

VILLAGES LINKED IN RECORD TIME BY RAILWAY UNIT

Seven Hours, Three Minutes, Sees 2.69 Miles of Track Laid

135 MEN FOREGO SMOKES BUT DON'T GET HOPEFUL

Director General of Railroads Himself Cables President—But Not for Help

While the units that had been engaged in the recent fighting were blissfully enjoying a well-earned rest, 135 members of the first company of Railway Engineers to arrive in France celebrated that victory by establishing what is believed to be a new track laying record, completing 2.69 miles of narrow gauge railway in seven hours and three minutes.

The work marked the completion of an important railway line from one French town to another, upon which the company had been working for several weeks. Officers present when the record was made were outspoken in their conviction that the gang could have easily completed four miles during the full working day of 12 hours had there been further track to lay in that sector.

A captain and a lieutenant were in charge of the detail. All necessary materials for the job had to be brought up from behind, two 60 cm. steam locomotives pushing the rail cars forward as soon as a section of track was spilled down. Two motor trucks were used for hauling ties.

The amount of material handled gives more than a hint of the magnitude of the task and the tremendous amount of labor involved—approximately 105 tons of steel rails, 7100 ties, 1830 pairs of fishplates, 8 kegs of bolts and 37 kegs of spikes, making a total of over 230 tons.

"Nous le faisons toujours," replied the captain when complimented upon the showing made by the company. "We always do it," is, by the way, the motto of the company although the bucks usually use the free translation, "We produce the goods."

MONTE CARLO IS OFFERED A.E.F. AS PLAYGROUND

Prince of Monaco Visits Aix and Gives Army Glad Hand

Little Principality Is Far from Line and Trains Are Already Overburdened

Monte Carlo, world famous playground, and the entire principality of Monaco of which it is a part, situated on the French Riviera where the breezes of the Mediterranean exercise a soothing influence on the winter thermometer, have been offered to the A.E.F. as a leave center.

The offer was formally made by His Serene Highness, the Prince of Monaco, ruler of the little country, and is now being considered by G.H.Q. Whether or not it can be accepted is a question. There are difficulties as to fuel, distance and transportation which are serious, but there is a possibility that American soldiers will toast their shins this winter in the Palais du Soleil where, heretofore, nobody much lower in financial rating than a near-millionaire has trod.

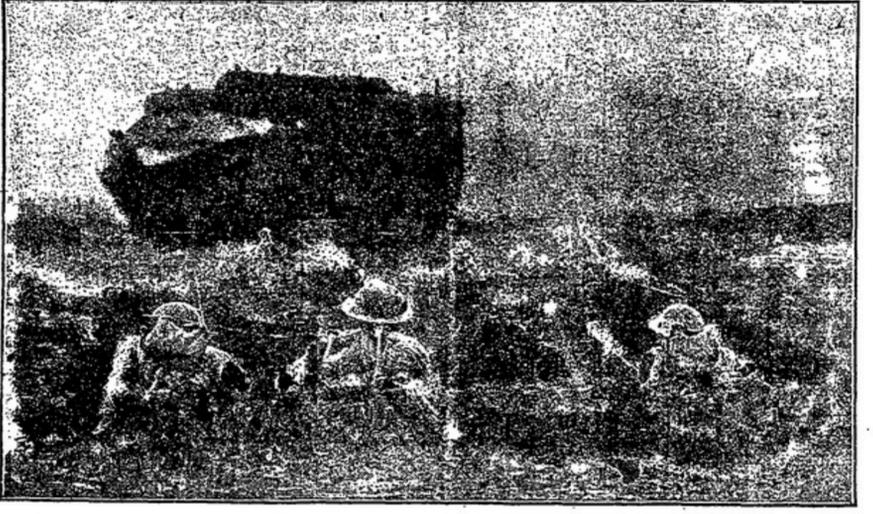
The Prince of Monaco has been among many notable visitors at Aix—lez-Bains, the first American leave center in France, during the last few weeks. He became a familiar figure around the Casino of Aix, which has been converted to Y.M.C.A. headquarters, and where wealthy and famous civilian guests are mingling with 832-a-month-and-up soldiers. He speaks English perfectly and had a chance to use it among Americans when he made a trip to the United States a few years ago.

