

DATA NECESSARY BEFORE DELIVERY OF LIBERTY BONDS

Allotment for Second Issue Is Completed With July Pay

LAST INSTALMENT SMALLER

Holders Will Begin to Reap Benefit on Interest Before They Get Their Securities

Payment on the allotment plan for bonds of the Second Liberty Loan by listed men of the A.E.F. will be completed August 1...

Those two questions are far easier to ask than to answer. It will require considerable time to get all the allotments in and the complete individual accounts checked.

But in order to effect as prompt a delivery as possible, statistical and personnel officers of all organizations and detachments are directed to forward to the Quartermaster General at Washington, on ordinary payroll form 366, War Department, an alphabetical list of all enlisted men in their command who, on July 31, will have completed their allotment payments on the bonds.

Must show Certain Data

This list is to be made out when the July payroll is prepared, and will be forwarded as soon as possible after the close of the month. It must show the following data:

- (a) The soldier's present rank. (b) The date of his enlistment. (c) The organization in which he was serving at the time the bond allotment was made—that is, in October, 1917. (d) The amount which has been deducted from his pay on account of the allotment, so far as that amount can be ascertained from the records of his present organization. (e) The soldier's signature, if practicable, if the signature cannot be obtained, the reason for its omission must be stated.

"One Coupon Detached"

The allotment for bonds as made out in October called for the delivery of the bond or bonds "one coupon detached." It is the detaching of this coupon—the drawing of the first interest in other words—that makes the final instalment smaller than any of the nine that have preceded it.

On a \$50 bond, the monthly allotment for which has been \$5, the final payment will be \$4.75; on a \$100 bond, the final payment will be \$9.50, and so on as many times \$4.75 as the soldier holds \$50 worth of bonds.

The bonds will either be held awaiting your order, if you did not specify to whom they were to be delivered, or be delivered to whomever you may have specified—a relative, your own bank, or whatever your choice was. If the bonds are being held awaiting your order, the War Department will care for them until the end of the war.

If You Want Them Yourself

If you want the bonds delivered to you personally, it is necessary to apply to the Depot Quartermaster at Washington. The same procedure is necessary in case you want the bonds delivered to some one whom you did not specify in your original allotment.

All this procedure will doubtless entail some confusion and delay. The bright part of the situation is this:

(a) Uncle Sam is still paying you, and your pay will be so much bigger hereafter, with the bond allotment automatically stopped.

(b) The bonds will continue drawing interest for you, no matter where you or they may be.

(c) The bonds will be worth considerably more after the war than they are now.

DON'T KISS THE SOLDIERS

AMERICA, July 25.—Charge battalions in the order of the day against the least authorities of State D. They have prohibited sentimentally inclined women and girls from congregating at the railroad station when troop trains arrive.

CANDY MAKER PUNISHED

AMERICA, July 25.—Sweets to the sweet. As a penalty for having a larger sugar supply on hand than is permitted by Food Board orders, one of the biggest candy makers in the United States has been compelled to shut down his factory and all his stores for a week.

DESTROYER QUICKLY BUILT

AMERICA, July 25.—The Fore River shipyard at Quincy, Mass., has just launched a destroyer which was built in three months.

COLLEGE MEN IN SERVICE

AMERICA, July 25.—Recent estimates show that about 250,000 graduates, students and officers of American colleges, have enrolled in the national service.

BIG SAVING IN GRAIN

AMERICA, July 25.—Conservation measures put into effect by the American people have enabled the country during the fiscal year just closed to ship 340,800,000 bushels of wheat and other essential grains to Europe.

Y.M.C.A. CANTEENS TO SELL TOBACCO AT Q.M.'S PRICES

New Schedule Quotes Well Known Brands at Low Figures

TO BE IN EFFECT AUGUST 1

Army Will Allot Organization What Can Be Spared and Deliver It in France

Y.M.C.A. canteens will in future sell cigarettes and tobacco at the same prices as are charged by the Army's quartermaster's stores.

Paid Own Expenses

Heretofore the Y.M. has had to pay these last expenses out of its own pocket, and has added them to the selling price of the tobacco.

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THRIFT STAMP SALES NEAR TWO BILLIONS

Thirty Four Million Individual Subscribers Are Already Listed

AMERICA, July 25.—The National War Savings Committee announces that \$1,000,000,000 worth of War Savings and Thrift stamps have been sold, with four million more to go, to raise the \$2,000,000,000 objective.

Thirty-four million individual savers are listed, and all the States appear to be within easy reach of their quotas.

The New York City district has reached \$70,000,000, and feels sure of reaching its \$100,000,000 quota. The War Savings director for the city declares that New York alone is now putting enough money daily into the Treasury to cover the subsistence of all the soldiers taking part in the big advance.

We figure that our individual savers are now supplying all your food and 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition daily. The money that is going into the Treasury regularly every day is bigger than the entire daily cost of running the Government before the war.

SAVING BABIES' LIVES

AMERICA, July 25.—One thousand nurses and welfare workers have started work in New York City, examining all babies under five years of age to reduce infant mortality.

This is in conformance with the Presidential proclamation to the effect that reduction of mortality to its lowest point will save 100,000 lives annually to the nation.

SHIPBUILDERS WIN BET

AMERICA, July 25.—There's no loser like a game loser. The men employed at a Baltimore shipbuilding plant offered to bet their president that they could get a ship into the water 21 days ahead of schedule.

He bet \$2,000 to their \$1,000 that they couldn't. They won. He paid.

REAL MAIL TRAINS WORKING FOR A.E.F.; OTHERS TO FOLLOW

Delivery in Some Cases Cut from Two Days to Two Hours

SPEEDIER TRIP TO STATES

M.P.E.S. Officer Goes Home to Instruct Troops in Intricacies of Army Addresses

Real railway mail trains, with the sorting of the precious envelopes and packages going on while the mail is being rushed to its destination, are now actualities in the A.E.F.

Already there are in operation railway mail trains between Tours and G.H.Q., from one of the base ports through Tours to Paris, and from two of the base ports to Tours, where the Central Post Office, A.E.F., is located. And there will be more to follow, notably one direct between Paris and G.H.Q.

Each one of these mail speeding devices comprises a postal car, an express car, and two bulk cars, with three men to each crew. Strung along the sides of the cars are sacks, one for each station on the route, and the letters are sorted and thrown into those sacks in time for them to be thrown off at their proper destinations. The system is almost exactly like that employed on the railway mail trains in the United States.

From Two Days to Two Hours

The value of these trains is primarily for mail within the A.E.F. It is estimated that, in certain instances, the time needed to get a letter from one point in France to another will be cut down from two days to two hours. That will make for the speeding up of official correspondence—even including the kind that goes "through channels"—and will enable the average A.E.F. man to get closer and quicker touch with his pals in other units, or with his old unit if he is detached from it, in hospital or otherwise.

The new system will also help in hustling mail to the States, and in that connection it is proposed soon to establish a mail train running from Nantes, in the S.O.S., through to one of the base ports in the near future, with more to follow. So at last it looks as if Dad wouldn't have to wait for his mail for six weeks. "Mother much worried," was he used to—that is, if Dad is the cabling kind.

Mail from the States will be generally accelerated by the speeding-up process applied to the other two kinds of mail.

Always a Rush Job

Unloading a mail boat at a base port is always an emergency or rush job, inasmuch as the postal authorities have nothing but a general hunch as to when the boat is to come in. When one does come, they have to get the mail sorted and get it off as quickly as possible, as they can, and shoot it along the line, even to the uttermost regulating stations up front. To protect that mail in transit, they see that it doesn't go A.W.O.L. or get strayed from the unit for which it was intended. One man of the M.P.E.S. rider in every car of first class mail that is loaded at a port and shot up to a regulating station. Soon there will be also a man for every car of second class mail.

Transfer clerks have also been placed at every station in France where mail to be distributed to units of the A.E.F. is situated in that area. The duty of the transfer clerk is to receive the mail sacks dropped off at his center and see to its distribution to the various A.P.O.'s lying in his domain.

In case his station is at a railway junction, he sees to the transfer of sacks from the main line on which the railway mail train runs to the lines that will reach the A.P.O.'s that he serves. This is a new profession in the A.E.F.—that of postmaster and enlisted man combined.

Telling Them How Back Home

To facilitate still further the hastening of mail from the States to the fighting forces, an officer of the M.P.E.S. has been sent back to the old country for the express purpose of instructing the troops that are coming over in the necessary postal arrangements which they must make in order to make their home folks their correct addresses in France. This officer is also collaborating with the Federal postal authorities in the interest of more accurate sorting of mail before it is put on the ships, and in speeding the getting-over process generally.

Every effort is being made to see that the casual officer or man detached from his unit gets his mail in fair time and gets it all. As soon as the Central Records Office gets personnel enough to keep a record of each man up to the second, this will be a mere matter of minutes in noting the new address on the envelope.

AMERICA'S RICH MEN MAY PAY MORE YET

Surtax on Incomes of Over \$300,000 Already 63 Per Cent

AMERICA, July 25.—The Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives is working on a new tax bill. Suggestions are advanced that an 80 per cent surtax be laid on incomes over \$300,000. The present surtax is 63 per cent.

There are also proposals to raise the present 4 per cent normal individual income tax all the way from 5 to 20 per cent. Another proposal is for a straight doubling of taxes on all incomes from \$20,000 to \$100,000.

JOHN KUKOSKI—YANK



Private John Kukoski, U.S.M.C., not only won the Distinguished Service Cross, but received a congratulatory telegram from General Pershing announcing the fact and complimenting him on his feat.

PHILIPPINE VETERAN KILLED IN BIG DRIVE

Sergt. Payne Served Under Capt. John J. Pershing in Mindanao

Sergeant James Payne, Co. I, Infantry, one of the most fearless and most experienced of the older non-coms in our Army, died on the battlefield on the first day of the Allied offensive.

Another year and a half he could have been retired if he had wanted to be. He had seen service in many islands in the Pacific, and recently he had served in Mindanao under Capt. John J. Pershing.

When war was declared, Sergeant Payne was offered a captaincy, but he refused. He had it in the back of his mind that he wanted to win his commission in the field, and recently his recommendation for a lieutenantcy was sent in.

He served all last winter as first sergeant, but when spring came, he asked to be reduced to a sergeant because he wanted to go out and lead a platoon. They say he used to love to stand up and draw the machine gun fire so that his men could locate the gun and make away with it.

NOT ALL OUR DATA TO GO ON REGISTERS

Men of A.E.F. Mustn't Tell Whence They Come or Whither They Go

Members of the A.E.F. who register at French hotels or lodging houses will not in future state the place from which they have come or the place to which they are going. Regiments or organizations also will not be mentioned. Rank and branch of service will be stated.

With the above exceptions, the French law requiring certain data on every transient will be wholly complied with. The information demanded and to be supplied by men of the A.E.F., as well as anyone else, is the surname, first name, date and place of birth, nationality, profession (which for the A.E.F. is soldier), date of arrival in commune, and record of identification papers, insofar as the latter does not interfere with the above exceptions.

TROUBLE HUNTERS SHOW THEIR WORTH WHEN DRIVE OPENS

Signal Corps Men, All Specialists, Work Under Fierce Barrage

168 CUTS IN KILO OF WIRE

Liaison Experts Find Time to Help Corral Good Batch of Prisoners as Well

Any story of the fighting south of the Marne—or anywhere else, for that matter—that does not mention the Signal Corps' part in it would be about as complete as the story of Jonah with the whale left out.

One of the first Hun shells fired in the opening barrage of the fifth great offensive—a barrage that French officers declare was comparable to that which numbered in the battle of Verdun—landed in a wood, upset a tree, and dropped it neatly across a tent occupied by a Signal Corps lieutenant.

The Signal Corps did not need to be prodded into action, however. The Signal Corps was already in action. It had been tolerably busy, in the preceding days, to keep communications intact—if doing skilled work of the most delicate kind under fire can ever be called easy.

Wires Torn Into Shreds

But the barrage started things. The wires were torn into shreds, and it was up to the Signal Corps men to put the shreds together again. Not once, but time and again, while they were splicing two tattered ends, a shell on either side of them would rip the wire in two new places. They worked fast, but the shells came faster.

One wire was cut in 168 places in a kilometer of length. In another piece of wire of half a kilometer, the longest whole fragment that remained measured exactly eight feet.

One sergeant was in a front-line dug-out when the shells began to arrive. A message was coming over. He started to take it. A shell landed just outside the dug-out. So the sergeant left the dug-out and calmly started to cut in on the torn strands, when another shell killed him.

FROM SECY McADOO

Pershing, A.E.F.: Pershing, A.E.F.: In the brilliant achievements of your gallant Army and their French comrades, the country is thrilled with the valor and the deeds of our heroic soldiers. Congratulations. McAdoo.

YANKEES RECKON BOCHE CAPTIVES BY THE THOUSAND

Roads Thick With Prisoners Before Fight Is 12 Hours Old

FORMAL AFFAIR IN QUARRY

German Doctors Taken in Drive Are Put to Work at Our First Aid Stations

Where, in earlier engagements, they had taken prisoners by fifties and hundreds, the Yankees in the first days of the great Allied counter-offensive took prisoners by thousands.

Before their part of the drive had run its first 12 hours, while the Hipp-hip-hooray of the first rush was still in full exultant swing, thousands of bewildered Boches were trudging solemnly to the rear of the American lines.

When the story of this offensive comes to be written in full, it shall be told of one banner regiment of Infantry that it alone captured 2,250 Germans in 48 hours. They were taken in such numbers that sometimes they had to be dispatched to the rear unguarded.

The rush was so swift and so unexpected that high commanders within the ranks of the enemy were caught before they could make a discreet withdrawal. Majors abounded in the Yankee nets, and the captains and lieutenants captured were too many to mention. And there were better than majors—though, naturally enough, the higher, you go the fewer.

You can never make a safe judgment as to the morale of an army from the morale of prisoners, for when any man falls into the hands of the enemy he feels as though the world were coming to an end. So it is quite humanly comprehensible that when the mighty Count von Wundel gave up, he should have recognized the fact that those Americans who surrounded him, he radiated the impression that the war had either come to an end thereby or might as well stop gracefully instead of petering out.

Mighty Count Von Wundel

The Count, who was formerly aide-de-camp of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, and whom we found as a lieutenant-colonel commanding the 3rd Bavarian Infantry, had taken refuge in a quarry along with 200 Germans of various ranks.

His cave was surrounded early in the day and the unsuspecting Hunners, in a hurry to get away, were only able to guard the entrances to the quarry and take occasional pot shots into it. All day the invested 200 held out, and then toward sundown they surrendered. They did not shout "Kamerad, kamerad!" Nor did they surrender in the good old-fashioned way, following a fashion almost forgotten in this death-or-glory war.

