And the jammed sidewalks were like fountains of flowers, so steady were the streams of roses and hortensias that hurtled up and into the street, till the columns advanced through a very rain of midsummer petals."

"A LL morning the skies had been overcast; but just as the parade dissolved in the Place de la Concorde, and the French band, pausing before the high gates of the Tuileries, struck up the opening bars of "The Star Spangled Banner," the sun came out from behind the clouds and smiled down on Paris. "Those of us who lingered by the hand snapped down our hands at the final note and followed in its heels as it gambled off up the Rue Royale. Who the leader gave the cue for "Madelon," a war song all the politics knew and loved, the crowds from the sidewalks broke their bounds, piled into the street, mingled with the band, caught up the chorus of the song, and all marched singing to the Madeleine. "It was not till we scattered for show that we realized the German had not played the expected part in the festivities. No Boche machine had ventured into the Paris heavens, and the "Fat Bertha," all the more expected because this was the holy Fête Day of Sainte-Berthe, was silent all day long. "All day long the jollifications went on, with luncheons and dinners and no end of speech-making, I suppose. That evening Elsie Janis, whom we thought just about the salt of the earth, put on such a show at a big movie auditorium as kept 7,000 soldiers in a state of violent approval. "All day long and far into the night trysts were made and kept under the trees. All day long and all night, Polkas and Anssies and Tommies and Yanks marched arm in arm along the boulevards, pausing from time to time at this terrace and that to buy one another drinks and each to swear that the others were the greatest soldiers in the world. "Thus it went till the dawning of the fifth marked, the passing of the greatest Fourth in history."

MOST AMERICAN PAPER

From the New York "Globe" The most American of newspapers is not published in the United States. It is THE STARS AND STRIPES, official organ of the A.E.F., published in Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

Take America, young, hustling, noisy, good-hearted, slopping over with homely humor and homely sentiment, scornful of tradition, and give it a voice. Then you have THE STARS AND STRIPES. Take that same America and project it into a fight to help the courageous under dog who is getting chawed by the bully, and you will have a revelation of the chivalric spirit of the boys over there. Do you know what the war is about? They do.

From first to last the eight pages of THE STARS AND STRIPES each week—news, editorials, jokes, features, cartoons, and sporting news—reek Americanism. If anybody over here gets a touch of liver and begins to feel gloomy and despairing as to the outcome or the worth-whileness of continuing the fight, let him subscribe to THE STARS AND STRIPES. There is nothing better.

HE READ IT ALL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: For the first time in my life, I have just finished reading each week—news, editorials, jokes, features, cartoons, and sporting news—reek Americanism. If anybody over here gets a touch of liver and begins to feel gloomy and despairing as to the outcome or the worth-whileness of continuing the fight, let him subscribe to THE STARS AND STRIPES. There is nothing better. D. C. Scott, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHER'S DAY IN CONGRESS

THE STARS AND STRIPES' scheme for having every man in the A.E.F. write home to his mother (or the person taking the place of his mother) on May 12 was extended to cover the men of the U.S. Army, wherever stationed in the United States, according to the statements set forth in an extension of remarks granted to Representative Augustine Lonergan of Connecticut, in the House of Representatives, May 31.

Speaking on the bill (H. R. 12291) making appropriate the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, Mr. Lonergan brings in THE STARS AND STRIPES and its scheme in this way, beginning with his tribute to the Army: "These men, leaving all at the call of duty, have carried with them not a little of the idealism that makes of our Nation an honored one among the peoples of the world. Nothing could have typified it more than did the action of Pershing's troops in deciding to observe Mother's Day, May 12, last, by writing home to their mothers."

"The plan was suggested by the editors of THE STARS AND STRIPES. . . . This scheme was met with the immediate approval of Gen. Pershing."

"When this information was called here, I suggested to Postmaster General Albert S. Burleson that the mail of the soldiers posted Mothers' Day be expedited in transit. He agreed and wired to the editors of THE STARS AND STRIPES, which is the official organ of our troops abroad, that mail posted on Mothers' Day would, as far as possible, have the right of way. "Prompted by the whole-hearted way in which the American soldiers abroad responded, I suggested to the Secretary of War and to

the Secretary of the Navy, as well as to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, that the troops at cantonments and in our insular possessions, the men with the fleet abroad and at home and the Marines, wherever stationed, be included."

"There follows the reply of the Adjutant-General to the Congressman's suggestion, stating that the Secretary of War had been pleased to adopt it. Continuing, Mr. Lonergan says: "The fleet, I was informed, was notified by wireless along the same lines on May 11. "Thus, every man wearing the service uniform of the United States on May 12 last, whether his duty was that of holding the front trench in France, or of sweeping with his eye the horizon of the North Sea for the telltale periscope. . . . of guarding our border. . . . of learning at our training camps the work that was used at least a few minutes of his day in writing to the one friend whose heart is always with him, his mother."

"The significance of this action can hardly be overestimated. . . . It was with no little pleasure, then, that I was informed by Mr. Otto Praeger, Second Assistant Postmaster General in charge of foreign mails, that on May 31, 1918, there arrived at an Atlantic port, a transport bringing 1,425,000 letters written by our troops and by the men of the fleet on Mother's Day, in addition to 205,000 letters received earlier the same week."

