

SOLDIER SCOTTY DIES ON HIS GUN; 30 HUNS GO FIRST

Youngest Man in Regiment, Perhaps in Army, Joined Service at 15

NONE BETTER AT SHO-SHO Boy Who Never Used Razor Got Kid Games from Aunts Last Christmas

Private First Class Albert E. Scott died last week on the field of honor. He was the youngest man in his regiment and his colonel thinks he was the youngest man in all the A.E.F.

Afterwards, there was some worried suggestion that he'd better stay home with his folks, but there were so many men in the outfit who knew the family, so many officers his father knew, above all he himself was so pleadingly eager to go, that when, one fine day in September, the regiment sailed away, Scotty, barrack bag, rifle, mess kit and all were stowed away in the hold with the rest.

In all his soldiering, Scotty never appeared on sick report, was never late at formations, never hid from duty details. It was only once in a while that the older heads in the company were reminded how very young he was.

They could not help thinking of it when they found that the birthday day in the monotonous training area somewhere in France was only his 13th. Nor when they realized he never knew the pride of using that shiny razor which had been thoughtlessly doled out to him along with his housewife and shoe brush in the camp back home. Nor when Christmas came and brought with it for Scotty some kid games from his Down East aunts, who had forgotten it was a soldier they had in France.

Never Was a Better Kid On such occasions, the company commander was worried over his responsibility, and one day he formally appointed the supply sergeant as Scotty's guardian. The sergeant saw to it that he wrote home regularly, was to mass every Sunday and gave every buvette a wide, wide path. And that he neglected watching, for, as the supply sergeant said, there never was a better kid than Scotty.

It is true that once he was absent for some unaccountable hours in the major's automobile. That was why they reduced him to a buck private. But they restored him to his original rank the first day they saw him with a sho-sho gun.

The French officers who came to instruct in the use of that light, automatic machine gun which fires 15 shots in a twinkling, found it was the youngster of the regiment who mastered it first and who, before many weeks had passed, became the best shot of them all. He was such a wonderful gunner that older soldiers were proud to be his feeders, because they knew their guns would do the most damage with Scotty at the sights.

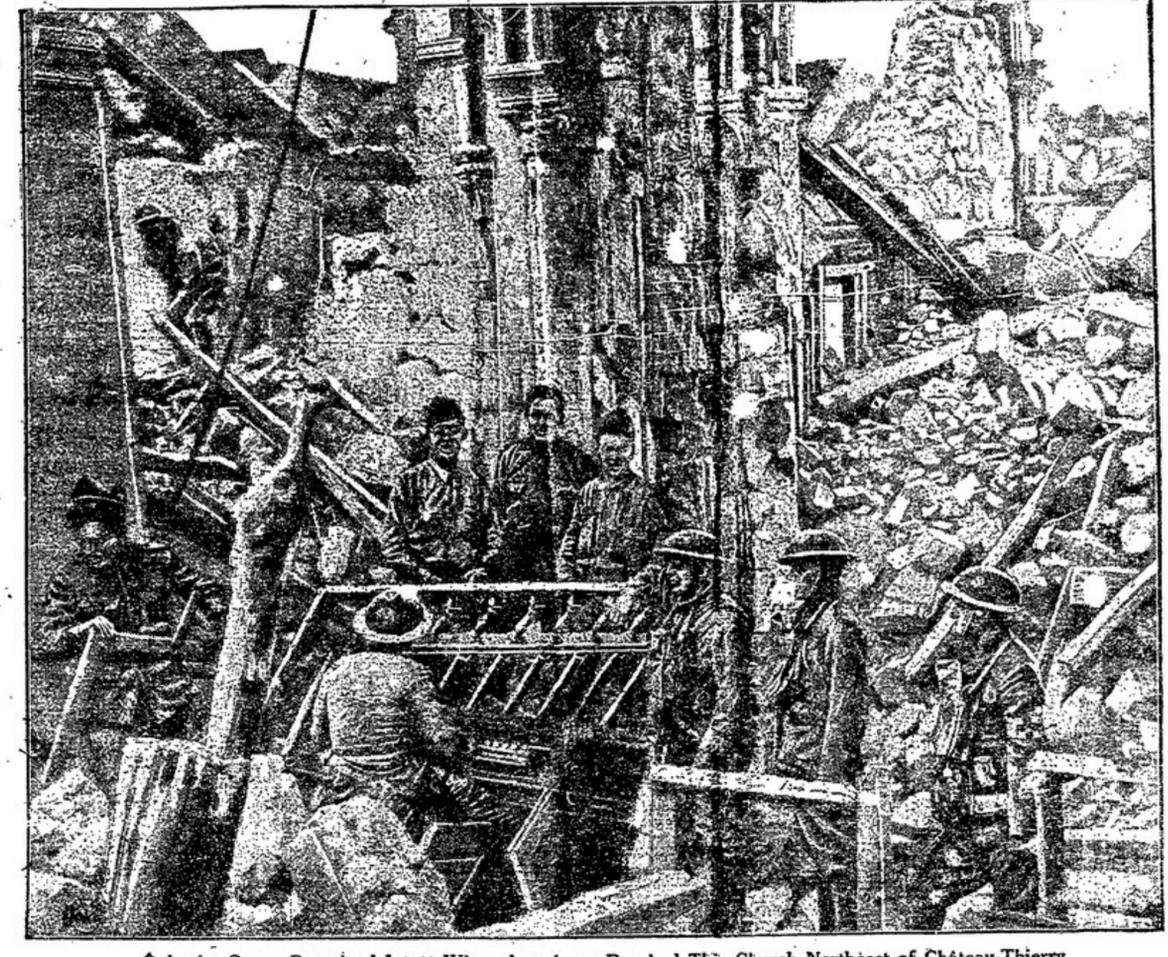
Deadly Quiet and Cool And cool. He was always a quiet one, but under shell-fire he became deadly quiet and cool as a cucumber. They found that out back in April, when a shell struck the edge of the parapet, throwing the gun into the trench and burying it, the boy and his feeders in an avalanche of dirt. Scotty wriggled out, extricated his beloved sho-sho, took it in his arms, and with never a word to anyone, marched 15 feet along the trench, set the gun up again and went on firing.

But his great chance came when, on Continued on Page 2.

ALL NEW YORK CITY IN BIG KNITTING-BEE Seventh Avenue and Plaza Folk to Toil in Central Park

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—Ye village knitting bee has descended upon New York. Gotham the proud has put on its knits and will mingle tout ensemble in a three days' festival of "catch and twist and over and catch." Central Park is to be the scene of this latest orgy of fashionable war work.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST — NEW STYLE



Only the Organ Remained Intact When Americans Reached This Church Northeast of Château-Thierry

THREE CHAPLAINS TO EACH REGIMENT WATCH YOUR STEP Congress Passes Bill Providing One to Every 1250 Men

No chance for members of the A.E.F. to stumble off the Straight and Narrow now. Not a chance in the world. For the Thin Highway has a triple guard in place of the lone chaplain sentry who used to patrol the narrow beat, herding wandering souls back into the proper fold.

It's all due to the fact that Congress has passed a bill providing for a chaplain to every 1,250 men, three soul-savers to a regiment, thereby relieving the pressure on the lone guard, who, with 3,600 huskies in his flock, had too much ground to cover, no matter how fast he was on his feet.

It isn't that the A.E.F. has developed a wickedness or has come upon any growing sin. It was merely a matter of not taking a chance and of providing relief for an overworked organization, where the spiritual odds of 1 to 3,600 had become a trifle lopsided, not to say warped.

To meet this change and to provide for the instruction of new chaplains in the work ahead, a combination school and rest house has been opened near G.I.I.Q. Course in Human Nature This school is not arranged as any theological course. Its main purpose is to offer a course in human nature where chaplains who have served up with the men and know their needs and ways can instruct the new chaplains in the right way to get next to the men, to find their needs and to know how these needs must be met, spiritual, mental, psychological and otherwise.

The job is a big one, with something more than the spiritual side. There is advice to give, mail to be censored, comfort to be rendered, money to be sent home and a few hundred other intimate details that need constant attention. The work is far beyond any one sect. It is no longer a matter of narrow religious belief, but of the greater gospel of care, fellowship, and friendly aid.

The new chaplain army, one to every 1,250 men, is being brought over with all possible speed. The triple guard once on duty, the Straight and Narrow should be as easy to travel as an open road through camp.

DUBBIN NOT FOR FEET

Dubbin, dubbin, who's got the dubbin? To be more specific, who has been using the Q.M.'s issue of dubbin for foot grease?

Dubbin, as supplied by the Q.M., is intended for greasing shoes and for reclamation work, which does not include the reclamation of feet. "It is entirely unsuitable for application to the skin," says a new bulletin from G.I.I.Q., "and will not be used as a foot grease under any circumstances."

30,000 ELKS IN SERVICE [By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—According to an announcement by Bruce Alexander Campbell, new Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, that fraternal organization now has 30,000 men in service with the nation's military forces.

CROIX DE GUERRE NOW LEGALLY WORN President Approves Bill Giving A.E.F. Right to Decoration

Decorations bestowed on American soldiers by the Governments of any nation at war with the Central Powers may now be worn without violating any law of the United States.

The Army Appropriation bill, as approved by the President last month, gives the specific permission demanded by the Constitution of the United States before foreign decorations may be worn. The bill also stipulates that American citizens who have received since August 1, 1914, decorations for distinguished service in the armies or in connection with the field service of the nations at war with Germany shall be permitted to wear those decorations on entering the military service of the United States.

This act, among other things, allows men who have been awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French Government to wear it without flying in the face of the Constitution. It also permits General Pershing to wear the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath bestowed on him by Great Britain.

237 BASEBALL STARS MUST WORK OR FIGHT Reprive Until September 1 Granted by Secretary of War

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—While club owners asked for a reprieve until October 15, Secretary of War Baker couldn't see it that way, although he finally granted a reprieve until September 1 so far as the "work or fight" order went.

This "work or fight" decree affects 237 stars, which means, of course, that it will bring an end to any big league campaign on that date. The managers, however, believe that they can now finish the season by doubling up on games and that by selecting the best men from smaller organizations they can put a world's series across.

So there will be 31 more days of big league baseball before the stars of the game who are still playing will have either to work or fight in a final forced realization that the only real game left today is that of beating the Hun.

MOUTH DISEASE IS HERE

Some kind of a mouth disease is abroad in the land—not foot and mouth, just plain mouth—and folks in the A.E.F. are as likely to get it as anybody else. For this reason medical officers in many units have issued a request that the toothbrush be used after every meal.

"It is only by constant attention to the condition of their mouths that men can keep free of this disease and not lose time from their work while having their teeth treated," is the general advice of the orders.

"THE COMMAND IS 'FORWARD'"

After the afternoon, and a fireless Yankee regiment that had hurriedly pursued the retreating Germans across more than ten miles of France was resting for a few moments in a roadside ditch, a battered old road that would have been a highway through the ancient forest of Fère. You would have seen there all luxuriating in their breathing spell, the young men, leaning comfortably, the battalion commander sitting with his back propped against a tree.

His name was Leahy—Capt. Francis M. Leahy of Lawrence, Mass., one who had done his turn in the ranks and who used to tell of the days when he was orderly to Capt. Pershing out in the Philippines. He had just caught the signal from down the road that the regiment was to fall in and move on when, whining out of space, came a German shell.

It plowed up the earth and stretched on the ground several men who were just getting to their feet, wounding some of them. It hit the tree against which the captain was leaning and snapped it off like an asparagus stalk. A piece of the shell struck the captain in the back and tore its way through his chest.

"Goodbye, boys," he said, and his head sagged forward. Then it was as if, somewhere in the universe, a Commander Invisible had called "Attention!" Captain Leahy raised his head. With clearing voice, he spoke the name of the officer to whom it would be his duty to report the initiation in the event of his being called away.

"Lieutenant Hansen," he said, "the command is 'Forward.' See the boys through."

NEW RECORDS SET IN SHIPBUILDING; MORE BIG PLANTS Steel Cargo Steamer is Launched in 27 Days on Great Lakes

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—Shipbuilding is proceeding throughout the country at an ever increasing pace. The record recently set by the launching of the 5,000-ton cargo steamer Tuckahoe in 27 days was almost cut in two this week when a 3,500-ton steel ship was launched 14 days after the keel had been laid by the Great Lakes Engineering Company at Ecorse, Mich.

At the same time wooden shipbuilders at Newtonton, N. H., established a record in their field of construction by completing all the square framing and erecting the steel posts of a 3,500-ton ship in 58 hours. The best previous record was 70 hours.

