

MONEY TALKS AS BIG WAREHOUSES JUMP INTO BEING

Rival Engineer Companies Get Structures Up in Record Time

8 1/2 HOURS SEES JOB DONE

Mess Shack Banquet of Roast Pig Winds Up Competition That Judges Decide Is Tie

A few days ago two companies of different construction engineering organizations stationed at Gievres decided that they would break up the endless S.O.S. of each organization by pitting their respective building methods one against the other.

Here is how it happened: Sergeant Kenney, of Company C, — Engrs., and Sergeant Douglas, Company C, — Engrs., got to arguing about the many virtues of their own outfits as builders.

Both companies got busy immediately. Sixty-two men (that means Americans and not Chinese or other Mongolians) of each organization began work on a type C warehouse at 3 o'clock one afternoon and performed unheard of feats in construction.

Next morning he presented himself and 1,524 francs to Sergeant Douglas, urging the latter to cover said amount with good money.

The ship builders over in the States or the magicians of India have nothing to do with the matter. The latter have cleared the ground for a record.

Warehouses Jump Into Place At 1.30 both gangs were at it again with increased vigor; the warehouses just seemed to call themselves together and stand up.

At 2.45 Sergeant Kenney's company had overtaken the other and seemed to have a little edge on the latter. We'll admit that killing Germans does become exciting at times, but it can't have much on slapping wood and iron together under betting pressure.

Those old corrugated iron plates didn't have a chance to cause trouble; they were nailed down without a gasp. At 2.55 both buildings were about completed and scores of men began to scramble off the roof. It was impossible to tell who was ahead.

In just eight and a half working hours 124 men had constructed two warehouses 294 feet long. In order to show each their appreciation of the other, the contending companies pulled off a big banquet in the mess shack, their betting ardor being subdued by roast pig and other delicacies.

It is our sad duty to announce that the above story, betting and all, was written by a chaplain. Thanks, Chaplain.—Eduroin.]

400 LIBERTY MOTORS TURNED OUT IN JULY

Orders for 50,000 Placed.

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—The Dayton airplane works has celebrated the completion of its thousandth biplane. John D. Ryan, Federal director of aircraft production, announces that orders have been placed for 50,000 Liberty motors.

He says that four hundred Liberty motors were turned out in July; he estimates that the month's production will be five hundred, and says that the peak of production will be reached in November or December.

Mr. Ryan further announces that the United States is now producing giant airplanes equipped with four Liberty type motors.

AMERICA'S FOOD CHIEF TO THE A.E.F.



Signal Corps photo taken in French munitions plant from having to enter upon their years.

IT is impossible to express the great wave of pride that has crossed the United States upon the proof that our boys at their first and every brush have measured up to the highly experienced Hun.

It's a full sized and red blooded man's job. It represents the ultimate sacrifice that the nation can call for.

All of our sacrifices and exertions at home look small before the vision of what the nation has demanded of our boys here.

Such as these sacrifices at home army, work or food—we are resolved to make in overflowing measure to every demand that General Pershing and this the greatest Army of our history makes upon us, for we have but one purpose.

This the greatest military effort in our history must lack nothing in the delivery of the final blow that will release our country from these terrible caterpillars for another hundred years.

(Signed) HERBERT C. HOOVER.

SPECIAL EDITION OF ARMY'S PAPER TO ALL HOSPITALS

Red Cross and Stars and Stripes Will Divide Expense

GIFT IS FROM WHOLE A.E.F.

One Copy to Every Three Cots for Sick and Wounded—Colonel Must Wait

Beginning with this, the issue of August 16, there will be printed each week a special edition of THE STARS AND STRIPES for distribution among our sick and wounded in hospital.

The cost of this special edition will be divided equally by THE STARS AND STRIPES and the American Red Cross. The scarcity of white paper has compelled us to limit the circulation to one man in every three. Only one-third of a regiment or outfit may subscribe, and for the present only one out of every three hospital beds can have its STARS AND STRIPES.

The distribution to our own hospitals will be fairly simple, and as soon as the system has been perfected, the Red Cross will endeavor to see that it reaches also those of us who lie wounded in the hospitals of our Allies.

Gift from All A.E.F.

THE STARS AND STRIPES is not only written by, for and about the American soldier. He owns it and its profits are his. To our soldiers, then, who are sick and wounded, this edition is a gift and a greeting from all their brothers in the A.E.F.

The staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES cares more—a great deal more—about its hospital edition than about any other project it has launched or thought of. Through a change in the gift and a greeting from all their brothers in the A.E.F.

His prompt circulation is a matter of special concern. The staff will welcome and act upon notification of any undue or chronic delay. It will welcome and act upon any case where a copy of the hospital edition has reached the ward second hand. This edition is for the sick and wounded, and for no others.

Chance for the Colonel

All the others of the multitudinous hospital personnel—surgeons, nurses, orderlies, attendants—are at liberty to subscribe to the regular edition or may read the hospital edition when those for whom it is printed have finished. The colonel who commands the hospital may peruse the copy intended for the private with his leg shot off—when the private is through with it.

We ask the colonel, we ask every man and woman at work in the hospitals, to help us by seeing that when the gift edition arrives each week, not a needless minute is lost in distributing every copy of it to those to whom it belongs—the Yankee sick and wounded.

GIANT CRANES NOW UNLOAD OUR SHIPS

Most Modern Cargo Handling Machinery Used at A.E.F. Bases

The most modern cargo handling machinery in the world is being installed on the docks at the American base ports to facilitate the work of the stevedores in that 24 hour a day grind to keep up with the vast volume of war supplies flowing uninterruptedly from the United States. Locomotive cranes, operating from tracks paralleling the ship berths, and the regular unloading machinery of the ships, are being supplemented with heavy lift overhead cranes of a much greater capacity.

The new cranes are an American product. They operate from the top of a steel arch which spans the railroad track along the docks and can lift freight direct from the hold to the cars.

They also—adhere to their main advantage—can, in one operation, move freight from a ship's hold a distance of 70 feet or more to the doors of the warehouses on the shore side.

The overhead cranes already in use were erected by American Engineers, and the dispatch with which the job was accomplished is indicated by the fact that the ship which brought the first was herself discharged by them upon her next arrival in France after a quick voyage to America and return.

ALLIED TRIUMPH GREATEST SINCE BATTLE OF MARNE

Month Sees Initiative Taken from Hun in Two Offensives

PRISONERS TOTAL 70,000

Over 1300 Cannon, Thousands of Machine Guns, Millions of Shells Captured

While the armies of the German Crown Prince were engaged in a furious struggle for the Vesle River, to which they had been driven back after three weeks of bitter fighting, the Allies, with dramatic suddenness, struck in quite another sector a blow stunning in its force and rich in results.

Again the successfully secret preparations, again the advance of the infantry, led by the veritable army of little tanks which have been the striking feature of the Allied offensive method as revealed this summer. Again the Germans caught napping and swept off their feet, as the immediate toll of captured men and material testified.

By this second blow, imperilled stubbornly resisted, focussed on the Vesle, the important Lassigny tableland southeast of Montdidier. In less than a week, Sir Douglas Haig had retaken about half as much soil as was regained in the wip-out of the Château-Thierry salient, and sent back 25,000 prisoners, including eight regimental commanders, and captured material that included 600 guns, thousands of machine guns, huge engineering and supply stores and three complete trains.

Vast Toll of Prisoners

Yesterday—August 15—the Allies could look back on the happiest month they had known since the First Battle of the Marne. The month has been precipitated fully only when it is recognized as one of the most complete military reversals in history, the month that saw Marshal Foch snatch the initiative in a gigantic battle that not he, but his enemy, had launched in the hope and intent of putting him out of business.

The month saw by far the heavier casualties suffered by the side which, in view of American reinforcements arriving at the rate of 75,000 a week, could least afford them.

The captured in prisoners alone exceeds 70,000 of whom more than 1,500 were officers. One unofficial but usually accurate authority puts the figures at 3,000. The captured in big guns exceeds 1,300, the machine guns brought in are counted by thousands and the shells by millions, with no one knows how many millions of magazines in the retreat.

By no means negligible is the recaptured harvest, the well planted acres where now already French reapers are happily at work.

The foregoing recapitulation, the knowledge that the Germans have been obliged to engage more than 130 divisions since July 15, the reported identification among the forces hurled to the Somme of one Austrian outfit, some troops borrowed from Alsace and the poor Crown Prince and many cherished reserve divisions intended for quite different work—all these evidences suggest how serious the German offensive power has been impaired in one short month of the decisive year.

JULY LAUNCHINGS EQUAL USUAL YEAR'S

Total of 123 Ships Put in Water, or 630,000 Dead Weight Tons

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—More ships were launched in the United States in July than ever before in an entire year. The total put in the water was 123 ships of 630,000 dead weight tons.

Sixty-seven of these ships were of steel, 53 were of wood and three of composite construction. Twelve steel and four wooden ships of a total tonnage of 80,000 were launched during the last four days of the month.

Between January 1 and August 1, American shipyards launched 1,719,536 tons of shipping.

KING PINS MEDALS ON YANKEE HEROES OF JULY 4 BATTLE

British Ruler Also Honors Chiefs of A.E.F. in Historic Chateau

WOUNDED ARE DECORATED

"He's a Fine Scout, a Regular Guy, but Where's His Crown?" Asks Private in Hospital

In one of the historic châteaux of France, within sound of the heavy guns, His Majesty, King George of England, on Monday morning gave in person the first British decorations to American generals and American troops ever bestowed in person by a British ruler.

The King pinned upon General Pershing the Order of the Bath, and following this ceremony, he pinned upon General Tasker H. Bliss the Order of St. Michael. He also decorated in person 19 officers and enlisted men of the A.E.F. for distinguished conduct under fire on July 4, when American and Australian troops carried the village of Hamel.

The decorations given the American fighting men are the Distinguished Conduct Medal, the Military Medal and the Military Cross.

The entire ceremony was one of the most impressive in the history of the American arms. The great room in which General Pershing and General Bliss were decorated in itself carries a history. The event nearly 30 years of age, and of distinguished French ancestry, clung to her chateau even when the invader threatened some time ago to break through the protecting line near by, and even when she offered it for use as an American headquarters, there was one beautiful room on the ground floor which she locked and would yield to no one.

Room Opened to Sovereign It was only when the King of England came that way to decorate the Americans that the door was thrown wide. She gracefully insisted that in that room the ceremony be performed.

In a large semi-circle were grouped American and British staff officers, and an American major general and his staff. Following the presentation of the two orders, the King shared with both Generals Pershing and Bliss, warmly congratulating them upon the fine work of the American Army in France.

For the presentation of the D.C.M., M.M. and M.C., the American troops were drawn up outside the chateau for review, and while American and British bands played the national airs of the two countries, the King made his awards. As he pinned the decoration upon each breast he offered his felicitations for the bravery and distinguished service under fire that had brought about such rewards.

But not all awarded medals were able to be worn. Many of the recipients were in hospital.

NO MORE VOLUNTEERS UNTIL BILL IS PASSED

Draft Changes to Increase Government's Work or Fight Power

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

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—The War Department has suspended all further volunteering and also the acceptance of any more candidates from civil life for officers' training camps.

The suspension will remain in force until the draft legislation before Congress is disposed of and suitable regulations drawn up to cover the operation of the selective system under the new law. This will prevent any disruption of industry, which might otherwise be caused by the voluntary enlistment of men up to 45.

The Government's initiative for the selection of men to work on to fight will be utilized in a largely decreased measure. On August 8 the Provost Marshal General called to the colors 139,000 draft registrants, bringing the number called out in August to about 300,000.

Everybody is behind the new draft legislation and every and any other measure looking toward an army without limit. There is no fear that your success will suggest to anybody at home to sit down and let George do it over there. It is as sure as shooting that if the Government were to propose drafting everybody from short pants up to 90 we would all stand for it with cheers, and skirts would demand inclusion.

My personal opinion is that if the war lasts, our nation actually will of itself urge universal service for any and every purpose that will help to win. The spirit of the country is extraordinarily quiet and restrained, but all the more mightily in earnest and determined.

WAR AUTOS ONLY NOW

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—The War Industries Board strongly counsels all manufacturers of passenger automobiles to get themselves on a hundred per cent war work basis as quickly as possible, and not later than January 1.

The manufacturers had already voluntarily agreed to curtail the production of passenger cars 50 per cent, but the board tells them that they must go the limit.