"This mail, I was further advised, began to arrive at our training camps the week the ship landed, at 4:05 o'clock, and was worked out and dispatched to its destination on every available train during the night, and every letter was out of the office before 11 o'clock of the morning of June 1, and orders had been issued by postmasters everywhere to give expeditious handling to this mail."

An children we had learned to love
The land where still remained romance;
Where liberty was held above
All else—in happy France.

THE WINNERS: LIBERTE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE

As men we came with faces set,
And, millions strong, sailed o'er the sea
To pay an olden, golden debt—
To save the chimnes of Normandy.



THE FRANCO-AMERICAN LINE

BASEBALL WONDERS WHERE IT GETS OFF

Draft and Shipping Industry Still Taking Players Out of Game

WATCH CAMPS, SAYS EVERS

Fine Material Now in O.D. Should Be Available After Kaiser Is Struck Out

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, July 11.—Baseball lovers anxiously on the ragged edge, the players, owners and fans wondering if the "work or fight" ruling means that baseball is not work, and that, therefore, the players must fight.

Many of the teams are pretty ragged already owing to the draft, and also because of the high wages paid in the shipyards, which have lured many diamond heroes from the teams. Excellent news suggests that the shipyards are being used by ingenious players for extracting bigger salaries out of the managers, who see their teams dissolve.

The Philadelphia Shipbuilding Company has annexed Iroquois and Watson of the Athletics and Whittied of the Phillies.

The Dallas draft board has thrown a scare into baseball with its first ruling on the Crowder order by summoning Sam Lewis, twirler on the Dallas club of the Texas league, to engage in an essential occupation or be drafted. The Fort Worth board has followed suit by ordering Roger Hornsby, star shortstop of the St. Louis Nationals, to engage in some essential business or enter Class I of the draft.

Robertson Turns Down Giants

Davey Robertson has refused an offer of \$7,500 salary from the Giants and remains in the Government's employ in Washington.

The Naval Overseas Transportation team won the championship of the Greater New York naval district, by defeating the sailors of the U.S.S. Granite State, the score being 12 to 7. The winning team was comprised largely of former college stars.

Johnny Evers thinks that the baseball magnates should watch the soldier camps and sign promising players. He says the camps are filled with the baseball material. Of course Evers does not expect that the magnates will be able to take these youngsters away from Uncle Sam while the present hot game is on in France.

WANTS TO MEET RIVERS

This is the place to advertise if you want to fight. Roy Rivers of the Trench Mortar Battery put in his application a couple of weeks ago and now comes Jack (Kid) Lewis, whose Army name is Pvt. John F. Matteson, Troop B, U.S. Cavalry Advance Section S.O.S., A.P.O. 703, and asserts that he would be glad to meet Rivers at the lightweight limit. Lewis has met Matt Brock, Tommy Dixon, Tommy Kilbane, Young Egan, Patsy Brennan, Tommy McGinnis, Jeff Gaffney, Danny Dunn and others. Mr. Rivers, shake hands with Mr. Lewis.

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

Diek Loadman has decided to give Johnny Ertle, whom he stopped in three rounds at Milwaukee, another chance. The pair are to meet at St. Paul.

John Reiser, of New York, better known as "John the Barber," may yet get Jack Dempsey under his managerial wing. Reiser has engaged Ray Cannon, a former ball player, to defend his side of the case, while Ed Yockley, former Notre Dame athlete, will take care of Reiser's interests.

The "work or fight" order in the States may force some of the boxers to get busy, as boxing will hardly be considered among the list of useful occupations.

SUPPLY TRAIN SHOW

The boys of the 1st Motor Supply Train recently staged a big variety show not so very far behind the advanced lines. The improvised theater was in a spot usually rocked by the big guns.

Although this wasn't the first event which the amusement club of the Train has presented, it was the big night in its career. For the guests of honor were the commanding general of the American division, the commander of the French corps to which it is attached, and their staffs.

Twenty-three numbers were presented, including two sparkling fast three round bouts, wrestling, and several numbers by the harmonious Train quartet and minstrel band. Sergeant Smith of A. Co., the human jackknife, brought back memories of the Keith and Majestic circuits and Hall of Co. F performed one of Houdini's famous stunts.

GALA DAY AT TOURS; ALL KINDS OF SPORTS

Signal Corps Experts Show Their Wares, Airmen Perform Stunts

By the good grace of the weather the gala day of gala days in the S.O.S. had been seen when the Franco-American games, conducted by the Tours division of the F.M.C.A., came to a close.

Noteworthy performances were made by Sergeant and Jack on the track and Johnson in the field. Add the handicap of wearing hobnailed sandals and regulations uniforms (except coat) to the marks made, and some conception can be gained of the class of the competitors.

Much color was added to the gathering when the French officials, generals of the S.O.S. and French generals put in their appearance early in the afternoon. It is estimated between seven and eight thousand people were present.