For at sundown the Count sent out a white flag, and with it a formal note of surrender. This was gravely received and answered, and a little later the Count emerged, followed by an imposing company.

He seemed a little offended at something. Possibly he was faintly surprised not to find General Pershing waiting outside on a milk-white charger. Certainly he was vocal with indignation because no motor-car awaited him.

Mopping Up the Caves

The American officers expressed their regret—yes, their grief—that none was available, and the last seen in that neighborhood of the former side of the Marne was the 200—hiking 17 kilometers to the rear.

Many such caves and quarries are to be found in the contested countryside between the Aisne and the Omeux. They are perfect places for P.C.'s, and they are formidable refuges for beaten soldiers. The Signal Corps men were busy mopping up duty to do last week, most of the Germans did not want to die at all. The resistance from within the caves could hardly be called stubborn.

One mammoth cave did threaten to first crack out of the box. He showed men drove their rickety horses into the opening, drew the machine gun fire on them, and then charged the cave themselves.

One such cave had many guns on many floors. It had ammunition and food to serve a regiment, and it had bunkers for 2,000 men.

Little Sergeant Hercules

It was in a deep, inaccessible dugout that one high German commander was found—the one the Yankee regiment concerned in his capture believes to have been a general. Certainly 35 men guarded him as if he were very precious to the German Army, and he was whisked away in an auto to a high French headquarters as if he might have information important enough to seek without a moment's waste of time.

But no prisoner capture was more impressive than the loss of 250 Boches, including eight officers, whose meek and pitiful surrender was negotiated on the first day by a single Yankee sergeant. The sergeant is only five feet high and his name is Hercules.

Sergeant Hercules Korgis is a Greek by birth. He was in the French war, preceded the present explosion of Europe, and he was gay with many medals when he went to America and settled down in West Lynn, Mass.—settled down, as you have already guessed, in the restaurant business. Of course, he enlisted the first crack out of the box. He showed himself one of those small but terrible fighters and his regiment treasured him. In the first morning of the advance, Sergeant Korgis was shot through the Continued on Page 2

YANKS HAVE SHARE IN GREAT VICTORY OF ALLIED ARMS

Germans' "Peace Offensive" Turned from Failure Into Disaster

ENEMY USES 60 DIVISIONS

Americans South of Soissons and Along Marne Push For On Into Deep Pocket

On July 15, the Germans, under the leadership of Ludendorff, launched on a front of 120 kilometers their fifth great offensive of 1918—the biggest and most ambitious move they had undertaken since the drive of March 21.

They called it, and they taught their troops to call it, their Friedensturm or Peace Offensive. By that very name they promised their patient people a final blow of such force that the Allies would be driven to accept a German peace.

Ten days later the fight was still on. In those ten days more than 60 German divisions had been engaged and badly mauled. More than 30,000 German soldiers had vanished as prisoners behind the advancing Allied lines. Between 400 and 500 German cannon had been proved and a great mass of German material had either been seized by our troops or destroyed hopelessly in the disordered German retreat.

Despite a most bitter resistance, victorious Allied armies were still advancing over reconquered territory. When the story of this offensive comes to be written in full, it shall be told of one banner regiment of Infantry that it alone captured 2,250 Germans in 48 hours. They were taken in such numbers that sometimes they had to be dispatched to the rear unguarded.

Initiative Passes to Allies

Above all, the initiative had passed to the Allies. Only a fortnight before, the German military critics had been boasting that the Allied Allies could never resume the initiative. "Whoever says initiative," says victory.

Ten days after the launching of the German offensive on which enemy military leaders had spent a month in preparation and on which they based such high hopes, the Crown Prince had some 40 divisions of his army caught in a narrow and steadily narrowing pocket—what was left of the bold salient he had thrust down between Soissons and Rheims in May. On three sides of this pocket, French, British, Italian and American troops were attacking, pounding mercilessly on German lines that had already receded at some places to a depth of 14 kilometers.

This pocket is almost as difficult to leave as it is dangerous to occupy, for a large part of its densely crowded area swept by the Allied artillery, and its railroad line from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry was soon crossed and cut by the advancing Franco-American troops.

narrow Path Through Center

This left only a narrow, insufficient path down the center of the pocket—at best a pitifully insufficient corridor for the traffic of supplies and the reinforcement and adequate supply of the pocketed divisions, and now a corridor incessantly bombarded by the French, British and American aviators.

As the news of the turn of the tide reached Berlin, the observers at that distant capital were at once selves up by expatiating on the fact that in the first rush of their drive, they had succeeded in crossing the Marne and establishing a strong bridge-head on its southern bank. Their journals dwell lovingly on that fact in their issues of July 15.

The very next day, the last living un-captured German had vanished from the southern bank of the Marne, and the pontoon bridges swung across its waters during the next two days were Allied bridges. At many places the anvil chorus of the allied artillery was played by the hammer of the German guns.

On Sunday, French and American soldiers were marching through the ruins of Chateau-Thierry and the American communiqué of Tuesday night told how our troops that were swarming over the Marne had gained possession of Jauronne. The Germans were at the mercy of some of the most savage encounters of that first June day when the hurrying Yankees took a hand in the fighting in this sector.

Failure Becomes Disaster

It was on July 15 that what had appeared up to then to be merely an historic German failure was turned with dramatic swiftness into an historic German disaster.

It was on July 18, while Ludendorff was trying as best he could to make good on his promise of a success he had gained between Rheims and the Marne, that General Foch suddenly appeared on the front between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry with an unexpected army of French and American troops.

In making this attack on a 28-mile front, much was sacrificed for the sake of surprise. Over bad roads, through nights of storm and blackness, troops were hurried to that sector and plunged into the counter-offensive without an hour's delay—without any artillery preparation. Some of our own troops gained the front line only just in time to go over the top at the advance hour. Some, caught in the jam of traffic on the congested roads, had to double time to reach the line in time.

Swept Off Their Feet

Such 11th hour warnings as the enemy may have had did not lead him to expect anything, that the attack would come so soon or that it would ever come in such force.

The mass of Germans swept off their feet, the great quantity of guns and other material captured, the German officers and German men caught—literally—by surprise, the complete absence of any dangerous and poisonous traps left in the wake of their disordered retreat—all these things testified to the surprise that the Allied strategy achieved.

The fighting that followed was on a larger scale than any of the previous days. The fighting was fought with a spectacular success and was fraught with consequences of greater historical import than any fighting in which Yankee troops had shared since the war

began. It was the first appearance of the American soldier in a major Allied offensive. It was the first major Allied offensive since the arrival of the A.E.F. At many points in the line which dipped down from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry and up from there to Rheims, American units were engaged. They were in the thick of it. Where they were, the fighting was hottest.

Exultant and Swift Advance
The advance of the infantry was exultant and swift. With tanks ahead of them and their own guns behind them, they went over the top singing. Up hill and down, across fields, across streams, across ravines, the infantry moved, driving the enemy before them, moving so fast that once a private found himself leading a platoon far in advance of his line and had to fight his way back. They moved so fast that sometimes they didn't bother to take their prisoners back. They just chased them back. They moved so fast that the machine guns couldn't keep up with them. They set a fearful pace for those following loyally with ammunition and supplies.

The various American regimental and brigade P.C.'s, the field hospitals and the other points which were essential behind the front lines and the novel and exhilarating experience of moving forward three times in 48 hours. The unsung toilers of the Signal Corps, what with the pace of the infantry and the thunder of the barrage, found work in the forward area an impossible task during the first few days. Messages had to be sped on their way by the T.P.'s or ground telegraphy, and by that ancient and honorable institution—the runner of the battlefield. The runners covered themselves with glory and one of them made a spectacular distance by carrying a German bicycle and taking it for his own.

The craving for speed was contagious, and many a time when a French cavalryman would fall, you would see a Yankee make a leap for the horse, mount it at a running jump and go charging ahead with a strange, heathenish battle-cry all his own.

Enemy's Guns Used
German battery commanders were seized and sent to the rear. When a Yankee gun would be put out of business, a German gun and German ammunition would be pressed into service in its place. And there were enough unburied German guns and unexploded German ammunition left behind in the front to keep busy all the extra artillerymen the Americans could muster. As the pressure was applied on the western side of the pocket, so it was applied also from the south and the east, and the yielding enemy withdrew from Chateau-Thierry on the morning of the 23rd.

The French and American troops that moved through the town that day and the next found the French and American flags flying from the main street. Here and there in the ruined streets an American cap or a fragment of an American dress was found as mementoes of the men who died in those streets that first day the German offensive was halted in early June.

YANKES RECKON BOCHE CAPTIVES BY THE THOUSAND

Continued from Page 1
neck by a German machine gun and, thus wounded, he was taken prisoner. He was borne off into an easily defended, well-munitioned position where a German company lay in wait for the Yankees who swept by them and far beyond.

As the day wore on, these Germans saw that they were trapped, but they also saw that they could make their captors pay a heavy price for their final submission.

A Wild Looking Envoy
Sergeant Korzik, who, like most restaurants, speaks a smattering of half a dozen languages, drew on all the German he knew for an eloquent harangue that carried the day. Early in the afternoon they decided to surrender and sent him forth to negotiate their safe passage to the rear.

With his wound dressed but still paining him, with mud and blood all over him, he was a wild-looking envoy when he ran into some French soldiers, who decided he was a spy and were all for shooting him then and there.

He was escorted from this drastic action, pursued and caught up with some stray Americans from his own outfit, laid the case before them, and led by one Corporal Wiley, they went over for the formal surrender.

There was one nervous, excited exchange of shots between one private German machine gunner and one distrustful Yankee before the whole 250 marched out of the ravine and were escorted by the sergeant to regimental headquarters.

There his own escort pressed on to the sergeant and had him sent back in the ambulance to the field hospital. It would have been well dressed by a German sergeant, who later became one of his prisoners.

One grizzled sergeant was somewhat taken aback when 75 forlorn German youngsters he had captured began to snivel dejectedly. The sergeant appealed loudly for the help of someone who could talk Boche. "Tell 'em not to worry," he said. "Tell 'em no one's going to hurt them. Tell 'em they've never been so well off in all their lives."

German Officers as Litter Bearers
Many German first-aid stations, stacked with fine equipment, fell into American hands, and a German lieutenant felt obliged by a German sergeant to carry the litter bearers to the doctors, who were up to his neck in this work when a German major exasperated him beyond measure by refusing flatly to soil his hands with such menial service.

"I am an officer," he explained coolly. The private brandished an ominous dagger he had just acquired as a souvenir. "Officer, hell!" he said. The major carried the litter.



HOSPITALS TAKE ELEVEN ORPHANS; EIGHT FOR NO. 1 Week's Orders of 20 Put Total Within Reach of 400 Mark

WHISTLEVILLE TOOTS IN
And Somebody Else Announces That He's Discovered a Real Red-Headed Kid

TAKEN THIS WEEK

Nurses of Base Hosp. No. 5 (No. 1)	1
E. Hayward, P. S. A. A.	1
Hospital Motor, Mars-out-Allier	1
L. Stanley P. Smith, A.S.	1
Co. A, Ho. Bn. G.H.Q.	1
Embroid. Ord. Detach., Ho. S.O.S.	1
Ho. Hosp. No. 1	1
The Women's Club, Laramie, Wyo.	1
Base Hosp. No. 46	1
Detach. C. D. P. and J. G. H.	1
Detach. Engineers, Ho. "Whistleville"	1
Co. G, Engineers	1
Bakery Co. No. 1	1
Mrs. Charles E. Howard Myers, Philadelphia, Pa.	1
Previously adopted	370
Total	390

Twenty fatherless French children found godfathers under THE STARS AND STRIPES plan this week, running the total of the A.E.F. orphan family up to 390 and putting it within easy striking distance of the 400 mark. It was Hospital No. 1, "Whistleville," that took the most of the score of children adopted, for the period of a year, 11 were taken by hospitals, and of these 11 the personnel of Base Hospital No. 1 became the parents of eight, equating the mark set by Base Hospital No. 8 and qualifying for honorable mention for distinguished orphan service.

"We had to take any our time," wrote Base Hospital No. 1, "but if you will devote just a minute to the enclosed check, you will see that it is for 2,500 francs. It is the first payment for eight orphans. The remaining 700 francs will be coming your way about pay day.

"We didn't know how many to take at first, but finally decided that Base Hospital No. 8 was taking a bunch, we ought to have one for every day of the week, with a couple for Sunday. So here you are.

Nothing to Do but Work
"Way back here in the S.O.S., we haven't had any chance to get into the limelight because we haven't done anything except work. But if you'll address the photographs of the children to Vichy, the mail man ought to know where to bring them."

Following Base Hospital No. 1 came the nurses of Base Hospital No. 5. The enlisted men of Base Hospital No. 5 adopted two children a few weeks ago and the nurses decided they wanted an orphan, too. They chose a boy. Women always do.

Then came the hospital center at Mars-out-Allier and Base Hospital No. 46. While the French and Americans were observing Bastille Day, July 14, the personnel of Base Hospital No. 46 got busy and voted to commemorate the day.

From the "top of the Rockies," the Women's Club of Laramie, Wyo., sent 200 francs to adopt an orphan in honor of "the boys of Wyoming."

It isn't because the trains whistle there that 13 Engineers, Rys., detached for duty just back of the line, call the town they are quartered in "Whistleville." As a matter of fact, it isn't considered healthy for the trains to whistle at "Whistleville," because if they do, the whistle starts to do some whistling, too. Whistleville is called Whistleville in honor of the lieutenant in charge of the detached 13-Lieut. W. E. Whisler.

Anyhow, the 13 whistle-loss railroaders of Whistleville made a pro rata assessment and gathered 200 francs for a war orphan, although they're wondering how they did it. Dividing 13 into 200 and making sense out of it is our idea of a tough war.

70 PER CENT OF Y.M. SUPPLIES FOR FRONT Smokes and Eats Reach Advancing Troops Ahead of Commissary

Seventy per cent of the Y.M.C.A.'s supplies of smoking and eating material will be sent to combat troops as long as American units are in the line. The remaining 30 per cent will go to the S.O.S. The proportion has been definitely decided on and is already being put into effect.

The Y.M. has demoralized its own transport service during the past two weeks of lively fighting in order to fill every available truck, camion and camionette with supplies for men at the front. Supplies have been carried in this manner as near to the advance as the conditions would permit, and then transported to the men by packs taken up to the line by Y.M. secretaries.

CAMP SUPPLIES
The material has been given away to the men in the line and also to the women who have arrived back at the field hospitals.