ANKSY JUST OVER BEAT BACK HUNS NORTH OF SOMME

Chicagoans Get Look In on Smashing Attack on Amiens Salient

PRISONERS BY HUNDREDS

Americans Battling Between Australians and British Show Marne Men's Spirit

Towards evening of its second day, American soldiers entered the great battle which Sir Douglas Haig launched on the morning of August 8.

Their share was small considering the length of a line stretching from the River Somme nearly to the English coast. It was small compared with the force the American Army contributed to the blow which wiped the Château-Thierry salient off the German war-map.

But, within 24 hours, this Yankee contingent fighting along the Somme had advanced the line one point to a depth of more than four kilometers, captured many machine guns at the business end of the bayonet, sent back several hundred prisoners to the pen and won generous praise from those looking on from high places in the British Army.

For the most part, the Americans in this attack came from Chicago. They did the Windy City proud.

Landed Decoration Day They were newcomers to the A.E.F., these young soldiers who jumped into the thick of the fighting on the Somme. Or at least they seem like newcomers to the veterans, for it was no longer ago than Memorial Day that they landed in France. To those who came over in the first transports and knew all the monotony of waiting around through a long French fall and winter, it seems a wonderful thing to have shared in a great battle within little more than two months after reaching France.

It was soldiers of this same group, moreover, who celebrated July 4 by helping the Australians take the village of Fromelles, even as the fight on the Somme was on and an angry Boche counter-attack was being resisted, some of the Americans who had had a hand in the Hamel business were being decorated for it by the British just behind the lines.

It was late Friday afternoon that the German found that the troops coming at them were American troops, with results which the British communiqué reported next morning in these words:

"In the evening, English and American troops attacked in the angle between the Somme and the Ancre and with immediate success. By nightfall all the objectives had been taken, including the village of Morlancourt and the heights to the southeast of it."

IN THE BRITISH COMMUNIQUE

The Americans went into the attack with British on their left and Australians on their right. They went on to a battlefield as different as night and day from the beautiful, little mutilated countryside over which the Allies advanced in their march from the Marne to the Vesle. That newly reclaimed region seemed a Garden of Eden compared to such a blasted heath as the Valley of the Somme.

The American part of the battlefield was small when measured in acres, but big enough in difficulties, for where they went in the Somme twists and coils like a maze, even as the line advanced to the north of its dips and folds in a succession of bleak crests and perilous valleys, and the Germans know by heart and had sown thick with a crop of machine guns.

The Yanks in this fight relieved a British unit. No unskilled hand of a new recruit was to be seen, but they were cleared by a 20-minute British barrage of beautiful precision, and they went on their way light-heartedly because they could see with their own admiring eyes how completely the British were masters of the air in that sector.

But no 20-minute barrage will clean out the machine guns from a country side as infested as were the barren slopes that stretch between Morlancourt and Chipilly. These meant fighting every step of the way, so that the objectives could not be reached until dawn of the next day.

After the Human Hornets' Nests

While the big German guns were churning up the parched earth all around them, the Yankees went after these human hornets' nests, warily surrounding them one by one, shelling and seizing the guns and capturing the gunners—or killing them outright, some times by rifle fire, more often by bayoneting them to death.

You do not take many prisoners when the business of the day is the snuffing out of such nests as these, but the Americans made one tidy haul of captives when a German company, 120 strong, came hurrying forward to flank the Yanks, were detected in their plan attacked straightway with many loud and heathenish war cries, surrounded in the end and taken prisoner in a startled body.

Those who saw the Americans fight their way from Château-Thierry to the Vesle saw between the Somme and the Ancre the glow of the same spirit. They saw it in the grand rush the men made to reach the line. The hour was 4.30 p.m., and as their orders reached them late, the American troops summoned into the battle had to double time across country, had to run like the devil up hill and down dale to get there in time. They arrived flushed, breathless, dripping sweat on time.

GENERAL PERSHING



Taken just after he had received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor

FIRST ARMY, A.E.F., IS NOW IN FIELD

Gen. Pershing in Command, 2,500,000 Yanks Here by End of Year

The First Army, American Expeditionary Forces, is formed and in the field. The announcement, made during the week, represents the most important step in the organization of the A.E.F. which has been taken in its year and a quarter of existence.

General Pershing has taken direct command of the First Army. This command will be in addition to his duties as Commander-in-Chief of the whole A.E.F. The corps commanders announced to date are Major General Egan, Major General Dundy, Reed and Wright.

The divisions composing the First Army, which in turn compose the First Army, have undergone preliminary training and seen active service in sectors which were not exactly quiet.

The announcement of the First Army's formation came on the same day that the Senate Military Affairs Committee was informed that a million and a half American soldiers were now actually in France, and that the War Department expected to continue sending troops at the rate of 250,000 a month to the end of the year. This means that more than 2,500,000 American soldiers should be in France on or soon after December 31, 1918.

ANCIENT TINWARE GARMENTS NO JOKE

Art Experts Declare Medieval Armor Has Good Points Even Now

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Metropolitan Museum art experts who have been studying ancient armor report they have found that modern tin-lizard suits may be quite effective in preserving American health in the foreign climate that the Germans try to spoil with their useless use of projectiles.

They say that old armor is not such a bunch against modern bullets as hasty theorists had supposed.

The style book is not yet out, so we cannot tell you just what manner of steel coats and pants you may ultimately wear. Perhaps your uniforms in the future will be tailored by the United States Steel Company or by the Ford Motor Co., and instead of washing your underwear, you will merely oil to prevent rust.

PARK ROW GUARD HOUSE

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Three hundred men from Fort Niagara are stationed as a United States guard near Park Row, New York City, for the purpose of rounding up all A.W.O.L.s and civilian slackers.

A hospitable guard house waits with a wide smile and the tenebrous houses in the neighborhood of Five Points look down on machine guns and other energetic business equipment of Uncle Sam.

EVERYONE IN A.E.F. TO HAVE PAY BOOK; NO MORE WAITING

New System, Already Approved, to Become Effective October 1

CARES FOR MEN ON LEAVE

Provision Made for Handing Out Money Due for Fraction of Month If Step Seems Advisable

Every man in the A.E.F. will carry an individual pay book after October 1 when the new pay system worked out by the Q.M.C. and approved by G.I.F. and the Controller of the Treasury, goes into effect. This pay book will have virtually the facility of a bank book in enabling men to collect promptly the money which accrues to them in the service of the United States.

It will make possible the collection on, or very soon after, the first of each month, of pay in full to the last day of the preceding month by all men not actually on the firing line, and the collection of pay to the last day of the preceding month by all soldiers as soon as they return to billets from the front. In addition, it provides for the special benefit of line troops, for the collection of pay to date, including the fractional portion of the month in which the payment is made, by soldiers arriving in leave areas.

This law is the most radical of the changes made in the pay system. It is the first time that provision has been made for the payment of men for the fractional portion of a month since Uncle Sam's paymasters have been doing business in the Army. It is designed solely to insure soldiers arriving in leave areas against being broke during their leave.

Supplied on Requisition

The pay book is a little 12-page volume, four inches by five, bound in a pliable black paper and linen cover identical with the cover used for officers' identification books, and enclosed in an oil finish, water-proof paper envelope.

It will be issued with the admonition that it be zealously guarded and preserved. In view of the fact that the promptness with which a soldier is paid for his service is a consideration of the highest importance, it is not thought that this order will need much official emphasis.

General Order 126, authorizing the pay book and setting forth the rules for its use, provides that the books will be supplied to organizations upon the requisition of regimental and other commanders and instructs the commanders to prepare requisitions immediately upon receipt of the order showing the strength of their command.

Every man present in the organization will be supplied with one, and the books will be opened on October 1, 1918. The requisition for copies remaining will be returned to the Chief Quartermaster's office by courier or registered mail.

Soldiers' Minus Service Records

Soldiers arriving from the States will be supplied with the books after they land. They will be paid on payrolls all money due them, including the month of departure from the States, and the book will be opened as of the first day of the succeeding month.

Soldiers arriving without service records will be supplied with a book in which will be entered such data as the soldiers themselves can supply. Such a soldier will be presumed, for the purpose of opening his account with the Q.M.C. to be a private serving in his first enlistment period, and he will be presumed to have a complete record of \$15. His name and organization will be taken from his identification tag and his word will be taken as to his age and the number and size of any voluntary allotments he may be carrying, including deductions for premiums on war risk insurance.

He then will be paid the difference between the amount of these deductions and private's pay which, it is calculated, will keep poverty from his door until the receipt of complete data as to his exact pay status makes possible a complete settlement.

Little Change for Some

Insofar as soldiers permanently included in S.O.S. and other organizations available to a disbursing quartermaster at payday time are concerned, the new system will work out the change. The pay book will be kept up to date and entries scrupulously made. But the payrolls will be made up from the usual data in the usual manner and payday will come around as heretofore, soon after the first of the month.

It is when such a soldier suddenly departs on detached service, goes to a hospital, becomes a casual, or for any other reason, finds himself at payday time away from his original unit, that his pay book will prove its value. Then, service record or no service record, he will be paid just the same. If he lands in a strange hospital, detachment or casual camp (that is, a place where his service record on the 29th day of the month, he has but to present his pay book to the commanding officer to be included on the payroll for that month.

Particularly valuable will this system be in hospitals and casual camps where it is difficult to get service records. For of it is to the line units, frequently unable to prepare payrolls with regularity, and to the members of line units going on leave without seeing the paymaster, that the greater benefit will come.

By the new system, the units unable to do so earlier may prepare payrolls at any period during the month and they will receive their pay to include the last day of the preceding month. For of it is to the soldiers arriving in a leave area it is even better. He may be paid, if the commanding officer of the leave area deems it to his best interests and welfare, not only to include the last preceding month, but also up to

and including the day of the current month upon which the payroll is actually made out, the only proviso for this fractional pay being that the deduction of allotments and other charges will be made for the full month.

PACKING PLANTS MAY YET BE RUN BY GOVERNMENT

Step Urged by Trade Commission After Investigation of Industry

How It Works Out He has, say, a voluntary allotment of \$10 per month and a war risk insurance premium of \$3. He receives for the first month \$20, the difference between a full month's pay and the amount of his deductions, and, for the fractional part of the second month, \$12.30, the difference between his pay for 23 days and the amount of his deductions for a full month.

GRAVE CHARGES BROUGHT

Big Companies Accused of Attempt to Monopolize Distribution of World's Food Supply

BY J. W. MULLER American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES (BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, Aug. 15.—The most important domestic event this past week not directly connected with the war was the making public by the President of the Federal Trade Commission report, in his hands since July 3, recommending that the Government commander and operate for the public benefit all the instrumentalities of the meat packing industry.

PAIR OF PLATOONS SEIZE VESLE CREST

Two Non-Coms Conduct Advance That Holds Ground Won

MILE AHEAD OF BATTALION

Enemy Barrage Cuts Infantry Off and Gas Shells Make Evenings Busy Ones

How two Yankee platoons, officered only by two Infantry non-coms and advancing a mile ahead of their battalion, seized a crest overlooking the Vesle and held it alone for two days and two nights—that is the story of Sergeant Ralph M. Shenneman and Sergeant Gordon Galtz, late of Big Rapids, Mich., and more recently of the western front.

EIGHT BILLIONS IS AIM OF NEWEST REVENUE MEASURE

Details of Record Bill Now Being Worked Out by House Committee

HEAVY TAX ON BIG PROFITS

Corporation, Incomes and Luxuries Will Also Pay, and Many Things Untouched Before

BY J. W. MULLER American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES (BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, Aug. 15.—The House Ways and Means Committee is still busy over the little details of the new revenue bill. These details are mere trifles, being only questions of a billion dollars more or less. When we oldtimers think of the famous watchdogs of the treasury whose frantic bark awoke the whole continent every time a hundred thousand dollar appropriation bill lifted its head above the horizon, we have to laugh.

CROIX DE GUERRE FOR WAR CORRESPONDENT

Floyd Gibbons of Chicago Tribune Receives Decoration With Palm

The Croix de Guerre, with palm, has been given to Floyd Gibbons, the war correspondent. Here is the citation, in the words of General Pétain:

"Floyd Gibbons, the war correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, has given on several previous occasions proofs of courage and bravery in going to obtain information in most exposed positions. On June 5, 1918, accompanying a regiment of Marine riflemen, who were taking a wood, he was very seriously wounded by machine gun bullets while going to the aid of a wounded American officer, thus giving proof in this episode of the finest devotion. Rescued several hours later and carried to a dressing station, he insisted on not being cared for before the wounded who had arrived there before him."

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES

First Truck Driver: Why does Duhles use that emergency brake every three minutes? Second Truck Driver: He used to be a motorman and thinks it's the gong.