Renews His Acquaintance On that trip to the States he learned to like Americans and his new acquaintance with the American soldiers recently intensified the sentiment. A few days ago he called on J. A. Springer, in charge of the Aix Y.M.C.A., and Colonel French, American commander of the leave center, and formally offered his leave principality for the use of American soldiers on permission. There were some steps to be taken, he said, as regards the international situation of Monaco and possibly some local laws to be changed. But as for the laws, he would change them in 24 hours.

The offer was forwarded to Y.M.C.A. headquarters and G.H.Q. and is under consideration at both places. The hotels of Monaco would harbor from six to eight thousand soldiers. The prince offered the Palais du Soleil as a Y.M.C.A. headquarters to be utilized as a dining room, a billiard room and a billiard room, theaters and cafeterias.

But No Gambling The famous gambling casino of Monte Carlo is not now open to soldiers of any nation, and this rule would not be changed. But the Americans could have the pleasure of going through the Casino outside of business hours and seeing where speedier games than crap or black-jack are played.

GOING AFTER 'EM IN THE BEST OF COMPANY



BRITISH STRIKE HINDENBURG LINE AS FRONT WIDENS

Germans Are Squeezed Into Dangerous New Salient, Lose Heavily

SOMME NAMES RING AGAIN

Advance Takes in 1916 Battlefield—Bapaume Entered—New French Attack

The week that ended Wednesday, August 28, saw the Allied attack spread like a flame in two directions, widening the battle front of the previous week, which had seen the German withdrawal from Montdidier and the crushing of the great salient that since March had been bulging westward toward Amiens.

It saw the British, after a series of splendid advances, battling, overcoming, still advancing, squarely on the so-called Hindenburg line. It saw the creation of another great German salient, no more feasible than the Amiens bulge, which later the enemy could hold only by his possession of the initiative and a preponderance of effectiveness. Now, thanks to the Allied offensives of the past month and more, he no longer possesses either of these advantages.

It saw that second salient badly dented by successive blows struck at the base of a retreating enemy who could not extricate all his guns, material or men.

Enemy's Morale Impaired Leaving the ground rewon out of the question, considerable though it is, and judging the course of the battle by the enemy's losses and retreats to which he has been compelled to draw on his reserves—not to mention the unquestionably impaired morale of his troops—we find that the toll of prisoners since July 18, when the counter-offensive south of Soissons opened, must now have reached 125,000 men, whereas only 25,000 that 20,000 were taken during the week that ended Wednesday by the British alone.

14 STATES RATIFY BILL FOR DRY U.S.

Strong Meat May Replace Strong Drink—Ostrich Roasts Now

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 29.—The legislatures of 14 States have now ratified the national prohibition amendment to the Constitution, the 14 being Mississippi, Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, North Dakota, Maryland, Montana, Texas, Delaware, South Dakota, Massachusetts, Arizona, Georgia and Louisiana, named in the order of their ratification. Only 22 more States are needed to make the amendment binding.

In the midst of this tribulation news comes of a holocaust in Kentucky, where the Green River Distilling Company's plant burned down. Forty-three thousand barrels of whisky were destroyed "without trace." It is a \$3,000,000 loss, and Uncle Sam loses some millions in prospective revenue.

COUGH AIDS THEM IN NIGHT PROWL THROUGH FISMES

Battalion Finds Colonel's P.C. Amid Shower of Shells and Rain

NOBODY'S TOWN JUST THEN

In the nights of storm and battle that American soldiers have written into the archives of Fismes, there must be a chapter for the story of the battalion commander who was seeking a headquarters to which he might report his men for duty and, in the depths of that black and perilous town, traced it by an unintended cough.

HAPPY NATION BANS SPREAD-EAGLE STUFF

Country Sober and Sensible, Boasting Forgotten as Victories Thrill

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Newspaper comments on your achievements and the war situation generally are refreshingly sane, sober and sensible, and our once favorite spread-eagle sits in considerable dignity, his ornate tail feathers really displaying his ornithological abilities.