Special supplies wanted at the front are smokes, chocolate and cookies, and the Y.M. has had their delivery men rapidly and efficiently in the present advance have been reached before their own commissaries were able to catch up with them.

FIELD CLERKS' PAY CHANGE
Army field clerks have lost their per diem allowance by the terms of a bill signed by President Wilson on July 9. The act does not apply to field clerks, Q.M.C.

Army field clerks will receive, however, the commutation of quarters allowance pay clerk in the Quartermaster Corps, which is the same as that allowed a second lieutenant. They will also receive the foreign service increase of 10 per cent in their pay.

In future, Army field clerks traveling on Government business will receive the mileage rate allowed commissioned officers—that is, seven cents a mile.

The total of all these changes will result in a slight reduction in the Army field clerk's monthly check.

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JEWISH COMMITTEE HERE TO HELP A.E.F. Huts Will Be Erected in Localities Which Have Not Been Reached

With a view to rendering effective the contemplated activities of the Jewish Board for Welfare Work in France, and co-ordinating the services along the lines already established by the Y.M.C.A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army and other kindred auxiliary bodies, a committee representing the Jewish Board for Welfare Work has arrived in France, and will engage immediately in the work of looking into conditions in order that the board's plans may be put into operation.

The war work of the Independent Jewish Association has been recognized for religious, social and recreational work in the Army camps in the United States, and it is the plan of the Jewish Welfare Board to erect buildings in France in order that the religious and social welfare of Jewish soldiers in the A.E.F. may be promoted.

The movement will be conducted along lines similar to those in vogue in the S.T. camps of the association in the United States, and there will be a corps of chaplains to supervise the activities.

To Reach Unworked Localities
In order to prevent duplication of effort, buildings will not be erected in places where the Y.M.C.A. and K. of C. are already established. The plan is to erect buildings in localities heretofore unworked. Jewish chaplains will be attached to encampments where the Y.M.C.A. and K. of C. structures are available.

Congressman Isaac Siegel of New York is chairman of the Jewish Board for Welfare Work Committee in France. The other members are Dr. H. G. Enclow, of the Temple Emmanuel of New York; Dr. Jacob Kohn, Rabbi Congregation Anshe Chesed, New York City; and John Goldfarb, executive secretary.

The committee has established temporary headquarters at the Hotel Regina, Paris, to which all communications relative to the board's activities should be addressed.

SHIPBOARD SCHOOLS BUSY
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 25.—The United States Shipping Board recruiting service has opened its 11th free marine engineering school, and its 44th free navigation school for training men experienced in seafaring and enabling them to become licensed officers.

Hundreds of graduates of these schools are already doing sea service.

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ONE MAN AND A BATTLE 60 MILES LONG

When a battle stretches away along a front of more than a hundred miles which marks a turning point in the history of the world is still bitterly waging, no living man can tell its tale. But one who has been in the thick of it can tell at least what he did and saw and heard.

If on Tuesday evening, along a narrow path that skirted a fantastic forest of trees not far from the Oureq, you had been watching from the opposite side of the ravine, you might have seen an unforgettable panorama of a regiment of Yankee Infantry. The slanting light of the setting sun was reflected by their helmets as they searched and victorious regiment came trudging wearily, happily towards the first sleep it had known for three nights.

If you had sat down under the trees with any one of them or listened to this or that group telling its adventures till long after dark settled over the forest, you would have learned more of the battle than all the maps and pieces by military experts will ever tell you.

If by chance you had found yourself in Company K's chow line next a young sergeant from Framingham, Mass., who is the non-com of his outfit, and if later you had sat down with a little grinning, have drawn forth his rambling reminiscence of the 72 hours he had just lived through.

This, then, is the story of a sergeant who prefaced his tale by saying that, after all, he had not had much to do with the fight.

It was late Wednesday, just before sundown, that we knew we were going to an attack. The boys were all singing. Tuesday, the 19th, wasn't it?—we had suddenly pulled up stakes, piled in trucks and started off for somewhere, we didn't know where.

We were going along roads we didn't know through a countryside we'd never seen before. The boys were all singing and kidding because they thought most of them that they were going into a rest area. They wanted to do nothing in the world except sleep for about a week. Lord knows, they earned it.

We had traveled all that night and all the next day before we ran into some Frenchies, who fell on our necks. They told us there was to be a big advance the next morning and that we were going in, too. They told us it was to be an advance on a 50 kilometer front all the way from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry.

We laughed at those wild prophets, but a little farther on we saw a lot of French tanks trundling ahead as they meant business. You should have heard the rattle at the sight of them. You could hear the bunch passing the word along. "Oh, hell, there's going to be another party."

Armies Fill the Road

I don't think I can ever tell you what the roads were like that Wednesday night. It seemed to us as if all the soldiers from all the nations in the world were moving, moving, moving—some where. French lancers, American doughboys, doughboys—horses snorting, drivers coaxing, cursing, doughboys laughing—tanks, ammunition trains, ambulances, supply trains, mules, horses water carts, wheels, wheels, wheels, guns, guns, guns—all creeping along in the mud and the dark and the rain—all creeping over little, rot-

ten, twisting country roads that climb on hills and dip down into valleys, roads all cut up by shell-fire, roads that hadn't been mended since Joan of Arc advanced along them.

There never was such a jam since the world began—all in darkness so black you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. We could hear, we could feel the nightingales and the owls couldn't see it except when a flare of lightning lighted up the whole country just for a second and then went out and left the blackness blacker than ever.

I passed a colonel, a brigade commander, I think, fresh from a hospital in Paris, trying hard to have his car weave in and out through the traffic in the hopes he could regain his outfit in time for the attack. I heard young shavetails going crazy right before me because while they were carrying orders as to the placing of P.C.'s and other eleventh hour regimental dispositions, their sidecars seemed to move like snails—did move like snails.

Going Over on the Double

One outfit got held up several hours, had to stand there fretting and fuming and cursing, and then later had to go the time across a pitch-black country to get to the front line in time to go over with the bunch.

We were hungry and thirsty. When a whole army races over the hills and far away, they are pretty apt to get separated from their kitchens. I will say this about the night: I got hot bread fast in the front line Friday morning. That means the supply boys worked like the devil, I can tell you. But that Wednesday night we had had nothing except ration rations since we started, and hard luck makes you crazy with thirst.

The whole world was in a sort of wild enchantment, it was like the places in Andersen's fairy tales—we got a little rest and a little water. It came from the water carts and we filled our canteens. Those of us that had any sense kept a little for use later on. It was just as well, for there were only two or three water carts, and they were pretty busy checking up the gas masks. That was my job, you know. A good many of the bunch had lost theirs. They always do. I had none to give them, so I confiscated—well, stole—some French gas masks and passed them around.

Even Light Packs Go

It must have been about midnight when the order came to chuck everything, even our light packs, and start on. That shows what a hurry we were in.

I don't remember much about that part, we were so tired. There's no way I can tell you how tired we were. I saw one lieutenant, game as he could be, stumble and sink down three times before they finally laid him out on the ground. I saw another one, who was all right all. I could see the major himself—he was wounded afterwards—standing in the ditch by the road passing out ammunition with his own hands. There's a prince for you—that major.

I remember we marched along the road in darkness until some time when the artillery preparation would begin. We knew the guns were on hand because we could see them, big guns, powerful, silent and waiting. We never guessed there wasn't going to be any artillery preparation at all. A little later we met the French guides, waiting there to lead us to our positions. I was with the captain, and was sup-

posed to keep in touch with him from then on. Dawn was just beginning when we came up out of the last ravine and deployed along a wheat field.

We had studied the maps as best we could by candle light. If we could only have had eight hours for a little breathing spell and a chance to study the maps and the country ahead of us! But surprise was the game, and when that's your game, there's no time to lose, no time to put things in order, no time for anything at all.

Zero was 4:35. The captain looked at his watch when we got in line. It was 4:25. We had ten minutes. All along the line as far as you could see the Germans were signalling for artillery, blue flares and white and pink. It stretched away so far I knew that those Frenchies had been right. It must be a big advance, an advance all along the line.

Along our platoon you could hear the bunch chucking and whispering and getting set—and some of them were singing over so softly. I remember hearing "Fair, Harvard." Yes, and "Old Nassau." And a lieutenant was humming "My Little Girl."

Then, at 4:30 sharp, the barrage opened. From the sound of it, I think all the guns, big and little, French and American, from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry went off in the same moment. They have told me since that that is just what happened, that the watches were synchronized.

These guys spoke as if a single hand had fired a single gun—the biggest gun the world had ever known. I have been under the guns or within sight of them every day and every night since March—or pretty nearly. I thought I knew what gunfire was but I never knew real gunfire before.

One Minute More

It was 4:34. I could see the captain crossing himself and saying a little prayer to himself. Come to think of it, he wasn't a Catholic, as far as I know. But it doesn't matter. I suppose we all crossed ourselves—mentally.

And then 4:35! Zero! The time to begin! And we began. Oh, boy, you should have seen the way that platoon went over the top—as pretty a line as ever you saw. I could hear the sergeant swearing like a demon at them. "Right dress, there, you dirty, lousy doughboys; right dress, or I'll drill your damned feet off when I get you back in camp! Right dress!"

And so we went, with a rolling barrage to clear the path.

I don't know much what happened next, except the rush and only Germaus hiding in dugouts, Germans at machine guns trying to stop us.

A ravine was our first objective, and we landed there breathless and not much the worse for wear. At moment later and I could hear the colonel's voice behind us: "Is this Company K? Good work—great work—keep it up!"

We kept it up—ten kilometers before midnight. Maybe it was 12. Things aren't very clear in my mind—the order of things. You must remember we had already been two nights without sleep and almost without food and water.

I circulated a good deal. That was my job, to keep in touch with the captain and do liaison work for him each time he established a P.C. I did—until they killed him. Then we sort of wandered about doing what we could.

It was in the second day, through a rotten swamp, that I lost my cane—my

lucky cane. A French Jane had given it to me, and I never was without it. I had carried it on all our battlefields. I carried it this time—and lost it. I can hear the lieutenant now. "Sergeant," he said, with a funny look, "where's your cane?" And I knew what he was thinking and he knew what I was thinking.

It couldn't have been much after six when I got my first prisoners—four of them lying limp on a pile of wire, playing possum. I just tapped one of them on the shoulder. "Come on, Heinie." And they came—like lambs.

Once when an open wheat field was so crowded with our bunch that you couldn't see the wheat, the Boche planes came after us—came 18 strong, I think, and shot us up pretty badly.

Roping a Major General

We opened up on them with our rifles, and we brought two down. Yet they said the day of the rifle was over! I joined up with a bunch that was taking pot shots at some machine gunners in the woods, and the old rifles seemed to work pretty well.

That night there was gas in a town we took, and that meant plenty of work and some waste hours spent in the broken wire in his hand. "Well," he called down to his sidekick: "I guess we'd better splice this wire." And he went on with his work.

By this time our platoon was scattered pretty much over France. The lieutenant was gone and I had no captain to work for. There were so many stragglers about that we decided to form a platoon, and I took command of the queerest bunch of soldiers you ever saw—doughboys from several regiments, some French lancers who had lost their horses, and other soldiers in blue who seem to like the Yanks and like to work with them.

We got into position, but pretty soon a runner came with the news that 25 of the boys of my company had assembled, and that I must come and take charge. I got them some food—bread and tomatoes and coffee that the Red Cross or somebody had managed to get up that far. We set up a gas guard and let the bunch drop down for a little sleep—the first they had had in three whole days.

He was very tall—the general—and he was standing with his great cape drawn around him when he stumbled in on him. He rose and went up the steps and out without saying anything. As he walked along, a little doughboy sitting by the roadside was smoking the makin's. The big prisoner stopped dead short, reached under his cape, drew out a gold cigarette case, put a cigarette in his lips, bent over and took a light from the doughboy. Then, with never a word, he stepped back into line and marched away. The doughboy was left sitting by the road, his cigarette hanging loose between his fingers, his mouth wide open.

A Stray German Shell

It was that day, Friday, that we passed the German aviation field with the hangars all burned in the wake of their retreat. It was that afternoon, in a little town ten kilometers from Chateau-Thierry, that a stray German shell caught a group of us standing in the little court.

It was about 4 in the afternoon, and the officers of several outfits had come together to hold a hurried council. Some of us—15, I think—were killed outright. Some were wounded, badly wounded. Some of us were merely knocked flat. I was merely knocked flat.

But the major was hurt and the captain—my captain and one of the best men that ever walked—they killed him. He didn't suffer, I think. He was conscious only a minute before he died. But he knew me. "Goodbye, Jack," he said—just that—and died, with me bending over him. He had been a wonderful friend to me.

We didn't have much time to think about it—those of us who weren't hurt,

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BACK FROM PATROL, HE'S A SECOND LOOT
Newly - Made Shavetails Find No Roses Strewn in Path
How would you feel if you had been out in No Man's Land all night as a sergeant in charge of a patrol; if you had been almost bearded by a couple of hand grenades flung at you by mistake by your own men; if they told you, on reaching your platoon headquarters, that you were a dirty, and very much in favor of going to sleep right there, that there were "further orders" for you; and you found out that those orders made you—you, all fagged out and muddy and everything—into a real live second lieutenant?

OLD O.D. MADE OVER FOR OUR PRISONERS
Torn, Stained Uniforms to Be Patched and Dyed for Boche
You remember that old uniform of yours that you turned in when you came out of the line—the old one, all over slum and tobacco stains on the front and grass stains on the rear, with the steers ripped when you tried to wrestle with your bunk mate and the pants torn when you were in too much of a hurry to get through the wire?
A slight, wasn't it? And you thought that when they handed you out a new one that you'd never see the old one again?
But you may, though. No, it won't be issued back to you or to any of your gang. When you see it again, it will be fairly well patched up, dyed green, and worn by a rather beery-weary looking person, presumably blind, who will be trudging along the road or working by the side of it with some others all rigged up the same way.
You will hardly know the old uniform. The blouse will have a large, stenciled "P.W." in the middle of the back. The pants will have a large stenciled "P.W." covering the large and (presumably) unstenciled area beneath. And the "P.W." stands for—"Prisoner of War."

\$15,000,000 TO YALE
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 25.—John W. Sterling, whose name is hardly known to the present generation of New Yorkers, has left \$15,000,000 to Yale. Governor Elliot Yale, whose name Yale took more than 200 years ago, gave the infant college only \$2000, or something under \$4,000.
Mr. Sterling's bequest is one of the greatest lump gifts ever made to an American university.
Yale's productive funds in 1916 were less than \$10,000,000.
Mr. Sterling organized the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and was personal attorney for H. H. Rogers, James J. Hill, James Stillman, William Rockefeller, Lord Strathcona, and Lord Mount Stephen. He graduated from Yale in 1864.