Big Extension Plant A destroyer was launched at the Mare Island Navy Yard 70 days after the keel was laid and 17 and one-half days after the first plate was put on. It is named the Ward and is of the latest and largest design.

The Emergency Fleet Corporation has perfected plans for converting 150 acres adjoining its present plant at Alameda, Cal., into an extension costing \$25,000,000. The big Hog Island plant now is 95 per cent completed and will be finished at a total expenditure of \$25,000,000. The site is now entirely rid of mosquitoes at a cost of \$250,000. The Government has taken control of all the turbine making plants in the United States to speed the war output.

A ship output is planned for Labor Day which will exceed the great number launched on July 4. It is hoped to launch at least 100 ships. Charles M. Schwab, general director of shipping, declared, after a trip to the Pacific coast, that the country in 1919 will complete 10,000,000 tons of shipping. Mr. Schwab expressed himself as highly pleased with the situation.

MINERS GOING STRONG

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—Fears of another fuel shortage in the States next winter have been materially decreased by the recent performance of the country's coal miners. In the week ending July 13 they established a record by mining 13,243,000 tons of bituminous coal, almost 3,000,000 more than in the preceding week, and a million tons above the average weekly requirements estimated by the Fuel Administration as necessary to keep the war program in full swing.

"KAMERAD" CRIES SAVED TILL LAST BULLET IS SPED

Germans Glad to Call Fight Off When Ammunition Runs Out

BRASSARD NO PROTECTION

American Hospital Corps Man Shot Down, but Huns Use Red Cross Litter to Carry Gun

The experiences the American soldiers have had in their share of the fighting between the Marne and the Ourcq have spread far and wide through their ranks a growing anger at the Germans.

They have been seeing with their own eyes and feeling with their own flesh some things they had read about and never believed. Go up through the country north of Château-Thierry and you will find they have a very real quarrel with the German Army. They have learned about Kultur from them.

It is easy to guess the emotions of a Yankee platoon, whose members have been cut down right and left by some hidden machine gun nests, when the Germans run out of ammunition and thereupon, in the most cowardly and appalling manner, shout "Kamerad!" and want to call the fight off.

Chained to Their Guns

It is easy to guess the emotions of those Yankees who have seen with their own eyes German machine gunners chained to their guns—to guess the anger and contempt they have for each soldier who has to be chained and for the commanders that will chain him. More than one Yankee outfit has been witness to this thing.

But their feelings take on still another color when, as they are slushing through a golden wheat field they look up proudly at the airplanes bearing the French colors, only to learn a few moments later that they are masked German planes from which gunners pour fire into their ranks.

And when they found dead in the field a Hospital Corps boy who had been tending them idly from the first and who was shot by a sniper while he was busy at his task in broad daylight in an open field.

They found him with one hand raised over his head and with his fingers still clutching the scissors with which he had been cutting a bandage from a wounded comrade's shirt. The brassard showed clear on his arm, but it did not save him.

Work of Fiendish Bullets

By chance, the same band with its cross of red upon a field of white did not save the young German soldier either caught, paddling up a patch with a litter that bore something stretched out under the blankets. The bodies were brassards on their arms and they were carrying the litter most tenderly, but the Yankees who stopped them thought to peer under the blankets. The tenderly carried burden was a German machine gun, being taken to a place of safety.

NO SAM BROWNES FOR K. OF C. MEN

New Order Is Aimed at Preventing Misdressed Salutes

BAN ON CAMERAS STRICT AS EVER

Members of Relief Organizations Must Turn Theirs In

ARMY PROGRAM READY

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—War Department plans for the huge Army program to be presented to Congress when it reassembles have been practically completed. While these plans have been rapidly finished, the Department has so far only hinted at their scope.

YANKEES HUMBLE GERMANY'S BEST IN OURCQ BATTLE

Prussian Guard Is Driven from Sergy in Hand to Hand Fighting

FORD RIVER TO MEET FOE

Ammunition Dumps Seized, Guns Turned on Hun—You Can Bathe in the Marne Now

The end of July, the end of the fortnight which launched the grandiose offensive of the Crown Prince, saw the Germans fighting more and more stubbornly in an ever moving pocket between Soissons and Rheims, fighting no longer on the Marne, but on the Ourcq, with Fère-en-Tardenois, the main crossroads of the pocket, reached, seized and held by the forces of the Allies.

The German offensive, which began badly, halted and then turned into a German retreat, had, in the course of a fortnight been characterized by the greatest capture of guns and ammunition the Allies have ever made on the western front and the deepest Allied advance in battle since the first Battle of the Marne.

The same historic fortnight confirmed the reports that Allied forces had taken a foothold on the White Sea, and that 10,000 kilometers from Château-Thierry Japanese troops were entering the war by way of Far Siberia, two rallying points for all who hate and fear the German in that vast domain which was once the realm of the Romanoffs.

And a word comes from Milan of the jubilant acclamations with which American troops were received in the streets of that Italian city as they marched through on their way to the Mare front, August 2, 1918—and all's well.

News of the turn in the tide of events has shown itself in the hearts of Germany, and even the official note of explanations makes illuminating reading. From its text, as set forth in the Frankfort Gazette and other Teuche journals, this paragraph is not without its interest to the Yankee fighting man:

"Thus the destructive power of our enemies is far from being broken. The enemy is using reserves to which are being added daily American troops of which we should not underestimate the fighting worth."

Ourcq Another Antietam

The fighting worth of a good many American units was being tested by the Germans in the savage engagements fought from the beginning of this week, and the Ourcq has taken its place in pages of American history as another Antietam. Speaking at a dinner in Paris on Monday night, M. André Tardieu, High Commissioner from the French Republic to Washington, said to his hosts:

"Today on the Ourcq an American division beat the first division of the Prussian Guard."

"That was describing in a sentence the climax of ten days of fighting—ten days in which Yankee troops pursued the Germans over a torn and reeking countryside, pushing ahead in some places as far and as fast as 15 kilometers in three days.

It was ten days of fighting against stubborn rearguards and posts of machine guns. What it means to clear up a forest with snipers in every tree and every thicket deadly with a hidden machine gun."

NATIONAL ECONOMY SHOWING RESULTS

More Grain and Beef, Sugar Restrictions, Bigger Cotton Yield

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—That the country has begun to make national economies effective along every line is increasingly evident.

In the grain States, three-hilling methods are being perfected, and it is estimated that a bushel of grain will be saved in each county where wasteful methods have hitherto obtained. Arizona cattlemen loaded 2,500 steers on trains and hurried them from drought-stricken regions to the Black Hills National Forest, where the animals will be fattened on the abundant grasslands.

Beginning today, sugar consumption is restricted to two pounds monthly per person. The unusual spectacle of the bon vivant continental traveler enjoying only two half-lumps or one teaspoon of granulated sugar in his morning coffee on the railroad dining cars will be one nation-wide result of the latest economy edict.

Everything Being Canned Meanwhile, housewives everywhere and many hotel-keepers to be are doing an astonishingly big bit by canning every available bit of food stuff that can be put up. The whole nation has enormously increased its stock of preserved and canned goods of all kinds. For once in the nation's history, nobody is slacking in the kitchen.

As a reward for this, cotton experts have promised more goods for fancy culinary costumes. It is believed a way has been found to poison the boll weevil and to increase the seed cotton yield by 250 to a thousand pounds per acre.

Of course, all of the savings will not go into dimities; much will be used in dynamite. T. N. T., and various other high explosives.

EDISON'S SON JOINS TANKS

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, August 1.—Thomas Edison's son, William L., has enlisted as a private in the Tank Corps at Fort Slocum for preliminary training. At 18 he enlisted as a private in the First U. S. Volunteer Engineers, Spanish-American War, and saw service in Porto Rico.

250 WAACS HERE TO RELIEVE MEN FROM S.O.S. DUTY

Women War Workers from England Will Aid in Labor Plan

FIRST ON CLERICAL WORK

Later Arrivals Will Be Assigned to Other Jobs as Army May Decide

Two hundred and fifty English girls have come down from the British front or over from England to work for and with the A.E.F.

They constitute a unit of the famous Waacs, or W.A.A.C.'s, as the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps of Great Britain was called until, for its good work in many branches of behind-the-lines war endeavor, it was taken under royal patronage and rechristened Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps.

These 250 girls are at present working in the Central Records office, near Tours, under the direction of the Adjutant General's department. Their duties, save for those of their number that are on their temporary camp's permanent K. P. and laundry detail, are in the main stenographic and clerical.

By September it is expected that there will be 1,000 Waacs in and about France, and a newly grouped and broken and prepared for permanent barracks for them.

In Line With A.E.F. Policy

The bringing over of these English young women as part and parcel of the American military establishment is in line with the A.E.F. policy of employing women in offices and elsewhere, wherever they can replace men, the policy of utilizing every able-bodied man in a man's job, as it has been called. In another line, for example, about 1,000 French women are being employed in the big sausage plant not far from the cantonment of the Waacs, and thousands of French women and girls are being employed elsewhere.

The cantonment of the Waacs deserves a bit of mention for its cleanliness, neatness, and general up-to-dateness. It consists of barracks, laundry, and a long barracks-building (the so-called Swiss barracks) on the same type as those used in hospitals. The fitting up of it, of cots and all, is much like that of an American or English hospital.

One end of the principal building is set off as a mess shack, with an "officers' mess" for the officers, and a direct charge of the girls, and regulation tables for the "members," as the girls are called instead of being dubbed "united women," as one might expect. Then there are the officers' and the members' quarters; and here the difference between soldiering it as a woman and soldiering it as a man is plainly shown.

Issue Chairs and Mirrors

The Waacs, to be sure, have issue blankets, just like the rest of us; no more. They have cots such as we have when we are lucky enough to get into a hospital. But where we have issue packs and issue rifles and the like, the Waacs have each an issue chair, an issue table, and an issue mirror.

Also, in their barracks they have a rest or recreation room, fitted out with a table, chairs, and a radio. In the center of the barracks, graphophone and rest, and presided over by one of the W.A.A.C.'s representatives. Outside their barracks is a neat walk, lined with whitewashed stones and most military in appearance. In fact, the whole life of the little cantonment is run on military lines, with roll-calls, regular messes and issue of hours and all the other things that go to make army life the formidably perfect thing it is.

The Waacs' uniform is olive drab in color, to match pretty nearly that of the Tanks and the Tommies, of a rather heavy khaki material, in the form of a tunic, most pleasing to the eye. It is surmounted by a soft brown hat, with a narrow brim all the way around—a jaunty, comfortable looking kind of hat it is.

All but Their Own Guard

For wear out of camp, the Waacs have a simple drab coat, with a loose belt similar to that on American officers' raincoats. While there is no strictly regulation shoe, the style most favored is the high and manish-looking tan.

The Waacs, as has been said, furnish their own K. P. laundry and other details—all except the guard, which is furnished by an outfit of American Engineers in an adjoining camp. And while the Engineers know and obey their general orders to the letter, it must be awfully trying at times to live up to the "hexagonal maxim," in the form of an "except in line of duty."

The W.A.A.C. is a strictly military organization, recruited when Britain first began to realize the need for releasing for active service every man possible. It made its beginning by taking over the bulk of the clerical work for the British Army in France. Later, it branched out into other activities, and now its members are employed as ambulance and automobile drivers, mechanics, gardeners, cooks and waitresses in officers' and non-coms' messes, to mention only a few of the varied jobs which the Waacs have held and are holding down well.

Motor Drivers May Come

There are tens of thousands of Waacs in France now, and even more at home, working in offices and factories directly concerned with the prosecution of the war.

At present the A.E.F.'s plans do not call for the employment of the Waacs in other than clerical capacities. There may be a corps of women motor drivers and so forth in future, but it is not yet in sight. But the big fact is, for the interest of the men at the front, and of others who want to get there, that women will be employed in every place practicable behind the lines.

The body of 250 Waacs workers now with us is an earnest of the intent to follow out that policy.

CAN'T EVEN SKATE TO IT

Bingle: Say, France owns the island of Corsica, don't she?
Zingle: She sure do. But what's that got to do with the war?
Bingle: Not much, but it's nice to know there's one part of the country they can't make us hike to.

"I've only spent more than three days in one place since I left Hoboken," he said.
"Where were you then?" he was asked.
"On the boat," he replied.

YANK GUNS KEEPING UP WITH THE BIG PUSH



ALL MAIL DELAYS NOT P.S.'S FAULT

Incorrect Addresses Large Factor in Holding Up Deliveries

"E. F., N. Y." IS NOT ENOUGH

Neither is "Company E, U.S. Infantry"—157 John Smiths—Licking Huns

Incorrectly addressed mail is contributing its share to the difficulties of delivering letters and packages to the members of the A.E.F.