SERVICE STRIPES TO DATE FROM ARRIVAL

Time Spent on Transport Is No Longer to Be Counted

The computation of time for the wearing of the gold service chevron will in future be made from the date of arrival at a French, British or other European port, according to a cablegram from Washington just received at G.H.Q.

BIG CAMPAIGNS UNITE

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 29.—The new drive to raise \$131,500,000 will be undertaken in November jointly by the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the War Camp Community Service and the American Library Association.

EIGHT DIVISIONS CITED BY C.-IN-C. IN GENERAL ORDER

First, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 26th, 28th, 32nd and 42nd Win Distinction

"FIT FOR TESTS OF WAR" First and Third Corps "Came to Battlefield at Crucial Hour of Allied Cause"

The following general order has been issued citing the eight divisions, comprising the First and Third Corps, A.E.F., which were in action during the Second Battle of the Marne:

"It fills me with pride to record in General Orders a tribute to the services and achievement of the First and Third Corps, comprising the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-second and Forty-second Divisions of the American Expeditionary Forces.

NUTRITION EXPERTS SHOWING COOKS HOW

Mass Sergeants Also Learn New Things About Diet Methods

Enlightened cooks and mess sergeants—the other kind, too—are being converted into chefs and army dietitians. The staff officers were the nucleus of nutrition of the Chief Surgeon's office are traveling about company kitchens and even to the set-up quick cookeries back of the trenches. They are correcting faults in diet, methods of cooking and care of food.

NEW CAP FOR TRAIN CREWS

FREE BATHING ON COMMON

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 29.—From Boston comes the incredible news that small boys will be permitted to swim in the famous and sacred frogpond on the Common, with permission to disrobe at will.

U.S. FOR EVERYONE, SAYS NEW ORDER FROM PRESIDENT

All Other Distinctive Names to Be Dropped for Land Forces

APPLIES TO COMMISSIONS Rule That Concerned Officers Is Broadened to Affect Everyone in O.D.

The military land forces of the United States will hereafter be known solely as the United States Army. All other distinctive names, such as National Guard, National Army, Regular Army, Reserve Corps, and any and all others, will be dropped. The announcement is made in a general order by the President.

Embodied in G.H.Q. Bulletin The President's order, as embodied in Bulletin No. 59, G.H.Q., A.E.F., follows in full:

"This country has but one army, the United States Army. It includes all the land forces in the service of the United States. These forces, however raised, bear their identity in that of the United States of America. Distinctive appellations, such as the Regular Army, Reserve Corps, National Guard and National Army, heretofore employed in administration and command, will be discontinued, and the single term, the United States Army, will be exclusively used.

OUTLOOK IS DARK FOR XMAS PARCELS

But Chief Postmaster Has Not Given Up All Hope Yet

Just what will be done about Christmas packages for the A.E.F.? That's the big question the chief postmaster down at Tours is trying to thresh out. The chief likes Christmas packages just as well as anybody does, and he has used up many sheets of good bond paper trying to figure it out.

FREE BATHING ON COMMON

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 29.—From Boston comes the incredible news that small boys will be permitted to swim in the famous and sacred frogpond on the Common, with permission to disrobe at will.

COSTUMES GALORE, WIGS AND POWDER, FOR O.D. THESPIANS

Y. M. C. A. Barnstorming Program Begins Successful Operation

AMBITIOUS EFFORTS NEXT

Joan of Arc Pageant Now in Rehearsal—Props Already North of Oureca

In an out-of-the-way room in Paris, some French sewing women are busy cutting, basting and hemming several thousand Santa Claus and minstrel costumes for the A.E.F.

This is a result of the Y.M.C.A.'s growing conviction that even if all the bright stars on Broadway were to come out to tread the boards in the huts of France, still the livelier and more hilariously enjoyed shows would be the shows put on by the men themselves.

Maude Adams and Douglas Fairbanks and Mrs. Castle may be all very well, but they cannot land you the laughs that you get from a burlesque love scene between the mess sergeant and the colonel's orderly, with soft music from the chief musketeer at the piano.

Clamor for Grease Paint

At every point where Yanks are gathered, there is a clamor for grease paint as well as war paint. Since the Quartermaster's store can be ransacked in vain for such items as a ballet skirt or a tendor's hat, it is up to the Y.M.C.A.