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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 our office, alone, we were awarded the following in competition with all other makers:
59,760 Taylor League Base Balls
500 Taylor Basket Balls
1,200 Taylor Foot Balls
3,500 Taylor Baseball Gloves
780 Taylor Base Mitts
1,500 Taylor Bladders

ALEX. TAYLOR & Co., Inc.
Military - Athletic Outfitters,
26 East 42nd Street, New York.

TRouble HUNTERS SHOW THEIR WORTH WHEN DRIVE OPENS
Continued from Page 1
gaged doing it, were all picked specialists, men who had proved they could do anything under the sun in the trouble line before they left the States, and who were now proving that they could keep it up under conditions not exactly like those under which American trouble men had ever worked before.
They all volunteered for the work, and every man of them knew what it meant. They worked in pairs, and sometimes one, sometimes both, were struck at their task. The order in which they were to go out was on a roster, and the only difficulty was to prevent them from squeezing in ahead of their turns.
Flanked by Germans
Four Signal Corps men, a sergeant and a corporal among them, and 15 Infantrymen were in a front-line trench when the Germans came romping in on both sides. The 19 Yanks were apparently caught—flanked on both sides, with no means of escape in the rear.
The only clear spot was forward, out toward the river, from which the enemy was advancing. So the 19 went forward. They reached the shelter of a railway embankment and the Germans, 150 strong, occupied the trench.
The 19 were isolated, but they didn't intend to stay that way. They just left the embankment, charged their own occupied trench, and landed the 150. A few seconds later they were leading the whole kit and boodle off to the rear.

BARGE LINE ON MISSISSIPPI
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 25.—A Government barge line will begin to operate on the Mississippi River in September. It will have 6 boats and 20 barges, according to present plans, and will carry 1 million and a quarter tons of freight.

Trained at Camp Upton
This particular batch of 1,200 odd sprouters of gold bars represent the product of the Third Officers' Training Camp, held at Camp Upton, back home, early this year. Nearly three-quarters of them were picked from the ranks of the troops training at Upton, some of the remainder being drawn from civil life. The latter class received the pay and allowances of privates, first class. It wasn't until June 3 that they were made sergeants, and not until a few days ago that their commissions came through.
They had a pretty fast record, also, in that the school ended on April 5, and on April 6 they set sail for France. It wasn't long after that they got into the line, and put to practical use the things they had learned in training camp. And, whether or not Fritz was wise to what was going on, it is significant that, on the very day when they were called away from their last full-marching-order like with rifles and all, Fritz attacked five times on the very front which they had just left.
All of Fritz's attacks, it may be added, were bustled up in orthodox style by the American artillery.

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

UNDER THE "DW" TENT-SHELTER YOU DEFY RAIN WIND MUD SNOW
DICKSON, WALRAVE & G
Rue de la Chapelle, 49 à Paris

The Stars and Stripes

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

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PRIDAY, JULY 26, 1918

The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of July 19, 1918, was 129,760, an increase of 15,551 over the previous week.

THE SPIRIT OF THE A.E.F.

Enclosed is 10th francs for the care of two French orphans. This is being sent just on the eve of our entrance into battle; we will write more in detail later.

Hundreds of writers are writing millions of words trying to describe the spirit of the A.E.F., but we doubt if any genius of the pen will ever convey to paper the spirit of the A.E.F. so strikingly and completely as it is set down in those two simple sentences.

SPORT FOR WHO'S SAKE?

The five Artillerymen who used their field piece like a rifle on the southern bank of the Marne in the opening hours of the fifth great offensive of 1918, scattering the Hun hordes that were crossing the river until every man of the five was killed, did not ask to be allowed to wait over a battle and come in on the next.

Wherefore we can only shout "Bravo" in a faint and unconvincing voice when we learn that Ty Cobb is quoted as saying that he will enlist in the service at the close of the present season.

Wherefore we are moved to blush when Eddie Ainsworth, called in the draft, appeals to the Secretary of War.

Wherefore we are getting just a little bit annoyed at all the pother by big league magnates about the "essential" quality of the whole professional baseball industry.

We are, most of us, fans, either rip-roarers or mild ones. We like to follow the game of old, and now that the whole world is rocking, we like to see this touch of stability in it—a nation one hundred per cent in the war, but still the same beloved country keeping itself sane and healthy and supporting the same beloved game.

But if the row keeps up, some of us are going to lose our patience. And this newspaper, unless the whole petty, impatience squabble stops, may mysteriously lose its sporting page at the same time.

JUST PLAIN CUSSING

It is violating no confidence to state that some soldiers cuss. It is equally true that some cuss more than others. But it is not to be forgotten that some soldiers don't cuss at all.

Soldiers are just like other folks, a thing some people find extremely hard to understand. Cussing isn't by any means a vice peculiar to the military profession.

It isn't our purpose to condone cussing, or to advocate its free and unlimited coinage in the A.E.F. We merely wish to point out that it is a habit which some people bring into the Army with them, just as they bring other habits, such as brushing their teeth and parting their hair on the side.

Being a careless habit, born sometimes of years of careless speech and a mistaken sense of emphasis, it doesn't at all imply blasphemous thoughts or irreverence towards the deity, on the part of the doughboy.

A soldier who cusses may not be what the ladies call a "nice" man, but it doesn't follow that he's an irreverent, godless wretch. He has seen too much of the works and wonders of God, too much of the divine in the actions of God's children about him to be blasphemous at heart. So, when some of the brethren, both here and at home, are inclined to be captious, we ask them to hold up a bit and reflect.

THE UNCHRONICLED

The aviators you hear about, the aviators whose names are written large and sent over the cables to the waiting world at home, are those gallant chasseur-pilots of the combat squadrons who are hailed by us all as each brings down his Hun.

But you never hear the names of those flyers of the observation groups who, from dim dawn to dark, reconnoiter over the enemy lines, taking pictures, spotting troop movements, unmasking batteries, the piercing eyes of the Commander-in-Chief whereby he may know—as he did in mid-July—where and when the enemy will strike.

Yet it is as scouts that the airmen have won their big place in the world war. Except in the heat of battle, when the chasseur-pilots turn in a twinkling into swift, light, infinitely mobile artillery and swarm down on the foe like an outraged hive of fierce, giant hornets, their sole business is to protect their own observation and play havoc with the enemy.

fighters of this heroic age—no pen that has enough of eloquence to write the saga of the great unchronicled.

THE NURSES

The American nurse who was wounded on July 15 when German aviators wantonly bombed a Red Cross hospital was not the first of our nurses to win a wound stripe. There were women's names in the first casualty list of the A.E.F.—two nurses seriously hurt in the hospital bombing last September.

Like the doctors, all the training the nurses had had at home prepared them daily for the work the Army asked of them, and so, when war was declared, they were ready for immediate duty. That is why they were in the first contingent to reach France, and that is why, all through the first year, while other branches of the service were busy learning their new job, we were able to lend anywhere from 500 to 600 nurses at a time to the British armies. Two of them wear the coveted British Military Medal.

Now they are doing the same work behind the American lines, working in the base, field, camp, evacuation and mobile hospitals, working often under shell fire, tending the Yanks as they have tended the Tommies. If you had gone last week to one of those little emergency camps near the Marne, pitched a few miles behind the spot where the fighting was hottest, and where all day and all night long the ambulances drove up with their loads of grit and pain, you would have found there American women waiting with sure, patient, expert, compassionate hands to take up the healer's task.

The nurses share with the officers and enlisted men of the Medical Department the distinction of having not only useful but dangerous work to do even in the most sheltered areas of the S.O.S. There they must fight not Germans, but contagion.

They have had to fight not only the ordinary ailments such as mumps and measles, but they have had to battle with scarlet fever and spinal meningitis. One of our nurses has died of meningitis and another of scarlet fever. Scarlet fever, too, has disabled several others so that they have had to give up their work here and go back to America.

Recently a rallying call was lifted at home to summon 25,000 more trained nurses to the colors. It is a call to an honorable, vital, dangerous service, of which the proud chronicle will form one of the impressive and moving chapters in the history of the A.E.F.

THE LEAST OF THESE

It is not the support of a nation buying billions of dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds, breaking bottles over the sterns of new ships, knitting socks or cheering us in the movies that brings home to us the magnitude of our trust.

It is all fine, but it is all too big for any one man of us to grasp. But we appreciate how great our trust is when we hear that the folks have had two pounds of sugar in six weeks, that the lady next door let her bread burn in the excitement of listening to our last letter, and that the lady next door to her is working in an office and keeping the children in school while her husband is over here.

And then an incident like the following, received by an officer in France from his wife in America, comes along and clinches that trust:

We have a poor district. All the people are of the laboring class; the women mostly do day's work. It is a wonder how they've all wanted to live to the Red Cross. Most of them are all ready and go to some nook and bring out two or three dollars (three even gave 25 cents) and say they want to help. I thought it is so little they can give. They all say they want to help take care of the boys over there, that it's the least they can do. One woman who had a few children and how they'd all come to me for help, she said she'd like to give a hundred, but her husband had been in the hospital for six weeks and she had a hard time getting along.

GETTING OUT THE RAILBARY

Throughout France, and in whatever countries besides France the A.E.F. can be found, there are scattered outposts of THE STARS AND STRIPES, each presided over by a soldier and a car, usually a Ford. It is the business of the soldier and the car to get the paper distributed to the units to which he is assigned.

He gets it there, no matter how much the units may have moved about since the last issue, and often he moans along roads where shell pops send his heart into his mouth because he thinks they are blowing him. He is up against a circulation problem unique in the history of printing. But he delivers the goods.

It is not only through these soldier field agents, however, that the Army newspaper is distributed. The great French news agency of Hachette et Cie, carries for the newsstand sales all over France, and has cared for them so well that last week it handled 11 times as many copies as it did during the first week of our existence.

To do this, it did more than was strictly necessary from a purely business standpoint. It acted with a sense of that international courtesy that is helping materially to win the war.

AS THE HEADLINES TELL IT

Americans Make First Raids Into German Territory. One Regiment Wins 16 Croix de Guerre. A.E.F. Patrols Make Daylight Calls on Huns. Army Has Stood Test, Says G.I.I.Q. Statement.

U.S. Engineers Once Again in Thick of It. Recognize them? They are not, as you might suppose, from newspapers two or three years old—hardly—or even from newspapers six months old. They were printed in this newspaper no longer ago than last March.

Now for the American communiqué of Wednesday, July 17: "In the Marne sector our troops have entirely regained possession of the south bank of the river."

And of July 25: "Between the Aisne and the Marne our troops again broke the enemy resistance and continued their advance, taking many additional prisoners."

It's a long, long way back to the "first raids into German trenches" and "daylight calls on Huns."

No longer are we a handful of troops in training, a little group of raiding parties, going through a fiery test while an anxious world looks on. We are an Army, doing an Army's work.

The Army's Poets

THE A.E.F.

Their vanished dreams wait through the mist. They left the home fires burning. To face the shadow out beyond and take their fighting chance. And now, in endless marching sweep without a backward turning. Their lines are blotting out the roads, the long white roads of France.

And ghosts of years that used to be before the final order. And dreams of years that wait ahead beneath some friendly sun. Must fade together through the mist, where out the shell-swept border. Their goal is now the western front until the job is done.

It's sweet enough to dream at dusk of eager, wistful faces. Or eyes that look across the sea to where the lost track runs. Of maple-shadowed lanes that wind through well remembered places. That come and go like startled ghosts bewildered by the guns.

It's sweet enough to dream and hear the lonely night wind calling. With ghosts of voices blown across the weary miles between. So hear them whisper back to you, as soft as rose leaves falling. Of life where summer days were long and summer fields were green.

How many years it used to be nobody may remember. For marching men have come between in never-ending lines. And fame, arrayed with shrapnel snow, is heavier than December. Where sullen guns amid the mud are waiting for the sign.

For Fate must gather in its toll and leave its legions sleeping. Where ghosts and dreams must hide their time until the tale is spun; Must fade together in the mist where, through the red dawn creeping. Their goal is now the western front until the job is done. Grantham Rice, A.E.F.

AN AMBULANCE DRIVER'S PRAYER

'Mid blinding rain this larky night, Loud bursting shells each foot of road. Thy Light, O Christ, will guide me right. To save this gasping, dying load. Their shattered limbs have followed thee: Their wounded hands have toiled for thee. They look, O Lord, to make me free: They fought the fight—they did not shrink. Lieut. Chaplain Thomas F. Conkley.

C'EST CA

I shurely ain't must of a soldier. Or else they wud give me a gun. Instead of a ax and a crosscut. For fightin' agin th' dern Hun. I'll own that it shure is some safer. Plumb back from th' hell-scarrin' line; An' sh' jist a thinkin' o' safety. 'T me don't appear very time.

There's never no chanet 't git medals That'll shine mighty bright on yer breast. When once y'u git back 't th' Homeland An' settle down fer a rest. An' even th' bloomin' ole papers Don't carry no picters of us. In some ways, we might as well be A thousand o' miles from th' fuss. An' sh' I jist-kant help n-thinkin' O' what in th' devil we'd do With nothin' but crosscut an' axes— If ever them bosches got through. Corp. Vance C. Criss, — Engrs.

THE MULE SKINNERS

A wet and slippery road. And dusky figures passing in the night. The smell of steaming hide and soaking leather. The muttered oath. The sharp command as troops give way to the right. Then chatter on through mud and streaming weather.

The creak and groan of wheels. And batteries that rumble down the road With pound and splash of hoof and chain—a rattle. The driver's spurring chirp. The tugging as the mules take up the load. And 'bove it all the roar of distant battle.

All night we do our job. Hauling the supplies up from the rear. Past streams of troops and hapless shell-shot inhibition. Through rut-worn road. By blackened walls without a light to cheer. On through the night and storm and desolation.

This is the life we know. The seeming endless driving and the strain. The ever pushing, throbbing toil, exertion. A steady biting wind and cold and chilling rain. Sleepless nights and lack of rest, privation. This is the life we lead. Reckless of screaming shell, and trusting chance. A soldier's humble task, a soldier's ration; But who of us would trade His soldier's lot nor want to be in France? Who would not live in a soldier fashion? William Bradford, 2nd Lt., A.G.D.

STEVEDORES

They are the fellows you very seldom see. Yet find them at the bases with the Q.M.C. A good many of us don't see the right way. In the Army we all have our own part to play. Because he's not at th' front you may say he is slack. But nevertheless he's playing the Q.M.C. at home—everywhere save in church—he kids. The livelong day doesn't see her idle for a single moment. She doesn't consider her duty done when she has provided with more than enough helmets, vesting, sweaters, artillery gloves and so on she goes right on knitting, tugging in her finished product to the spot.