LYONS GRAND NOUVEL HOTEL

11 Rue Grôlée Favorite Stopping Place of American Officers Rooms from 6 to 30 francs



CHOCOLATES, CANDIES 5c to \$5.00 the Box MADE BY WALLACE & Co. NEW YORK "Candies of Character"

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BREECHES MAKERS Military Naval and Civil Tailors Quick Service to American Officers while overseas.

Just Fits the Pocket

The "Soldier's Individual Pay Record Book," to give it its full name, is a 12 page booklet, not quite four by five inches in size, in a waterproof cover, and enclosed in an oil paper envelope on which the holder's name, number and organization are to be written.

"This book," it is stated on the first page, "will be carried by the soldier in his personal possession. No alterations of any kind will be made in this book. Necessary corrections of erroneous entries will be effected by making a new entry properly authenticated."

"It is made the duty of all members of the A.E.F. finding an individual pay record book to mail same to the Chief Quartermaster, A.E.F."

All About You

Page 1 contains the following blank form:

Blank form for soldier's personal information including Name, Grade and Organization, Occupation, Entered service, etc.

How Much Is Due

Pages 2 and 3 are the nub of the whole book. On these two pages the soldier's pay is computed with allotments, War Risk Insurance premiums and other deductions; so that the paying officer can tell at a glance how much is due the man. The soldier will sign this form, and his C.O. will witness it and certify that the entries are correct.

Pages 4 to 8 inclusive are for the record of the Q.M.C. officer making payment. The entries, however, will be made by the commanding officer of the unit paid. He states merely the date to which the man was paid, the date on which he was paid, and the name of the Q.M.C. officer making the payment.

If a soldier loses his pay book, he must immediately report the fact to his C.O., who will secure another through the Chief Q.M. and enter the fact of the loss on the soldier's service record.

ALLOTMENT SAFE IF FOE TAKES OFFICER

Payments Still Go to Wife; Insurance Will Also Hold Good

The wife of a commissioned officer of the A.E.F. held prisoner in Germany will be paid the amount he has allotted her as long as he remains a prisoner, and the premiums on his war risk insurance will also be paid, according to a cablegram from the War Department received at the office of the Chief Quartermaster, A.E.F.

Enlisted men who are made prisoner have already been entitled to their pay during captivity, as stated in the Manual for the Quartermaster Corps, even though their term of service may expire while they are still held by the enemy. Allotments, also, shall continue, even though they may have expired subsequent to the soldier's capture, unless otherwise ordered by the Secretary of War.

The new ruling affecting officers is based on a case which has already occurred. An officer who had not made an allotment to his wife was taken prisoner. He had also made no arrangement for the payment of his W.R.I. premium. The arrangement for the payment of the allotment to his wife and payment of the insurance premium was made by the office of the Chief Q.M., A.E.F., in compliance with a letter which the officer wrote from a prison camp in Germany. Payment cannot, of course, be made to the prisoners themselves direct in any case.

Illegal Methods Cited

Among the methods cited in the report are the creation of bogus independent, local price discrimination, short weighing, acquiring stock in competing companies, shutting competitors out of live-stock markets, employing lobbyists, electing favorable candidates and defeating others, controlling tax officials, and attempting "to bias public opinion by control of editorial policy through advertising, loans and subsidies and by the publication at large expense of false and misleading statements."

The commission also charges that the packers "in a propaganda campaign, to discredit Francis J. Heney, former head of the commission, had arranged for the fabrication of return property required under legal authority. The report also refers to schools of witnesses to coach employees, the destruction of letters and documents vital to the investigation, and a conspiracy for answers to lawful inquiries of the commission."

More Than Meat Involved

The report charges further that three of the most powerful banking groups in the country are involved in an elaborate and intricate organization for a vast monopoly, and that the combination among these banks is not a casual agreement, but a definite and positive conspiracy to regulate the purchase of live stock and control the price of meat. Meat substitutes, butter, cheese, canned fruits, rice and other food stuffs also come under the monopoly, according to the commission.

The report says: "The packers, in recent public advertisements, have striven to create the impression that they have grown to their present size solely as a result of efficiency, and that improper and illegal methods are merely incidental; but the conclusion is that they have aimed their dominant position primarily as the result of unfair practices and illegal methods."

The commission discredits the packers' claims of superior efficiency, and recommends that the Government acquire through the federal railroad administration all rolling stock for the transportation of most animals and declare such ownership a Government monopoly. The "big five" are said now to own 93 per cent of all kinds of cars used by interstate slaughterers, and 91 per cent of all refrigerator cars for meat transport.

Would Acquire Stockyards

The commission further recommends that the Government acquire through the railroad administration the principal and necessary stockyards to use as freight depots and operate them to insure open competitive markets with a uniform scale of charges; that the Government acquire all privately owned refrigerator cars, such ownership being declared a Government monopoly, and that the Government acquire such branch houses, cold storage plants and warehouses as are necessary for the competitive marketing and storage of food in the principal centers of distribution and consumption.

The packers deny the charges and publish big newspaper advertisements, saying: "The packers' profits look big when the Federal Trade Commission reports that four of them earned \$140,000,000 during three war years. The packers' profits look small when it is explained that this profit was earned on total sales of more than four and one-half billion dollars, which means only about three cents' profit on each dollar of sales."

Rebates Also Charged

Two days before the publication of this report, the New York Federal Grand Jury returned two indictments against the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the Armour, Swift and Jersey City stockyard companies, charging rebates during the past five years amounting to about \$700,000.

The Federal district attorney says that the action aims to give the Director General of Railroads a court ruling enabling him to break railroad leases over the entire country with elevator companies, storage houses, and pier and terminal organizations, leases which had the practical result of giving large shipper reductions on freight. These actions were all taken by appointed officials on their own initiative, and without requiring public agitation or pressure of public opinion. It is regarded as a splendid proof of the national morale, because it is convincing evidence that the national machinery functions efficiently and unflinchingly, against even the most powerful interests.

Rarely have more courageous, frank and uncompromising Government findings appeared than in this report and the previous profiteering reports to the Senate. You who fight for us in France may have unwavering confidence that we at home are going to keep house clean, and that no interest shall thrive wrongfully on your sacrifices.

No Outside Assistance

An illuminating fact that casts a bright light on the great change that has so vastly yet almost imperceptibly come over the whole spirit of the country is that this huge revenue bill is being put through without any talk of lobbyists or any other of the outside assistance that once was an almost inseparable part of revenue legislation. Even the ultra-conservative organs and spokesmen who by nature and long habit unalterably oppose taxes on business and finance are exceedingly mild in tone. None of them emit their old-time thunders, and indeed to outward view it would seem almost as if all America from Wall Street down were simply letting official Washington attend to the whole business.

It is practically certain now that when the bill is offered to Congress it will carry very heavy taxes on big profits, greatly increased corporation taxes, advances on all incomes, and as big luxury taxes as the traffic will bear, with a good many novel taxes on things never before touched for national revenue.

The Germans were 200 yards ahead. To the left—nobody. To the right—nobody. To the rear—a mile away—the rest of their battalion. The major had sent word to stay put, with the assurance that the rest would join them at dawn. So ended the first day.

At dark a veritable ration detail reached them with their tank, by one willie and hot coffee—or pretty hot coffee. That night, the gas shells came over with painful regularity, and the gas watch could allow the tired doughboys only intermittent slumber.

The next day they saw an American outfit of another division charge past them, charge almost through them. From the scattered shots that reached them, they knew they were being taken for boches, so they ran up a flag that consisted of an unmistakably O.D. blouse fluttering from a rifle barrel. The signal succeeded and the shots ceased.

They hung on through the day. Still there was no sign of their own folks a mile behind them. Should they go back? They could hold the crest if need be. What was wanted? They sent a runner back to ask. And from the major, who knew that relief was coming for all of them with the dawn of the next day, came back this message: "Stay on the crest and make it safe for democracy."

GARBAGE IN THE SWIM

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, Aug. 15.—New York garbage contractors have dumped garbage near the harbor, with the result that when a quarter million bathers buried themselves into the surf they butted into semi-solid chowder. The only way to distinguish the Coney Island bathers from garbage was by observing that the garbage didn't use the same stroke.

HERE'S HOPING YOU MAKE 'EM SEE STARS AND FEEL STRIPES

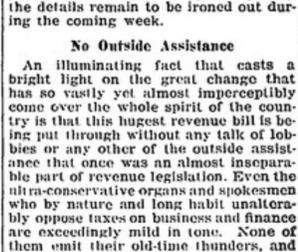
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THE "ARMY" "OMEGA"

Bracelet Watch The Watch of Matchless Merit



LUMINOUS DIAL UNBREAKABLE GLASS

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Luminous Wrist Watch Sterling Silver, Very Reliable for Active Service; fitted with Good Lever Movement, and Detachable Grill Guard. £3 10 6; with White Dial, £3 8 6. Vickers' for Cigarette Cases, Badge Brooches, Charms, and Souvenirs of all kinds. £3 10 6

THE "EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK PARIS OFFICE: 23, RUE DE LA PAIX (Place de l'Opéra) Member of the Federal Reserve System United States Depository of Public Moneys Agents for Paymasters and other Disbursing Officers Offers its Banking Facilities to the Officers and Men of the AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY SERVING IN FRANCE LONDON, 3 King William St., E. C.

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Well-made, strong SOLID SILVER IDENTITY DISCS ON BRACELETS Special Patterns Made to Order. When ordering, please give exact measurement of wrist. Price List on Application KIRBY, BEARD & Co. Ltd. 5 Rue Auber, PARIS

ENGINEERS' TASK NOT ENDED WHEN VESLE IS SPANNED

River Is Made Passable for Democracy, If Not 100 Per Cent Safe

DOUGHBOYS GROW ENVIIOUS

Shovels Are Handier to Dig in With Than Mess Kit Lids—Variety the Watchword

The Vesle River has many stories to tell of the work of American Engineers in throwing bridges across the advancing infantry. Back of the river the Germans waited to block any advance, confident in the protection which the surrounding hills afforded their men and guns.

They had their artillery back of the hills and their snipers and machine gunners well hidden in the underbrush up the slope, yet even with these odds in their favor, they were unable to break up the daring work of the bridge builders, who daily faced snipers, machine guns and big shells in the execution of their work.

On one occasion an Engineer major, leading his battalion out beyond his infantry, took four men ahead, and the four under heavy fire had trees cut to fall back and fourth across the river in parallel lines.

Just at this moment the German artillerymen laid down a heavy barrage back of the battalion to cut it off from any support, while the snipers and machine gunners more than doubled their fusillade. Yet against even these odds the major set back the following message to his chief:

"We Will Do Our Best"

"Have located place for bridges. We are facing heavy machine gun fire on our front with heavy barrage at our back. We will do our best."

Thirty minutes later the bridges were laid ready for the infantry to cross.

With the first fire the small advance party crossed over, made its reconnaissance and then threw another tree back to complete the foundation for the first bridge. The return trip was even more dangerous than the first, but no one balked at the odds, and after the journey had been made the small advance party crossed over to advance and take up the work ahead. It came down to the river's edge with unusual coolness and courage and went to work as if it were clearing some road 100 miles from any danger.

This single illustration is on one of many similar incidents. The work to be covered by different Engineer detachments was a wide one, yet in no case did a detachment fail to accomplish its portion of the task.

No Protection for Bridge Builders

A close study of this sector shows the terrific difficulties attending the bridge laying. Beyond the river, held by the Boche, the ground slopes upward to a high hill, affording excellent protection to the artillery. Up this slope there are innumerable brush heaps and small thickets giving good cover to snipers and machine gunners.

There was no protection for those throwing over the bridges, and they were forced to work in the open. Yet with snipers potting away at fairly good range, with machine guns pelting them from the front and the side, with big German shells, shrapnel, gas and high explosives popping all around, the Engineers got more than a few bridges across.

They covered their full sector sufficiently to handle all the infantry available and needed for the work of storming the opposite slope. They plastered the Vesle with bridges over an extended stretch, to the great discouragement of Fritz and Heinie, who were confident that they had the way blocked against any advance and who had no idea that any Yankee Engineer contingent would be able to lay bridges under such unfavorable conditions.

The enemy blazed away with their crashing barrage and popped away with rifles and machine guns, but bridge after bridge went across until the Vesle has been made "safe," at least "passable for Democracy."

Appreciation—and Envy

There is at least one Infantry regiment that appreciates in full the great variety of work handled by the Engineers, and that also is filled with secret envy over the Engineers' additional equipment.