Twenty-one per cent of the mail arriving in France in June for American soldiers—a total of 700,000 letters and 65,000 sacks of paper mail was insufficiently or improperly addressed, according to statistics compiled by the postal service. Instead of being sent direct to its ultimate destination from the distributing stations at the base ports, it had to be forwarded to the Central Post Office at St. Pierre des Corps, near Tours, where clerks went through directories of the A.E.F., read-dressed it, and forwarded it to the men for whom, in their judgment, it was intended.

"This task is a difficult one because there is hardly a name in the A.E.F. now which is not duplicated several times. There are, for example, 157 John Smiths, 105 Henry Browns, 94 James Wilsons, 52 Henry Jacksons, and 41 William Blacks serving under General Pershing against the Huns.

"Company J, Pershing's Army"
The letter addressed, "Private John Foster, Company J, Pershing's Army" and the one addressed "Private Carmelo Abiss, E.F., New York," probably will reach their rightful owners, but it will take time. Four-fifths of the misaddressed 21 per cent received in June was addressed merely "Somewhere in France" or "A.E.F.," with no company or regimental designation.

The postal service declares that much confusion would be avoided and much labor saved by observing these rules:
"Notify all from whom you expect mail of your address immediately."
"Have your mail addressed to your regiment and company, or, if you are on detached service and have a permanent station, to the office or branch of the service to which you are attached, with the A.P.O. number."
"If you have recently changed stations, notify the Central Post Office, St. Pierre des Corps, of your new address on cards which may be obtained at any A.P.O."

The following form of address should be used:
Sgt. John Smith,
Co. A, 25th Regt. Infantry,
American Ex. Forces,
A.P.O. (May be given if desired),
—or if on detached service and permanently stationed:
Corporal John Smith,
Q.M. Corps,
A.P.O.
Here are some examples of improperly addressed mail for which the postal service now is seeking owners:

Mr. Bennie Hill, colored,
Colored Regiment,
Somewhere in France.
Mr. Jeff Patrick,
Moxhlehugg 1st Lt.,
Soldiers' Mail,
Mr. Steward Anaulding,
Military Mail, Foreign Service,
Passed by Censor, A.E.F.,
New York,
Private Howard E. Donegan,
Company B, U.S. Infantry.

NEW WEAPON FOUND FOR COMBATING HUN

It's Rather Expensive, but It Worked to Perfection Just Once

Yankee ingenuity has developed a new weapon for use against the Hun. No, it will not be used very often, yet there are times—
An American unit of Engineers (Ry.) was hauling ammunition and supplies for the French in the face of one of the German drives this year.
At the height of things, when the Hun was coming over in force and advancing in a way which meant the loss of anything that could not be moved promptly, a \$15,000 locomotive jumped the track. Sergeant George Robertson, in charge watched the battle for a moment, looked at his steam gauge, screwed the safety valve down tight, turned the oil fuel reserve supply into the fire box, and then effected a solitary and successful retreat.
Half an hour later, some 60 Germans were standing about the stranded locomotive when the boiler did the one thing which Sgt. Robertson hoped for—blew up.
It had all the effects of a 14-inch shell. Incidentally, Sgt. Robertson is now wearing the Croix de Guerre.

FOR SMALLER PAPERS

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, August 1.—The newspaper publishers' committee on the conservation of news print paper has recommended to the War Industries Board that reading matter be cut proportionately in all daily and Sunday papers throughout the country. The cuts range from five per cent on papers now carrying 50 columns to 60 per cent on papers carrying 400 columns.
The committee also proposes that the price of daily newspapers be fixed at two cents. Returns of unsold copies have already been cut off.

WIRE LINES NOW IN NATION'S HANDS

Change Is Accepted With Satisfaction—Western Union Indicted

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, August 1.—All telegraph and telephone lines in the United States were taken over by the Federal Government at midnight last night. Even the most determined supporters of private business express only mild and cautious objections, the nation as a whole accepting the change with apparently complete approval and satisfaction.
The New York federal grand jury has handed in two indictments against the Western Union Telegraph Company, based on the recent sensational disclosures that the company sent night messages by train.

Both indictments are under the United States criminal code, one for illegal competition with the postoffice, the other for carrying letters by private express. The penalty under the first indictment, which consists of eight counts, is \$500 for each count. The penalty under the second is \$50 for each violation.

It is charged that between August, 1917, and June, 1918, 346,000 messages were sent by train, so that technically the fines could reach \$17,300,000. Last May, 65,000 messages were sent by train from New York alone, according to the Government's charges.
Many congratulatory cablegrams on the recent work of the A.E.F. have been received during the past week at G.H.Q. Secretary of War Baker wired:
"Accept our hearty and grateful congratulations on the brilliant work being done by your Army. The whole country is thrilled with pride in our soldiers. We follow eagerly every move they make. Their courage and success makes us all prouder than ever that we are Americans and are represented by such heroic soldiers. They are worthy of their country and the cause."
General Baron K. Uyshara, Chief of staff, Imperial Japanese Army, sent the following cablegram:
"Please accept my sincerest congratulations on the recent brilliant success won by your gallant Army on the French battlefield. I am looking forward with absolute confidence to the continued favorable development of the situation, and I feel fortified in my conviction for the final triumph of our common cause."
"St. Louis wishes you success and good speed. Treat them rough," cabled the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, speaking for a patriotic meeting held in that city.
The Board of Aldermen of New York City adopted congratulatory resolutions which said, among other things, "We are proud of the splendid showing of the New York boys."

TREAT 'EM ROUGHER, CABLES ST. LOUIS

War Secretary and Chief of Japanese General Staff Congratulate A.E.F.

General Baron K. Uyshara, Chief of staff, Imperial Japanese Army, sent the following cablegram:
"Please accept my sincerest congratulations on the recent brilliant success won by your gallant Army on the French battlefield. I am looking forward with absolute confidence to the continued favorable development of the situation, and I feel fortified in my conviction for the final triumph of our common cause."
"St. Louis wishes you success and good speed. Treat them rough," cabled the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, speaking for a patriotic meeting held in that city.

MILITARY BAND INSTRUMENTS

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SCORECARD SELLER GAINS DECORATION

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You can't always tell a hero by the look on his face nor the job he holds.
An officer, now stationed in France, trained indistinct recollections of an average looking youth who used to dispense scorecards and souvenir programs around the Polo Grounds. The kid knew Jack Murray "personally" and had spoken to Mathewson. That was all the fame he claimed.
About three years ago the youngster suddenly disappeared. Last week the officer ran into the same scorecard expert again in the Z. of A. But he was no longer selling score cards. This time he was arrayed in khaki. Khaki—and something else. And the something else was the Croix de Guerre pinned upon his faded blouse.
All he had done was to volunteer to take a message across a stretch swept by machine guns, shrapnel and rifle fire after three French runners had been shot down almost at the time of starting. The ex-score card kid not only started, but arrived safely after four hours zig-zagging from one shell hole to another where he had to make constant use of his feet, his head and his nerve through every second of the journey.
"Where have you been in the last three years?" he was asked.
"Oh," he said, "British East Africa, Egypt, Algiers. India—in about 20 different countries, as I remember it."
How many of the thousands who saw this kid selling score cards at the Polo Grounds read romance and valor in his face or in his job?

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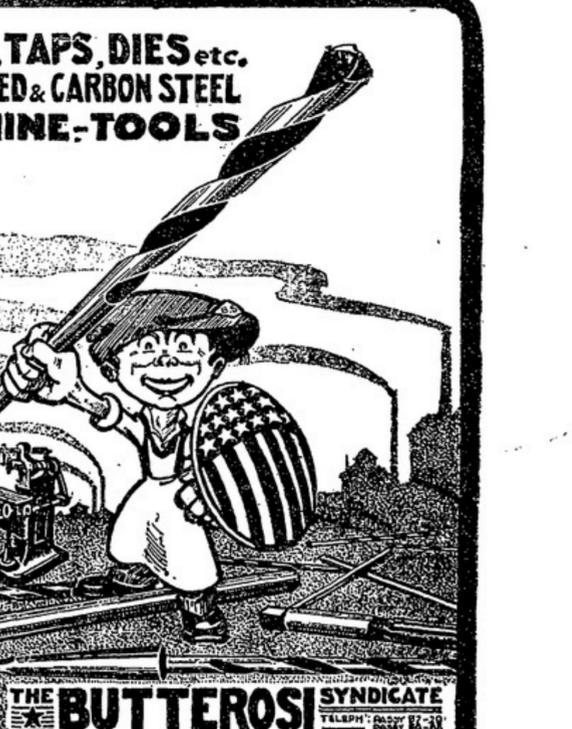
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The Stars and Stripes

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

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1918.

The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of July 26, 1918, was 145,606, an increase of 15,856 over the previous week.

FOUR YEARS

Four years ago today the gray army of Germany advanced to the threshold of Belgium. It was Der Tag—the day, the planned-for, longed-for day when the good German sword was to be drawn from its scabbard and, in one swift, terrible campaign, carve out of Europe a German Empire.

At the threshold, the German rulers asked free passage over a territory which, by all the most solemn covenants known to nations, they had promised not to enter in time of war. Belgium refused, and the gray army trampled it under foot.

The next day—the third of August—Germany declared war on France, and on the fourth, after a pause while the watching world held its breath in an agony of suspense, England drew her sword.

SHIPYARD ATHLETIC PATRIOTS

Shipyard work is a great institution at all times. So is baseball—in the Army. But when hundreds of husky, alert, abled-bodied professional ball players begin to shuffle from the diamond into shipyard work to escape the draft, the time is ripe for a lusty year.

With thousands of their countrymen charging machine guns, working under shell-fire or grinding away back of the lines, it seems beyond belief that any well-trained athlete, fit for service, should be guilty of such yellow-hearted cowardice, traitors to their country's good, and worse than traitors to their own souls.

If these men can't be yanked into service, they should be stopped from continuing their old profession on Saturdays and Sunday. Their ostracism should be complete.

And Ty Cobb says he is "thinking of enlisting later on." Later on? Suppose every American had decided to make it "later on?"

IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN

"The bombardment will be terrific; you will be under it without weakening." Sans faillir—without weakening—those were the exact words of General Gouraud's order "to the French and American troops of the Fourth Army" on the eve of the German offensive—an offensive concerning which the Allied command knew about everything there was to know.

It's a great life—especially when you help to turn that offensive into a mighty counter-attack, back the enemy across a river and several miles of country, and get a look at his heels.

It's a great life when you count your prisoners by thousands, your captured guns by hundreds, and get so far ahead of your commissary that you go along on wind for a few days, and go pretty well at that.

If you don't weaken it is a great life. If you do—well, you get licked. The old Army philosopher had the right dope.

THE ONES WHO KNOW

It was announced on July 4 in Washington that a million American soldiers had sailed for France. It was announced in the House of Commons last week that they were still coming, that they were coming faster than ever, coming at a rate of 300,000 a month, 200,000 in British ships, 100,000 in American ships. You can do your own figuring. The German people do not believe this.

Within the last fortnight or so, their newspapers have ladled out comforting assurances that the figures were grossly exaggerated, that the Americans had only one constituted division at the front, with the remainder of their forces sprinkled through the provinces of France to make a show.

It does not matter what the German people believe. They believe that Belgium flew treacherously at Germany's unprotected throat. They believe the war was started by England. Or by France. Or by Russia. It all depends on what official explanation is the fashion at the moment. They believe that William Hohenzollern of Potsdam is the greatest man since Jesus Christ.

But, after all, it does not matter what the German people believe. For the German army knows.

YANKS IT IS

Nicknames are not manufactured. When they are, the "nick" doesn't stick. Ten thousand of the world's greatest thinkers working ten hours a day for ten years couldn't plaster a nickname on the American Army that would stick ten minutes.

For the American Army has already received its nickname over here that nothing can shake loose. That nickname is Yanks. Nothing more, nothing less, nothing else.

It wasn't manufactured for the American Army. It wasn't carefully thought out by any pre-arranged mental drive. It was just the nickname every one over here took for granted.

Yanks, as applied over here, has lost its old American turn. It no longer means a soldier of the North. It means a soldier of the United States, North, South, East or West, so long as he wears the khaki of Uncle Sam and battles or works under the old flag. It means Dixie and Yankee Doodle rolled into one. It is the symbol of a united country pointing in mass formation towards the Rhine and on beyond. It means that 1861 to 1865 is forgotten, demolished, blotted out against the mighty epoch of 1917—to a finish.

"Sammy" was a joke, and a painful one. "Buddy" failed to land. The others hit the soapy chute with equal eclat. One nickname alone has withstood the shell fire of discussion. It is Yanks—Yanks, representing North and South, East and West, anything wholly American.