For fully three hours a squadron of American aviators flew overhead, giving an exhibition of loop the loop, dip, tail slide, spiral, and everything else that can be done with an airplane.

Experts from the Signal Corps gave an exhibition of signalling which was a great success, and much credit is due the performers. Twelve men started from the judge's stand with full pack, laid their lines and established stations as they covered the mile circuit. The message: "Eagle: Holiday greetings from Tours, France." Edwards' was relayed by buzzer, semaphore, telegraph and wig wig. Approximately eight and one-half minutes after the men started the message started to come in from a hill nearly a third of a mile away to the final receiving station at the judge's stand, and when the message was written and handed to the judges 10min. 15sec. had elapsed.

An American general did honor to the national game by throwing in the ball that started the post teams of the aviation field and Barracks into a well-played nip and tuck game of baseball. For nine innings the game was filled with feature plays by both teams.

HOSPITAL WANTS GAMES

Base Hospital No. 10, Rochester, N.Y., Unit, wants to arrange games with other Army organizations, preferably medical. Their athletic director, an M.R.C. captain, firmly believes the team can defeat anything they meet on the diamond. Anyone who wants to be shown will please address the Athletic Director, Base Hospital No. 10, Vichy, Allier, France.

COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

Lieut. Paul Meyers, American aviator, who has been awarded the Croix de Guerre, was a star basketball player at the University of Wisconsin.

Vivian Nickalls, who coached the Yale crews several years ago, has been decorated for the second time for his work on the Italian front. Major Arnold Jackson, famous English runner, also has received his second citation.

Lieut. Henry Cassidy, of Wichita, Kan., well known college athlete, has been given the war cross for bravery near Anserville.

A.E.F. HEAVYWEIGHT LOOKING FOR BOUTS

Private Frank K. Taylor Is Anxious to Have Championship Settled

To the Sporting Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Pvt. Frank K. Taylor, of Battery A, Field Artillery, issues the following open challenge: "I am desirous of meeting in the ring any or all, professional or amateur, aspirants for the heavyweight championship of the American Expeditionary Forces. Will fight at 165 to 170 pounds, inside opponent may be of any weight above 165. Up to 20 rounds, or to a finish. Opponent may name date and place."

(Signed) PVT. FRANK K. TAYLOR, Battery A, — P.A., A.E.F.

As his manager, I am ready to negotiate on behalf of Pvt. Taylor with any bona-fide contender for the title, or holder himself, for that matter, to arrange details for a match to decide the heavyweight championship of the American Expeditionary Forces. I might state that Pvt. Taylor, known formerly as "Babe" Taylor, held the championship of the 6th Field Artillery while serving in that regiment (in Battery F) from 1907 to 1910, and also the post championship at Fort Riley, Kansas, where the 6th was stationed, with several other regiments and detachments. Previously and since that time, "Babe" Taylor was well known in amateur circles around Harlem and all over Southern California, particularly at the Athletic Club of Pasadena.

Sgt. CLAUDE H. DIAL, Battery A, — P.A., A.E.F.

TWO FEET—\$50,000

AMERICA, July 11.—Duke Kahanamoku, the famous Hawaiian swimmer, has had his feet insured for \$50,000.

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ATHLETES MAKE BEST FIGHTERS

That's why we know that the big lot of Taylor Athletic Equipment sent to the troops is in good hands. In one order, alone we were awarded the following in competition with all other makers:

\$9,760	Taylor League Base Balls
500	Taylor Base Balls
1,200	Taylor Foot Balls
3,500	Taylor Baseball Gloves
750	Taylor Base Mitts
1,500	Taylor Bladders

COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

Lieut. Paul Meyers, American aviator, who has been awarded the Croix de Guerre, was a star basketball player at the University of Wisconsin.

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COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

Lieut. Paul Meyers, American aviator, who has been awarded the Croix de Guerre, was a star basketball player at the University of Wisconsin.

Here's the glad hand, boys, and I wish with all my heart I were there with you. If I can do anything for you let me know.

Alex Taylor

ALEX. TAYLOR & Co., Inc.

Military - Athletic Outfitters,
26 East 42nd Street, New York.

DEMPSEY SCORES K.O. AT PORKY'S EXPENSE

End Comes in Opening Tilt of Scheduled Ten Round Bout

BURNS OUTPOINTS HERMAN

Curtain Is Rung Down on Leonard-Brazzo Match to Save Latter from Taking Count

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, July 11.—Jack Dempsey added one more K.O. to his long list when he stopped Porky Flynn in the first round of a scheduled ten round bout at Atlanta.

The round was barely half over when Dempsey shot a left hook to the stomach, and followed it with a right cross to the jaw which sent Porky to dreamland.

This was Dempsey's second knockout in a week, he having stopped Bob Devere at Joplin, Mo., in the first round of a 12 round battle. A left hook, after about two minutes of fighting, did the trick against Devere.

Frankie Burns, the New Jersey heavyweight, outboxed Pete Herman, the title holder, in eight rounds at Jersey City, getting the best of every round except the fifth.

Champion lightweight Benny Leonard defeated Jack Brazzo in eight rounds at Wildwood, N.J. The final round was cut short to save Brazzo from a knockout.