As this Infantry regiment began its first advance in the American onslaught against the Vesle, it noticed an Engineer regiment busily engaged in preparing and fixing the roads to facilitate the first push.

Later, this same Infantry regiment held back further along for a short while by heavy fire, looked to its left and saw this same Engineer outfit acting as Infantry. But the Engineer outfit was not digging itself in with bayonet and mess kit as the doughboys were. It had perfectly good shovels along, part of its regular equipment, whatever the task.

"Look at those diggin' fools," remarked a doughboy with envious voice, as he and several of his mates saw the Engineer detachment quickly develop suitable cover with shovel and spade.

Three Different Jobs

But the doughboys had something else to observe in the way of variety. Assisted by the Engineers, the advance was soon taken up again, and the Boche rushed back across the river.

Facing come this far, the Engineers had no thought of leaving the Vesle. They had helped clear up the roads at the start, they had acted as Infantry and had helped in the advance, and now they went to work on a new job—that of putting bridges over the Vesle for the Infantry to use in a further advance. This advance was completed, and at last the doughboys left their Engineer compatriots behind with a far greater respect for their all around ability.

Later on, if they had returned, they might have seen the same engineers in a new role. Having spanned the Vesle, they returned to the spot where they had adopted infantry tactics and began once more the work of rebuilding and refixing the road over which the Infantry and Artillery had just traveled.

Road builders, Infantry, bridge builders, all in one day's work, showed that if "variety is the spice of life," the Engineers have spice enough to last a generation.

First Boob: It must be chilly in those Ansmittes' barracks in winter.
Second Boob: Because they're full of chinks.

PORTAGE BEYOND THE MARNE



KING PINS MEDALS ON YANKEE HEROES OF JULY 4 BATTLE

Continued from Page 1

to stand in line to receive them. Some were still in a nearby hospital. The King visited their cots, and having awarded his decorations, shook hands with each as he expressed his admiration for their work under fire and his sympathy for their wounds.

As the king passed out of the building, one wounded buck private remarked to a nearby mate:

"He certainly is a fine old scout, a regular guy; but where's his crown?"

The medals awarded, troops from the American and British lines were reviewed by the King and his staff, this ceremony completing a historical precedent that no American present will ever forget.

Here are the official citations in all their telegraphic brevity:

2nd Lt. HARRY VAGLIS, M.M.—While digging in at the final objective, came under fire from hostile machine gun on sunken road, 200 yards to right front. In company with Sgt. Frank A. Kojane, two Australian medical officers, captured ten, eight prisoners.

2nd Lt. MICHAEL M. KOMOROWSKI, M.C.—Though suffering from a wound in arm received early in engagement, advanced with platoon until objective reached, where consolidated line, remained there until dug in, thereby displaying unusual gallantry, setting good example to men.

1st Lt. FRANK E. SCHLAM, M.C.—Displayed remarkable coolness and gallantry during attack. Went forward with Australian medical officer, established dressing station front of enemy line, dressing wounds under heavy shell fire, continuing his post until all wounded had been evacuated.

1st Lt. ALBERT G. JEFFERSON, M.C.—Being severely wounded in breast, shouldering, by shell fire, continued to lead his platoon until final objective reached, remaining there until consolidation completed, his services no longer required, before returning to dressing station.

Pvt. CHRISTOPHER W. KESSE, M.M.—Displayed great gallantry, devotion to duty, in being swept by machine gun, artillery fire. Two stretcher-bearers working with him were killed. He impressed German prisoners to carry wounded to place of safety.

Sgt. JAMES E. KRUM, M.C.—Though severely wounded right arm beginning engagement, continued execution his duties as squad leader, going forward with his platoon, exhibiting great gallantry, setting fine example his men. After wound dressed insisted upon returning platoon.

THUSSED MACHINE GUN
Corp. THOMAS A. POLY, D. C.M.—Enemy having captured one of our advanced posts by counter attack, first platoon of company was ordered restore position. Pope rushed machine gun single-handed, bayoneted several of crew and standing astride gun kept remainder of detachment at bay until arrival reinforcements, when gun crew all killed or captured.

Corp. ANDREW C. SHAMNGER, M.M.—Being severely wounded arm beginning engagement, remained in charge his squad throughout, performing duties, controlling men until mopped up when asked to be sent to aid station. Showed great gallantry, setting fine example to remainder men.

Corp. LESTER C. WHITSON, M.M.—Severely wounded shoulder, suffering loss blood, continued to lead squad to final position. Exhibited great gallantry, fine example his men.

Corp. RAYMOND H. POWELL, M.M.—During counter attack gained possession one our advance posts which had to be captured before assault could be made on position he was holding in rear of post. Powell volunteered for this duty, led section to attack through violent shell fire, bombing enemy out of post and enabling line to advance.

Pvt. WILLIAM F. LANSKY, M.M.—Severely wounded right arm, shouldering beginning engagement, he continued carry Lewis gun, used it with good effect in assault village Hamel, exhibiting great gallantry and devoted duty.

2nd Lt. HARRY SHELLY, D.C.M.—Displayed conspicuous gallantry during attack enemy's position. In company an Australian went out capturing enemy sniping post, bringing back eight prisoners.

Corp. ALBERT C. PAINESEPP, D.C.M.—Single handed attacked German machine gun emplacement. Gun was turned on him. He tried to grasp it and upset it, but failed owing to being wounded in leg. Then hounded out gun crew emplacement, saved advancing troops which had to be recaptured before assault could be made on position.

Pvt. FRANK A. KOJANE, M.M.—After having dug in while subjected heavy machine gun fire enemy with officer, two Australians, rushed position, captured machine gun, eight prisoners.

Corp. JOHN DE SMIDT, D.C.M.—In afternoon his platoon being under heavy machine gun fire located gun with assistance an Australian, crept to position occupied by gun, seized it, forced crew to carry it back to our line.

Corp. H. ZYBURT, M.M.
Pvt. J. SWEREDD, M.M.
Sgt. A. ERHARD, M.M.

VILLARD SELLS "POST"

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Oswald Garrison Villard, after 37 years' ownership, has sold the New York Evening Post to Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Co.

449 MASCOTS NOW; MOTOR MECHANICS SEND 1500 FRANCS

Ten More French War Orphans Find Parrains in A.E.F.

SCORE PICKED FOR OREGON

Pictures and Stories of Children Adopted by Shipbuilders on Way to States

TAKEN THIS WEEK.	
Co. 7, Motor Mechanics, S.C.	2
Capt. Chas. H. Bruening	1
Lt. F. H. L. A.S.	1
Mrs. W. M. Lacey, Wellesley, Mass.	1
Aero Squadron	1
Officers of Base Hosp. No. 24	1
"For Johnnie Stalps"	1
1st Detch. Co. 1st A.A.A. Park	1
"Windy City Echo" — Engrs., N.Y.	1
Previously adopted	439
Total	449

Maybe it was because the A.E.F. was too busy polishing up after the strenuous work of helping get Fritz started toward home and preparing for a lot more of the same, that there wasn't much done this week in the side job of smoothing the path of life of the French war orphans.

At any rate, after the banner week of August 9, when 34 fatherless children were assured of comfort for a year, there was a lull and the biggest number of new faces the orphan department could count in the A.E.F. family this week was ten.

The ten additions, however, came within one of boosting the size of the family to the 450 mark and raised the temperature a couple of degrees around that five hundredth milestone.

The week brought a new service into the fold of parrains, the Motor Mechanics, Company 7, Motor Mechanics Regiment, Signal Corps, came in with enthusiasm, paying 1,500 francs for the support of one of them, sending 500 francs to be taken on behalf of the members of the unit and one individually by Captain Charles H. Bruening, the C.O.

Corned Willie for One

The Air Service was heard from again for another three, two lieutenants taking one each of them, sending 500 francs "to buy corned willie, etc., for a Frenchman," in the name of his wife.

"We are happy to avail ourselves of the privilege of adding to the welfare and happiness of the children of France," wrote the Aero Squadron, which asked for a girl, "it will be an added pleasure to us to contribute to her from time to time incidental amounts for some of the luxuries that are dear to every child's heart. We naturally expect our family to grow in number."

The Windy City Echo, the official publication of the Engineers, E.Y., already well represented in the list of godfathers, sent in 500 francs for the adoption of another and announced that it had started a fund to care for still more.

The 20 French orphans who will be the mascots of the shipbuilders employed by the Foundation Company of Portland, Ore., in the construction of 20 ships for the French government were selected this week and their photographs and histories started on the way to their far-away parrains.

The 20 ships are named after French heroes fallen in the war and a few of the historic cities of France. As mascots for the crews working on the ships named after cities, children from those cities have been selected. A child of Belfort, for instance, became the mascot of the men building the auxiliary power ship Belfort.

The circle of sentiment in the adoption of this score of children has thus been completed.

PHOTO CAMERAS & FURNITURES

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
TIRANTY
91 Rue Lafayette, PARIS
Special services: 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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(Royal Palace Hotel)

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No Branch in New York
GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT, HOSIERY, Ladies' Lingerie
LOUVET BROS., Props. O. BOYER, Manager

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This Toilet Case and "Housewife" combined has been specially designed for our soldiers who are continually "on the move." It has been a marked success in meeting the soldier's need for a compact and useful "roll-up" Toilet Case, very light in weight and containing all his immediate necessities ready to hand in one place.

WRITE FOR OUR PRICE LIST OF SOLDIER GOODS.

Made in Tan Waterproof Canvas, Price (Post Free) ... 31/6 \$7.90

MARK CROSS, Ltd. (of New York and Boston), 89 Regent Street, London, W. 1.

HOW TO ADOPT AN ORPHAN

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs (\$87.72) for its support. The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or refugees from the invaded districts, as specified by the adopting units.

The money will be sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES to be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. At least 250 francs will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter.

Photographs and the history of each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be notified of the child. It will be maintained in monthly of its progress. The Red Cross will determine the disposal of the child. It will be maintained in a French family or sent to a trade or agricultural school.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised. Donations and communications regarding the children should be addressed: War Orphans Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

by the Foundation Company of Portland, Ore., in the construction of 20 ships for the French government were selected this week and their photographs and histories started on the way to their far-away parrains.

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"CONGRATS!"

We don't know whether you use that term in the States? It is common enough in England. Anyway, Henry's congratulations on your recent achievements. Glorious! May your luck and your pluck continue. Of the latter we have no doubts. Of the former, it is in the lap of the gods. Come along and see us when in town. There is a real welcome at the

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American Safety Razor Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1918.

The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of August 9, 1918, was 170,210, an increase of 14,379 over the previous week.

PAYDAY EXPRESS: ON TIME

There has been no better "inside news" for the A.E.F. in a long time than the announcement that the pay book is to be a reality, that the spectacle of casuals, men on detached service and wounded men going unpaid for anywhere from one month to eight is to fade from vision.

To bring about this result, the Army pay system has had to be revolutionized. It is somewhat as if a factory that had been turning out ready-made pajamas suddenly diverted its energies to the production of collar buttons.

But no one need have cause to worry about any accidents to the machinery, any lapse in its regular output. The machinery will run as smoothly as ever, because it has the right spirit behind it—and spirit counts a whole lot more than machinery.

So if you have ever cursed the Quartermaster just because your supply sergeant gave you a pair of No. 10 shoes when you have always worn 8 1/2s, or because one of your collar ornaments fell off, reconsider. It isn't necessary to stop and give three cheers. The Q.M. is too busy to listen, anyway.

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT

The offensive launched by the Germans on July 15 was an utter failure. Several factors contributed to that failure. For one thing, we had had a chance to study the new German tactics of assault. For another, the Allied forces had, since spring, received mighty reinforcements.

Above all, the A.E.F. staff knew where, with what force, and on what day—even at what hour—the drive would begin. Since then, Germany has torn her hair and muttered much of spies and betrayal. Her drive had failed. There was no surprise.

The counter-offensive launched by Marshal Foch on July 18 was a brilliant success. It developed that the enemy had not expected that the blow would fall so soon or that it would ever fall with such staggering force. The drive succeeded. There was surprise.

When British and French followed their brief barrage at dawn on August 8, piercing the enemy's line to a depth of six miles in the initial thrust, taking prisoner Germans who were not even awake, let alone dressed, there was surprise.

In the wake of such events as these, you would think a great light must be dawning in the minds of those officers and men who love to air what big stuff they think they have. Love to air it in all places, public places preferred. Yet in restaurants and railway compartments, you can still hear the gaseous ones confiding loudly that—for instance—they have personally seen 75 American divisions advancing on Finland.