You can't manufacture a nickname in a century, but one can be hooked to you in a day. Yanks it is.

SIX MONTHS OLD

With the current issue, THE STARS AND STRIPES shows on its first service chevron. For six months it has been on duty with the A.E.F. in France.

From its first issue of less than 30,000 copies to its present issue of 170,000, it has proceeded in its rather dizzy job of trying to keep pace with the avalanche known as the A.E.F.

We are proud to be able to say that some of the finest things it has printed—including the finest thing of all—were written not by any member of its staff, but were sent in from the field.

The more that the bunch on our far flung battle line realizes that the paper is for them to read, for them to criticize, for them to write, that it means to be and will be just what they want it to be, more and more will it grow in grace with each additional chevron. More and more faithfully will its file serve as a chronicle of the comedy and tragedy of the greatest expedition since the world began.

"COLONELIFEROUS"

When William Allen White wrote the biography of Colonel William Rockhill Nelson of Kansas City fame, he was at a loss to account for the colonel's title, inasmuch as his subject had never been connected with a military establishment nor had even been on a governor's staff. Finally, Mr. White concluded that he was called colonel simply because he was "just naturally coloneliferous."

As we look over our letters and papers from home it strikes us that there are going to be a lot of coloneliferous people at large after the war; not only coloneliferous, but majorial, captainic and lieutenantish.

There seem to be, both at home and abroad, so many organizations outside the Army—the Reserve Auxiliary Police Forces, the Home Guards, the Junior Reserves, to mention only a few—having the bestowing of military titles as one of their most important functions that it will not surprise us at all, on our return, to find every male citizen over the age of 31 boasting a sobriquet that denotes some form or another commissioned rank.

"Good morning, Colonel." "How do, Major?" "Ah, there, Cap'n." Thus it will go, all up and down the main street of our home town. And how proud and novel and singular and noteworthy and everything the average one of us will feel to be pointed out as the only real private in the place!

TO WIN THE WAR

Ships, we are told, will win the war. And so will food.

But if we merely lie back on those two more or less abstract propositions—abstract so far as the man in the line is concerned when he hasn't seen any water save the drops on the mouth of his canteen or tasted any food save iron rations for a week—we are passing the biggest buck in all history.

We are passing it in particular to Mr. Schwab and Mr. Hoover, and in general to the whole American people.

Ships and food will win the war—ships by bringing armies and the things armies need, food by filling the stomachs of armies and peoples. Revolution in Germany, starvation in Austria, disaffection in Bulgaria, rebellion in Turkey, a renaissance Russia—all of these things may come to pass, any of these things might let fall the keystone out of the arch of the Hohenzollern power.

But to bring about any one of them, there is just one thing to do—just one way to win the war. That way is to defeat the German armies—all of them that the Kaiser can put into the field.

The Army's Poets

THE MAN
Here today in the sunshine I saw a soldier go
Out of Life's heated battle into the evening
glow.

THE ARMY TROUBLE-SHOOTER
Up and away in the hush of the morning,
Speeding through lanes where the wild
throats sing.

CALLS FROM THE SEABOARD
Calls from the seaboard, and calls from the
mountains
Answer for calls, or are stricken and fall;

YONDER BEHIND HIM
Yonder behind him have quivered and died;
Yet in the darkness the cry that was uttered
Must not be silenced—the thing must be tried!

FINISHED THE TASK
Finished the task, and the wires, in the star-
light
Answer again—but a swift bullet wings
Breath from its mark, and a soul through the
far light

UP AND AWAY
Up and away, ere the hush of the morning,
Speeding past lanes where the wild throats
sing.

LIAISON
I've got a pal in the doughboys—
Says the Artillery barrage rocket guard—
And every night as I watch my post,
My thoughts go out to my pard.

HE'S OUT THERE
He's out there in the front line,
I'm back here with the guns;
We are both linked together by fireworks
In the effort to lick those Hunns.

WHEN OUR BARRAGE HAS BEEN LIFTED
When our barrage has been lifted,
Word comes back from the Infantry:
"Take your position, you see, did it that time,
And we thank you, Artillery!"

AND SO WE ON THE LINE
And so we on the line all are learning
The one biggest thing in this strife
Is Co-Operation; and my pal and I
Both know it's the keynote of life.

I DID NOT KNOW—
Dawn, with a rose tint in the sky—
Over the top, we were seen in silence—
No shell announced our coming night—
And through the lines of the drowsy Hun,
Who wakened in our rear.

THOSE LUCKY BOYS IN PARIS
Here with General Pershing's army, scattered
broadcast over France,
I kept his sacredness holy soldier, from the
line way down to Nantes;
Though he's fighting like the devil or he's off
upon a spree.

HE'S LOOKIN' FOR PERMISSION
He's lookin' for permission to go visitin' Paris.
He's heard so much about it that it seems a
"mystery" to him here and safe.
I don't know who Yvonne is, but I'm sure she
would be happy, and her mother, and father, if he
lives, would be happy, to know we are here
in spite of the shelling and the desolation and
ruin, and that we call it home, and that we
water the little rose bush that still clings
close to that part of the wall which remains,
as though seeking protection.

AND WHEN WE HAVE WON THE VICTORY
And when we have won the victory, and I am
sitting by the fireside back home, with my
children on my knee, I know that I'll
often think of my other home, my billet, and
they'll tell me the stories the old man tells
to me.

FROM A SCHOOLBOY
To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
I betcha you've been wondering where I've
been. Well, I've been at the Army Candidates
School. After you've been there a while,
you wonder how a fellow could be so ignorant
and still live. There are a lot of reformed
sergeants and things going around here with
dazed looks on their bronzed maps.

THE JUDGMENT
Who comes all robed in white,
His wounds oozing with light,
The fresh blood oozing through
Like poppies drenched with dew?

CHRIST
Sit thou upon my right,
Till Heaven see the light,
How I repay my due
To warfare such as thou.

THE ONES WHO KNOW
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His wounds oozing with light,
The fresh blood oozing through
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To warfare such as thou.

OH, AIN'T IT—?

A 7-panel comic strip titled "OH, AIN'T IT—?". The panels show a soldier's daily routine: 1. Discovering a name on a pass list. 2. Washing up and cleaning. 3. Digging up a pair of new leggings. 4. Shining shoes. 5. Finding a blouse with gold chevrons. 6. Finding a pair of shoes. 7. Finding a pair of shoes. The comic is signed "LIB AEB 8".

MY BILLET

This old house, shell-torn and wrecked, still stands complacent, undisturbed, in the midst of this little, desolate French village. Like some nice old lady, knowing she is no longer for this earth, has already started to live in the future, and regards this life with a sort of impersonal interest, as a thing apart.

THE FIRST COMMUNION
The first communion certificate of Yvonne, dated 1908, the only thing left hanging on the wall, in its cracked frame, brings back the children's voices. I have arranged my handful of straw which I call bed just beneath it. It seems so homelike and safe when I lie down there during the day and listen as the shells whistle overhead after my night of guard, and it makes me dream of my real home. I look at it each time I start for my place down in the line, and wonder if I shall ever return; or, if I do return, if there will be an ugly hole where once it rested.

THE DIVISIONAL SUPPLY OFFICER
The divisional supply officer was trying to solve the following mathematical problem: If a division advances four hundred and thirty-six kilometers a day, and the supply trains three hundred and ninety kilometers a day, in how many days will the supply trains overtake the division?

REMEMBER THE DATE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Chevroons! Suppose you have heard about enough on this subject, but here is one. I left the States in January, 1917, to serve in the British military hospitals. Shortly after I arrived I was commissioned in the British R.A.M. and did not transfer to the American service until December, 1917, when I accepted my U. S. commission. Now when do my service chevrons date from, (1) the date I entered the British service, (2) the date America declared war (3) or the date of my commission?

THE TRAVELS OF A BUCK

A JOURNEY DIRECTED BY A GOOD MANY PEOPLE

ONCE upon a time there was a doughboy. There have been, of course, off and on, quite a number of doughboys, and in order that nobody's feelings shall be hurt, it is necessary to specify that this doughboy might have been any doughboy.

But for the purpose of this story, he has got to be a doughboy who wears socks. With that much cleared up, everything is now all set to continue without hurting anybody's feelings.

"What you got now?" asked the sergeant. "Hole in sock—blister on heel," explained the doughboy.

"You," said the sergeant. "Have to see the supply sergeant about that." "I didn't knit his socks," said the supply sergeant. "Don't blame me. Let him take 'em off and send them back where they came from."

"Who are you?" he said. "I," said the buck, "am the buck." "Buck private?" asked the regimental supply officer.

"No," said the buck. "Just plain Buck. The one they pass." "Socks may come and socks may go, but Buck goes on forever," said the regimental supply officer, manhandling Teunsson.

So the socks and Buck went on to the divisional supply officer. The divisional supply officer was trying to solve the following mathematical problem: If a division advances four hundred and thirty-six kilometers a day, and the supply trains three hundred and ninety kilometers a day, in how many days will the supply trains overtake the division?

This worried him so much that he just waved his hand in the general direction of anybody in the Q. M. Corps.

Indies have been in our town lately. My kingdom for a Sun Browne. Well, I'll wave again some other day, if the censor lets this one by.

As far as I can make out, it's the date of my commission, but I have known of an ambulance man wearing four service chevrons and I can not quite figure it out. Of course, I am entitled to a British service chevron, but can not wear that on my American uniform. It kind of peevcs me to see men wearing two chevrons when I was in the game so far ahead and yet I can wear only one, according to my calculations. I think we should have something to show for our time. Do you?

It is old time Army stuff when in doubt to pass any Buck along to the Q. M. Corps. So the Buck went away from there. In time he reached a Q. M. office. "They told me," he began, "to —"

"But the socks were already under the microscope." "There's a hole in one of them," said who ever was presiding into the microscope. "Yes," said the Buck, "That's why they sent me here. You see—"

"But there is a hole in them," said the man at the microscope. "I saw it there, and that proves it. These socks have got to go back to the manufacturer, and I find that the manu- facturer is Holey, Sox & Co., Contract No. 84787923567, Windville-on-the-Lake, Ill."

So there was nothing for it but to get aboard an empty transport, and go without smoking for a few nights, and get on a train at New York, and get sidetracked for a few days while a whole lot of freights full of Army supplies, including more socks, had the right of way (as they certainly deserved to have), and get off at Windville-on-the-Lake.

"I want to see Mr. Holey," said the Buck. "Mr. Holey is out buying wool," said the office boy, only, of course, it was an office girl this time. "Will Mr. Sox do?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sox. "The man who inspected these socks was Inspector No. 478571954-756; you will notice—is unfortunately now in France."

"Good Lord!" said the Buck. "Have I got to go 'way back to France?" "You really ought to," said Mr. Sox, "but I'll try to fix it up over here. Of course, Shoop Lamb Co. are really to blame. We buy our wool from them."

So the Buck went to see Shoop Lamb & Co. "A very inferior grade," said Mr. Lamb. "The Triple-Z Ranch out in Wyoming—you see, a lot of our wool comes from there—certainly worked the Double Cross that time. I'd advise you to see them."

"Ah-ha!" said the proprietor of the Triple-Z Ranch. "Guzwumpus has been at it again!" "Who," said the Buck, "if I might ask, is Guzwumpus?"

"He," said the Big Man of the Triple-Z, "is our leading sheep. I advise you to go and arrange it out with him over in Wyoming. So the Buck went out to see Guzwumpus. Guzwumpus was a vicious old ram that needed a bath.

"Ba-a-a-a!" he said, and ate the socks. And the Buck lay down and went to sleep. For he had found a home at last.

JUST A LITTLE GIRL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Some time in April I had occasion as chaplain of the — Ammunition Train to send a letter to each home represented in my unit. I sent greetings to each home and suggested that only the most cheerful news be sent to the men in the service; there was included a beneficiary insurance paper also. There have come to me many interesting replies along with their enquiries concerning the man of the organization. You may be interested in the following letter, which I received recently, as showing the spirit of many of our people in the States.

Towner, N. Dak., May 5, 1918. Dear Friend: I want to thank you for the beneficiary paper received from you of my brother Paul. I am a little girl eleven years of age and have knit three washcloths and five pairs of socks for the Red Cross to help the soldiers. I am glad to have a brother that is a soldier and can help his country. I had one foot cut off with a mowing machine when I was four years old. I go to school every day and will finish the fourth grade this month. I will do all I can to help my country. We have a Thrift Stamp club in our school. We have to earn 25 cents a week and buy one stamp each week. Some children are planting potatoes and raising chickens. Hope my brother Paul will be as happy in his work as I am. Yours for service, Emma Hazel Barringer. If you wish to use this very well, if not harm done. I have not asked for permission to print it. You know better about that than I do. W. C. Cowart, Chaplain.