They shoot the goods both day and night: They shove food, clothing and ammunition with all their might; In fact, everything used in the whole A.E.F.—The Q.M.C. couldn't do all that by himself. Stevedores at the back are doing a big part: They would like to help stir the Kaiser's nest. But Uncle thought to have them handle supplies was best. Sgt. Orin D. Barlow, Stevedore Regt.

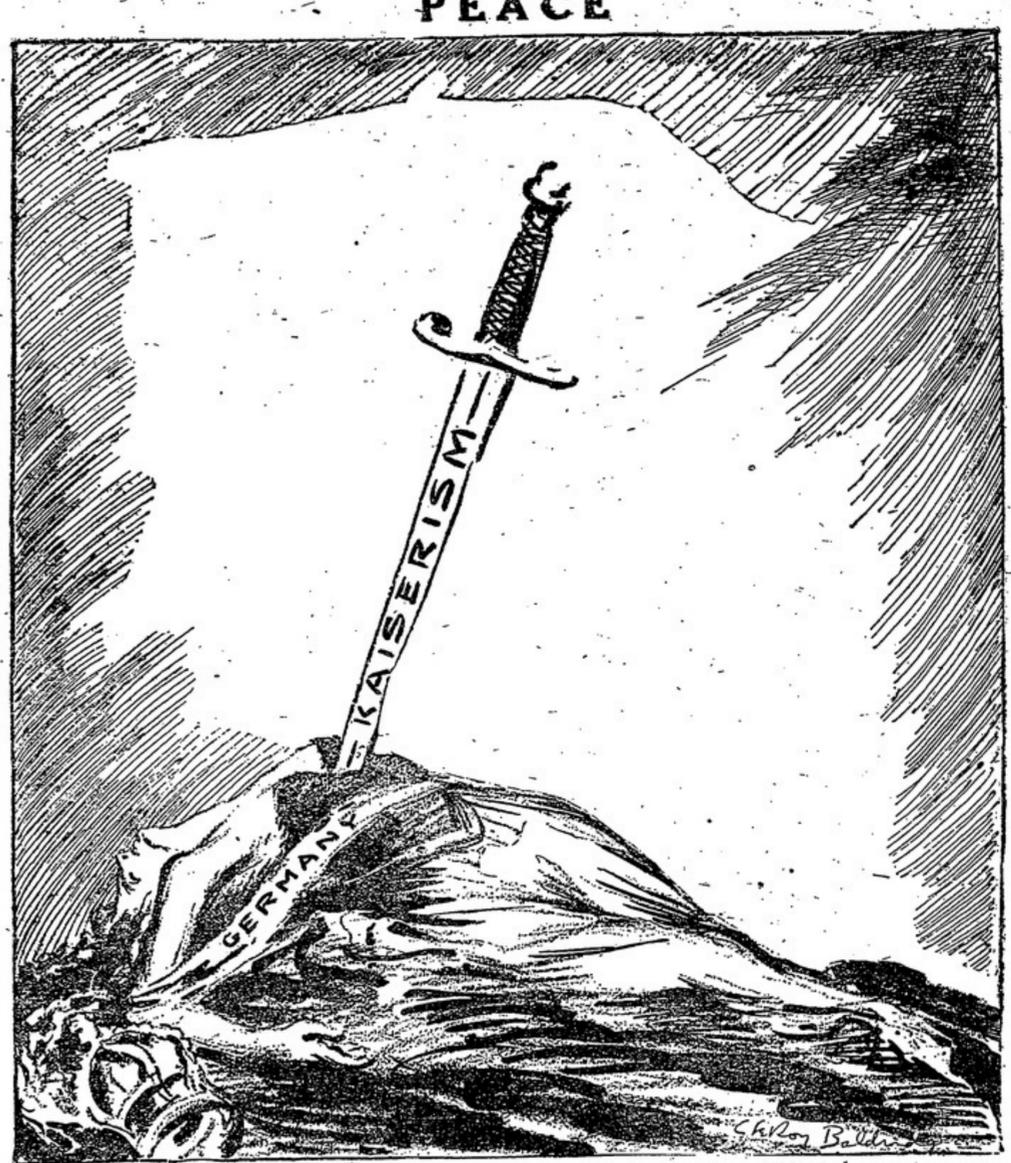
AS THINGS ARE

The old home State is drier now Pressed into lime and shipped to paste. Of forty-seven desert huns 'A-chewin' peanut sticks. There everybody's standin' and Beside the Fishbill store. 'A-sweatin' dat an' spittin' rust Because there ain't no more.

The constable, they write, has went A week without a pinch. There ain't no jobs, so there's a gent 'At sure has got-a cinch. I ain't-a gonna leef a bit. But still, it's kinda nice. 'A-knowin' where there's some to git Without requestin' twice.

A SUBSISTENCY

O compound of wrecked flesh, rent and torn asunder. How do we e'er digest thy potency, I wonder— Cold, killed catnip pounded into paste. Pressed into lime and shipped to paste. Greedily we eat thee, hot or cold or clammy. How welcome thou thuddst in the mess tin of the famished. O benign of a jackal's feast, O carrion sublime. No matter how we scoff at thee, we eat thee every time. Ah, CORNED WILLIE. Sgt. E. W. White, Engrs.



"WE WILL BRING PEACE BY OUR SHINING SWORD"—Wilhelm

THAT GIRL OF YOURS BACK HOME

That girl of yours, back home, has enlisted for the war. No, in the vast majority of cases she isn't coming over as a nurse, as a 'phone operator, as a Y.M. or Y.W. or Red Cross or K. of C. worker—no such luck, for everybody can't come over that way. But she has enlisted for the war, for the war work back home, and she's a mighty good soldier. And the reason she has enlisted for the war, and is such a good soldier, is you.

Yes, you! She may have been joking in the old days, or she may have been boasting to suffrage in a non-suffrage State. But now, with you over here and doing a man's job, every other man she ever knew either over here doing the same or training for it back in the States, or on the seas—perhaps her own brother—she isn't joking. And she means it. You can bet on that; you can bet your very rockiest son on it.

But since there are constitutional and military and other difficulties in the way of her lifting up her fair right hand and swearing to defend the United States against all enemies, she has enlisted for the war, and is doing war work competent authority. That she belongs to a Red Cross chapter goes without saying. Whenever there is a fund to be raised for your comfort or safety, she is one of the first to volunteer as a canvasser for it. With Liberty bonds, she takes the things that keep the Hun on the go coming over for you to use, she is thoroughly familiar. There isn't a single cause connected with the furtherance of your Cause—yours and hers and that of all of us—of which she isn't an eager, ardent supporter.

And she knits, knits, knits all the day. Whether she may be, at lectures, at concerts, at home—everywhere save in church—she knits. The livelong day doesn't see her idle for a single moment. She doesn't consider her duty done when she has provided with more than enough helmets, vesting, sweaters, artillery gloves and so on she goes right on knitting, tugging in her finished product to the spot.

During the recent American operations and during the only real American offensive, we have been on the job every minute. All artillery preparations for an offensive must start with the Ammunition Trains, and when an operation is planned we have a certain length of time in which to transport ammunition to the batteries. It must go forward and it goes, regardless of weather, road conditions, and German interference.

As every one knows, we carry our "pizen" up at night and frequently over roads which are pitted with shell holes, badly worn and knee deep in mud, all without lights. Not infrequently, our trains have been stuck, and this means that they must be brought out, even if we have to jack them up and build a cartway road for a short distance.

Often we have to run the gauntlet of German artillery fire, and quite recently we carried our train through a village which was being shelled and was burning and which the walls of the houses had been knocked into the street.

Ours is one of the first organizations of its kind to be brought into action by the A. E. F., and during the time we have been in service in France we have never failed to get there and deliver the goods on time. To give some idea of the dangers encountered by an Ammunition Train, will say that we have had four men from one company and three from another recommended for decorations for extraordinary bravery under intense artillery and machine gun fire. This will show that all our ammunition is not for the artill-

PEACE

THE AM. TR. BOYS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Since reading several copies of your very interesting paper, we have decided that since there is a paper of the soldiers, by the soldiers, and for the soldiers we would ask that you allow us space in your columns to describe some of the work performed by the Ammunition Trains.

During the recent American operations and during the only real American offensive, we have been on the job every minute. All artillery preparations for an offensive must start with the Ammunition Trains, and when an operation is planned we have a certain length of time in which to transport ammunition to the batteries. It must go forward and it goes, regardless of weather, road conditions, and German interference.

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ery; we have to see that the doughboys get their too. At times, after from 48 to 72 hours of hauling ammunition without sleep, we have to transport troops from reserve station to the lines, but we all realize that it is a part of the game and there is not a grumble from a man.

Ours is an outfit properly equipped and trained and ready to do our bit in the lines if necessary. FROM A COMBINATION SOLDIER.

FROM INDIANA

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I am in receipt of THE STARS AND STRIPES, issues of May 24 and 31, and I want to tell you how much I appreciate the official newspaper of the American troops in France. I am receiving the paper through the kindness of my only son, Mark C. Dufendach, who is with the — Inf., A.E.F.

I enjoy reading THE STARS AND STRIPES, and never put it aside until I have read it from cover to cover. It gives me news from the Keene of action that I can not get through any other agency, and in reading it I feel that I am closer to my brave boy and all the brave boys who are gone from these shores and are fighting for the liberty of the world.

I enjoy your feature stories, "The Army's Poet," "Fragments from the Front," your editorials, the cartoons, in fact, every line that is published. Your make-up is perfect from a printer's view point. I wish THE STARS AND STRIPES could be circulated in every home in the United States.

Very truly yours, E. H. DUFENDACH, Huntingburg, Ind., "Independent."

A.E.F.'S MUSIC GIRL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I cannot begin to tell you how helpful you have been in assisting me to locate the bands and orchestras in the A.E.F. that have organized since their arrival in France. Of course, the Infantry and Field Artillery and Engineer outfits while in camp in this country were taken care of and shipments are now going forward to their overseas.

You would be surprised if I were to tell you the large number of base hospitals, aero squadrons and various Engineer regiments that you have succeeded in putting me in touch with and are now on the "official adoption list."

General Pershing's order to increase the Army's bands to 50 pieces is indeed very interesting, and you may assure your readers that I have made provision to double all shipments and to furnish additional copies of any selection which they may have received from me, upon request.

It may interest you to know that I have induced the composer of that famous ballad, "Baby's Prayer at Twilight," to write a typical Marine song. It has been submitted to Marine officials here and approved by them. The selection is now being printed and will be ready for general distribution in my July allotment.

Perhaps your readers would like to know that Irving Berlin is now in the Army Quartermaster Corps, stationed at Camp Upton. He has just put over a clever soldier song which promises to become as popular as some of his other successes, and is entitled "You've Got to Get Up in the Morning." This is now on the press, and our fighting mustangs in France may expect copies in the next batch of music that they receive from me.

Just an American Girl. RAY C. SAWYER, 70 Hamilton Place, New York.

WEEK ON TRANSPORT JUST LIKE OLD DAYS

Corporal Bill Wins Prize by Telling All That Happened

GOBS GROWING FUNNIER

All the Ancient Jokes and Lots of New Ones Help to Kid Men in O.D.

On board the U.S.S. (?), 25th June, 1918.

Dear Friend Earl,—It is now a week since I first set foot on one of Uncle Sam's transports, so I thought I'd use up some of my time writing you a letter and telling you what a time I am having.

When we started out for the transport we found out how considerate the Gen. was for us. While we were in camp we were quarantined, so he had us leave when it was dark so that we wouldn't see the towns and feel sorry because we wasn't allowed in it. It also saved us from sunburn and being sunstruck, this night march did.

Before we were put on the transport we were put on an excursion boat (of course we were crowded, but that stopped a lot of fellows from seeing anything which prevented homesickness) and given an hour ride in the harbor.

When we finally arrived at the transport everyone wanted to be first on board.

Well, my company was first, and we were all glad, but I knew there was some catch in it or else we would not have been first.

There was, just as I thought. The first company on had to go down furthest in the ship, and that's why we were first, I guess.

When we saw it we got sore, but I'm sure we did not say anything we could be court-martialed for.

Didn't Like Chambermaid

There was an ensign or admiral or something detailed to our sleeping quarters to show us where we were to sleep and to act as chambermaid. But we didn't like the way he acted, so we dismissed him when we knew where our bunks were.

The man who built our bunks sure didn't want us to be lonesome at night when the lights went out, because he made sure to put us close together. Why, he built them so close that if I stretch my legs, I've got to make excuses to my fellows to claim that I try to push them out of bed.

I have a top bunk, and the first thing that struck me when I got into it was an artistically white painted solid iron beam. I hit it with my thinker, and every time I put my Stetson on I remember the beam. Of course, the lump on my head will soon go away, I know for a fact. Why, it is only half as large as it was one week ago.

They are afraid of the ship getting filled with water, so they left the springs out of our bunks.

We aren't allowed to smoke, but every cot has its pipe. That was a joke, didn't you laugh?

It is a tough job to go to sleep here, and the Gen. knows it, so he has us start a half hour before sunset so that we are asleep by 4 a.m., when he wakes us up.

Just Water and Sky

Anyhow, the boys are all happy, and every night when the lights out, about eight, harmony quartets sing us to sleep.

The first day out we amused ourselves by watching the ships and the changing color of the water, but on the second day we only had the water and sky to look at, which was tiresome.

On the third day the Germans did their best to start something with their snobs, but our gunners were rather cruel to us, because they sank one before we all saw it, and scared the rest of them away.

Every day we have some music handed to us by the band, because the authorities believe that it takes wine, woman and song to make a soldier happy. Realizing this, they gave us everything but the wine and woman.

We also had church service, and it was well attended by those who wanted to be there, those who had nowhere else to go, and those who were caught in the crowd.

We are drilled every meal time. We get two a day, and eat them on the double so that we will know how to do it when we start for Berlin, and then we won't have to stop for meals.

I miss the candy most, and every day there is a regular subway crowd near the canteen trying to get the much desired sweets.

Decks, Decks and Then Decks

Every day we have a few minutes in which to see how fast we can run up the stairs so that we can get on deck if a submarine torpedo and gives us a bath.

There are more decks on this ship than there are articles of war for us to obey. A fellow said that we must get our water on the well deck, so I tried, and think he was kidding, because I couldn't find any wells or faucets either. There is another deck that they call the best deck, but it's the same as any other one, and hasn't even a canoe on it.

The forecastle don't look like a castle either, and don't leave anyone tell you it does, 'cause I know different.