Some day a gaseous one will get hold of something significant—and spill it.

Some day a gaseous one will be tapped on the shoulder, led out to a brick wall and shot.

Then, maybe, there will be a period of comparative silence.

Maybe. We wouldn't gamble on it.

THE STAKE

The part each one of us plays in this great drama of war is so small, however big, that we must be forgiven if we sometimes fail to see the whole of it through the eyes of embattled democracy against embattled Prussianism—or the other way round.

If we are unloading cases of ammunition at a base port, filing personnel data at Tours, classifying the latest shipment of disabilities at Blois, boiling coffee for the line in Lorraine, or clearing Belleau Wood of machine guns, we cannot halt every hour to consider how overwhelmingly tremendous the stakes are.

But, in a free moment, it is well for everyone of us to stand off mentally and look at things as one would look at them, say, from the moon—to look at them and reflect on the ponderous significance of the whole vast turmoil of the world.

For Germany's stake is the world. Ours is the right to live in it as we see fit—not as Germany sees fit to let us.

HETEROGENEOUS

A German communiqué, issued during the recent period when German Headquarters liked better to talk of other things than how the battle was going, referred to the "heterogeneous collection of nations and races" represented in the line against her.

Which suggests the comment that, when a nation sets out to whip the whole world,

and a goodly part of the world comes to her threshold in answer to the challenge, that nation must expect to see a heterogeneous—possibly a strange looking—group.

But we will submit that a person would have to do a lot of hunting and combing around the odd corners of the earth to gather a weirder collection of individuals than the German army must consist of—if the prisoners of war who did their "march past" behind the lines during the Second Battle of the Marne are a fair sample.

NO TALK OF PEACE

American doughboys charge a German machine gun nest across an open field. Some fall, but the others press forward. They come to their objective at the point of the bayonet, only to find the beaten Hun, with uplifted hands, crying "Kamerad." But with a gun or a knife concealed, ready to violate his plea of surrender.

This is the true Hun spirit, the spirit back of the Kaiser and his court. With the power of the offensive passing from him, he is now merely waiting for another chance to lift his hands with the cry of "Kamerad" or "Peace."

Peace—with part of the loot still in his possession? Peace—with only a thought of German gain or German victory through craft or deceit? Peace—with the hidden knife ready for its sudden and treacherous thrust?

Peace! In the A.E.F. there will be no thought of peace, no whisper of peace, no dream of peace until the Hun is beaten to the dust.

The fighting lines sweeping their way forward through machine gun fire are not talking of peace.

The fighting lines and the workers through the S.O.S. are not thinking of peace. Their single thought and dream is Victory. They see ahead, through the battle smoke, only a savage enemy to humanity whipped until he is ready to quit and take up his share of the work for civilization.

Let the weak-hearted, who are dreaming of a compromise—

Let the pacifists, who are talking of "peace by agreement"—

Let the side-liners, who have "had enough of war"—

Let the secretly inclined pro-Germans, who think "this great tragedy should end without a decision"—

Let them one and all know once and for all that for the A.E.F. there is no such word as peace with the Hun unbeaten. The man who talks peace today, except through victory, is a traitor. He is only fit to face the firing squad.

THE SOURCE OF SPIRIT

Every one hears, with all the justice in the world, of the wonderful spirit shown up front by American contingents that a few months ago knew little of battle.

This spirit under fire is merely the result of the spirit shown from the start by the men back home in training camps, by those stationed for further training back of the lines in France. Here there was mainly grind and detail and drudgery, day piled upon day and week piled upon week of the hardest sort of work, mental and physical, that knew no glory of the moment, no variety, no thrill.

But officers and men alike stuck it out, went to the job with 100 per cent of all they had, and the logical result has been shown up front in more than one stand or one advance.

The man who refuses to become discouraged through the dreary days of training back of the front isn't likely to become discouraged when he gets there. He has already laid the foundation of spirit and discipline that isn't to be shattered or shaken later on.

BACKERS

On the eve of the beginning of the Second Battle of the Marne, the Kaiser arrived at field headquarters in a burst of imperial glory and delivered himself of the following telegram:

"His Majesty informs his troops that he has arrived behind the front of attack and will watch the battle from a tower. His Majesty's good wishes accompany his troops. His Majesty cries to his troops, 'With God, for Emperor and for Empire.'"

Behind the Allied lines, watching that night stood the Spirit of the Free Peoples of the Earth, steeling and gladdening our hearts for the stern duty ahead.

It may have inspired the German troops that night to know that their Emperor was behind them, mounted, probably, in the steeple of some despoiled church with his pompous generals and his boot-lickers. It may have, we say, but we doubt it. It did inspire the troops of the Allies that night, to know that the Spirit of Freedom was behind them. It did, we say, for we know it.

At any rate, there can be no doubt which is the greater inspiration. His benediction, self-decorated, flesh and bones Majesty, the Kaiser, or Her Majesty, Liberty, ever at our side, conveying the deep-souled message of hope from the tens of millions of homes we are defending, which, somehow, cannot be stated in a 42-word night letter.

ITS DOUBLE USE

In an insane asylum a certain patient was observed by one of the guards hammering his own head lustily with a heavy hammer. The patient was evidently suffering considerably at the moment, but there was a look of expectant pleasure upon his face.

"What's the idea?" asked the guard.

"Doesn't that hurt you?"

"Yes," replied the patient, "it hurts like the devil now, but think how good it will feel when I quit."

So cheer up over the gas mask. It may bother you a trifle at the time, but it serves a double purpose. It not only saves your life, but think, before you curse it with too much venom, how good it feels when you take it off!

Not forgetting that most gas casualties are caused by two forms of carelessness—by not putting on the mask quickly and properly, and by taking it off too soon.

The Army's Poets

OUR CHANCE

Gray sea, gray sky, and ships of mottled hue;
Gray mists, gray seas, yet cloud-fift bits of blue;
Gray mists, gray rain—beyond, the coast of France.

Across the silent danger zone where we must take our chance,
We take our chance—a thousand eyes on each ship scan the sea.
Watching, waiting, watching for the crest of the Valkyrie;
The crest of the Teuton goddess, the chooser of the slain.

Whose lone eye peers from the top of the sea
Where her victims' bones are laid.
We take our chance, clear-eyed, hearts high,
Some of the Newer Day.

To drive the spawn of the Elder Gods back to their holes of clay,
We take our chance for the love of Christ,
Fighting the heathen horde;
We take our chance, for the same high cause that
The blood of our grandmothers poured
Before.

Gray sky, gray seas but beyond—the Gallic Shore!
Beside the flag of Liberty, thank God, we take our chance.
On, on swift ships, on, on, brave men—
Beyond's the coast of France—
J. P. H., Hq., — Division.

THAT MONTH AT HOME

We boys were all excited
When the story came around
That a leave at home was possible—
How good it sure did sound!

We have searched through general orders,
We have raked them with a comb,
To see, if after eighteen months,
We'd get a month at home.

The story sure did cheer us,
Although it wasn't true,
And the boys all got together,
Each telling what he'd do.

One said he'd buy a brewery
And wallow in the foam.
If he should, after eighteen months,
Obtain a month at home.

Another youthful private
Said he'd get in bed and stay,
Instead of soldiering revolve
Before the break of day.

They'd all eat pies and go to shows,
And with their girlfriends roam,
If after eighteen months in France,
They'd get a month at home.

So I hope the men who run things
Will get wise to our hope,
And get together and decide
That this is the real dope:

A man with a good record
Should be given every chance
To have a month's furlough at home
For eighteen months in France.
P. W. B.

AUX POILUS

Oh, the wind blows sweet o'er the hills of France,
And quiet shadows call
The tired poilus where the poppies dance
And the fairy whippers fall.

Long has the wind blown sweet and fair
For the live poilus' return,
He has come—but to kiss and begone again
To where the star-shells burn.

But the whispering winds from our own fair hills
Have called to us sweet and low,
"By the dream of home that your long night
fills,
Stand and destroy the foe!"

"Let the pledge of Youth from the western shores
Given to France in her war,
Be the bolt and the bar of Freedom's doors,
That all of the world may know."

"WE KILL OR WE ARE KILLED"

Though shells be bursting all around,
Though myriads of corpses heap the ground,
Though hell itself fling back the sound,
Americans don't give!

Staunch in the strength of conscious might,
Calm in the mail of radiant light,
Piercing the shroud of cheerless night
They die, but never give!

A PROPOSITION

Looks here, Hun,
Let's take and thrash this business through,
Some as we'd ought to see,
Before it ever was begun.

It seems a shame—some years ago a fellow killed
a prince,
And for this war's been spreading ever since.
We'd do it all out, just us two,
Because, you know, the rest of them
Might sometimes let their feelings get the best
of them.

The English may be upsh, the French a bit
intense,
But you have lots of science and Kultur—
Sure—
And I've got good horse sense,
Besides, I want to get back home.
I've got my business done, and all my folks,
So you see, I've got to go.
If all you want's to send me where I'm from,
Well, first you want the freedom of the seas,
Then you want us? We're using that word freedom,
too.
We think we're just as keen for it as you.
All right, you just say anywhere you please,
Only, it's got to work the other way.
Hey?

No sneaking up to sink a fellow's boat
Who's got as good a right as you to float!
There's Absace and Lorraine,
The French would like them back again.
You want a jobletter?
You want to what the people say?
All right,
But that might not work out your way.
Who are the people of Absace-Lorraine?
You've scared some out with lies and guns.
And now the place is full of Huns;
No ballot-stuffing! For a vote, let them come
back again.

Then Russia—what's to be her lot?
The place where everybody went so crazy
About idealism and free and lazy?
They let you frame a peace—whose terms you
soon forgot.
You'll make it good? What your idea of good?
It don't pan out like other people's would.

And next—hey? The indemnities you've earned,
By what—by all the villages you burned?
Belgium, France, Poland—none of that from you,
For as that them goes, we're through.
You say you did no wrong but what you had to,
And so that made it right;
But Serbia, Belgium, France—they surely had
to fight.
I guess the rest had reason to be mad, too.

Well, we've been chewing here about this row,
We've struck some stumps, and dodged some
more:
We may as well get down to business now,
Or we'll be getting home,
All is, settling down costs to gain and loss,
You'd like to be the universal boss.
Not just the job you thought 'twas going to be
When you made out your schedule to Paree.
You've jawed, have chewed up a good deal,
But you've hit off a great deal more:
And I can't help but feel
This whole-rube thing won't go—it's all been
tried before.

So here's my proposition—it's what you've got
to before we're through:
You just crawl off, curl up somewhere and die;
Trust us to patch the world up by and by.
F. G. B.

SOMEWHERE IN '61-'65

Why is it that from yonder tower
The Colonel's eyes beam still,
Though it is past the midnight hour
And all's serene o'er vale and hill?
'Tis not the wisdom of the ages,
Nor any long mind enchants:
An earthlier task his mind engages;
He's sewing buttons on his pants.
O. H. F.

"THE AMERICANS HAVE ALL BEEN SUNK"



FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE REVEILLE

It was the combination of crab and strawberries and cream. (Under no circumstances should a doughboy let the mess sergeant persuade him to eat crab and strawberries and cream after a long hike.) I had no more than crawled into bed, got my hip fitted into the hole in the ground I had dug for it, and scratched my neck a couple of times where the O.D. blanket rubbed, than I fitted right out of the tent.

I was over in the United States for a while buzzing around just as if there never had been a war in the world. Then I slid off a root, drowned in mid-ocean, was run down by a fire engine and finally wound up in a huge room with a tile floor and marble walls. I am not at all clear on the details of this room. I stood near one end, and the light, although bright enough where I was, did not penetrate more than a few yards. Maybe it was because of the atmosphere, which was heavy and clammy like that of a cellar where daylight never enters. I could barely discern some sombre paintings in gold frames hanging on the walls. At the nearest end I could dimly see a raised platform at the rear of which was a massive mahogany chair—a hard, square, uncomfortable chair, tipped with gold. I knew immediately that this was a throne, but I wasn't astonished, no more than I was to see the man who, seated on the lowermost step leading to the platform, was feverishly polishing a sword held tight between his knees.

The man was in his shirt-sleeves. He was gray and peaked and he had a pair of crafty, mean little gray eyes and a long, warty nose. He had a high forehead, and while the other, if the starch had come out, drooped ludicrously. But I knew him at once as the Kaiser, even before I saw his blouse, with its dozen dangling medals, which he had thrown beside him on the step.