At Akron, Ohio, Ted Lewis won over Johnny Griffiths in 20 rounds. Lew Teller outpointed Frankie Calahan in an eight round go at Atlantic City.

A.E.F. GAMES

M.R.S. Shuts Out Engineers

Payne, pitching for the — M.R.S. Unit, struck out 15 of the — Engineers to face him and, backed by almost perfect fielding, shut out his opponents. Halfert of the losers did some good hurling himself, only three of the six runs against him being earned. Hull of the winners was two times at bat, made two hits and scored two runs. Fairgrave made a triple and a double. Not a man on the losing side reached second base until after two outs in the ninth.

Air Squadrons Battle

One Aero Squadron put it over another — since numbers can't be mentioned, you'll have to guess who was who — in a game that was a neck and neck affair until the stinging seventh, when the winners scored the last of their 32 runs. The losers got a man across in their last time up, but the run left them five shy of the one they need. Juras, Noren and Ford did the heaviest hitting for the winners. Catcher Clanton of the losers put up a star game. The score:

— Sqn. 3 2 0 0 2 0 0 1 — 8 11 12
— Sqn. 4 0 0 1 0 3 4 0 — 12 13 6

Other A.E.F. Scores

Company F. — Engineers, 7; Company A. — Engineers, 4.
Company A. — Engineers, 6; Company M. — Engineers, 5.
3rd Bn. — Infantry, 10; 1st Bn. — Infantry, 3.
Field Clerks 10, Company A 3 (G.I.L. League).

Illinois won from Wisconsin in the annual dual games, 51 1-3 to 62 2-3.

MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

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

CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE

(Librerie des Cartes Campbell)
9, Rue Saint-Lazare, Paris (Centre)
Rue des Nations, Neuilly-Sud, 4, Rue de Valenciennes.

WALK-OVER SHOES

34 Boulevard des Italiens
19-21 Boul. des Capucines
PARIS

All soldiers are welcome at the WALK-OVER Stores, where they can apply for any information and where all possible services of any kind will be rendered free of charge.

LYONS, 12 Rue de la République
NAPLES, 215 Via Roma
The WALK-OVER "French Conversation Book" and Catalogue will be sent gratis any soldier applying for it.

STAR SPANGLED WINS JULY FOURTH RACE

Compadre Takes Rockaway Selling Stakes—New Record by Elfin Queen

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, July 11.—At the Fourth of July races at Aqueduct track, a colt named Star Spangled carried the money of the crowd and won hands down.

Compadre, son of Colin and Playmate, won the Rockaway selling stakes at Aqueduct. Trompe La Mort, Widener's imported three year old French colt, won the Oakhill handicap, covering the mile and one sixteenth in 1:45, only two-fifths of a second slower than the track record.

Elfin Queen won the historic Clover stakes at Aqueduct, setting a new mark for the race by completing the five furlongs in :58 2-5.

Now that most of the important spring turf fixtures have been run over the eastern tracks, Elfin Queen leads the two year olds. Harry Payne Whitney Johnson and W. E. Applegate's Jack Hare, Jr., lead the three year olds, and Commander J. K. L. Ross' Cudgel is on top among the handicap brigade.

QUIMET NOW A LIEUTENANT

AMERICA, July 11.—The national golf champion, Francis Ouimet, has been promoted from a sergeant to a second lieutenant in the National Army.

SOLDIERS Have your Portraits taken by WALERY

9 bis, Rue de Londres, 8 Paris. Tel. 15-50-72.
SPECIAL PRICES TO AMERICANS

MEURICE HOTEL and RESTAURANT

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Perrier

The Champagne of Table Waters.

Delicious with lemon, sirups, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France.

DRINK IT TO-DAY

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SHIRTS KHAKI COLLARS

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AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

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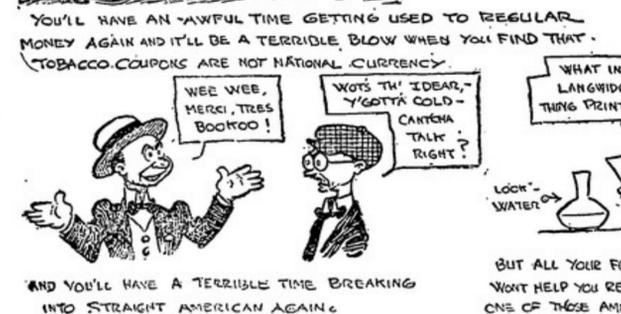
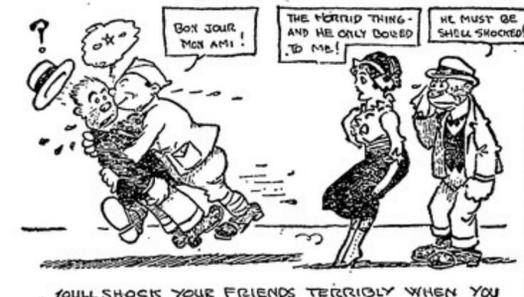
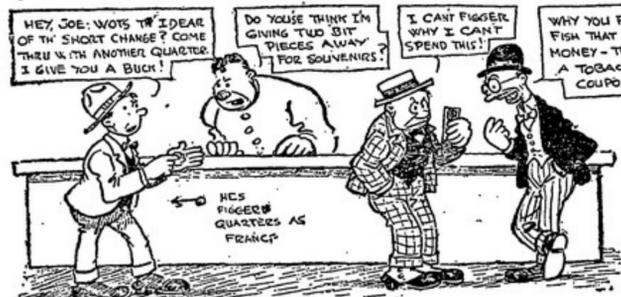
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WHEN WE TAKE OUR FRENCH WAYS BACK HOME

-By WALLGREN



NEW MEDICAL POSTS CREATED FOR A.E.F.