AMERICA IN FRANCE

V-Soissons

The first three definite spots in France to leap into the story of the headlines in back-home newspapers as the habitats of American fighting troops in the line were Lorraine, Toul and Soissons.

Lorraine was the whole region in itself, and merely put "somewhere in France" in a good-sized corner without trapping it. Toul, though, a city and therefore a little more specific than a whole slice of country, represented a wide stretch of front and was itself so many kilometers behind the lines that its fame as a combat center was somewhat vicarious.

Soissons was not only a spot to be indicated by a pin on the map, but it was also very much in the war. Anybody who lived there between the first recoil of the Germans from the Marne to the Aisne—not quite four years ago and the capture of the city in the end of May offensive this year can tell you that.

Looking Down on City

Today, American troops on the northern end of the line that has overrun the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry road can look down into the city from the heights that dominate it. Yesterday—or to be exact, February 8, 1918—a New England division marched through Soissons to take its place in the line.

Soissons owns the unfortunate distinction of having been an age-long battle ground.

"All Gaul," wrote Caesar, "is divided into three parts," and his official Roman commentaries went on to state that the Belgae inhabited one of the parts, and that Noviodunum was one of the Belgae strongholds. Noviodunum was Soissons. The latter name came from the Suesones, a battling branch of the Belgae who got their name written very much into Caesar's Commentaries.

Saw Roman Downfall in Gaul

But it is with Roman downfall rather than Roman domination that the name of Soissons is the more closely associated. For it was near Soissons that, in the year 486, the great king of the Merovingian Franks, Clovis, a youth of 20, obliterated in one fierce battle the last trace of Roman usurpation of Gaul—that is, France.

Clovis had the misfortune to be the father of four sons, among whom his newly-won realm had to be divided. The kingdom of the Franks became four kingdoms, and one of the four was the kingdom of Soissons, a broad region bounded rather lazily by the Seine, the Ouse and the lower Rhine.

Soissons, then, became early a name to conjure with. It was natural that, when the last half of the 12th and first half of the 13th centuries saw cathedral after cathedral towering into a proudly wrought and magnificent being, city after city saw rise the crozier and buttresses and spires of Rheims, Chartres, Langres, Bourges, and of Our Lady of Paris itself—it was natural that Soissons should be among them.

Nobles Repair to Soissons

It was to Soissons that, in 1616, the rebellious nobles repaired during the latter quarrel between Richelieu and the government during the regency of Marie de Medicis. Louis XIII was king, but as he was only 15, he was not supposed to count. The nobles were proclaimed guilty of high treason. Soissons was besieged, and the downfall of the nobles seemed imminent when Cardinal de Mazarin, the queen-mother and regent, was slain virtually at the young king's bidding. The nobles thereupon sped back to Paris, thinking that their power had returned to them. They were mistaken, but that is a story which has nothing to do with Soissons.

In 1870 Soissons became a fortified city, forming a part of the Ile de France. It was still a fortified city when, on September 11, 1870, the 13th corps of the German army stood before it and demanded its surrender.

"I will bury myself under the city walls rather than surrender," replied Commandant de Noyon. And the inhabitants, who had heard from their fathers and grandfathers the story of the three hours' pillage of the city in 1811 at the hands of a foreign enemy, backed up the commander in favoring resistance, feeble though the garrison was.

Siege Lasts 37 Days

A methodical Prussian siege began. The Soissonais were counting on the arrival of Bazaine, who was getting himself into a trap at Metz. The city was already suffering when the real bombardment began on October 12. Forty-five heavy guns plowed up its streets and buildings, setting a thousand fires, and kept up their deluge of shell for three days and nights. The surrender came on October 16, after 37 days' investiture.

The Prussians made prisoner in Soissons 99 officers and 4,633 men of the garrison, captured 128 cannon and made off with a strong box containing 192,000 francs. Soissons, when the peace conference sits after this war, will have a little grievance of its own to air.

A city does not have to be large to be famous, especially when its fame is spread by an official war report. "It is a tragic destiny for a little town when it was the glory of being cited in the communiqués, especially when engaged in the heart of battle it finds the right to its possession disputed by two adversaries; yesterday it was only a little town without a name; today the whole universe knows it. But it no longer exists."

Population Only 10,000

This is not quite true, perhaps, of Soissons. It is not large—its population, not counting the garrison, is a little more than 10,000—but it is perhaps too big to be wiped quite off the earth even in such a town-blasting war as the present.

No story of Soissons would be complete without some mention of the Soissonais bean.

Boston baked beans owe their fame to the way they are cooked, but the glory of the Soissons bean is more peculiarly local. It is grown nowhere else, either in France or the rest of the world. It is large, something like our own lima, and its succulent peculiarity is that, though large, it is still tender and can be cooked after a minimum of soaking.

If you fall to order at least one *rosbif aux soissons* before you leave France, you will have one thing less to tell about.

Birthplace of Gallic Chiefs

Soissons was the birthplace of the Gallic chiefs Diviac and Galba, who caused Caesar considerable trouble; of the Merovingian kings Charibert, Chilperic, Gontran, Clotaire I and Sigebert, and of Guinequet, inventor of the smokeless, odorless unrefined oil lamp that still survives in the more ancient and humble French households.

And it is one of the thousand and one ironies of war that Soissons, with its proud history, should now have become a spot that men die for because it is the junction of three rail lines and half a dozen roads.

SONG OF THE GUNS

This is the song that our guns keep singing,
Here where the dark steel shines;
This is the song with their big shells winging
Over the German lines—

"We are taking you home by the shortest way,
We are taking you out of this blood and slime
To the land you left in an ancient day,
Where lost lanes wander at twilight time;
We are bringing you peace
In the swift release
From the grind where the gas drifts blur;
On a steel shed track
We are taking you back,
We are taking you back to Her!"

This is the song that our guns keep roaring
Out through the night and rain;
This is the song with their big shells soaring
Over the battered plain—

"We are taking you home by the only way,
By the only road that will get you back
To the dreams you left where the dark
And the night wind sang of a long-lost day
We are bringing you rest
From the bitter test,
From the pits where the great shells whirled
Through the bloody loam,
We are taking you home,
We are taking you home to Her!"



WHEN THE WOUNDED COME IN

Two soldiers lay side by side in an evacuation hospital. One was a browned, red-headed doughboy with a broken arm. The other's head and face were bandaged so that only his mouth and chin were visible.

The doughboy raised on his pillow and surveyed his neighbor.

"Say, what outfit are you out of, buddy?" he asked. "Your mug looks kind of familiar and I've been trying to place you."

"Company I, Infantry," said he of the bandaged head.

"So am I. Who the deuce are you?"

"I," said the other, "am the captain."

There was a bandage over his eye.

"Anything else the matter with you?" asked the surgeon who was standing beside his cot.

"Well," he drawled, "I got hit up there near the eye, but that ain't much."

"Yes," persisted the surgeon, "but did you get hit anywhere else?"

"No," he admitted, "but come to think of it, he had a broken arm, a broken leg, and a bullet in his side."

He was smiling, but pale, when they wheeled him in—a black haired youth of 20—and he was still smiling when they tenderly transferred him to a cot after the doctors had counted seven machine gun bullet wounds, one in his ankle, three in his side and three in his chest.

When a Y.M.C.A. man brought writing paper through the ward he took a piece and asked for a pencil. An attendant found him dead half an hour later with this beginning of a letter in his hand:

"Dear Mother:

"We made an attack on the Germans today and drove them five miles. I am in a hospital tonight. I was slightly wounded in the leg."

"Oh, I don't know," said the doctor. "I haven't been working so hard. I got up at four o'clock Monday morning. I had two hours' sleep Wednesday, I had three hours' sleep Friday, and Sunday morning at eight o'clock I went to bed and had a long rest—eight hours."

"Three wounds in five minutes—each of them worth a wound stripe—was one infantryman's record."

"I got a machine gun bullet in the stomach," he explained. "It was about spent when it hit me. Fritz was shooting by indirect fire from long range. It just went through the skin and stuck in. I squeezed it out and was just putting it in my pocket when I got another in the leg. It went right in and right out and didn't hit the bone. I hadn't any more than begun to feel it when a piece of shrapnel hit me in the same leg."

"They certainly were after me, but none of the wounds amounts to anything. I'll be back for more in three weeks."

When you have 20-odd men, all wearing Red Cross pajamas and all lying in the same kind of cots, how are you going to tell a Frenchman from an American?

"The Frenchmen have mustaches and we haven't," explained one Yank, but it isn't always as simple as that.

Even the nurses sometimes got them mixed, and address a wounded doughboy in French in perfectly good faith. And every time that happens, the doughboy gives himself away by trying to talk French back.

A boy who lay on his back with a leg wound at least has the satisfaction of knowing that he received it in action. He just missed getting one ahead of time—if you can say "just missed" of anybody in this war who doesn't get hit.

The Boche was trying to shell a battery but kept dropping them short. In this way a shell hit a house with Americans in it and wounded some of them. The rest got out and spent the night in the open.

The following night they went out into the open before the shelling was due to begin. Next morning they went back. They were pretty sure the house had been hit again, because they knew it had been there and found a few pieces of brick in the vicinity to prove it.

"Say, I hit on my blanket," said the boy who lay on his back. "Was a big hunk of the shell that did it."

Three of them had been in one little room for three days, an American, a Frenchman and an Italian. Came a Red Cross man on the afternoon of the third day.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the American, "you might get an interpreter. Tony and Gaston and I have been trading tobacco and showing each other our girls' pictures and saying 'oui' and 'non' for three days now, and we've got a lot to tell each other if you can get somebody to help us out."

"Yes," he said, "I drew a full house the first time in action—two eyes and a nose—high explosive. It may not be so bad, though. There's one eye left and they may save it. Anyway, I've always wondered if a fellow enjoyed a smoke when he couldn't see the smoke and I've found out now. You enjoy it just the same, but you've got to inhale to find out if you're pipe is lighted."

"Whoosh!" said the man on the cot, or some sound like that, winking up out of his other sleep minus a machine gun bullet that he had brought to the hospital with him. Looking toward the door, he saw a postal service man on guard.

"Say," he inquired, "have I been in a post-office or a railway mail train?"

But it was perfectly all right. The postal service man was one of a group who had volunteered their services when a certain big hospital began to be a rather busy spot on the A.E.F. map not so many days since.

POLITICAL ISSUES REFUSE TO RAISE

Non-Partisan Plan Liked, But Details Are Hard to Pin Down

SOCIALISTS PLAN TO FIGHT

No Big Divisions in National Problems Around Which Trouble Can Be Started

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES)

AMERICA, August 1.—Were it not for the war, our newspaper press would have had to fall back on the sea serpent story to provide news during the next week.

Things went along so smoothly that nobody could unearth a single sensation of importance, and all the big news was news to which the public has already become too accustomed to cause excitement, such as continued ship launching, increased augmentation of America's armed forces, steady progress in coordinating industrial efforts and adjusting labor and financial problems.

Lacking a real sensation, we tried energetically to raise some political sensations. So far the most feasible sentiment of all is the political move for non-partisan Congressional elections next autumn.

Enthusiasm for the idea, as purely an idea, is truly vast, but there is some little difference as to details. At present, the Democratic idea of the correct way to eliminate partisanship is for the Republicans to retire from the race, while the Republicans think it would be a much better idea if the Democrats did the patriotic retiring.

Some Coalitions Certain

The only thing the two parties are passionately agreed upon is that the Socialists must be beaten, and undoubtedly there will be at least some local coalitions here and there for this purpose.

Such coalitions would assuredly defeat Socialist candidates for specific offices, but the Socialist party is at least as much interested in increasing its vote as in winning offices, and coalitions may actually help them to gain the former point.

They show no intention of taking the defensive as yet, and are actually preparing for a stiff fight despite the fact that many Socialist leaders are under indictment.

As to national issues, there is so far no big division on which a fight can be made. Both old parties absolutely agree on the principles for which we are at war and both with each other in declaring for support of the Government. The successful dispatch of a big army to Europe and the generally acknowledged success in practically all the directions of our material activities, national and industrial, have unquestionably greatly minimized as a political factor any campaign fight to be made on the conduct of the war.

D.K.E.

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Questions Answered

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R.T.O.—The proper wines to serve with an Army dinner are: With the soup course, soup; with the meat course, coffee; with the dessert, more coffee if the tank isn't empty. Hockheimer and other wines of Germanic parentage should be studiously avoided, as they might give offense to some of your more or less pro-Ally guests—which is the kind of guest you will have to get along with for a good while over here, more or less.