During the six weeks ending August 1, the one bureau furnished out more than 1,000 costumes, more than 100 wigs, more than 700 pairs, more than 1,200 songs, to say nothing of rouge and powder by the gallon. Thus equipped, a bunch of O.D. barnstormers from one of the big ports has recently wound up a tour at Saumur, and with more of the same equipment is on its way to the activity of this sort will soon be witnessed at Tours.

But such frivolities are not confined to the S.O.S. In fact, there are far more costume centers in the Z. of A. There is a theatrical wardrobe already in Chateau Thierry. Theaters in Eperon-Francaise, where the echo of the big guns has scarcely yet died out of the battle-scarred hills.

And the Costumes—

These costumes come from every corner of the world. Some are made in Paris, some could tell tales of famous actors and famous productions back in the States. Do you remember the big minstrel show at the Hippodrome the winter before America decided to take up war as her chief occupation? Well, some of the huge collars and the shiny black and white jackets that adorned that entertainment are now being worn in the great, roofless Hippodromes of the A.E.F.

Of course, minstrel shows are the favorite form of amateur dramatics in these parts and the coach or investigator has to do no more than start the show. He may take down a book of rotten jokes, but these are only useful as baits for better. The end-man, who begins by swearing he hasn't any stuff he can use, will glance over the proffered supply.

For example: Smith—What did he do? Jones—He bottled cats-up. "Gee, that's rotten," says the end-man—fairly enough. "Now, I remember a good animal saw Frank Tinney used to pull. It was something like this—"

And the show is under way. Some Ambitious Productions Often the productions attempted are far more ambitious. Recently, in the Z. of A. there was a most successful production of that weird tragedy, "A Night at an Inn," by Lord Dunsany. There have been several productions of impressive scope and more are in preparation.

There is a Joan of Arc pageant now in rehearsal, with Mrs. John Craig as the Matchless. Mrs. Craig is the other characters drawn from the A.E.F. It will be given in many places, and those at work on it have set their hearts on playing it, before the war is over, in the village where Joan was born. Meanwhile, plans are being laid for a Christmas pageant in every camp from the front line to the rear.

In some cases, the soldiers who have talent for the stage use that talent here and no other. One division has its troupe of show folks who work from revellote to taps on shows for the rest of the bunch. Some of the ablest American actors, comedians, and singers are in the Army now.

We could, with a wave of the hand, give a show with Robert Warwick and Schuyler Ladd in the cast, with Albert Spalding playing a violin solo between the acts and with Irving Berlin at the piano.

VILLAGES LINKED IN RECORD TIME BY RAILWAY UNIT

Continued from Page 1 and canned potatoes instead of the usual canned charrle horse and canned tomatoes.

But the men in the company aren't satisfied. They believe that they can lay five miles of track a day.

"Nous le faisons toujours," declare the bucks. The company clerk—we suppose it was the company clerk—who sent in this story, says, "I can write about the affair with propriety because while the bunch was plugging away on the line, I was merrily pounding on the company typewriter." And to show that it isn't all bunk—of any of it—he incloses the following self-explanatory official document:

480 ORPHANS NOW UNDER EAGLE'S WING

Eighteen More Fatherless Boys and Girls Provided for in Week

NAPOLEON COINS AID FUND

Five Children Are Adopted Across Ocean—Engineers Want One Who Can Say "Hello"

Table with 2 columns: Name, Amount. Includes Louise and Helen Connors, Enlisted Personnel, Base Hospital, Y.M.C.A. Base Hospital, etc.

Taken this week... The total of the A.E.F.'s war orphan family moved up 18 notches nearer the half thousand mark this week.

W. I. Kelsey, Y.M.C.A. secretary at Base Hospital No. 5, who previously had transmitted money for eight orphans, sent in France enough to insure three other fatherless children care for a year.

A good many Napoleon coins have been finding their way into the contribution box since these pieces of money lost their purchasing power, writes Secretary Kelsey.