M.O.R.C. Specialists Assigned to Posts as Lieutenant-Colonels

For the co-ordination and supervision of the professional care of our sick and wounded, three posts have been created in the A.E.F. and then filled by appointment.

Lieut.-Colonel William M. Keller, M.C., is now Director of Professional Services; Colonel J. M. T. Finney, M.R.C., is Chief Consultant, Surgical Services, and Colonel William S. Thayer, M.R.C., is Chief Consultant, Medical Services. The jurisdiction of all three is the entire A.E.F.

SUGAR AND CRACKERS FOR OUR AUXILIARIES

Y.M., Red Cross and Others Can Buy Articles of Subsistence

Coffee, sugar, canned goods, crackers—all the things that the Q.M. in its subsistence—may be sold for cash and in limited quantities to members of the Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., Salvation Army and Knights of Columbus who are on duty with the army, to accredited correspondents, to officers and men of the Allied Armies, serving with the A.E.F. as well as to our own officers and men, according to a new general order.

JOINT BOARD FOR ALLIED SUPPLY

Col. Charles G. Dawes Will Represent A.E.F.—Means Closer Co-operation

A Military Board of Allied Supply, consisting of one representative of each of the Allied armies, has been agreed upon and Col. Charles G. Dawes, E.C.N.A., has been designated to represent the A.E.F.

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

A SERIES OF CENSORED COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE S.O.S. TO THE Z. OF A.

C. France, June 23. Friend Henry: Well Henry you can feel lucky that one little old private you know ain't in the brig or maybe floating down the river toward the big drink. The more I think about it the more I wished I done one or the other. This S.O.S. is sure got my goat Henry. It ain't no nice place to be in even if this is a big war and all that.

Henry last nite a sekund lieutenant come along and put me to work moving some boxes from one place to another. I didn't see no reason why they should be moving Henry but an order is an order so I went to work moving them to where he said.

But lucky for me Henry he didn't show up as usual, or I might be in the brig. When he didn't show up I got to thinking what a damn fool I was and started for the river.

If it hadn't been for Maggie Henry I sure would be on my way to the see right now. I got to the bank and the water looked pretty cold and I thought of Maggie and then went back and went to bed. I sure would like to be up there where they have real men hanging round.

This is sure a great life Henry if you don't weaken but its hell to weaken. I ain't really weakened yet Henry, but once I get started I'm sure headed for that bone yard about a mile from here. Pleasant dreams Henry. S. T. B.

C. France, June 23. Dear Henry: Well another day another dollar. How goes it Henry? I guess you're having some time up there in the Z. of A. eh. Henry, putting all them boxes back like you did. Stay with 'em Henry and remember any old time your stummik caves in I'm right behind you.

Well you couldn't guess in a 1000 years what kind of a job they hung on me this time Henry. I'm a M.P. They got me down at the station where I lamp all the guys that's AWOL or anything. Do you happen to know what a M.P. is Henry? If you don't I'll tell you. He is a guy who goes round looking for trouble all the time. Not trouble for himself Henry but trouble for somebody else.

If you should come down here without a pass or order Henry—well, I got to pinch you Henry no matter if we are part pals. That's what I don't like about the job Henry. But with you Henry I don't think I'd see you if I could help it any.

I sure got in a awful mess tonight Henry. Just about time for the 11 ten train to pull out four loots come in and says they want the train. They said they was from a little town down the line away. I ask them for their passes and they didn't have none Henry.

If everything is all K.O. he don't say much to the M.P. But Henry if everything ain't K.O. he always says a lot. This time he says a hell of a lot. "Them loots that I registered as having a auto accident ain't out all right." He wanted to know this morning why in hell I didn't report in detail the auto accident too. Now can you beat that Henry. Everytime you do something in this army you sure wish a heap of things on yourself.

Well Henry I went out looking for a loose Ford wheel or a car radiator or a steering wheel or a busted wind shield or a radiator or something that would look like there was an accident. But I didn't find it Henry. I sure did swallow that line the loots handed out and all Henry.

They never had no accident. Everytime I think about them I get madder at myself all the time. I'm going right down to headquarters and report the whole gang Henry. I'll show 'em one little old M.P. no body is going to trample into the earth. I'll bet they don't go round peddling any more fish stories like that to no M.P. again Henry. S. T. B.

C. France, July 6. Dear Henry: Well I reported them loots to the kernel and got it off my chest. I guess they won't be so gay after this Henry.