R.T.O.—Croquet parties are extremely restful and soothing affairs, but should be staged with discretion, and never within seven kilos of the front line. If there are any people from Philadelphia, Boston or Brooklyn in the group you purpose to entertain, it is better to substitute some other game, as the sight of the old hoops and mallets would make them unbearably homesick.

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Each blossom a forget-me-not.

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Give, and the dawn of lonesome years
Shall turn to a springtime morning mild;
Give, and receive through a mist of tears,
The blessing of a little child.

405 ADOPTIONS IN FOUR MONTHS A.E.F.'S RECORD

Every Branch of Service Is Represented on Growing List of Parrains

183,819 FRANCS RECEIVED

Aid Has Already Helped to Save Mascots' Lives—15 More Taken in Week

This is "Four Hundred Week" for the War Orphan Department of THE STARS AND STRIPES. The A.E.F. made a break through on Poverty's fourth century line of defense this week, flanked the enemy, and is still making progress. The number of children enrolled in the A.E.F. war orphan family reached 405, attaining that total in a little over four months, at an average rate of 100 a month.

It was on March 29 that THE STARS AND STRIPES announced its plan to enable A.E.F. soldiers to adopt as their mascots French children whose fathers, in the stern years that preceded America's entrance into the war, died or were permanently crippled in the common fight for liberty.

The A.E.F. hasn't wiped out, at one sweep, all the suffering that the war has brought to the children of France. It has barely skimmed the surface. Our hundreds seem insignificant in comparison with the tens of thousands of children whose fathers made the soldier's supreme sacrifice. We appear pitifully small even beside the list of children made fatherless since we began our modest philanthropy. But we have done, nevertheless, something real and material and lasting in providing these 405 children of ours with care and comfort during the most critical year of their lives and affording them that chance for the future which, in the doctrine of democracy to which we all are pledged, is every child's right.

Mud and Kids Together

On March 29 THE STARS AND STRIPES didn't have as many readers as it has now. Its present reading public is five times as large as then. Most of the original draft of our circulation became pals with the children of France last winter about the time they were also making the acquaintance of French mud, home-knitted belly-bands and other atrocities of war.

Hence, it is only natural that 90 per cent of the parrains of these first 405 are from the first one-fifth. The other four-fifths didn't have the opportunity to meet the admiring, brave, clumsy boys and girls as we of the first one-fifth did—and—the worse for them—they probably never will know them as we do. But it is as much to them that this sum-up of work is directed as to the original one-fifth.

The procedure of adoption outlined at the start has been followed and found successful. As originally planned, the 500 francs decided upon as the ideal amount for supporting an orphan a year has been ample under the rules of the plan. At least half of this amount is paid upon adoption, and the remainder within four months. The vast majority of the adoptors, however, have paid the entire amount in advance.

Paid Out as Needed

The money received has been turned over to THE STARS AND STRIPES Bureau of the American Red Cross, entrusted with the selection and care of the children, and placed to the credit of the orphans selected. It is being paid out for the care of the children as needed. The payments are usually in equal monthly installments.

The total receipt of cash is \$183,819.53 francs, which, in American money, is \$22,249.04. About 15 per cent of this has already been paid out.

The Red Cross bureau is in charge of a committee headed by Miss Marie Perin, for several years a member of the faculty of the Ethical Culture School of New York. Miss Perin is of French birth, and she returned here after the opening of the war to engage in war relief work. Dr. R. R. Reeder, the American orphan asylum reformer and children's authority, is an advisory member of the committee.

Twenty Letters a Day

The principal disadvantage of many charities—the lack of personal interest—was overcome by facilitating the means for making the contact between the child and its adoptor as close as possible. All parrains are supplied with photographs of their mascot and his or her address. The children, too, are told the identity of their adoptors. Communication between them is encouraged and letters passing between soldiers and their mascots may be sent to the bureau for translation from French into English and vice versa.

At present, what with the stimulus of the observance of July 4 and 14 and the striking work of the Americans on the battle front, the number of letters translated by the committee averages upwards of 20 a day. This is in addition to many that go direct. Most of the letters are from the children to their adoptors. The parrains, it may be said, are not such good correspondents as their godchildren.

One Child in a Family

Many of these letters are glowing, wonderfully worded expressions of gratitude and hope. They have given their readers an unusual insight into French child life, and, from their tone, there can be no doubt that the interest of the Americans has been an inspiration to them.

So great is the number of needy children, it was decided that only one child in each family would be adopted, and that only in exceptional cases will a child who has a mother or other adult relatives be selected. If he is the only child in the family. By supporting one child in a family of several, the others are, of course, indirectly assisted. A adopted made of the child, and a physical examination was given a physical examination. Physical weaknesses and tendencies are noted and steps are taken to correct them. This already has resulted in an actual saving of life in several cases. On the whole,

THE TOTALS

Prov. Ord. Depot Bn.	1
Hqs. — Division	1
U.S. Naval Airman, — France	6
Hqs. Detach. — Engineers	1
— Const. Bricklaying Co.	2
U.S. Naval Airman, — France	2
Lt. L. A. MacPherson, S.S.C.	1
Pvt. Frank A. Doble, Inf.	1
Previously adopted	299
Total	306

By Branches of Service

Here is the number of orphans adopted by units of the different main branches of the service of the A.E.F.:

Infantry	26
Field Artillery	13
Engineers	5
Air Service	4
Hospital Corps	2
Marines	6
Balloon Sqdns.	2
Machine-Gun Bns.	2
Naval Air Force	18
Cavalry	3

The remainder of the adoptions are by units of various smaller branches of the service — Bakery Companies, the Tank Corps, Stevedore Regiments, Auto Convoy, the Graves Registration Service, Naval Aviators and other Navy units, Telegraph Battalions and others — and two scores from individuals, including 22 by officers, six by enlisted men; eight from Y.M.C.A. secretaries, five from the United States and one from England.

The health of the entire A.E.F. mascot family is very good.

Naval Aviators Come Again

This week's adoptions totaled 15, the largest order being from the Naval Aviators at a camp in southern France. Previously, this group of sailor-airmen had taken eight orphans, and this week they requested six more.

From the headquarters of the Division came 896 francs and this explanation from Chaplain D. Tannenbaum:

"This amount was collected from the officers and men of this command on the occasion of a 10th of July concert. It was felt that concrete expression should be given of the friendship and love we bear France, and no more fitting way could be found than by the adoption of a French boy. He is to be adopted in the name of our beloved commanding general as a token of the affection we bear him."

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY



And the children? What do they think about all this? The letters that follow are their own handiwork, unless the mascots are too small to write and have to call on mothers or grandmothers or aunts to express the thanks which they all feel, even if they cannot put it into words.

"Yesterday," writes Lucienne Ballou, from a place that happens to be one of A.E.F.'s best ports, "I was thinking about you. Your Memorial Day was being celebrated here, and our dead and yours were united in our hearts."

"I am not always a very good little girl," frankly admits Mariette Lafitte, "but I will try to be so to please my father, who can see me, and also to please my godfathers, who cannot see me."

"There are Americans here. When I meet them I say 'Goodbye' to them in English and they answer 'Goodbye' with a laugh. They seem very kind. I should like you to be here. I am learning how to speak English, but I know almost nothing yet. But I do know how to say 'Thank you' to you, and I love you very dearly."

"Hurrah for America!" writes Raymond Ares at the head of his letter, and he begins: "Dear Allies." His father, who was killed in the war, used to run a restaurant at Nancy, but an enemy bomb destroyed it.

"The American soldiers used to do their cooking near me," writes Raymond, "and they gave me all sorts of nice things because I told them that my daddy also was a cook."

"America," writes René le Jarlet des Châtelots, "is said to be a very pretty country where trees are much bigger than in France. My aunts often speak about it. Their great-uncle was bishop of Boston over 100 years ago. He was MONSEIGNEUR de Chevreuse, who died in 1836, cardinal archbishop of Bordeaux. He loved America." So, apparently, does René, who is not yet 10.

Confiture for Aubin

"The parents of little Aubin Robert will be pleased to know that his money has been put in the bank, but not before his craving for confiture was gratified. His widowed mother writes:

"My little Aubin is a frail child and needs constant care. It is he who made me smile when I was crying, and I hope, he will be happier than I was. He has been going to school for three months, and the first letter which he will be able to write will be for his parrain."

While Aubin is too young to write himself, I shall have his brother write for him. If you think it advisable, I shall take a book at the Savings Bank for little Aubin and tell you what amount I put down in it. As for the rest of the money, Aubin is a little chap who likes jam so much! It still induces his taste for this one, as it is so very expensive.

Here are still other letters.

Works Well for Daddy's Sake

"My Dear Friends:—I was very glad to hear that you are interested in my welfare. I was seven on March 5th. My father was killed at Verdun in 1916 and mother died last year. I am a little orphan who has only his grand-mother and a sister, also a widow since the war, who has a little girl, and an uncle who is engaged as interpreter for a merchant."

My father's wish was that I should receive a good education; that is why mother sent me to school rather early. I can read quite well and am already out of the little children's class. My teacher is so pleased with me, as I generally am among the first boys of the division. In remembrance of Daddy, I mean to work well so as to become a bright boy. I am, like all boys, very fond of all games, but I particularly love football and all mechanical toys.

I am very glad that you are going to help me and take the place of my darling Daddy and Mamma, my kind friends of the Company of Cadets, and I promise you that I will be very good and work hard for your sake. Your little friend,
Robert Cattiaux.

HIS OUTFIT



To Pay Back His Sister

My Dear Parrain—I send you two words to let you know that I am well and I hope you are the same. I thank you very much for your kind gift and your interest in my sister. I also hope that you have received my picture; you will see that I am a good boy. I go to school every day to learn how to read and write, and when I am grown to go and defend my country. I shall not let you down.

We are living in a refuge, the same as soldiers do, and have to go for our soup twice a day. Well, it is not so bad. I am a total orphan. Mother died five years ago, and father when he broke out had to do his duty and left us all four; my sister, who is now 18 years old; my brother, who is 16, and is in invaded country, and my other brother, 13 years old, who also is in invaded country with an aunt, and myself.

My father was very much grieved to leave his motherless children. After a stay of three months at the front he came back to see us and afterwards he died. I am a living orphan. My mother supports me, but when I am grown I shall give everything back to her.—Yours loving mascot,
Andre Jacquere.

She'll Soon Write Herself

Dear Sirs:—It is with great pleasure that I give you news of my dear little Marie-Louise. She goes to kindergarten every day without grumbling, and she looks forward to the day when she will be able to go to the big school because, she says, "I shall then be able to write all alone to my dear parrain."

When she hears an automobile rushing by, she runs to see whether it is a parrain American, or if a little friend just here a bit at play, she immediately talks about reporting the fact to her parrains Americans. She is very proud to be your mascot. I shall give her my place, for she will be happy to scribble a few lines. With my best thanks I am, dear sir, Yours very truly,
Jeanne Parliache.

My Dear Parrain:—Your loving little ward sends you lots of nice kisses such a long way off to all of you.
Your little Marie-Louise.

Afraid of His Writing

Dear Benefactors:—They tell me I have been chosen as your little ward, and I want to thank you for it.

My dear parrain, I am eight years old and I go to school every day. I learn how to read and write. I only began this year to attend school. Before that time I could not see, but now I must learn quickly in order to help Mother a little, as Father, who earned our bread, was killed at Guorbigny, in the Somme, on March 12, 1916.

At recreation time, I like drilling with my school-fellows, just like real soldiers, and to play marbles or football.

Dear parrains, I like to take walks with Mother, my brother and sisters, and to go and see American soldiers landing. They are all so fine, these Americans! I also sometimes go to hear our national hymn; I like it very much.

I see that American soldiers are as good as they are brave, as it is for France that you have come to fight in the French army. I read in the newspapers that you are very successful and I hope that the war will come to an end this year and that I shall be lucky enough to come to know you before you go back to America.

I hope you will excuse me for having had my letter copied by my sister, but I was afraid my writing would be too bad. I hope you are well; as for me, I am the same. Your ward,
Edouard.

Watches Americans Land

My Dear Sponsors:—It is with a big heart that I write to thank you for your kindness in taking me as your little ward.

I am eight years old and go to a primary school; I am in the fourth class. I like going to school very much.

After school, I go on errands for Mother, or else I play with my doll, or a ball, but like my doll best. I put her to bed and dress her very often.

I love going to watch the Americans land; I try to talk to them, but I cannot understand what they say. They remind me of my dear papa, who was a Lieutenant of Infantry and who was killed at the Dardanelles on May 4, 1915, leaving mother with my sister Yvonne, who is 13 years old, my brother Charles, who is 13, and myself, and also grand-mother, who lives with us and is 86 years old.