I stood rolling a cigarette, not at all embarrassed as a sergeant ought to be in the presence of an emperor. After a while, he glanced up at me without exhibiting any particular interest and without missing a stroke in his polishing.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Going to have inspection tomorrow?"

"Inspection?" exclaimed the Kaiser. "It's inspection for me every day."

"Great guns!" said I. "I'd certainly like to soldier in your army."

The Kaiser kept right on polishing, his elbow going like the driving rod of a locomotive. It wasn't until then that I noticed the sword much. It was a big, long, heavy affair with a scabbard on both sides. And as I looked, with the Kaiser rubbing diligently on a spot near the hilt, I saw another appear lower down. It was very minute when I first saw it, but it grew right before my eyes until it covered the whole width of the blade. The Kaiser saw it, too, and a look of despair came over his face at that moment.

"Ach, mein Gott!" he exclaimed. "Will they never stop coming? Will I ever catch up?"

Then he fell to his polishing again harder than ever.

"You'd never get by at inspection with that in my outfit—not with our captain on the job," I said. "It looks like my first bayonet after four months in the line. Why don't you turn it in and make 'em issue a new one?"

"Turn it in!" he almost shouted. "Turn it in!" Say, this is the only sword of its kind in the world. This is the Great Shining Sword of the German Empire."

"Hell," I exclaimed. "Why doesn't it shine, then?"

"The Kaiser stopped work abruptly, laid the sword across his knees and heaved a tremendous sigh.

"Sit down," he said, "and give me the main's." I did.

He rolled a cigarette and took a deep drag.

"Listen," he said, "I'm having a terrible time with this sword. I'm about up against it. I'm afraid the thing will be the death of me. Three or four years ago I didn't have any trouble with it. Every once in a while I used to put a few drops of oil on the blade, wipe it with a soft rag and it would shine like a diamond. Why, it used to dazzle my people just to look at it."

"Then I began having some difficulty. First, it used to rust in the queerest manner, and from no apparent cause, and I would have to spend four or five hours every week polishing it. A few months after that a big rust spot appeared suddenly one day, and it couldn't keep the rust away. It kept getting worse and worse. I tried everything I knew, but the more I polished the worse it got."

"By the way," he asked, with a sudden helpfulness, reaching out and touching my knee, "do you know anything that will take rust off a sword?"

"Ever try ashes?" I asked.

"Years ago," he said.

"Sandpaper or emery cloth?"

"Oh, sure, and gave them up."

"All sandpaper does is to make it rust more, anyhow," I commented.

"That may have had something to do with it. I used to use sandpaper all the time. I used it so much that I had to quit for fear of wearing the sword through. You can see it's pretty thin in places. Since then I've tried everything. I've had my best chemists on the job, but they can't do anything. I have used millions of remedies and they have all failed."

"Pretty tough," said I. "I remember, before I got my stripes—"

"And the rust is only half the story," interrupted the Kaiser. "The Shining Sword is all nicked up, too. Look at that," he said,

drawing the weapon over closer to me and pointing to a spot on the blade where I saw a piece had been broken out and placed back in again.

"That's at Verdun in 1916. And that," he said, pointing to another nick. "Got that on the Somme. There were five or six nicks like that, but I saved the pieces and pasted them in again with kitchen cement."

The Kaiser shook his head slowly.

"The point is gone, too," he said sadly. "Look at that," said he, placing his finger on a crack clear across the sword a few inches from the end.

"Broke right square off. That happened on the Marne just a week ago. I cemented it on again, too."

"And the handle is loose," he continued, and held the sword out so that I could see it wobble at the hilt. "That happened at Montdidier this summer. It's all I can do to hold the sword steady now."

"I'll tell you one thing," said I. "You would never get by an inspection in my outfit. Our Captain would spot it a mile off."

"Well, I've got it on you in one thing," said the Kaiser. "I don't have that rigid an inspection. Nobody actually takes hold of the sword and examines it, you see. All I do is go out and wave it around before the people and, as long as it looks all right, they're satisfied."

"I don't let 'em get too close any more though," added the Kaiser, "since it got all these nicks and things. But I'm afraid some of them are getting wise. It's a terrible situation to be in."

"The Kaiser paused and sighed sorrowfully again. Then he glanced down and saw another rust spot growing on the blade. It was the size of a pin head, but it grew to the size of a dollar in a minute, it seemed.

"That damned rust is the worst after all," he almost wailed, and fell frantically to polishing again. "It grows and grows and grows and I don't know what to do about it. I sneak into this room every evening as soon as I can get alone and start in polishing. Lately, I've been here all night and didn't finish up until away along late in the morning."

"Polishing on this thing 12 and 14 hours every night just to be able to make it shine for a few hours during the day. And it gets worse and worse. I don't know what I'm going to do."

I rolled another cigarette and stood up.

"There's one thing, sergeant," he said, and his words came in rhythm timed to the strenuous strokes of his polishing. "Don't ever begin using sandpaper on your bayonet."

"Don't worry," said I. "I won't—not with our skipper on the job, anyhow."

"Funny dream, wasn't it? But anything is liable to happen when the mess sergeant feeds you crab and strawberries and cream."

COOTIES IN '61-'65

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In reading some experiences of the boys over there with cooties, I am very forcibly reminded of our experience during the War between the States, '61 to '65 and especially during the Siege of Petersburg, Va., where the pits and the whole earth seemed alive with them. It was a big, long, heavy affair with which we called "graybacks." We were not alone in our suffering, for the soldier that did not have the opportunity of ridding himself of these pests at least once in every 24 hours would find himself in very bad condition. Just at this time I made a discovery which proved to be of great benefit to thousands. I relate it here as a suggestion for the boys in the Army and in the trenches.

As we were marching along I saw something bright sticking out of the dry sand in the road and picked it up. It was a piece of wire eight or ten inches long and about 3-16 of an inch in diameter, probably a piece of telegraph wire. It was bright and clean and although, at that time I had not thought of a use for it, but when the opportunity came for making war on this ever-increasing army, securely encamped under the seams of our pants and all other places of shelter, it struck me that to heat the end of this wire to a good white heat so as not to burn the cloth, and draw it slowly along under the turned-back seams, and all such places,

LOTS OF QUESTIONS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I see you ask for suggestions as to an expression to be used instead of "Over the Top." Down in Kentucky I used to hear an expression, "Goin' out among 'em," which seems to me quite appropriate.

E. E. J.

KENTUCKY SPEAKS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

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E. E. J.

LEONARD C. JEFFRIES, SGT.

[Men are entitled to their first leave four months after their arrival in France. Leaves have been suspended several times, but the suspension was lifted several weeks ago and leaves are now on. Leaves are granted by regimental commanders or by the corresponding administrative officer for units not belonging to regiments. The Government pays traveling expenses if the man goes to the designated area in Savoie, provides room and pays \$1 a day commutation of rations. If men go elsewhere, they must pay their own lodging bills, but the Government will allow them 60 cents a day for rations. No postage is required on letters sent by soldier's mail to Allied countries.—Editor.]

AMERICA IN FRANCE

VI.—Lorraine

More than any other part of the land of the fleur-de-lis, Lorraine is "America in France." It was in Lorraine that American troops first entered the line...

Most of us now know that we are 1,500,000 strong, by far the larger part of us were still in the States then—can remember the thrill that went from coast to coast when the cables brought word that American and German had met in their first clash of arms...

The history of Lorraine, a territorial unit dates from 843, when the Treaty of Verdun divided the kingdom of Louis I, called the Pious, also the Debonair, among his three sons—who were also grandsons of Charlemagne—Lothair, Louis the German and Charles the Bold.

French and German There was considerable fighting before the partition was effected. Charles and Louis combined in battle against their brother, and their alliance, made on their father's death in 1840, was renewed two years later in the famous Strassburg oaths...

The treaty of Verdun gave Lothair "the Middle Kingdom," an indefinite wedge of territory stretching from the North Sea to the Mediterranean along the valleys of the Rhine and the lower Rhine. To Louis went the region to the west, to Charles that to the east.

The treaty of Verdun, therefore, separated once and for all the three groups—Italians, Germans and Gallo-Franks—who had constituted the vast amalgam of lands and peoples whose destinies the great northern Carolingian dynasty had been supreme arbiter.

Heritage of Wars and Woe Lothair's kingdom speedily began to reap its heritage of wars and woe. It passed to Lothair's second son, Lothair II, and it was from this second Lothair that it derived its name—Lothair's Kingdom, Lothari Regnum, Lotharingia, Lorraine. This Lothair, instead of committing the typical Carolingian error of leaving too many children, went his forebears one better and left none.

It is striking testimony to the tumultuous character of the Empire of that day that, between 910 and 955, Lorraine was five times ravaged by Hungarian incursions. In the latter year the invaders were so badly defeated that they did not come again, and the country began to rise from its ruins.

Of all the invasions that have been visited upon Lorraine, before or since, perhaps none stands out in history so vividly as that led by Charles the Bold in 1477, when western Europe was still aureoled with recollections of the Hundred Years' War, the war that brought Joan d'Arc out of Lorraine, brought her to the relief of besieged Orleans in 1429, and led her to the stake at Rouen in 1431.

Nancy Is Besieged Charles's only virtue was his boldness, and even that went too far. In his struggle, now crafty, now open, always bloody, against Louis XI—who was as stubborn and implacable an enemy—he set as excellent an example of how to wage one kind of war as even the Kaiser could wish to follow.

In 1475 he made peace with Louis that he might seek game elsewhere. He overthrew Lorraine, invaded Switzerland, and was driven out in utter rout, lost two-thirds of his men in another battle, and then decided to retire to his castle. Two months later, as he was brooding over his plight, word came that the young Duke of Lorraine was besieging Nancy.

Thither, with the remnant of his army, went Charles. He arrived before Nancy to find that, three days before, the city had capitulated to his enemy. On January 5, 1477, a battle was fought near Nancy which witnessed the death of Charles and the dispersion of his already badly mauled army. His mangled body was found two days later on the muddy bank of a frozen brook. It was the death he deserved, perhaps it was the death he would have wished. By the young duke's orders, he was given an honorable burial.

Name Linked With Alsace It was during the days of Richelieu, the great churchman-statesman, whose name outshines that of his master (or servant), Louis XIII, that the name of Lorraine became first linked with that of Alsace. The cession of Alsace to France, officially marked in 1648, six years after Richelieu's death, by the treaty of Westphalia, ending the devastating Thirty Years' War, pushed the frontier of France eastward to its natural boundary, the Rhine.

Lorraine itself, however, did not cease to be a duchy and become part of France, until the death of Stanislas Leczinski in 1766. Just how anyone named Stanislas Leczinski came to be mixed up in the history of Lorraine or of France is more easily explained than might appear on the surface. Stanislas I, father-in-law of Louis XV, aspired to the Polish crown, was elected (for the Polish monarchy was elective) and was then refused recognition by Russia and Prussia. The Russians seized Warsaw, and Stanislas fled back to France, leaving his cause to collapse.

To compensate for the loss of Poland, he was granted the Duchy of Lorraine and the then duke, Francis, was given Tuscany, in Italy. But it was provided that on the death of Stanislas, Lorraine should be united in perpetuity to France.

Perpetual—Until 1871 That perpetuity lasted, as all the world knows, until 1871. The treaty of Frankfurt, which ended the Franco-Prussian War and thereby marked down a date that belongs in any chronological table of the war that began in 1914 ceded to Prussia, in addition to all of Alsace (the departments of Haut-Rhin and Bas-Rhin), the arrondissements of Metz, Thionville, Sarreguemines, Chateau-Salins and Sarrebourg—only a part of Lorraine, but a part rich not only in coal and iron, but in love for France.

President Poincaré and Gen. Pétain: are both natives of French Lorraine. Lorraine has a language, rather a patois, of its own, but that language is not German. In Lorraine they say "gemé" instead of "jumeau" (twin), "dentelle" (lace) "chemise" (shirt). They call cheese "fromage," not "fromag." But they do not call it "Kase." They would if they were German.

NOT THE ARM'S FAULT "What arm of the service is Gubbione in?" "Search me, but if he's in it, it must be in a sling."

The C.O. Congratulates Young Airman on His Snappy Getup



CAMP AIRMAN VETERARY Otto Cushing Capt. a.s.s.c.

RECRUITING PLANS IN GREAT BRITAIN

Service to Be Established by Commanding General of S. O. S.

OBVIATES RETURN TO U.S. Men of Military Age Must Volunteer, Be Drafted or Become Liable to British Army

A general recruiting service for the United States Army is to be established in Great Britain by the Commanding General, S.O.S. Stations will be established in such places as are deemed suitable for the purpose and officers and soldiers of the A.E.F. detailed to duty at these stations.