I'm still a M.P. Henry. I landed one bird this a.m. about 4 o'clock who was AWOL for a couple of days. He said he got on the wrong train, etc. But Henry I know when they tell straight stories. This bird must of got on one of them trains where every car has about two or three kegs on it full of vin and opened a tap.

He was sure some intoxicated. I ast him to see his dog tag and he says he ain't got no dog and that if he did he wouldn't spend no money for a license. I told him he was crazy. Then he said he was mad and that was why they killed him.

I guess he was talking about his dog he had over in the states Henry. Anyway I couldn't get heads or tails of it. So I opened his blouse and looked at the tag. He was from the seventh infantry Henry which is from your town, so when he gets his right sense back I'll ask him. Anyway I'm glad I pinched him when I did. Your old pal, etc. S. T. B.

C. France, July 12. Dear Henry: Well yesterday was pay day at this joint. After paying my laundry bill which was 25 francs and paying back to a sergeant 100 francs I borrowed a month ago I had about enough left Henry to buy a silk shirt for a mosquito. Henry honest to goodness I ain't never had 50 francs all of my own since I been in France.

There's strange things been happening round here Henry. Yesterday when they said the paymaster was here I lined up and when my name was called I marched into the Top's office to relieve my itching palm, and who do you think I saw there as paymaster Henry? Gee I felt cheap. It was one of them loots that peddled me the fish story and which I turned into the kernel.

He looked at me with a kind of a wicked eye and then looked at the pay roll. I know good and well Henry he was looking for a flaw or something so he could keep my money back. I had 100 francs and silk sentimes coming Henry. Well I got the 100 but I guess the loots bought a cigar with the silk sentimes. Henry I can just feel that some day I'm going to AWOL when it comes to drawing any money.

MALE FASHIONS CENSORED

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, July 11.—The War Industries Board has taken a hand in masculine fashions, and has prescribed rigid rules to govern the tailoring of men's clothes hereafter.

It has, however, shrewdly abstained from censoring feminine fashions as yet except in shoes, which are cut in height to a scant eight inches, thus opening the colossal problem as to what will happen to short skirts.

S. T. B. P. S.—Say Henry just found out who that AWOL guy was I pinched the other day. He is you girl's brother Henry and he's in your company. I resigned my M.P. job today Henry. I'm a K.P. now Henry. SETH T. BAILEY, CORPL. INF.

SOME CHANGE

"Comment ça va"—How do you do? You see we've changed our styles. We weigh ourselves in "lières" now, and "mètre" of our ulcers.

For bread, we say "Give me a 'pain'." And add, "Si voulez cous." We used to call our money Bill, but now it's Frank and Sue. O. D. MILLER, Q.M.C.

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GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, S.A., 17bis Rue La Boétie, PARIS

GEN. ROCHAMBEAU, LEADER OF F.E.F., KNEW HIS TRADE

Hero of Yorktown Was Battle Scarred Veteran Before 1870

70 DAYS ON JOURNEY OVER

French Troops Who Helped Win Our Revolution Won Heart of America First

The land-locked harbor of Brest was the scene of more than its wonted activity. Crowded transports seemed to fill the roadway and even inshore made navigation difficult for the little Breton fishing boats. Soldiers lined the docks, joking; singing; sailors yelled, tugged at lines and let go. The date, it should be mentioned, was May 2, 1781.

For the French troops who, a year and a half later, were to have no mean share in the bottling up and ultimate surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown—the F.E.F., if you care to call it that—were about to sail for America. It had been expected for a long time that they would sail, but no one had been sure it would early one March morning in that same year of 1780.

On that March morning a man of 55, with an already glorious military record behind him, was waiting in a Paris dwelling for the carriage that was to take him to his home near Vendôme. He was not particularly concerned about his military record, past or future, at the moment, since the twinges of inflammatory rheumatism rather tended to make him forget everything else. The carriage would soon be ready; already the post-horses were waiting in the courtyard.

Expedition Is Ordered

And at that instant a courier entered the courtyard and changed the course of history—changed it, at least, for Lieutenant-General Jean-Baptiste Donatien de Vimeur, Comte de Rochambeau. The general had to report to Louis XVI at Versailles immediately. The long-discussed expedition to America was to become a fact.

Born at Vendôme, L'air et Cher, not far from the château town of Blois, Rochambeau had become an officer in the French Army at 14, a colonel at 22—just as his friend-to-be, Washington, had done a few years later. He had fought in Flanders and been thrice wounded.

The man who was to lead the F.E.F., then, knew his trade. His American-bound force consisted of 5,000 troops, crowded aboard a fleet that was protected by no destroyers and had no U-boats to fear. It had, of course, the British fleet to look out for, but it carried explicit warnings from the Marquis de Lafayette to the Marquis de Rochambeau not to harm the expedition of Captain Cook, Englishman though he was, thought then to be returning from his third scientific expedition to the South Seas. "His expedition having no other object than the progress of human knowledge, and the foresting, therefore, all nations." Such was warfare in a day when international law and courtesy were scrupulously honored.