If I leave off, dear sponsors, with a big kiss for you all and with heartfelt thanks.
Your little ward, who will not forget you.
Madeleine Pelion.

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NEED ANY MONEY? DON'T ASK DOBLE

He Used to Be Platoon's Emergency Reserve Fund, But—

Private Frank A. Doble belongs to a company which has written American history with the bayonet in the last few weeks. He has gone into—and come out of—all the hot scrammages in which a crack Infantry regiment can participate in these lively days.

He is the kind of a fellow who is—or was—always good for a touch if you kept your credit good. He was generally known to be in possession of francs three weeks from payday, he didn't shoot crap and he was regarded as a conservative spender.

One day, a fortnight ago, Private Doble went broke! If the United States Treasury had stopped payment on silver coins, it wouldn't have created more of an impression on the members of his platoon.

And About the Same Time

About the same time the War Orphan Department of THE STARS AND STRIPES received a draft for 300 francs with a letter from the Y.M.C.A. saying the amount was being transmitted for Private Frank A. Doble, Co. M, — Infantry. There was no further explanation. The letter was put aside awaiting word from Private Doble—which hasn't come yet.

The day after the bankruptcy of Private Doble was discovered Company M went into action, and it didn't think any more about Private Doble's strange financial condition until it came out again and began to hold the customary franc inventory. It was then that Private Doble confessed that he had gone and spent the whole platoon emergency reserve fund for a little French war orphan.

Some of these days, after Private Doble negotiates a razor blade through seven days' beard and carries and captures the last coffee, he is going to write to THE STARS AND STRIPES about this orphan, requesting, undoubtedly, that his name be not printed. But we're going to beat him to it.

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HOW TO BE POPULAR THROUGH AN "OFFICER"

-By WALLGREN

HELLO, FELLOW! G'OUT UN HERE! AN' NO SERGENTS NEITHER! YA AH-YOU PUT ME ON K.P. DON'T CHA- AN' NOW YUN COME SUCHIN AROUND YA-AH!

I DON'T WANNA. GIT UP SERGENT-IM TOP TRESSESS.

WE HAD A TUFF NIGHT LAST NIGHT-WE DID.

OH, S'ALL RIGHT. SO SORRY TO DISTURB YOU. BOWS: BUT WOULD YOU MIND TRYING TO GET AROUND BEFORE DINNER SOMETIME.

OH DINKER!

HOW 'BOUT A 'LIL' SACKET O' COLD TEA HAZARD?

AH, BO-EE!

THERE'S NO REASON WHY A NON-COM COULDN'T MAKE HIMSELF VERY POPULAR IF HE ONLY PRACTISES A FEW OF THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTIONS:

HEEDY! IN NEAT, CORPSEL!

DO YOU LIVE EM WUPPADD TIGHT, SAMUEL?

HOW YOU LIVE UP YOUR LEGGINGS LAST NIGHT, HEN?

PURTY GOOD, SIBBE YOUR JOHN BATTER!

HERE, OSCAR YOU GO IN THE GUARDHOUSE OUTA TIE; ILL STAND YOUR GUARD FOR YOU YOU MIGHT CATCH WILD!

HEY, YOU PRIVATES YOU BEAT IF AN' GO TAKE A NAP ME AN' THE CORPSEL IS GOVA CLEAN THIS UP!

YEH, LIS NO FOREIGN RIGHT!

PRIVATE BUCK, I IMPLORE YOU TO AID ME, JUST THIS ONCE!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW AS I MIGHT, SARGENT!

NEVER MISS AN OPPORTUNITY TO RELIEVE A PRIVATE ON GUARD.

NEVER ALLOW A PRIVATE TO DO IT P.

NEVER COMMAND A PRIVATE: USE TACT AND ENTREATY.

NEVER INSIST ON PRIVATES OBSERVING REVEILLE.

ALWAYS CARRY A LARGE CAN OF ICED TEA OR LEMONADE (OR SOMETHING NICER LIKE THAT) TO ALLEViate THE THIRST OF THE BOYS ON THE MARCH.

ALWAYS MAKE IT A POINT TO PERSONALLY PUT ON YOUR SQUAD'S WRAP LEGGINGS.

HELPFUL HINTS

NON-COM'S SHOULD NEVER SALUTE PRIVATES.

AM THERE?

NON-COMS SALUTING PRIVATES SHOULD BE SEVERELY REPRIMANDED, AS THIS IS STRICTLY AGAINST ALL RULES OF CIVILIZED WARFARE. OF COURSE, IF THE PRIVATE WEARS A SAM BROWNE BELT AND CAPTAINS BARS THE ACT IS EXCUSABLE; OTHERWISE, THE HABIT SHOULD BE CORDIALLY DISCOURAGED, AS IT IS VERY EMBARRASSING TO BOTH PARTIES.

TRIBE OF LEBRUN BACK ON HOME SOIL

Father and Two Sons Came to France on A. E. F. Transports

EUGENE, 11, INTERPRETER

Still Another Brother in Training While Fifth Man in Family Builds Ships

He's 11 years old—"go in 12" to be exact—and he's won two service stripes.

It isn't possible, you say? Just trot down to Tours and look over Eugene Lebrun, messenger, and interpreter too, for the Q.M. corps. Watch him in his campaign hat and his O.D. clothes and his regulation leggings. Then you'll put the best salute yet lumped in the A.E.F. Then change your mind.

Eugene came over with his father, Frank Lebrun (born in France, by the way) a good year and more ago—came over in a transport, too, for his father is also a member of the A.E.F., being attached to the post quartermaster at Tours in the capacity of carpenter.

Naturally, when people got to know Eugene they "adopted" him right and left right off the reel. But when he began to show what he could do in writing and speaking the language of his father's native land, as well as the language of the land of his birth and upbringing, they found he was more than a mascot. In short Eugene is a mighty useful citizen.

Another Lebrun Arrives

Along about last December another transport landed in France. It brought over still another Lebrun (also born in France) named Louis, a private in the Infantry. And as soon as Louis could get leave, and get the general (he had to go that far) to fix it so he might make Tours instead of Aix-les-Bains, he made tracks to clutch his father and kid brother for the first reunion they had had in four years.

There's another son, Johnny (born in America), now in one of the training camps getting ready to make it a Lebrun quartet in France. And Frank, Jr., the last to leave the family corral at Round Bay, Montana, is working in a Government shipyard out on the Pacific coast. So, altogether, from the Old Man down to Messenger-Interpreter Eugene (going on 12 and winner of two service stripes), it looks like a 100 per cent war record for the Franco-American clan of Lebrun.

NEW USE IS FOUND FOR CAMPAIGN HAT

You'll Find Part of It When—and if—you Reach a Hospital

They've found a use for the old campaign hat at last.

No, it isn't to be worn by German prisoners, or handed over to the French Boy Scouts, or even sold to Paris milliners to be revamped and befeathered and called "le chapeau Feuchignue."

It's going to be worn by you, if by any chance you go to a hospital (which we hope you won't unless you want to). And you're going to wear it on your feet, not on your dome.

When the old lid o' the plains was discarded, the salvage department of the A.E.F. saw there was going to be a lot of good felt left on its hands. With characteristic Yankee ingenuity, it fussed around until it devised the scheme of making slipper-soles out of that felt. So with uppers made of O.D. filched from hopelessly ripped pants and blouses, the old campaign hat is going to blossom forth as the basis for the new hospital slipper—thus fulfilling a long-felt want.

CUBA DETAINS RUM SHIP

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, August 1.—The Cuban Government has detained a suspicious schooner. No, it was not a U-boat. It was loaded with 400,000 quarts of rum. Gotham liquorists are suffering torments of hopeless appetite and demanding intervention.

SHOP GIRLS GOOD FARMERS

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, August 1.—Two thousand girls are filling farms in New York State as part of the land army movement. Many of them are from the shops and similar pursuits, and reports are that they fit in well.

WAR AS THEY'RE WAGING IT SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF SOISSONS

An American lying wounded in a wheat field was somewhat taken aback by the spectacle, in slow and stately approach, of a German officer. He was magnificent with medals and he wore a monocle.

Every once in a while his impressive countenance spoiled by a nervous turn of the head and the suspicion of a grimace, just as if someone were flicking his tail with a bayonet.

Someone was, for looking beyond, the wounded American saw a great, big, husky American negro prancing along, showing every tooth in his head.

"Hi-yi, boss," he called out jubilantly, "Ah don't know what Ah's got, but Ah's bringin' it along!"

Mess sergeants are just the same, whether they're in Kansas City, Missouri, or Chateau-Thierry, France—all ways suspicious that the whole Army is trying to edge in on their company's mess.

The beans ran low—which will indicate the gravity of the situation—in a company that was having its first hot meal out of the lines.

"Three hundred and seventeen men I've fed," finally exploded the mess sergeant. "Three hundred and seventeen! And when we went into line we were only 250 strong. You'd think a company would lose when it's fighting, but it don't. It gains!"

The American regiments that share in the avalanche which fell on the German line between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry are groaning under the weight of their souvenirs.

Nearly every man wears a "Gott Mit Uns" buckle on his belt till you would think it was a Q.M. issue on which regulations insisted. Nearly every man carries a German watch, many of them handsome watches shielded by metal trench cases. One doughboy had 14 watches—"time to burn," as he wags hisly put it.

Some brandish Luger pistols, and the lucky ones can be seen these days staring into the distance through line German field glasses and trying to look as much like generals as possible. But the prizes are Iron Crosses. Every Yankee wants to win the Iron Cross in a manner not contemplated by the Kaiser.

While the Franko-Yankee troops were chasing the Germans between the Aisne and the Ourey, the generals were happily counting the stocks of ammunition and the hundreds of guns that were falling into their hands. But the hungry doughboys, loam from three days on iron rations and not too much of that, was happily devouring the food supplies they found in many a hastily abandoned dugout.

Never before in its history did the American Army eat so much veiner and punpernickel as it did that great day.

In the midst of the battle one young lieutenant, running into a pal of his, showed him under the flap of his pocket a little gold brooch.

"If anything should happen to me," he said, "try to get hold of this pin. I'll give you, and when you get time ship it back home to my mother."

The other promised, and the lieutenant went his way. He had not gone 20 feet when he was struck by a shell and killed instantly. The pin is on its way to America.

The captain looked suspiciously at his left trench shoe.

"A machine gun bullet went through the heel near the Marne," he said, "and yesterday another went straight across my foot between the sole and my stocking. It didn't do more than scorch me. But if they hit this darned shoe again, I'm going to get a new pair. They seem to think I'm Achilles."

A tattered doughboy, too new from battle to have been either shaved or deloused, was exhibiting an ornate and ugly revolver he had taken from a German officer.

"I'd like to have that," said an Artilleryman. "Us guys are so far behind we never get a chance at any good souvenirs like that."

"Take it," said the Infantryman, "it's yours."

"Why," demanded the Infantryman's buddy afterward, "did you give that revolver away?"

"Aw," said the doughboy, "we'll be going over the top again in a week or two, and I'll have a chance to get all I want."

To those who hung about France through a long, monotonous winter of wondering if the American Army would ever get started, there is something startling in the occasional discovery of a young Infantryman who sailed from New York as late as June 12 and yet went over the top with the veterans on July 18.

On a dusty roadside near the front a line of empty trucks were halted at

various rakish angles, their wheels caked with mud. The drivers snored in the seats or lay stretched out in the wheat field alongside. Everything was still save for the distant boom of the guns and finally the rat-a-tat-tat, not of a masked machine gun, but of an unseen typewriter.

A passerby trailed the sound to the interior of one of the trucks, and within saw a soldier sitting in the throes of composition, his bandaged foot resting on a sack of oats.

"You poor stiff, do they make you do paper work way up here?"

"Paper work, hell!" he replied affably. "I'm writing a letter to my girl."

One young lieutenant who was grazed three times by shrapnel was finally so badly wounded in the leg that he had to be carried to the first aid station. Later, he was put into the first truck going to the rear, and when he saw them lifting a friend of his who had collapsed from shell-shock, he volunteered to hold him in his arms.

The lieutenant got his fifth wound when a shell came out of space and struck and killed his friend as he was cradling him.

Listing prisoners is always interesting work.

Ernst Herman wore the insignia of an aspirant. In his pockets he had the spoils of a second lieutenant. His period of probation over, he was to become a lieutenant the next day. Had he been captured 12 hours later, he would have been an officer and—he wouldn't have had to work all the time he remains in captivity.

"Kaiser," said the next prisoner when asked his name.