By the terms of the convention agreed to by the United States and Great Britain for the reciprocal military service of citizens of either country who may be in the other, all males citizens of the United States in Great Britain are required to do one of four things: Enlist in the U.S. Army, return to America for the purpose of military service, obtain a certificate of exemption from American diplomatic representatives in Britain (these will be issued to all American citizens outside of the draft age), or, having failed to do any of the above, become subject to compulsory service in the British Army unless exempted by British law.

Whom Service Will Reach The recruiting service, authorized by G.O. 129, will therefore reach the following classes of American citizens in Great Britain: Those between 18 and 40 who want to volunteer. Those of draft age—21 to 31, inclusive, at present—who elect not to return to the United States and there subject themselves to the operation of the draft law, but instead present themselves for enlistment before the expiration of 60 days after the exchange of ratification of the convention referred to above.

Those not subject to the draft law who later become liable to it and prefer not to return to America, will be required to themselves for enlistment within 30 days after the occurrence of their liability. Those holding temporary or conditional certificates of exemption, who, when those certificates become inoperative, remain in Britain and present themselves for enlistment within 30 days. Those who have applied for exemption, have been refused it, and present themselves within 30 days after the denial of exemption. Applicants presenting themselves will be examined and, if found qualified, will be enlisted for P.S. Infantry only. They will be classified and assigned to such branches of the service as is deemed proper.

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OFFICER PRISONERS DO NOT GET SALUTE

Story That British Do It Just a Good Old Hun Yarn

English soldiers do not salute German officers who are prisoners of war. When English soldiers meet German officers who are not yet prisoners of war, they are too busy to bother about saluting them. The German officers, in that case, do the saluting by saying uncle and being marched off, or else light it out man to man, catch as catch can, rank distinctions barred, and devil take the hindmost.

The story that British soldiers were compelled to salute German officers prisoners has spread through the A.E.F. with such persistence as to make it appear probable that enemy propaganda had something to do with getting the yarn going and keeping it in circulation. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that American soldiers don't salute German officers prisoners either.

MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS Plans, Guides & Aeronautic Maps FOR American Officers and Soldiers CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE (Librairie des Cartes Campbell) 7 Rue Saint-Lazare, Paris (9me) Subway Station, Nord-Sud, Notre-Dame-de-Lorette

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The roads are thick with winter mud, Or deathly dry with summer dust...

The Army's Poets

The Army's Poets are its true interpreters. Through verse reaches the office of THE STARS AND STRIPES every week to fill a column as thick as Browning's Complete Works...

THE FIELDS OF THE MARNE

The fields of the Marne are growing green, The river murmurs on and on; No more the hail of mitrailleuse...

IN OUR COMPANY KITCHEN

Don't sound to me the praises of Sousa's famous band, "Glad-Care" or such others in the land...

ALLIES!

The French, the British, and the Portuguese, Captain or colonel, or king though he be, Gives a salute in response to me...

NGUOI ANNAM

He is leading his men over bushes and hills, He is tucking the dirt fly, somewhere in France; It may be a day and a half to the front...

NEW ENGLAND AMBITIONS

The German hordes are coming on, 'Tis Rubeus will meet the Boche, And ere another day has gone, They'll know we're here, 'Gosh!

OPEN WARFARE

Oh, I like to loaf at the evenings, Resting me back leaning a tree, Surveying with critical pleasure Bombardments that ain't meant for me...

"RETREAT" IN FRANCE

The bugle notes have thrilled the air and passed— A moment's pause, and then upon the blast The shrill defiance of the "Marsellaise"...

YES—WE—WILL

When this old war is finished, And the hosts of each diminished, When the Kaiser and his roughnecks are but visions of the past...

LET ME TELL YOU

We'll hand him bean-cake money, And all kinds of milk and honey, Yes, we will—LIKE THE—WE—WILL!

THE MULESKINNER

He litters up when the day is fading, Two mules to a go-cart, which runs on two wheels, He loads on the rations, and off he goes leaving...

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THE WOODS CALLED ROUGE-BOUQUET

Dedicated to the memory of 19 members of Co. E, — Infantry, who made the supreme sacrifice at Rouge-Bouquet, Forest of Parroy, France, March 7; read by the chaplain at the funeral, the refrain echoing the music of taps from a distant grove...

In the woods they call Rouge-Bouquet There is a new-made grave today, Built by never a spade or pick...

There lie many fighting men, Dead in their youthful prime, Never to laugh or live again...

Now over the grave abrupt and clear, Three valleys ring, And perhaps their brave young spirits hear...

SEA STUFF Now I'm a soldier, so I ain't No hand at art, but any...

WORLD OF YOUTH Because the world where you and I "Live and move and have our being" is not the world that men espay...

EVENING Dusk is falling, "Thinking" Rest—your work is through; Dreaming alone...

A NURSE'S PRAYER O Lord, I must not cry, And yet mine eyes contain Such floods of scalding tears...

THE PRAYER OF THE THIRD PLATOON The Third Platoon is a good one, And we thank our lucky stars...

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MOTHER

And here's a line to Mother, The best of all the lot, With a simple little message, Just a sweet-forget-me-not...

There is on earth no worthier grave Than this spot of pain and pride, Where they nobly fought and nobly died...

Never fear but in the skies Saints and angels stand, Smiling with their holy eyes On this new-come band...

St. Michael's sword darts through the air And touches the arrival on his hair, And he sees them stand staidly there...

And up to Heaven's doorway floats, From the woods called Rouge-Bouquet, A delicate sound of bugle notes...

SEA STUFF Now I'm a soldier, so I ain't No hand at art, but any...

EVENING Dusk is falling, "Thinking" Rest—your work is through; Dreaming alone...

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IT'S NOT WHAT YOU MEAN, IT'S WHAT THEY THINK -By WALLGREN



HELPFUL HINTS.

HOW TO MAKE LETTER WRITING EASY.

THERE! - NOW ALL I GOTTA DO IS PUT ON TH' DATE AND 'DEAR FOLK', AN' A COUPLE OF ANS' AN' IZZES AN' SIGN IT.

AND THEY'LL KNOW I'M WELL AND HAPPY. OR I WOULD'N' NEVER'N' WRITEN SO MUCH TO BE CENSORED!

THIS GREAT IDEA IS ELUCIDATED ABOVE AND REQUIRES NO DETAILED EXPLANATION. - THE RECEIPT OF A LIFE LETTER WILL IMAGINE MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER SAY - BESIDES SAVING THE CENSOR THAT MUCH CLIPPING.

FRITZ SLAMS THEM SQUARE OVER PAN

Walter Johnson's Fastest Only a Floater by Comparison

FIRST NIGHT UNDER FIRE

Yankee Gunners Show They've Got Eddie Cicotte Stopped When Their Turn Comes

"THE COMMAND IS FORWARD"

"Lieutenant Hansen, the command is 'Forward.' See the boys through."—Last words of Captain Francis M. Leahy.

"The command is 'Forward!'" Let this call Re-echo through the fields of France; From base ports to the final wall That looms before our next advance; By land or sea, by plain or hill, Plung this lone slogan to the Hun, Until the closing sun is still, Until the final job is done.

"The command is 'Forward!'" Send it on From post to post along the line, Until against some glowing dawn, Our vanguard swings across the Rhine; Until, around the Prussian throne, The closing wall of steel is cast— Until, where Right has reached its own, The German flag is furled at last.

MAJOR JIM IS HERE; SO'S CORPORAL BILL

Forty, a Farmer and Father of Four Children, but He's With Us

This is the story of two college friends who went to war. It was the Spanish-American War, by the way, for they were graduated back in '97. The next year found Jim—his real name is Guy, not Jim—fighting with a militia outfit in the Philippines and Bill a sergeant in the Signal Corps down Cuba way.

Later Bill married, and, in the course of time, took over a thousand acre farm in that part of the Middle West which some laughable New Yorkers were afraid was going to be so terribly apathetic about his world war. The farm yielded marvelously. With the passing years, four children came to Bill, and Mrs. Bill.

Then April 1917—the April Unforgettable. By September, Major Jim was near New York with his old regiment, waiting orders to sail overseas, and on the eve of his sailing a letter caught up with him. It was from Bill.

"Dear Old Jim," it said, or something like that, "I know I'm in my forties and married and have four children, but just the same no one can make it seem right to me that I should be living softly here with you going off to war. I take it I'm too old a horse to go galloping off to one of these officers' training camps. Then they tell me that we farmers must not leave our plows. Well, I'll agree to this. I will stay right here and get in the biggest 1,000 acres of corn ever harvested in our State. I'll stay here till the last car is in. Then—well, after that I'm not promising. In the meantime, so long Jim, take keer o' yourself."

The middle of July found Major Jim leading his battalion across the field of Châlons, so that they could make their place in the line in time to help meet the expected Champagne offensive of the Crown Prince. A letter caught up with him. It was from France. Also it was from Bill. And the major went into battle with a glow round his heart, for the letter was signed Corporal Bill, Co. A.—Engrs., France.

WALL STREET LOSES CASTS

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Wall Street has changed its spots. Nobody can call it a barometer any more. Even the past week's good news from the front didn't make stocks go up. The bears indignantly complain that bad news doesn't make it go down, either.

Financial experts daily offer occult and impressive explanations which are all different, but plain darned fools say that maybe Government control of industries and capitalization has gummed the speculative works.

BUT HE MEANT WELL

The hospital had a new night watchman, but for all his newness he was right on the job. So when he heard a French bugler disturbing the calm of early morn with some weird but shrilly piped call, he at once ran out with his lantern and forcibly ejected the bugler from the premises.

"You nut," he said, "don't you know this is a hospital?"

The bugler probably did; anyway he tried to explain, but the watchman was too mad to understand French. Then the watchman went back to the

If you've ever battled against Walter Johnson on a cloudy day, you know that he has something on that old first one. I know it, whether you do or not, because I'd been battling against Walt for eight seasons before I joined this man's army and my average was just plain 008. I beat a hunt one day when Eddie Foster slipped in the wet grass. That was my sole hit off the big Swede.

But what Walter has isn't a marker to the "stunt" old Fritz can put on the ball when his artillery gets your range. Why, Johnson's fast one, that thing he starts from around his knees, is a floater compared to some of the things a Boche cannoner can heave at you.

And control! Say, if the Huns hadn't had good control one night, I wouldn't be here. They were shooting right over my head at a battery back in the woods and they were pitching nothing but strikes. I was afraid every moment that they would waste one and get me.

That was my first night under fire and I thought at the time that it also would be my last. But Fritz certainly was lamming them right over the middle, and aside from a little shrapnel rattling off the roof occasionally, he didn't bother us, though my nerves were pretty badly frayed before the ninth inning came around.

"The command is 'Forward!'" Send it on From post to post along the line, Until against some glowing dawn, Our vanguard swings across the Rhine; Until, around the Prussian throne, The closing wall of steel is cast— Until, where Right has reached its own, The German flag is furled at last.

second shell of the sort that you can't hear coming, I'll be over that second ridge in the background."

Our Turn Next

After the Boches got through having their party and their arms began to get weak, our own batteries started up and you can take it from an old big leaguer that what the enemy had shown was nothing to what our side had.

Talk about stuff! There were some batteries on our left that were showing more than Eddie Cicotte ever had in his life and mixing them up, too. First, the 75's would let them have a few fast ones and then the 155's would curve one over. Finally the 210's would shoot a slow one at them.

After I had got control of myself so that my knees decided it wasn't old home week, I went out to look at the firing, and the way things were mused up across the river was a caution. Through the glasses that a Signal Corps guy let me have, I could see half of the German army dying through the air every time one of those big ones busted.

Harry Hooper throwing to the plate with a guy trying to score on a sacrifice fly wasn't a marker to our gunners. And we were heaving them right in a line and not bouncing them. They told me that about half our shells were filled with gas so strong that you had to wear a gas mask when you called the ordnance storehouse on the telephone.

BLACK BUGGY NOW MODE

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Dad can't buy his new 1919 Spring model buggy to match the old sorrel mare. The War Industries board has just put the lid on all chromatic effects in buggy decorations, so Dad will have to do without the fancy colors and buy a plain black or gray model.

J. COQUILLOT BOOT MAKER

Trench Boots, Riding Boots, Puttees and Aviators' Needs

FURNISHER TO SAUMUR.