Longer Trip Than Ours

The F.E.F. had a rather longer voyage than any convoy in the A.E.F. has had to date. It was 70 days on the way, somewhat longer than Columbus took in his first crossing. The troops spent much of their time fishing, and, except for several hundred cases of scurvy, enjoyed good health. Two weeks out, Comte de Rochambeau wrote in his journal: "We have no men sick other than those which the sea makes so."

There were a few exciting moments. An English corsair was captured; a squadron of six English vessels was fired on; one transport was lost for a few days in the fogs of the New England coast. It finally showed up at Boston, which was not Base Section No. 1, Base Section No. 1 was Newport, R. I.

Newport was reached on July 1. The city sent up rockets, the Whigs more than the Tories, and the Quakers none at all, wherefore the good people of Newport varied the celebration by breaking a few Quaker windows.

Rochambeau's men went into camp, and in the months that followed set a record for good behavior by strange troops in a strange land that has probably never been beaten perhaps not even by the A.E.F. It was partly discipline, of course; partly respect for an honored and democratic leader, but it was even more their own pure good disposition. Newport, of course, and every part of America they visited fell head over heels in love with them.

"Not a cabbage has been stolen, not a complaint has been heard," wrote Rochambeau after a month. "Not a man has missed roll-call." Apple trees hung over the tents in one spot, their trees laden with fruit, and not an apple disappeared!

Black Days for America

It was good to have such folks around, for the skies looked dark for the newborn republic. Arnold had turned traitor. Gates had been routed in Jersey. Knell had been killed, the troops of Pennsylvania, blue were growing mutinous. It began to look as if the men who had signed the Declaration of Independence might, after all, some day be hanged.

It was not until September, 1780, that Rochambeau first met Washington in the memorable conference at Hartford, Conn. Where should they attack? Washington favored New York; Rochambeau was for the South. The latter counsel finally won, though it was not until June, 1781, that the F.E.F. finally moved. It marched by way of Providence, across Connecticut, and halted north of New York.

Governor Clinton of New York was certain the attack would be on New York and made no move to prevent the onward march of the troops when they made their juncture with the Americans. When it was too late to pursue, he found the movement was not a feint. They really were marching south. At Philadelphia, as along the line, the French were accorded a tremendous reception. And so they approached Yorktown.

Rochambeau was not new to this business of besieging. He had already been through 14 of them. The story of Yorktown is too well known to bear repeating, although history has perhaps never given another great Frenchman all the credit he deserves for his part in it. He was the Comte de Grasse, whose fleet blocked Chesapeake Bay after defeating the British soundly outside, and thereby aided in plunging the war down into the bottle of Lord Cornwallis's hopes.

Cornwallis surrendered on October 19, 1781. He was not, perhaps, such a bad sort; whether he was or not was down

ME AND MY PAL



SITTING ON CLOUDS NOT THEIR STYLE

Five American Flyers Go on Little Hunt for Excitement

BRISK CHURCH TOWER GO

Chasing Balloons Down Good Fun While It Lasts, but Boche Quits

Ornithologists haven't scientifically examined and classified the aviator yet, but when, in the natural process of evolution, he sprouts pin feathers and a tail, they will catalogue him, along with the bald-headed eagle and the setting hen, as a helligerent bird apt to suffer from ennui unless engaged in combat.

Talk about indignant doughboys guarding lumber piles in the S.O.S. They aren't half so fretful as the aviator.

There is a picturesque little church behind the enemy lines, which isn't as picturesque as it used to be—the weary German observation balloon crews, a baffled Boche intelligence officer, a sizzled Boche machine gun crew, five new American aviators, and a story about them all which illustrates the point.

"The Yankee aviators, being novices in aerial fighting, were assigned to patrol duty behind a certain sector. Their job was to sail around within the Allied line and chase off any Hun observers that got inquisitive. They were forbidden to cross No Man's Land unless in pursuit.

The only thing wrong with the job was that no Germans appeared—at least, not often enough to make it worth while. There was nothing to do but loaf around in circles for the whole two-hour trick in the air that each of them did two or three times a day. "Sitting on the clouds," the aviators call it.

After five days the men were jaded and out at the time. To put it bluntly, he was broke. And the man who lent him a few frames to tide him over was the Comte de Rochambeau.

The war was virtually won, but Rochambeau lingered for another year. On the first anniversary of Yorktown, Washington tendered him a notable dinner, and the whole time he was feted gloriously. Perhaps the most significant tribute he received was that of the Philadelphia Quakers on the occasion of his triumphant return journey.

Further Honors at Home

"General," they addressed him. "It is not on account of the military qualities that we hold in little esteem; but that you are the friend of mankind, and that you conduct yourself with the utmost order and discipline. It is this which induces us to render thee our respects."

Rochambeau sailed for France in January, 1782, ending a waiting British warship after the skipper had thrown overboard all his spare masts, and some of the artillery.

Further honors awaited him at home. He received the blue ribbon of the Holy Ghost; he became Governor of Hearsay and later a marshal of France. When the French aristocracy generally was thrown into jail, Rochambeau was confined, too, and he escaped with his life from the grim Conciergerie at Paris by appealing to the "citizen president of the revolutionary tribunal" in the name of "my colleague and my friend in the war we made together for the liberty of America."—George Washington.