"Holy Smoke!" exclaimed the doughboy who brought him in, "I've captured the man show."

"Kaiser," repeated the prisoner. "Courad Kaiser, and I'm 30 years old."

Up to the time that Germany's dwindling man-power caused the military finger to beckon him, Kaiser had been a college professor.

"Will they send us to America?" asked the next prisoner, an artillery captain. He was told that "they" wouldn't, and expressed regret.

"I'd decided to go to America after the war anyhow," he explained. "There is nothing more for me in Germany. My father and mother were killed by an air bomb and my two brothers died in action. I'm the only one of the family left."

The American ambulance sections attached to the French Army are the boys that have the pets, it's so easy for them to carry a mascot around. But one of the sections has had bad luck with theirs. Now they have a puppy chosen because its coat is a perfect olive drab.

They have tried dogs before and angoras. "They have tried foxes. One was

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750	Taylor Base Mitts
1,500	Taylor Bladders

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

Alex Taylor

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26 East 42nd Street, New York.

TO AID LUMBER WORKERS

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, August 1.—Colonel Bryce P. Disque, famous for his success in handling difficult labor situations in the woods, has completed plans with the lumber operators of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Western Montana for arbitration between workers and employers.

These plans include conferences, the open shop and the eight-hour day now and after the war.

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REGIMENTAL, COMPANY AND MESS ACCOUNTS RECEIVE SPECIAL CONSIDERATION

HUN PRISONERS LEARN A WHOLE LOT OF THINGS

Paris Is Taken, Austrians Close to Rome, Submarine Winning

AND THEN THE AWAKENING

"Germany Has No Chance," Says Captured Officer, Told We're Million Strong

It must be great to soldier in the German army. If there isn't any wheat for bread, they make it out of potatoes, and if there isn't any tobacco, they make it out of alfalfa or four leaf clover or something. Nothing to worry about, at all.

If there isn't any good news, they make that for you, too—Austrian victories, British and French defeats, capture of Paris, sinking of the American Army by U-boats—anything for your peace of mind.

Of course, if the French, who are beaten, and the Americans, who can't get to France, put over a barrage with guns captured by the Germans last spring and make an attack when they haven't any men to attack with, it is disconcerting. But the confusion keeps you contented while it lasts.

It was a rude surprise the thousands of Germans got who fell into American hands in the first Franco-American offensive. That they should be attacked, with the war supposedly almost won by Germany, was unbelievable. That the Americans should do it—well, that was impossible.

News Made Like Coffee

The prisoners' blissful and almost unanimous ignorance of the war situation as it is was striking and frequently ludicrous. The same governments and the same leaders which boasts news and calls the product coffee manufactures news with equal facility. Defeats become victories; checks are advances. Final victory is just ahead.

It may be said, though, that, despite all the colored accounts of operations and misinformation that has been dolled out to the German soldier, he is beginning to be dubious. His morale isn't what it was earlier in the summer. According to his schedule, the war ought to have ended by this time in a German victory—and it hasn't. That he still clings to a lot of strange ideas.

A group of German officers, representative of the big bunch taken by the Americans below Soissons, filed before an American examining officer.

One of them a private blandly explained that the German advance guard already was in Paris and the whole German Army hadn't followed because it was thought that France would ask for peace terms without that being necessary.

"That is why we weren't expecting an attack," he explained.

"Austrians So Successful"

Another declared that a slight reverse on this front didn't make much difference because "the Austrians have been so successful." He believed the Italian Army was defeated and that the Austrians were marching toward Rome.

There was a general belief that Paris had been evacuated because of German artillery fire. Many were convinced that the new long range guns, firing 700 shot a day into the French capital, as they believed, had made it untenable.

"How many Americans do you think are in France?" a German non-com was asked.

"An army corps," was the reply. "I know there are that many because my division has not them every place it has been for the last three months."

The victory news spread through the German army isn't always the same and it isn't always consistent. Different units seem to have their own optimistic version of how things are going and the beliefs do not stop usually with the enlisted men.

Blind Faith in Submarine

The average German officer, of course, is not laboring under the hallucination that Paris has been taken or that Italy is defeated, but many of those taken by the Americans do believe that long range guns have made Paris uninhabitable. Nearly all are convinced that the United States has only a few divisions in France and cannot put an army here because of the submarines.

Among the German officers examined were two who realized the situation and whose statements were enlightening. Both had lived in the United States. One was a captain who had lived in Chicago. He had been a staff officer until a few weeks ago, when he took command of a company.

At our headquarters we received the report that there were a million Americans in France and other confidential information about the arrival of troops from the United States," he said. "We made up our minds that the number was about correct."

"What did your staff think of the news?" he was asked.

"It scared them stiff," he answered.

"No Chance"

The second officer was a first lieutenant. His name is Franz Schroeder, and he said he had worked for an American steam company for 12 years in New York. In 1915, he went to Hamburg on business for his firm and says he was forced into the army.

"I don't know how many Americans are here," he said. "We have heard many reports. Some say that many have been sunk crossing the Atlantic and that only an army corps is here, but there is a growing impression in Germany that the submarines will not hold back the American Army—that there are hundreds of thousands here already."

"There are a million Americans in France," he was told.

"Then," he said, "Germany has no chance."

ARTILLERYMEN WILL KNOW

A raw-boned doughboy who had served two years in the infantry had suddenly been shifted over into the Artillery.

Minus any extensive mathematical training, he had spent about four weeks attempting to grapple with bills, deductions, aiming points, and the like when one day he appealed to his captain for a transfer back to the infantry, where he could trade the 6-inch for a rifle.

"What for?" the captain asked.

"I wanta get back, sir," he answered.

"To a game where I can carry my deduction in my hand."

MAPPING OUT THE NEXT



WOMEN WAR WORKERS HAVE PARK IN TOURS

Y.W.C.A. Leases Island in River Loire—Hotel Also Running

Primarily for the benefit of women war workers, but open to all American, French and English women in the vicinity of Tours, the Y.W.C.A. has leased a young park of its own, at the western end of the Ile de Simon, the pretty little islet set in the middle of the Loire.

Already the new recreation ground has been christened by an informal picnic, has been further fested by another basket lunch party, and has been pronounced "bully," "tree gentil" and "a little bit of quite all right," according to the nationality of the participants.

It is planned to level off a portion of the land on the island and place tennis courts thereon as well wired as the front line trenches so that cotton-and-rubber spheroids won't be wasted down the Loire to the seashore and beyond, and thus become likely prey to the U-boats, for Germany is woefully short of cotton and rubber.

It's too bad, some of the more athletically inclined women say, that the island isn't big enough for a golf course; but, with a real good golf course right there in Tours, there doesn't seem any need of it.

Tours, too, now has a hotel run on the American club plan—with an entrance fee, etc.—for the benefit of American and British women who are working with the A.E.F. Already there are about 140 permanent guests.

What the name of the new ladies' park is going to be is still a moot question, with the guessing contest open to one and all. At the hour of going to press the favorite was "No man's Land."

CHAPLAINS THREE ALL WANTED JOBS

And It Wasn't the Hospital's Fault That They Went Without

Three Red Cross chaplains, three abreast, came marching on an undefended American Red Cross hospital somewhere in the Z. of A. Going into the administrative office, they lined up, and their spokesman said: "We have been assigned as chaplains to this hospital. When do you want us to begin work?"

The orderly in charge scratched his head.

"Why," he ventured, "all the officers are out just now. You see, we've only opened up the other day, and there's still a lot to be done, but—"

"Well, we can go in and see the patients, can't we?" persisted the smiling spokesman. "We've been regularly assigned, and all that."

"Why," he supposed, "the orderly came back, still scratching his head, but—"

"That what?" queried the spokesman politely.

"Well," the orderly answered, rather sheepishly, "you see, we've only got one patient in here now, and if three chaplains fall on to him all to once, he might think he was a serious case and die of fright!"

RECEIPT SYSTEM FOR COURIER MAIL

New Bulletin Hints at Possibility of Delivery by Airplane

A system of "hand-to-hand" receipting for courier mail in the Army has gone into effect.

Receipts will be given for all envelopes and parcels deposited in courier service distributing offices, and receipts will be required from each person handling such matter. All receipts on delivery must show the initials, surname and rank of the officer or enlisted man signing for the envelope or parcel in question.

In the bulletin announcing the inauguration of the strictly applied receipt system, it is stated emphatically that the courier service will be restricted to "urgent and confidential written communications requiring careful treatment and handling," and to "urgent official parcels of such size and weight as can be carried safely by the means of transportation provided." Persons transacting business with couriers are asked to do so as expeditiously as possible.

The possibility of the extension of the courier service to permit of delivery by airplane is also touched on in the bulletin.

LEMONADE SERVED ON EDGE OF BATTLE

Salvation Army Beverage Helps to Quell Fever of Wounded

MOSQUITO NETTING, TOO

And the War Doughnut Is Present in Force, Just As You'd Expect

When the wiping out of the Soissons-Rheims salient becomes a mere incident in the growing list of German victories that might have been, there will probably be no item better remembered by men who were wounded while on that little job than the item of lemonade.

One division in particular will thank the Salvation Army with pocketbooks open for the carload of juicy yellow Italian fruit that happened to be near Chillery to Soissons and to Chateau-Yank wounded available in the thick of things.

The S.A. had been looking forward to hot weather, drive or no drive, and they were getting ready to substitute real lemonade, with rinds and everything, for the old reliable chocolate or the doubtful pland. The water supply was none too good, and when a man is hit, he wants something to drink as soon as he can get to it.

Everybody to the Barrels

So when the doughboys and the Artillery and the Signal Corps began sending representatives back to visit the dressing stations, the Salvation Army came to the fore with those Italian lemons, beaucoup sugar and barrels of clean, cold water which they brought up on a Ford delivery truck. Every Yank that got within range of that lemon throw away his cigarette and made a dive for his tin cup.

The doctors say that a good many who couldn't walk, and who couldn't make a dive for the shore, are going to live and go back to the States because they got a drink that killed their fever when they needed it most. Lemonade is a lifesaver to wound-fevered men, and this particular lot turned some good tricks for the surgeons.

Another thing that was imported for use in the emergency was mosquito netting. When the need for protection against flies was apparent at the evacuation hospitals and dressing stations, the Salvation ladies sent to Paris and got all they could.

Then, too, the doughnut batteries more than scored on this latest strategic retreat of Fritz. Two little Salvation lassies fed 28 lost, hungry doughboys in a bunch, less than six hours after first starting their refreshment station. Battle smoke could not blot out the cheerful smell of frying nor shell-fire drive away the allure of the nucleus sinner.

"They came up like camouf, unlimbered like 75s and were in action in nothing flat," said one grinning Artilleryman. Which is what a Franco-Yanko might call "some liaison."

CHOW

AFTER FOUR YEARS

(To Germany)

Four eternal years ago this balmy August morning, something must have bustled loose within your well-known bean:

Four eternal years ago we read where you were horning into France and Belgium with the van of your CA.

First we rubbed our startled eyes and said, "We must be sleeping; this could never happen in the sort of world we know."

Yet four years ago today your endless lines came sweeping in a march as countless as the drift of winter snow.

There the world lay at your feet—and who was there to guard it, Up from mountain height above along to reedy tarn?

Who was there to meet your drive—to rush in and retard it? (I wonder if you've ever known a river called the Marne?)

Four eternal years ago your shrapnel fell in fountains, Where your big guns blasted out the road for your advance:

Yes, their thunder crushed the walls and shook the rugged mountains—But you found they couldn't shake the mighty heart of France!

Yes, you started something, Fritz, if you want the credit, Yes, you opened quite a pot, taken by and large:

Only in the days ahead, don't forget we said it, When the guns are after you with their last barrage.

Do you still think "Might is right" through your waning power? What has Kultur left to you along the roads you've known?

What—except a swirl of ghosts, growing every hour, Adding to the coterie around your Kaiser's throne?

Once you drank unto "The Day"—does it look as splendid As it did four years ago upon your first advance?

On the level, Hehlie, now, don't you wish it ended? Don't you wish you'd never seen the highway into France?

Four years ago today the Germans were on their way towards Paris. They are still on the way—but not towards Paris.

"We will bring peace with our shining sword,"—Wilhelm. At which point some unfeeling bonhead came in and woke him up.

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We specially recommend our CHAMOIS LEATHER WEAR which has proved an enormous success in past seasons. There is nothing like leather for keeping out the cold and Trench Pests will not go near it.

VESTS with long sleeves **36/6**
DRAWERS to knee . . . **34/6**

SPECIAL NOTE. Both Shantung Silk and Chamois Leather is very easy to wash and will be quite fresh and comfortable without special laundering.



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