To Make Two Babies Happy Ambulance Co. No. 1 held a meeting last Sunday night and collected 1,000 francs, which they forwarded with this message:

"We feel sure that this money will make two babies of France happy, and in a few weeks we shall be able, beyond any doubt, to buy another pair. The boys receive THE STARS AND STRIPES each week with the greatest enthusiasm and we assure the staff that our efforts will be with them until we reach Hoboken. [Where did we hear that name before?—Ed.] The spirit of the men and the rapidity with which the francs floated in last night goes to show that all the boys from the States want to give their best penny to bring sunshine and a home to an orphan child."

Co. A. of the Engers, Ry., knows the A. of the French children—also their English. "We have," said Co. A., "beaucoup friends among the children of this neighborhood. Much of this fund was saying 'good-bye' to us for almost a year. And if there is any chance, we would like to have a little child who could say, 'hello.'"

Balloon Observers Again We will take up this matter, but we can't guarantee an "h" on the front of the word. The balloon observers, whose battling average is well above 300, stepped to the front this week with 500 francs more to care for a fatherless child for a year and a promise of more to come.

WAR PRICES FOR SHAVES (By Cable to The Stars and Stripes) AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Even the unassuming barber, who hitherto has been the one national industry that has not advertised that it is helping the war, has seen a new financial empire and New York hair experts have raised the price of shaves to 20 cents.

HOTEL PLAZA ATHENE 25 AVENUE MONTAIGNE, PARIS HOTEL D'ALBI 1 AVENUE CHAMBERLAIN-REYNES AND AVENUE GEORGES V., PARIS FAMILY HOTEL 7 Ave. President Wilson. Full Board from 11 francs.

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If you have any difficulty in obtaining "Vaseline" Preparations, please write us direct. Orders will be filled by mail postpaid.

Illustrated booklet mailed free on request. CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY (Consolidated) 17 State Street New York

Department of Light Railways and Roads. A.P.O. 703. Memorandum to C.O.—Engrs., A.P.O. 703. I herewith copies of letter from the Director of Light Railways and Roads and memorandum from the Chief Engineer, A.E.F., and the Manager of Light Railways and Roads, commending the work done under your direction by a detachment of your command.

COUGH AIDS THEM IN NIGHT PROWL THROUGH FISMES

Continued from Page 1 caught in the shower of a caving house. Now and then they would strike a dead man and make a detour.

Wire Vanishes in Stubble

Down this street, around the corner, down the next, around another corner and so on, through the black wetness. Then they lost the wire. Somewhere in a heap of new-fallen rubble, their guide had vanished—broken, perhaps; gone, anyway. They crept painfully over every inch of the street thereby. There was no wire.

He Was Looking, Too There is no account to a cough. It might be from friend or foe. The captain, as he groped his way into the house, kept calling out: "Who's there? Who's there?" There was no answer. He groped on and then, suddenly, he walked into one.

THE CAPTAIN GRABBED THE UNKNOWN quantity by the throat. There was a moment of silence that hurt, then a few whispers and the stranger proved to be a Yankee runner. He was looking, he explained, for the colonel's P.C. He thought it was in this house.

Below, a thick curtain did not quite blind a light candle. Someone was below there. They called out. No answer. They called again. No answer. "I have a hand grenade here," said the captain loudly, "and if you don't speak, I'll take you for Germans and throw it."

It could hear someone whispering: "I guess they're Yanks all right." The below in the darkness, the curtain lifted. It was the colonel's P.C.

CANOE UPSET, 17 DROWN

(By Cable to The Stars and Stripes) AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Seventeen girls and women were drowned off Rockaway Point, L.I., when an enormous string of canoes being towed by a motor launch got into a heavy sea. The canoes were swamped and capsized one after another. The launch, which picked up many who were struggling in the water, then capsized in its turn.