He died May 10, 1807, at Thoré, near Vendôme. Inscribed on a simple stone of black and white marble is the touching tribute of his loyal wife: "A model as admirable in his family as in his armies, an enlightened mind, indulgent, ever thinking of the interests of others. His tomb awaits me; before descending to it I have desired to engrave upon it the memory of so many merits and virtues, as a token of gratitude for 50 years of happiness."

Ceremony July 4, 1918

It was at that grave, on July 4, 1918, that a little company of French and Americans gathered to honor the memory of Rochambeau. With representatives of the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F., members of the General Staff present, the party proceeded from Blois to Vendôme, where they were met by the mayor and attended memorial services in the little church at Toré, where Rochambeau worshipped.

A wreath was placed on the grave with fitting ceremony, and then the company went to the church, where they lunched and were shown the picture of Rochambeau's wife and son, the sword he carried at Yorktown, the eagle of the Cincinnati, and the portrait of Washington, sent the great Frenchman by his great American brother in arms.

CAN YANKS WEAR CROIX DE GUERRE?

Statutes Say Foreign Decorations Must Go to State Department

CONSTITUTION BANS GIFTS

But Are They Going to Come Off? Ask the Man Who Already Owns One

When the first Croix de Guerre were bestowed upon American soldiers, everybody was happy—especially the men who had won them. And then some killjoy came along and spilled the beans.

"It's again the law," he said, pointing to Sections 3208 and 3260, page 4461, volume four, United States Compiled Statutes.

Sections three two and so forth state that decorations from foreign Governments have to be tendered to the State Department. The inference is that the State Department turns them over to the person they are intended for by whoever gives them.

But that isn't the worst. A Compiled Statute is only a compiled statute, but now along comes the Constitution of the United States, the same constitution that gave Congress the right to levy armies and declare war, and says, in Article II, Section 2, Paragraph 2:

No Presents or Emoluments

"No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States; And no person holding any office of profit or trust under them shall, without the consent of Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title, of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign state."

Do the Croix de Guerre come off? Hold! The reprieve! On March 26 1918, there was introduced in Congress a resolution which will grant to all members of the military and naval forces of the United States authority to accept decorations conferred upon them by any of the Governments of the Allies. This resolution was in accordance with a recommendation made by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F., when the first Croix de Guerre were awarded.

That resolution, at last reports, was awaiting passage. There is, of course, not the slightest doubt that it will eventually pass.

But until then—is anybody going to fly in the face of the Constitution by continuing to wear the Croix de Guerre? Our answer is that, if anybody does, and if the Supreme Court hears about it, it will remark what a fine day it is, forget for a couple of seconds that there is such a thing as the Constitution, and say, "Next!"

PROFITEERS CAUGHT IN FEDERAL TALONS

Direct and Open Dealings Will Help Save Money for Nation

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 11.—The Government has made surprise visits at establishments engaged on war contracts, swooping on them at a previously arranged moment simultaneously throughout the country, and seized the books and papers in a determined effort to eliminate profiteers who act as middlemen and otherwise for contingent fees.

This action will eliminate individuals who have interposed for commissions between the contractors and the Government, and is generally hailed as a healthful and confidence-making step.

The Government proposes to enforce direct and open dealings, and may nullify contracts that are not in accordance with that policy. It will save millions both for the nation and for business men.

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HEADS FOR GERMAN LINE

He headed for the German line. He crossed it at a point where the Germans seemed to be anxious to keep posted on what was going on on the Allied side, for they had six observation balloons along eight or ten miles of front.

He made for one of the balloons. The observer took to his parachute and the balloon was pulled down before the aviator got within range. He flew at the second balloon. The same thing happened. He continued on down the line and the other four were hauled down abruptly. He couldn't get within firing range, but he got them all out of the air.

He returned to his own side of the line, circled for an hour and went back. The balloons were up again, but as soon as the Germans saw him coming they all started down.

He went back to the airframe and told his four friends. They, too, decided to go after the balloons. For four days the five of them kept it up. They never got close enough to get one, but Mr. Boche had a busy time coming down by parachute and pulling the sausages down in a hurry.

On the fifth day there were no more balloons. Fritz had given it up. So the aviators sought excitement elsewhere.

A lively church tower They found it in a battered village where a German intelligence officer had established himself in a church tower. They circled low and let go at him. The officer made it down the outside—by ladder—in nothing flat.

Next day they went over the town again, to find the same officer ensconced in the same place, this time with a machine gun and crew.

Undaunted, the birdmen attacked again. There was a duel for about 15 minutes in which, so far as known, there were no casualties. The Germans quit.

The performance was repeated on the third day, but on the fourth the German wasn't there. He had abdicated for a less prominent place.

In the meantime, he's probably wondering why the American aviation service is picking on him, the machine gunners are looking at scores of chipped holes in the tower and wondering what it all was about, and the French have recommended the aviators as combat flyers fit for the front.

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