I thought they sent messages by crows like we do pigeons, because a fellow said he was going to the crow's nest. But it is only a big box on the end of a pole where a fellow sits and watches for land. Gee, they have some funny names for things, don't they?

I heard some sailors say the gun watch was broke, so I didn't want to see a sub come and get me, so I told a fellow I know who can fix watches. He went up and wanted to fix it, but they wouldn't let him. They said it would be all right when they got paid. Then they laughed at me. Some people are never grateful.

Saw some flying fish today, and heard that they built their nests on the rollers and feed on the crust of the waves. I didn't see any nests, so I ain't sure yet.

I was looking for some seaweed fields, but a sailor said they spoiled them all when they built the steamer lanes for these here boats.

I am getting tired of seeing nothing but ocean and sky. It must be easy to run a transport. All we have done since we left was follow the fellow in front of us.

I was told our company must eat in 20 minutes, so I will close now because the captain will get sore if I don't eat when he says I should. I will write more some day soon. So long.

Yours truly, Bill (Corp.).

P.S.—If you ever join the Army, join

ONE OF OUR OWN HEAVIES



as an officer, because they don't have to leave the boat until last, and it sure is tough to be the first to get wet.

The chaplain of Infantry who sent in the above letter wrote as follows: "Permit me to submit the prize-winning letter which took first place in a large field of contestants while our organization was crossing the Atlantic. Six money prizes, contributed from the chaplain's fund, were given after the unanimous decision of three judges, a brigadier general, a British captain, and a naval ensign. The theme given by the chaplain for the men to write upon was, 'One Week on an Army Transport,' and no less than 500 words could be written nor more than 1,000. 'Human interest' was the only point of excellence to decide as to who the winners were. The whole contest served to relieve the monotony of a sea voyage, and the judges stocked up with laughs to last them for the entire campaign."—Editor.

A.E.F. FACES IN FUTURE

(A few little scenes after the war, back home.)

"Mr. Smith, this is Mr. Blanken-camp."

"Glad to know you." "Say! Your name is awfully familiar. Didn't you serve with the Marines over at—?"

"Why, yes?" "And didn't you once lend me a light when I was all out of briquet juice and happened to be going by your diggings with an unlit pipe in my face?"

"Seems to me I do remember a mutt with a phiz like yours, straying up in our neck of the woods one morning looking like a lost soul; yes, I remember swapping addresses with him after lighting his store for him. So you're it, are you?"

"I am that—shake!" "Shake!"

"Mr. Brown, here's a man I'd like to have you meet—Mr. Passbuck."

"Hi—Mr. Passbuck, glad to know ya! He's see—Passbuck, Passbuck? Name's awfully familiar. Weren't you down at Jeneasispas in the spring of 1917?"

"Yes?" "And weren't you third assistant deputy quartermaster down there?"

"Yes; why? Were you there, too?" "For awhile. And I also remember some conversation with a young lieutenant who was trying to palm off a ton of condemned handkerchief on my poor overworked and aches outfit."

"He didn't know it was condemned at the time, sir; honestly, he didn't!" "I remember I told that young squirt to go to hell."

"You did, sir, and with all the variations." "But he hasn't gone yet!" "So I see. Well, let's forget it. What is it you want to sell me now?"

"Say, excuse me for butting in, but I've seen you some place before."

"Where? In France?" "Sure, that's just what it was."

"You were doing M.P. work up at Beauville just before the push, weren't you?"

"All of that?" "Yes, all of that. And you didn't like the way I had my ornament pinned on to my overcoat, and you said something about it, and I asked you where in the name of time you got that stuff, and we had quite a talk. Don't you remember me?"

"None, old-timer; sorry to say I don't. I pulled in so many guys up there I couldn't possibly remember 'em all. So you were one of 'em, eh?"

"Youse! Got anything to say now about the way I've got my derby on?"

"Hello, there, old scout! You don't get me at all, do you? Don't you remember slipping me a swig out of your canteen up at Blue-bloo one awful hot day in the June of 1918?"

"Seems to me there was a guy somewhat like you up there, at that. I thought there was something about you I recognized."

"We had to move on so darn quick I didn't get your name or even have a chance to say thanks, or a thing. But I always swore that if I met that bird back in the States, I'd pay him back in something better than plain cash. Will you stop inside?"

"Thanks; I don't mind if I do!"

ONE FOR THE CRITIC

In a certain French city they still tell the yarn about a veteran major of the Medical Reserve who, in the summer of 1917, during his first months of service in France, ardently devoted considerable of his time to his newly-found French acquaintances and their tastes for art.

In a Burgundy museum the major was being escorted by a coterie of native military officers and his daughter, a civilian in the service. The daughter had accumulated the elementary lingo necessary to conversation. The father wished to express his admiration for a famous replica in bas-relief. He turned to the young woman and whispered:

"What shall I say to show I think it's pretty?"

And the daughter whispered something hurriedly into his ear. With something of a well-ordered expression of profound joy, the American officer beamed on his French host, and then, thrusting both arms at the work on the wall, cried:

"Ah, pomme de terre, pomme de terre."

SURE TO OPEN UP ON HIM

"This! Walk across that field with you? I should say not!" "Fat: Whassanmatter? Ain't I fit company?"

"Thin: Yes, but that thin sausage will take you for a whole platoon."

"Say, cook, got anything to eat?" "Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say we had anything to eat, but we can give you a kifful of slum."

AIRPLANE INSIGNIA MORE LIKE ALLIES'

American Machines Not to Carry Stars—Germans Copy Circle

The star on a bulls-eye background of red, white and blue originally adopted as the official marking for American planes, has been abandoned. The new bulls-eye with a red outer circle, a blue inner circle and a white center, is the official insignia. The star, it was found, might be mistaken for a cross, the German marking, at a high altitude or when seen at an angle by another airplane.

The adoption of the new design makes the American insignia uniform with that of our allies. All Allied aircraft bear circular markings containing their national colors, and when an A.E.F. soldier sees an airplane with a circular marking he will be safe in assuming that it is a friendly craft—unless the circle is solid black.

If it is solid black, the machine is German. The Boche is trying to deceive again, and is painting some of his machines with a black circle. This is not so conspicuous as the cross. At a distance it takes a keen eye to distinguish the color of the circle, and if an inquisitive Allied airman approaches to get a closer look, the Boche has time to fly back to the safety of his own lines.

The designs which will become most familiar to the Americans will be various arrangements of red, white and blue, the national colors of England, France and the United States. The French markings are, from the outside in, red, white and blue, and the British blue, red and white.

The Belgian and Italian markings are made up of the national colors of the two nations. The Italian is of a red, white and green, and the Belgian of black, white and yellow.

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Advertisement for Bessonneau, featuring a large illustration of a man in a military uniform and various construction equipment like sheds and tents. Text includes 'SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME DE FILATURES, CORDONNAGES, TISSAGES', 'BESSONNEAU', 'Aeroplane Sheds | Ambulance Tents', 'Hospital Sheds | Sanitary Huts', and 'The BESSONNEAU constructions have stood their tests for many years in several campaigns on all fronts and in all climates.'

FUEL ALLOWANCES LAID DOWN BY G.H.Q.

Wood to Be Used Where Practical to Save Coal and Coke

There'll be a hot time in the old town, but not too hot. G.H.Q. says please not. The utmost necessity exists for economy in the use of fuel, and all commanding officers will be held strictly accountable for conserving the supply.

Further than that, wood is to be used where practicable in preference to coal or coke.

Here are the authorized allowances: For troops not in trenches: Summer period (April 1 to October 1) Coal: 1½lb. per man per day. OR Wood: 3lb. per man per day.

Winter period (October 1 to April 1) Coal: 1½lb. per man per day AND Wood: 2½lb. per man per day. Please note that OR and AND. There's a difference.

For men in the trenches the allowances are as follows:

Summer period—Coke: 2lb. per man per day AND Charcoal: ½lb. per man per day. Winter period—Coke: 3lb. per man per day AND Charcoal: 1lb. per man per day.

All these issues are to be regarded as covering cooking (including indoor kitchen mess ranges and field ranges) and warming buildings occupied as billets, for washing, etc., except a few special places, such as laundries and baths, which have their own fuel allowances.

The order also warns against the use of coke or charcoal in unventilated quarters. In such cases they emit a gas that can do as much damage as the Boche's own. They are to be used only in the open and in well ventilated quarters.

GREEN AS THEY MAKE 'EM

Rankings: Hasn't been over here very long, has he?" "Rankings: Long? Why, he doesn't know the difference between a Croix de Guerre and the Mexican service stripe."

"Say, feller, where's the field kitchen?" "Over in that wood yonder."

"Well, what's in a fella's kitchen doin' in a wood?"

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THERE'S NO CAN TO OUR TAIL

The JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores is the ONLY Military Store in Britain where Membership Tickets are not required.

The membership system for dealing with a Store is one of those antiquated English schemes that are laughed at in America. The idea is to keep the Store "exclusive," by only supplying people who subscribed annually for a ticket, the number of which has to be quoted before goods are bought.

AMERICANS are welcome to walk into the JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores as if they owned it. We have NO tickets in any shape or form. We can't talk your "dialect," but we subscribe to the Saturday Evening Post, run a fleet of Ford Delivery Vans, and know that "Omar Omar spells Aroma."

BETTER even than that, we understand American Military Requirements because our Managing Director and our Military Expert have recently returned from America after studying the subject at New York, Washington and right in the Cantonments.

Let us talk our MILITARY BOOTS

Our own factory has no time for anything but Military Footwear and with the special facilities our leather experts possess for obtaining selected leather we can guarantee "Junior" boots to give satisfaction. While great emphasis is laid on Strength, Weight and Resisting Power we employ only the best craftsmen so that the interior workmanship is as perfect and comfortable as a Slipper.

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The four popular patterns—Norwegian Ski Front (as illustrated), Nine Hole, Lace to Top and Three Buckle Top—hand made throughout in selected Nugo Greased Calf with DRI-PED Soles. Absolutely waterproof and reliable in wear. £7 10 0

Advertisement for Regulation SERVICE BOOT, Regulation MARCHING BOOT, and Regulation SERVICE BOOT. Includes prices like 45/-, 57/6, 63/- and descriptions of features like 'best grain hide with welded service cap' and 'Hand made throughout'.

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15 REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1. in Piccadilly Circus—the Center of London and 17 & 19 UNION ST., ALDERSHOT, etc.

I rooted for him from the bleachers when he was a school-mate of mine— "A power on the defense" called him— And he held the "varsity" line.

FRANCO-YANKO RALLY ROUTS HUN TWIRLERS

He now leads his soldiers to "battle. This athletic school-mate of mine— "He's one of our best," says the chief of "The Franco-American line."

THE SPORTING PAGE GOES OUT

This is the last Sporting Page THE STARS AND STRIPES will print until an Allied victory brings back peace.

The reasons for the decision to discontinue an ancient institution are almost as numerically great as Allied shells crashing into German lines.

They are at least sufficiently thick to pulverize or blot out any objections that might be offered by those who have yet failed to see the light.

This paper realizes the great aid sport has given in the past in developing physical stamina and enduring morale among thousands of those now making up the nation's Army.

It recognizes the value of such training for the future. It was sport that first taught our men to play the game, to play it out, to play it hard. It was sport that brought out the value of team play, of long, hard training and the knack of thinking quickly at a vital point of the contest.

But sport as a spectacle, sport as an entertainment for the sidelines, has passed on and out. Its glamor in a competitive way has faded. Its leading stars are either in the iron harness of war—or forgotten—until Germany is beaten.

THE STARS AND STRIPES appreciates in full sport's abiding value and the countless thousands of well trained men it has sent into the line. But these men have given up the glory of the sporting page boost and the old action snapshot. They are not to be mentioned today because their job has taken on another hue.

There are tennis and golf champions, football players galore, track stars without number, boxers and ball players who have traded the easy glory they knew at home for the hard, unglorified grind of the S.O.S. or the bloody heritage of the western front. And their fame here belongs with the mass, not with individual mention.

Neither is there space, entertainment or policy in attempting to handle the scores of hundreds of ball games played all over France. A 40-page paper would not make a beginning. And those left out would remember the offense longer than those included would remember the space allotted them.

What, then, is left, in the main, for a sporting page printed in France within hearing of the guns? Such headlines as these—"Star Players Dive for Shipyards or Farm to Escape 'Work or Fight' Order"—"Cobb Is Thinking of Enlisting This Fall"—"Fulton and Dempsey Haggled Over 'Purse'"—"Willard Refuses to Fight"—and so on through a countless list that doesn't make any too heroic an appeal to those grinding away upon the job back of the lines or to those living and dying in the mud and dirt of the front three thousand miles away from home.

THE STARS AND STRIPES is printed for the A.E.F., not to help perpetuate the renown of able-bodied stars, who, with unusual qualifications for war or useful work, elected to hear only the "Business as Usual" slogan above their country's call for help in the greatest war she has ever known.

There is but one Big League today for this paper to cover—and that league winds its way among the S.O.S. stations scattered throughout France and ends at the western front. Any work that is part of the Big Job, either in the lines or back of it, from Château-Thierry to San Francisco, is of utmost value. But "entertaining the people back home" isn't part of the Big Job, nor do we believe the bulk of them want to be entertained in any such way.

When it finally came to a point where any number of able-bodied men were rushing into various occupations at the point of the boot, when the Secretary of War was forced to produce a ruling that would make hundreds of these men "work or fight" as the squabble and scurry grew day after day, this paper felt that it no longer had space left for such activities—not with so many events of far greater interest taking place within sight and hearing of its working staff.

There is no space left for the Cobbs, the Ruths, the Johnsons, the Willards and the Fultons in the ease and safety of home when the Ryans, the Smiths, the Larsens, the Bernsteins and others are charging machine guns and plugging along through shrapnel or grinding out 12-hour details 200 miles in the rear.

Back home the sight of a high fly drifting into the late sun may still give us thrill for a few. But over here the all absorbing factors are shrapnel, high explosives, machine gun bullets, trench digging, stable cleaning, nursing, training back of the lines and other endless details throughout France from the base ports to beyond the Marne.

Sport among the troops must go on—for that is part of the job. Sport among the youngsters back home must go on—for that, too, is part of the training job.

But the glorified, the commercialized, the spectacular sport of the past has been burnt out by gun fire. The sole slogan left is "Beat Germany." Anything that pertains to that slogan counts. The rest doesn't. And that is why this is the last sporting page THE STARS AND STRIPES will print until an Allied victory brings back peace.