AMERICAN MILITARY and NAVAL FORCES CREDIT LYONNAIS

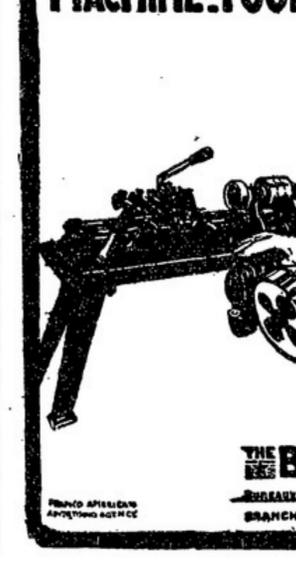
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SOLD BY ALL GROCERIES

DRILLS TAPS DIES etc HIGH SPEED CARBON STEEL MACHINE TOOLS



VARDAMAN LOSES IN MISSISSIPPI CONTEST

Congressman Harrison Is Victor in Senatorial Primary

SUFFRAGE CAMPAIGN LIVE

Republicans in Upper House Urge Early Consideration of Federal Amendment

(By Cable to The Stars and Stripes) AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Congressman B. P. Harrison, of Gulfport, Mississippi, has beaten Senator Vardaman in the Senatorial primary elections for the United States Senate.

Other political pots continue to simmer in a desultory and discouraged sort of way. The candidates cook heatedly, but the results are only a pallid sort of stew in which the public languidly declines to take a keen interest.

The New York State fight has petered down for the time being to a daily shelling by Attorney-General Lewis, with the projectiles mostly aimed at Hearst, in the Christian hope that they will ricochet and find Governor Whitman's head, which the public languidly declines to take a keen interest.

Suffragists Battle Ahead The only live campaign is the women's campaign for the suffrage amendment, which goes on regardless of the fact that the anti-suffragists have repeatedly and firmly announced that it pains them and that it is a shame to talk about it during a perfectly good war.

There are 15 women on the New York City Socialist ticket, two for Supreme Court Justiceships, four for Congress, six for the State senate and one for alderman or alderwoman.

WHEN YOU COME to London, come and see us. We will show you what an up-to-date London Restaurant really is—in winds, service, music and all that makes for refinement and comfort.

Elysée Restaurant Coventry Street, London, W.

'PUBLIC BE DAMNED' NO LONGER WORKS

Railroad Delays Are Not to Be Laid at Uncle Sam's Door

(By Cable to The Stars and Stripes) AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Director General of Railroads McAdoo has issued a fatherly but firm notice to railroad employees that Government control has not made rudeness desirable.

He points out that the public-betrayed policy, lost its passionate popularity some decades ago, and suggests particularly that employees cease camouflaging delays and other irregularities under the excuse that "Uncle Sam is running the railroads now."

There is much joy over the manifesto by passengers who have been Uncle Sammed to death as an excuse for trusting from wrong reservations to smashed baggage.

Single control of railroads has brought a big and welcome innovation in the form of mileage books good for any railroad in the country and usable by any holder—500 miles, \$15; 1,000 miles, \$30. It will save huge trouble in buying tickets and cut the expense of ticket agencies enormously.

HOTEL LOTTI THE NEWEST AND MOST COMPLETE 7 à 11 Rue de Castiglione (Tuileries) PARIS



For ACTIVE SERVICE WEAR there is nothing better at the price than AZA KHAKI SHIRTS

Should you be unable to obtain, write to the Manufacturers for name and address of nearest or most suitable retailer—Wm. HOLLAND & Co., Ltd. (Trade only) 267 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

Send her a box of Huyler's CANDIES. At any office of the American Express Company, anywhere in France or England, you can leave your order for a five pound box (or more), and it will be delivered free anywhere in the States or Canada.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York Paris: 1 & 3 Rue des Italiens. UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY OF PUBLIC MONIES Places its banking facilities at the disposal of the officers and men of the AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Kahn-Tailored Officers' Uniforms To Individual Measure. In every army post, port, camp and cantonment, at home and abroad, Kahn-Tailored Officers' Uniforms are serving with the colors, and serving with honor.

Berkman Scout Camouflaged. This is the first American-built camouflaged airplane. It is equipped with 100 h.p. revolving engine and can climb higher than the Woolworth Building and also return to earth in a single minute. It is Valsparred.

Airplanes Camouflaged with Valspar's Aid. The new system of camouflaging used on this Berkman Scout was invented by W. A. Mackay, an American, and Valspar (also American) is an important factor in its success. To insure absolute permanence under varying conditions of service the non-fading monochromatic colors which produce the camouflage are ground in Valspar.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR The Varnish That Won't Turn White

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR The Varnish That Won't Turn White. We are Contractors to United States Army and Navy, British Admiralty and Royal Flying Corps, Dutch and Spanish Governments.