75 Ave. de Champs-Élysées, PARIS.

On the Ammunition Detail

I was given the important, not to say exalted, post of helping out on an ammunition detail, and the detail was made up with hand grenades was rolled up under the lee of a big barn so as to be out of sight of the Boches, who were about three-quarters of a mile down the road. There was a sort of shell that we got under, so the hostile aviators couldn't see us. It they had even suspected what was behind that barn, I wouldn't be here now, for it was an easy shot for even a rotten artilleryman.

Some soldiers bunked in one end of the barn and there was a Y.M.C.A. canteen in the other. It was so close to the front lines that the canteen was open after dark and do business until daylight. The colonel wouldn't let any one come around in the daytime.

There were Yank batteries on three sides of us, none of them more than 300 yards away, and it was these batteries that the Boches were shooting at. It wouldn't bother to waste a shot on the barn, because he guessed that there couldn't be any men there and he didn't figure that we would be crazy enough to stop a million dollar load of ammunition in such an exposed place.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Fritz started to ram up his snail's pace. His first shot was right over our heads, but it was short, and he kept putting up the range until the bursts told him that he was on the target. Then he kept breaking them over the corners as pretty as you please for four hours. Fritz started to shoot at the barn, but the other fellows didn't seem to be scared a bit because they said the Germans weren't aiming at us.

As nearly as I could figure the score, Fritz made about two runs in his inning and he couldn't get us out at all after we went to bat.

The American gunners were still lamming them back when we got orders to move our ammunition up to another part of the front. That was one order I obeyed with alacrity, for I figured that the Huns would be all vexed up when we finally got through hammering them and would probably try to blow that whole county off the map.

Let me tell you that any guy who says he ain't afraid the first time he is under fire either hasn't brains enough to be afraid or is a plain liar. I have stepped into a few fast ones in my day, and even Johnson couldn't drive me away from the plate, but I'm here to tell you that this night I was worse scared than a hush league pitcher in an exhibition game with three on and Ty Cobb coming up swinging three bats.

HOTEL BRIGHTON PARIS

218 Rue de Rivoli

PLEASANT ROOMS WITH BATH

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Articles on Live Topics, on Things French, Short Stories, Cartoons, and Review of the French Press. A Two-Page Illustration in Each Number.

FOR AUGUST 15

Four Years of War. André Tardieu, Commissioner-General for Franco-American War Affairs. Madelon, the French Marching Song. The Spirit of Joan of Arc. The High Command. Making France an Allied University Center. Cellar Nights' Entertainment. On Leave—The Happy Soldier in Paris—two pages of Sketches by Jack Casey. The News of the Port-night, etc., etc.

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Suppose Someone Cheated?

"Yes," I said, "but suppose one of those squareheads back in Germany had cheated a little in making up this next charge of powder and spilled some of it on the floor. About a teaspoonful of explosive shrapnel would put him right on top of us and we would be just as dead whether he apologized for his wild pitch or not. I haven't confidence enough in my friends, let alone a perfect stranger, to want them to be shooting so close. It's raining, too, and you know a wet ball is apt to get away from you."

"There's no use being scared of them big ones," said a doughboy who was shaving with a straight blade just outside the door and not even flinching when the shrapnel hit the roof. "You can hear them coming and dodge 'em if they come too close. The sound will tell you if they are getting near."

"Yes," I came back, "you can hear Walter's 'swift' coming, too, but that don't make you regain consciousness any quicker when he happens to bean you."

Wait until they begin to crack down on us with them 88's," said the doughboy. "Them are the babies. They come so fast that there ain't no time to duck. They probably will give us an hour or so of them for good measure before they are through with today's entertainment."

"They may give you an hour of them, but they won't give us anything of the kind," I said, beginning to feel worse and worse. "By the time they fire the

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ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONT



Infantry going into action west of Château-Thierry in the lee of a ridge. [Signal Corps Photo.]

THE chaplains from two Yankee regiments that had stormed the slope above the Ourcq came wearily back at sundown from the task of burying their dead. They were two much uplifted men, and their eyes were shining as they made their brief but eloquent report.

"In all that battlefield," they said, "we found, without a single exception, that every one of those boys died crouching forward, died with his face toward Germany."

When, as happens often in the rush of open warfare, the airplanes are transformed into the most mobile of all artillery and sweep down to pour machine gun bullets into the unsheltered infantry of the enemy, they become targets for the crack rifle shot. A shot that reaches the head or heart of the low-flying assailant will do the trick.

The trick has been done a good many times. When, if ever again, there comes a lull in this bouncing war, it may be possible to assemble the data and announce how many German planes have been brought to earth this summer by Yankee rifles.

Or, better still, by Yankee riflemen, for on several occasions, officers and men at regimental and divisional headquarters dropped their work, grabbed up Boche rifles that had just been confiscated from prisoners and dashed out into the open to take a few pot shots.

A wounded officer from among the gallant French lancers had just been carried into a Yankee field hospital to have his dressing changed. He was full of compliments and curiosity about the dashing contingent that had fought at his regiment's left.

"A lot of them are mounted troops by this time," he explained, "for when our men would be shot from their horses, these youngsters would give one jumping jump and fall on ahead as cavalry. I believe they are your soldiers from Montezuma. At least, when they advanced this morning, they were all singing 'From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli.' *C'est épatant, ca!*"

A former sergeant who had just been busted and who carried fresh in his mind the melancholy memories of a court martial, was lifted wounded from the ambulance at the field hospital. He was grinning from ear to ear.

"Well," he said, "here's one stripe they can't take away from me, damn 'em."

The generation of American mothers that have trained their boys to care for their teeth as the people of no other country do would glow with pride if they could trek up in the wake of our Army in action and see the whole rear area dotted at sunrise with Yankee soldiers, just out of battle, and every man brushing his teeth. Often most of his possessions have been jettisoned in the rush of the advance.

And now abide these three, the rifle, the shovel, and the tooth-brush. And the greatest of these—

Than Seringes, the village the Yanks captured on July 29, there is only one more battered town in all the area between the Marne and the Vesle. That is Vaux. Seringes had been held by the enemy for a good two months; his signs were on the buildings, his lettering on the guide-posts, his dead filled the village church yard. There the Yanks found buried many of the Boches who had died on July 15, the first day of the ill-starred offensive the Crown Prince wishes he had never made. They had been carried back as far as Seringes and buried in a church yard which the Germans never dreamed they would have to give up. "Hier ruht. . . ." "Es sterben fürs Vaterland" and so on. Of the church, only a shell is left, with two cherubs hanging uncertainly over the shattered altar and, as though still quickened by the vibrations of the guns that thundered there a little time ago, the altar-lamp swinging to and fro above the desolation.

There is no room in this or any other paper to list all the runners who distinguished themselves in the Second Battle of the Marne, but one name shall be set down because the name is Irish Stock, and he is—

How perplexing, sometimes, is the runner's task in the war of movement you can guess from the fact that one regimental P.C. just south of the Ourcq moved three times in one day—three moves within the area of a single, heavily shell village. They were wise moves, for each of the abandoned headquarters was destroyed by gunfire—one two hours, one half an hour, one 15 minutes after the colonel had moved on.

One regiment, in the first swift advance of General Mangin's Army, got part of a night's rest in a forest. Their own general, speeding past them at daybreak, noticed that every man had seized the breathing spell not only to sleep but to wash, brush up and shave.

They looked snappy in the morning sunlight. The general said nothing, but his eyes gleamed his appreciation. He is tremendously proud of them. He ought to be.

He was a battling boxer from South Boston before the war and somewhere between Soissons and Rheims, the Germans shot him through the chest. He was being carried from the regimental aid station in a litter when he spied another wounded man from his company lying to one side waiting his turn. The boxer raised such an uproar that they had to let him get off and try to walk while his pal was carried back. The doctors said it would be impossible for him to walk. He walked.

At a battered street corner of a badly demolished French town an American captain stood watching three American doughboys swinging up the road.

"Here comes the greatest men in the world," he said, "just the plain, everyday privates. They are the gamest lot I ever saw. Why, I almost cry every time I think of those kids."

"See those three coming up? Well, if a German regiment should turn the corner and start their way, do you suppose they would break and run? Not an inch. They'd stand right where they are, unsling their rifles and begin firing, killing all they could until the last one of them was shot down."

"I know, for I've seen them do things that took just as much nerve. You can't beat 'em anywhere."

During the German retreat the enemy's last rearguard action was made by hostile planes that flew back over the American lines.

One of these planes was flying over a big field in the direction of a French town where American troops were stationed. At the edge of this town an American machine gunner had his machine well camouflaged, waiting for just such a target. Just as the German flyer got half-way across the field, the American opened fire from his hidden position.

"Did you get him?" his captain asked a trifle later.

"No, sir," answered the gunner, "but I must have scored him a bit, because he dropped all three of his bombs together out in this vacant field and beat at back about as fast as a bullet could travel."

Another German plane, swooping around a farmhouse, was startled and soon driven away by very accurate rifle fire. At least the firing was accurate enough to convince Fritz that he was in no safe neighborhood.

But he didn't know that the rifle was being handled by a lieutenant colonel in the American Army, who, enraged at the audacity of the hostile birdman, grabbed the weapon and soon had the "supremacy of the air" in that particular locality well under control.

One lieutenant found the full meaning of the famous phrase, "The command is 'Forward!'"

While serving in the advance, he received official notification that he was to report for a certain duty back in the S.O.S. He had found no great trouble in moving forward for over a week. But in starting back he was forced to wait around in the rain with his bedding roll all ready for nearly three days before he could locate any sign of a conveyance leading to the rear.

An Artillery officer, who had been a fairly well-known golfer and a keen enthusiast back home, was looking out across a rolling plain that only recently had been heavily pounded by heavy shell fire.

"I've seen some well-trapped courses," he said, "but I must say this is the best bunker course I've ever run across. There's a pit every 20 feet. Par here must be about 200."

A heavy rain was beating down upon a woods where an American company was resting. It was just after daybreak when an observer, walking by, looked in. The rain was pouring and the trees were dripping a young flood, but every member of the company was still sleeping, dry as dust, for each squad had built itself a canopy from innumerable square boxes that had been discovered in this section.

LONG HOSPITAL WAIT UNDER OFFICIAL BAN

Disabilities Must Be Disposed of in Two Weeks or Reason Given

"If you've been wounded so badly that your case is considered fit to come before a disability board, or if you've been 'just plain wounded' and classified A, B, C, or D, you won't have to wait around in hospitals or classification camps as long as has sometimes been the case. New instructions to commanding officers of hospitals lay stress on the necessity of prompt action of disability boards, and for the early disposition of cases that have been classified.

In order to find out the length of time that men recommended to disability boards for classification remain in hospitals without having their cases acted on, commanding officers of base hospitals are directed to send to the Chief Surgeon a weekly report of all such cases as have been recommended for disability boards' action, but which have remained in hospitals for two weeks without the completion of board proceedings.

This report is to be forwarded every Saturday and will contain in each instance the reason for delaying the man's classification. It will also show the record of every man who has been classified by a disability board, and who has not been disposed of one way or another within two weeks of the board's recommendation.

HEROISM MAY WIN BARS AS AT SCHOOL

C-in-C. Defines "Unusual Cases" for Promotion of Men Not Candidates

When G.O. 32, outlining the plan of the Army Candidates' School, was issued, it was stated that only in "very unusual cases" would men other than graduates of that school be recommended for commissions in certain branches.

The term "very unusual cases" is now defined by the Commander-in-Chief in Bulletin 53 to mean cases in which a soldier shows not only extraordinary heroism in the face of the enemy, but also exhibits at the same time qualities of leadership which clearly indicate that he is of suitable officer material.

DARKEST GOTHAM NOW

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—The Fuel Administration announces that the first lightless night in the borough of Manhattan, New York, saved 100 tons of coal. It adds that the saving will be still greater in winter.

FUSE TO BEAT SOCIALISTS

AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Tammany and the Republicans have fused in four New York City districts to beat the Socialist candidates for Congress.

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CHOW

THE CHANT OF THE A.E.F. We've helped to sweep them from the Marne. And send them on the way: We've helped to nail them at the Ourcq. And spoil their pleasant day: We've swung along the open road And hammered at their line. And now we're out to bring 'em. To bring 'em on the Rhine.

We've hammered at them night and day Along a bloody trail: We've helped to throw their legions back Across the river Vesle. We've stogged along and jogged along Through shadow and through shine. And now we're out to bring 'em. To bring 'em on the Rhine.

An old refrain, we know it well From childhood's golden years: And since we've heard it first we've seen Our share of blood and tears; But still it lingers in our souls. The while our rifles shine. As we go forth to bring 'em. To bring 'em on the Rhine.

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