KHAKI OR OVERALLS FOR BALL PLAYERS

Secretary of War Can See But One Big League—in France

OLD GAME REALLY DOOMED

Only Few Men Left to Clubs by Late Ruling With Small Chance to Continue Race

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 25.—The Secretary of War's ruling that baseball is a non-essential occupation has caught the magnates without unbroken, though weather prognostications had been decidedly bad for a long while. The magnates either trusted to luck or couldn't find good alternatives. They are now sick abed or wincing feebly for the funeral to proceed. The Washington catcher is the cause belli who brought down the rain. Secretary Baker gave out no half-way decision. He went on to say that ball players are men of unusual physical ability, dexterity and alertness. Just the type needed to help in the game of war at home or abroad. To such a high point of the very plain point that people at home could very well do without a recreation that depended for its existence upon a class or type badly needed for the greater game of winning the war.

Cleveland First to Answer

The ruling fell with the crash of a 10-inch shell among players and magnates alike. President Dan Johnson immediately telegraphed all American league club owners to know whether they would abide by the Secretary's decision at once. President Dan Johnson immediately telegraphed all American league club owners to know whether they would abide by the Secretary's decision at once. President Dan Johnson immediately telegraphed all American league club owners to know whether they would abide by the Secretary's decision at once.

Eastern League Through

The Eastern League will suspend next week, and the Southern has already suspended, so there is some talk of gathering left-overs from disbanded leagues and making a stab at continuation of the game. But there is no enthusiasm over this project, and it would be almost impossible to maintain interest or to develop any pennant race worth while. The sum and substance of the whole matter is that whenever the magnates may try to do, baseball looks to be doomed until Germany is whipped. Practically ever star will be taken—Cobb, Sisler, Johnson, Collins, Speaker, Ruth and others who have gained fame in past years will be lifted from the diamond by the new ruling and sent to khaki or overalls.

How much is a pennant?

"Somewhere around a sou."
"And how much is a mark?"
"There's only one mark—the Kaiser."

WORLD'S STAR BATSMAN A TEN PER CENT PLAYER

Enhanced and using, the greatest natural batsman that the big leagues ever saw is now living somewhere in obscurity.

Probably not 100 persons in the United States even know that he was the greatest hitter, because his career in the big show was short and his ability to flatten the pill was considered by the fans as more or less sporadic. Only the pitchers that worked against him knew that he was the one and original John Hill, Sultan of Swat.

There is no use trying to guess this talented ballplayer's name because it will not be suggested to you in a month. You will think of Cobb and Lajoie and Ed Delahanty and old Sam Thompson and Pop Anson and the original Buck Freeman and a thousand others doubtless. Our hero is none of these celebrities.

Hill Kay is his name. His present whereabouts cannot be divulged to the breathless reader because the writer doesn't happen to know. At last accounts he was knocking all the boards off fences in the New York State league.

Crown Bestowed by Adlie Joss

The crown of the world's greatest hitter was bestowed upon Hill Kay by the late Adlie Joss, one of the best pitchers that ever lived in one of the smartest. There were very few in Joss' day that had so many different kinds of stuff as he had, and none that knew better how to use it. He was one of the half-dozen or so super-pitchers developed since the present rules and the present hurling distance have been in effect. Adlie handed the title to Kay after a thorough and prolonged test, and not on impulse. Hill was playing with the Washington club at the time, and the Cleveland stat noticed that he was bringing everything on the nose. Naturally, a pitcher likes to have a fellow that appears to be in the league on a rain-check taking liberties with his best stuff, so Joss went to work scientifically to find Kay's weakness. He never succeeded.

All through one series he kept pitching different kinds of fooders to Kay and pitched them in different orders. Hill stood up and whacked them all back so hard that the Cleveland outfielders lost flesh, and even Elmer Flick, who eventually ate himself out of the league while still in his prime so far as age was concerned, began to lag on his way to the dining room.

All alike to Kay Joss's fast ball was a thing of beauty in those days. It sneaked up on the batter and was past him before he knew it was coming. Adlie had a wonderful swing and used to shoot the ball from a different angle every time. But it made no difference to Kay. Underhand, side arm, straight-over-hand or betwixt and between, he plastered them all alike.

The infielders finally held a meeting and adopted resolutions to the general effect that they were paid for playing ball and not for bravery and work. Joss quit handing fast balls to that assassin Kay.

Then Adlie tried the curve. And it was a curve, too; not one of those round-house affairs thrown over the thumb, but a real quick-breaking hook. The best batter in the league, follows like Cobb and Crawford, didn't care for that curve at all. Joss broke them outside and inside over the middle high and low for Kay, and still he couldn't get a good one past the terrible Washington toman.

So he tried the splitter, the knuckling ball, the slow one, the change of pace, the fade-away and a few other things he knew how to throw, but seldom used, because the curve and the fast one usually sufficed.

The results obtained through use of the slow ball were particularly disappointing. Somebody who had played with

Kay in the minors told Joss confidentially that Bill couldn't hit a flouter. "He'll break his back swinging on a slow one, Adlie," said this tipster. "Well," said Joss, in describing the resulting experience, "instead of breaking his back on my slow ball, he hit one so hard that it nearly broke Bill Bradley's leg. I thought that it might have been an accident, so I tried another. This time he didn't hurt anybody—unless some pedestrian in the street might have been in the line of flight."

But for all this talent in hitting, Kay couldn't stick in the league. As a fielder he was hopeless and on the bases a clog. Every time a fly went out to his territory, the men on the bench prayed that he wouldn't get it on top of the head. This was before the day of tin helmets. If he got a base hit, it took a hour run to put him around. His throwing was nothing to brag of either.

So the Washington manager came to the conclusion that Bill would lose more games by his defensive and base-running shortcomings than he would win by hitting his back and sent him to Jersey. There he stayed, a million-dollar batter and a 10 per cent ball player.

The Cubs defeated the Phillies in a 21-inning game on Thursday of last week by a 2 to 1 count. Tyler and Watson were the opposing twirlers.

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So he tried the splitter, the knuckling ball, the slow one, the change of pace, the fade-away and a few other things he knew how to throw, but seldom used, because the curve and the fast one usually sufficed.

The results obtained through use of the slow ball were particularly disappointing. Somebody who had played with

WILLARD THE MOST UNPOPULAR CHAMP

Heavyweight Title Holder Exact Opposite of John Lawrence Sullivan

John Lawrence Sullivan, the big Boston Howitzer, was far and away the most popular champion boxing has ever known.

Naming the most unpopular champion the game has ever drawn is just as easy. His name is Jess Willard, and Willard has smashed all past records by being more unpopular than Sullivan was the other way.

It is not the fact alone that Willard has boxed only ten rounds since he stopped Jack Johnson over three years ago. That part of it hasn't helped him. But the main cause of his growing unpopularity is the attitude he has adopted since America entered the greatest of all wars.

Willard has made no effort to contribute his services except on rare occasions where he was practically dragged into action for some short interval at water exhibits. Where he might easily have been an immense help, even out of uniform, he has stayed so far on the outside that a trained observer with a pair of high powered field glasses couldn't find him. Peru might be at war with Liberia for all the interest the heavyweight champion has shown.

Willard's case is not forgotten through the war. It will be still less forgotten when the war is over. His hide may be thick, but it is fairly sure to be punctured when the day of reckoning arrives.

Is there any AMERICAN BARBER SHOP in Paris? Yes, there is a very good one with American reclining Barber Chairs

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS Johnny Summers, well known English welterweight, is recovering from a wound received several months ago in Picardy. Saitor Friedman stopped Earl Henderson in the second round of a go at Rock Island, Ill. Henderson was out of condition and never had a chance.

Eddie Campbell, well known California boxer, died from wounds received when he accidentally shot himself on a hunting trip recently.

A. J. Hedding, father of the Wisconsin boxing bill, has decided to drive a truck during his two months of vacation this summer in order to help out in the shortage of drivers back home.

Bob Moha in their ten round bout at Milwaukee.

Joe Borrell, well known Philadelphia boxer, has reached France with the American Forces.

Jack Monroe, veteran Canadian boxer, who was wounded in the war and is now a recruiting officer back home, celebrated his 41st birthday last month.

JUST OUT FRENCH GRAMMAR For Americans and English. By W. Thomson Price 1 fr. 25

Abhis MICHEL, Publisher, 22 Rue Haygreen, Paris

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E. LUCARINI Late of the Hotel Lott, Paris, General Manager

TELEGRAMS: WALDORFIUS, LONDON

ASK FOR THEM!

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

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

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Good quality Fleece Underclothes for wearing under Trench Coats at 35/-. These are greatly in demand, and very warm and cosy.

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If desired, complete outfit made to order in 48 hours.

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BIG BOXERS CLASH TO RAISE WAR FUND

They Almost Split Madison Square Garden in Various Bouts

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 25.—Madison Square Garden was nearly split apart by fighters this week in behalf of the War Department's training camp activities fund.

George Ashe and Billy Miske hammered each other for fair.

Camp Zachary Taylor sent up a middleweight wonder in Sergeant Ross, who went in against Augie Ratner. This bout was a corker. Ross sent Ratner through the ropes and Ratner in turn knocked Ross galley west and crooked.

There is a rumor that Jack Dempsey and Fred Fulton will at last get together this month, but the fans refuse to become excited and want to be shown. They will have to see the two men in the ring before they believe it.

But Nelson celebrated his 36th birthday on June 6. He was born in Denmark, but he arrived in the States with his parents when still a young lad.

Benny Leonard's real name is Benny Lerner. This was discovered recently when Benny spent \$20 to telephone to his mother from San Francisco.

Is there any AMERICAN BARBER SHOP in Paris? Yes, there is a very good one with American reclining Barber Chairs

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS Johnny Summers, well known English welterweight, is recovering from a wound received several months ago in Picardy. Saitor Friedman stopped Earl Henderson in the second round of a go at Rock Island, Ill. Henderson was out of condition and never had a chance.

Eddie Campbell, well known California boxer, died from wounds received when he accidentally shot himself on a hunting trip recently.

A. J. Hedding, father of the Wisconsin boxing bill, has decided to drive a truck during his two months of vacation this summer in order to help out in the shortage of drivers back home.

Bob Moha in their ten round bout at Milwaukee.

Joe Borrell, well known Philadelphia boxer, has reached France with the American Forces.

Jack Monroe, veteran Canadian boxer, who was wounded in the war and is now a recruiting officer back home, celebrated his 41st birthday last month.

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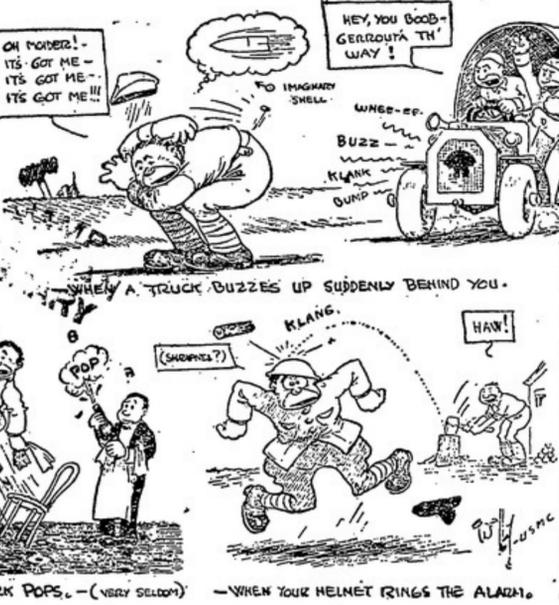
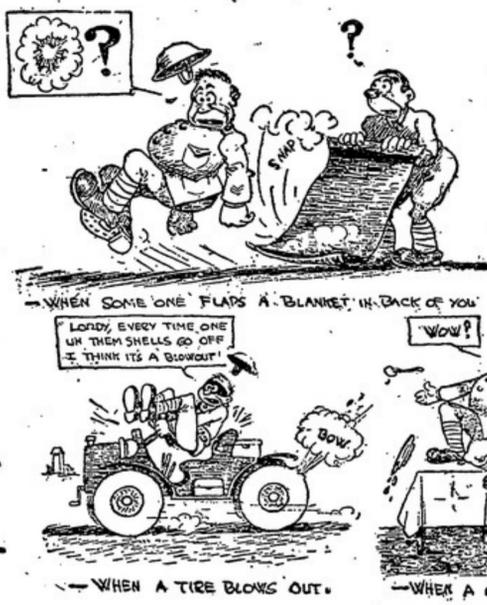
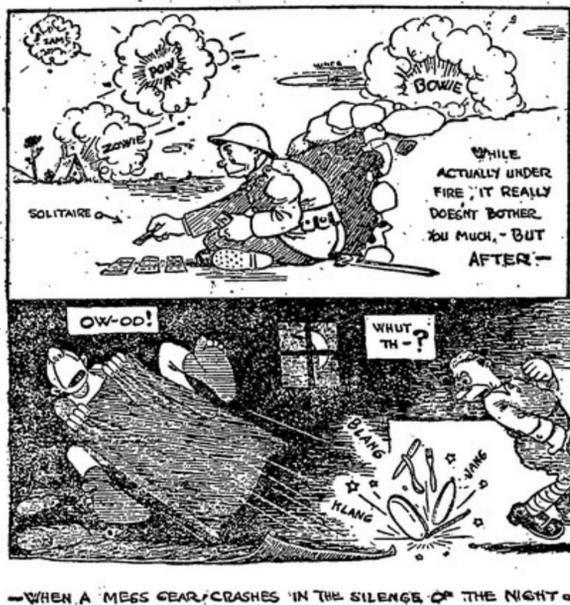
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SHELLING IS SHOCKING

--By WALLGREN



CRACKER PLANTS, COFFEE ROASTERS, ALL SAVE TONNAGE

Hardbread and Java Now Made Ready for Mess Tables in France

G. I. PAILS SHIPPED FLAT

Square Cans for Round, Bales Replace Boxes, All to Make More Room

Your Uncle Samuel, through his duly appointed and qualified agent, the Q.M.C., is now operating in France three cracker factories devoted exclusively to the production of hardbread for the emergency ration.

Your Uncle Samuel, through his duly appointed and qualified agent, is now operating in France three coffee roasting establishments which will eventually produce enough of the bean to draw one for the dark for 3,000,000 men three times a day.

Result: You get fresh, tasty hardbread, and you get coffee whose appetizing aroma has not been wasted on the sea breezes coming over.

That, however, is purely incidental. The big fact, more important than the aroma, is that your Uncle Samuel is saving tonnage, saving it in big things and in little, leaving no single item unconsidered that will make an inch more room in the holds of the vessels that are now bringing men and supplies to France on a scale on which nothing was ever brought anywhere before in the history of this earth.

The Army's Crackers

But since the cracker factory and coffee roaster have been mentioned, here's the rest of them.

The three cracker factories are French establishments which have been taken over by the Q.M. just to make hardbread. The Q.M. is supplying material, fuel, everything but the labor, and he is paying the labor. One of the factories used to turn out 15,000 pounds of assorted crackers daily, but as the Q.M. specializes on one kind of cracker only, the output will probably be considerably increased.

A buck private who used to be a cracker expert in the days that were the main works at one of the plants. You never can tell what the Army will use you for until you're in it.

The Q.M. Handy Hardbread for Emergency Rations is not manufactured according to any special formula. It is, however, tastier and fresher than the American made variety because it hasn't been in the tin box so long when you eat it. In complexion, it is rather brighter than blonde.

The three coffee roasting plants are now all in fighting trim. All the machinery is installed, and it is the most modern of its kind. They now produce 500,000 rations of roasted coffee a day, and 30 days from the start they will be ready to produce 1,000,000 a day if they are needed. Eventually this output can be raised to 3,500,000.

The coffee will be brought to France green, unlike the people who drink it. When coffee is roasted in the States, it loses on the way over a lot of the fine aroma which is 50 per cent of any coffee, a statement which will make a whole lot of abused Army cooks feel good.

Where Tonnage Comes In

But what in the world has all this got to do with tonnage? Just this: Tonnage is not so much a question of weight as it is of room. Flour and the other ingredients of the emergency ration take up far less room than does the product, especially since that product has to be boxed. When coffee is roasted it swells. Also, it has to be shipped with some regard for future use. Green coffee, far less bulky in itself, can be dumped into a vessel as unceremoniously as coal.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

TREATMENT OF NON-COMS

Non-commissioned officers were invented back in the good old days when officers had so much lace around their necks that they couldn't see their men, and such light-heeled, gold satin shoes that they couldn't hike with them. In consequence, the non-com became it. The still is, and is not a nation to play with hucks simply to get rid of being it.

Non-coms should be treated--often--and with respect. If they show any inclination to buy in return, their wishes should be scrupulously respected. Even if they are so forward as to want to buy first, they should be allowed to do so. They have their little peculiarities, just like other people, and one must give in to their quaint whims and fancies.

For example, a non-com hates to see lights going after taps when he is not in the game. This may be easily obviated by asking him to sit in the mess, or dexterous manipulation of the cardboards or ivories he may be given that contented feeling which will send him off to bed forgetful of the fact that the candles are still burning. But dexterity is essential to the accomplishment of the happy end, and also there must be enough in the pot to make it worth the non-com's while.

AS THEY DEFINE THEM

There's a stalwart lieutenant-colonel of Artillery who, before he and his regiment defied the tin sharks and come over to an A.P.O. so close to the big show that the officers foregather nightly after taps and watch Fritz put on star-shell displays while they hearken to the dispensation of the big 'uns, was assigned to the diverting task of examining aspiring young collectors who coveted the caparisons and privileges of provisional lieutenants in the regular army. And the colonel totes about in his wallet, and vouchers for, these two examples of the fitness of some of the Genus Grad to disport in a Sam Browne. It should be added (whisper) that he held the appointments in Boston--and at "Tech."

A.E.F. LIMERICKS

There was a young fellow from Tours, Of rapid promotion, quite sure, Till he got in a row With the adjutant--now For the Army he's not much amou'!

CHECKS AWAIT OFFICERS

Over 150 checks for officers are being held up by the Chief Disbursing Officer at A.P.O. 702 for lack of sufficient address. The Q.M. asks that officers who have been looking for overdue checks communicate with the above office.

AROUND THE FLYING FIELD

Disguising airplanes with markings of the Allies is an old, but still practiced game with the Germans. The latest instance of this sort of trickery is reported from an American sector.

On several occasions a German airplane with French markings and, in addition, two small American flags painted on the under side of its lower wings near the fuselage, appeared over the American lines. Owing to its disguise, it was unnoted. It descended to a low altitude and then opened fire with its machine guns. It was able to make a sally down the line and get back into German held territory before satisfactory measures could be taken against it.

The Allied aviators were advised and it doesn't come any more.

Like the British and French airmen, American aviators in observation and bombing planes at the front are "pairing off" into flying teams--pilot and observer. So much depends on the complete understanding, cooperation and confidence between the men in a biplane that, once mated, the two frequently remain together indefinitely.

One pilot, however, hasn't got any regular flying mate. He has to take up observers he has never flown with before and, to impress upon them a few salient features of the game, has pasted this advice upon the front of the observer's cockpit:

"Point your gun to the rear until we make our altitude."

"Keep out of the wind as much as possible and we can finish our work sooner."

"Motion with your body or hands the way you want to go after getting the pilot's attention by jumping or blocking the plane."

"Watch for the Huns, and be among the boys that march down Broadway."

"EST LA GUERRE."

Saturday usually is dull at the training camps. It is visiting day.

"Sorry you came this afternoon," they tell you. "Most everybody is away."

When the aviator goes visiting, he doesn't travel, prosaically, by train or automobile. He gets into a plane and flies an indefinite number of miles to another air center which is near the town where he left his laundry the week before. Distance is a secondary consideration, and most of the fields are within easy flying range.

Staff officers, field commanders, monitors, testers and instructors are entitled to use airplanes on these trips, which provide valuable experience.

Have you ever seen an egotistical aviator?

Master Signal Electrician A-- asks this question and answers it.

"There is no such thing as an egotistical aviator," says M.S.E. A-- "There can't be. It's a psychological impossibility."

"Ever tried sitting on a bench and looking at the stars for about ten minutes? You get to thinking about all the other planets and what is going on on

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FINALS ON LIBERTY LOAN

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, July 25.--Final figures on the Third Liberty Loan are \$4,176,516,550.

The New York district leads with \$1,150,000,000, Chicago is next with \$660,000,000 in round numbers. Cleveland third with \$405,000,000, Philadelphia fourth with \$302,000,000, Boston fifth with \$355,000,000, and San Francisco sixth with \$288,000,000.

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ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONT FROM SOISSONS TO BELOW THE MARNE

In its first drive an American platoon, after advancing several kilometers, came into possession of a building which had been a German regimental headquarters. Personal effects scattered about, a half-cooked meal, maps and documents on tables and in racks told of the precipitate departure of the commander and his staff.

In the room which had been the office of the commandant was a dead dog. Attached to his collar was a metal tube. In the tube was a message calling for assistance from a German machine gun nest which, at the time of reading, had long since fallen into American hands.

The dog, trained as a message bearer, had been dispatched with the call for help, had been struck by a shell fragment, as was evidenced by a wound in his side, and had struggled on to the headquarters, only to find it abandoned. He will be remembered and respected by the American platoon as one of the few of the Kaiser who nobly did his duty and died.

A private of the buck species was watching a plane duel in the skies. "Quite a sight," said a voice beside him, and his head nearly dropped off when he saw that it belonged to the general commanding the division.

There is a story in that same division, about the same general, with descriptions how he was seen one day recently walking along and chatting with a top sergeant. This shows that a use has at last been found for top sergeants.

That division did its share and paid its price for the doing, when it helped to drive the Hun back across the Marne. That night someone softly opened the general's door, and then as softly closed it. And the word went around that he sat with his face buried in his hands, and his frame quivering with sobs.

A long line of German prisoners, four abreast, in which were some Germans who admitted riding forward not many weeks ago in trains bearing the placard, "Nach Paris," marched southward along a dusty French road in charge of a detachment of Americans from the unit which had captured them. The population of each succeeding village turned out to see the procession, waving in the most part in silence, but always with a smile for the American guards.

There was one diminutive French soldier who stood exuberantly at a corner where the line turned.

"Tout droit à Paris," he explained, "tout droit"—which is the French road direction for straight ahead.

But the Germans couldn't see the joke. Burly, dirty, whiskered, all in, but enthusiastic, a sergeant recounted the exploits of his platoon to his colonel.

His was a tale of the Boche infantry met and beaten, of machine gun nests cleaned up at the point of the bayonet, of Germans killed and Germans captured. "Makes a fellow feel pretty good, doesn't it?" observed the colonel.

"Yes, and it makes a fellow feel pretty good that he's on this side, too, sir," said the sergeant.

An M.P. was standing in the doorway of the hotel de ville. It had been a quiet day, as days go a little way behind the lines. And just then the quietness came in an abrupt end, for a shell landed outside the hotel de ville, and the force of it knocked the M.P. down.

The M.P. got up and sniffed. He sniffed gas.

The gas alarm was the bell in the village church. The M.P. ran to the church. While he was running another shell landed close enough to send him sprawling again.

Once more he got up, and this time made the church without any further Charlie Chaplin incidents. And he began to ring the bell like all get out. He hadn't been ringing it long before a shell hit the belfry, put the bell out of business, and blew the M.P. all the way back to the altar.

He got up, ran out of the church, stumbled on a man who had been stunned and took him into a daze.

It was all in the day's work. And to prove how very workaday it all was, the M.P.'s name happens to have been Smith—Private Smith.

All kinds of things happen to helmets, and almost as many kinds of things happen to sentries. A cavalryman who was relaxing messages had a piece of shrapnel relayed to him that flattened his canteen like a pancake. He was wearing the canteen on his hip at the time, so he didn't mind the water's running down all over his pants.

"And then I ran into some gas," he said. "We got through it all right, both of us. Of course it didn't hurt the horse, because he's got more room for it in his lungs."

Easy come, easy go.

One of the German regiments opposite the Americans, the members of which are, by this time, probably listed as missing, believed "prisoner" had just been sold when the curtain went down on their activity in la guerre.

Exactly 48 hours after the Germans marched before their paymaster and got their pay, they marched before an American officer, who relieved them of the modest collection of marks, pennies, and other things they had received.

American regulations for the handling of prisoners provide that all money shall be taken from them and placed in a fund which is devoted to the common needs of prisoners.

Rules specify that no P.M. shall be deprived of his personal effects—from Crosses and the like—but almost any captured German is willing to sacrifice anything he has for real tobacco.



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First time in two weeks!

He was going along a road toward the front when an M.P. stopped him. Most people do get stopped.

The colonel tried to explain, but the M.P. simply couldn't see him, and the colonel was at the end of his wits and his language. As a last resort he sent for the Irishman, who happened to be a little Irishman of the combative variety common to the A.E.F.

The little Irishman came flying over the road, via motor, and cleared his superior in short order. But if it hadn't been for the little Irishman, there is no telling where the French colonel would be now.

All of which goes to prove that no officer is a hero in his dog-rober.

A cavalryman who was doing Paul Revere work between a headquarters and the line tied his horse to a tree and proceeded on foot to his destination, where things were rather hot.

While he was gone things began to grow rather hot around that tree, too. He has pretty good evidence that there was a gaping hole in the earth where the horse had stood. A bit of rope was dangling from the tree.

He he a private or a general, "writing home" usually occupies the first leisure minutes of a soldier just out of action.

Parked near the headquarters of a unit back from the line was an impressive limousine, and in it sat a major general, pounding the keys of a small portable typewriter held on his lap. He had sought the privacy of his automobile to write home.

The Q.M. Corps has fallen down on the job. It is rather tough to have to admit this, but it is proved by the fact that the mahogany Louis Quatorze writing desks ordered for individual soldiers with brass studded legs—the desks, of course—have never shown up.

So everybody uses the next best thing—a 20-gallon canvas canteen, preferably empty. It sometimes rolls off your knees when you are trying to write on it, but otherwise it's O.K.

When he reached the gas hospital he was in a state of extraordinarily good humor.

"What are you so happy about?" they asked him.

"That's easy," he replied between sobs. "I'm going to get some clean underwear."

How much stuff does a Yank take into the line? It all depends on the Yank. In one squad you will see a man carrying full pack, including extra shoes and overcoat, and wearing a whole string of corned Willie cans such as a Fiji Islander wears a loin cloth. Another man in the same squad will go up wearing his blouse, and carrying only a blanket, gas mask and helmet.

Nothing makes an American soldier prouder of his organization than being in action with it. Any man up front will tell you that his platoon is the best in the company, that his company is the best in the regiment, and his regiment is the best in the Army—that the artillery of his division is infallible and the officers are unshakable. The colonel always comes in for praise.

"Our colonel," said one doughboy, "may be stout and not much for height, but you ought to soldier under him. He's a regular fellow. Why, he's the kind of a guy that if he was in the ranks would make a good private!"

Which is about the highest tribute a private can pay to his colonel.

The further you get into France—in other words, the nearer you get to the front—the less French you hear. That explains why the headquarters troop top was discouraged.

"I've been in France three months," he said, "and I only know seven words of French. And I was in Mexico two months, and learned ten words of Spanish."

The colonel had led them into the fight, and it was the colonel's all-seeing eye which noticed that the little 18-year-old private had been gassed.

"Get back!" he shouted. "You've done your bit—get back!"

So the little private dutifully got back. On the way he passed a farm. In a shed were six Boches whom the fight had swept past without noticing.

Their hands went up in a jiffy. When the little private reported at the dressing station for treatment, the six were still with him.

Your M.P. must escort the prisoners to the rear, and there has quite a lot of this job lately up Château-Thierry way. One captured lieutenant got quite a way down the road with a pistol hidden on him, and, in a moment of irritation at the gazing he was getting from 20 of his own men who were goose-stepping cheerfully into bondage with him, he took a pot shot at the M.P.

The M.P. was wounded, but not disabled, and a pistol duel followed. In another moment there was one less Prussian junker in this vale of tears. The outcome was greeted with unaffected delight by all the other prisoners, who were reveling in the first chance to speak their minds that they had had in all their days.

One burly and bristling exemplar of German militarism with captain's knots on his shoulders and an iron cross on his chest was included in a recent bag of prisoners. He was in the habit of carrying his blouse, and carrying only a blanket, gas mask and helmet.

He hadn't heard the questioning officer speak more than five words of German.

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which accompanied them, and he complied. He spent the next half-hour painstakingly gathering the fragments of a map which, when pasted together, showed all the Boche artillery positions in his sector.

If the open fighting that some of the troops are undergoing keeps us well

have to invent some new slang. They still speak of going over the top, but it isn't satisfactory because, as a matter of fact, there sometimes isn't any top for the reason that there isn't any trench—or not much of a trench, anyhow.

"Going out after 'em" has been used. Anybody got any other suggestions?

A lanky private was detailed to take a captured German artillery officer to regimental headquarters. He had progressed about half a mile when the American noticed that his charge was tearing up some papers he evidently didn't want to get into American hands and scattering the pieces along the road.

"Ain't you the cute cuss?" said the American. "Now you just go back and pick them all up."

The officer may not have understood the instructions, but he did the gestures

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