WORDS OF CHEER
BROUGHT TO A.E.F.
FROM BACK HOME

Governors and Senators
Send Messages of
Congratulation

STATE IS YOURS, SAYS ONE

Mississippi Statesman Praises the
"Johnny-Yanks of Our Indis-
soluble Union"

A sheaf of letters and telegrams has just arrived in France which were written in America by our governors and senators as messages of congratulation and good cheer to the soldiers from their home States. They will be delivered as occasion offers by Julius Rosenwald of the Council of National Defense, who has come to France on a special mission for the Secretary of War.

These messages, from Maine to California, are of every length and phrase, but they all voice the same glowing pride, the same hearty support, the same brilliant anticipation of the greatest welcome ever known when Johnny comes marching home.

"Say to them that when they return, the State will belong to them."

That is what Gov. Holcomb of Connecticut says in so many words, and that is what they all say in effect. Here is the message from Senator Borah of Idaho:

On Enemy's Chosen Field
"That men could be taken from the peaceful vocations of a peace-loving nation and in so short a time and with such hurried training, with such endurance, valor and success meet the most thoroughly trained and disciplined soldiers in the annals of war is one of the marvels of warfare. And as that splendid courage has been displayed on the enemy's own chosen battlefield and the news has come back laden with the report of their united and individual daring, you could feel the bonds of national unity tightening and the spirit of national pride and purpose growing stronger day by day. Please say to them that language is inadequate to express to them our gratitude and our pride."

"Tell the men of Illinois," writes Gov. Lowden, "that we rejoice with solemn pride in their achievement and know that the honor of Illinois is safe in their hands. We shall have a reward for those who return to us as such only a free nation can give to its brave defenders."
"The years that this war takes from your life will not be wasted years." So runs the pledge from Gov. Cappee of Kansas. "We will have a reward for those who return to us as such only a free nation can give to its brave defenders."

New Hampshire's Message
"Tell them, please," says New Hampshire, through Governor Keyes, "that their old home State fully appreciates the magnificent way in which they are upholding her honor—that we at home are not only willing but anxious to do everything we can to aid in accomplishing that grand result in which the final factor will be the American Army, as fine a fighting force as the world ever saw."

This is from Senator Gore of Oklahoma. "The deeds of those who fall in battle, as the deeds of those who survive, will be commemorated by your countrymen so long as valor is sustained a virtue and so long as heroism is honored among the sons of men."

"Tell the men," writes Senator Wadsworth of New York, "that we are trebly proud of them and that the Congress and the country will stand by them through thick and thin. America has just commenced the fight."
"Knew Boys Would Make Good"
"We knew our boys would make good, and they have fully come up to expectations," says Gov. Burnett of Minnesota. "Tell them that the folks at home will go the limit to back them up."
"The splendid traditions of our State have been nobly upheld by you and a lustre added."—Gov. McCall of Massachusetts.

"Some day they will return to us as the conquering heroes of the great war of the twentieth century."—Gov. Goodrich of Indiana.
"Pennsylvania is constantly thinking of her boys."—Governor Brumbaugh.
"To the boys from South Dakota, let me say that the folks back home are eagerly and fondly watching you at a great distance. Their admiration is supreme."—Senator Johnson.
"Say to them that every man, woman and child in America is proud beyond all words of the magnificent record they are making."—Senator Sheppard of Texas.

"Our Everlasting Gratitude"
"Our everlasting gratitude goes out to you, and because of your deeds, we every one are increasingly proud that we are Americans."—Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin.
"Tell them that Arkansas has unbounded faith in their ability to lick the Hun and that we know, before they return to us, that the principles and teachings of the Foreman dynasty will have been blotted from the face of the earth."—Governor Brough.
"Say to our boys that Alabama stands behind their heroic service to the last man and our last dollar."—Senator Underwood.

BAD MAN, GOOD COOK
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]
AMERICA, Aug. 29.—The terrible scarcity of cooks has impelled a barge captain to plead for the freedom of a cook who went for him with an axe. The captain freely, even eloquently, admits that the cook is a dangerous character, but declares that this is no time to fall cooks for mere trifles.

He paid the cook's fine and promised that he would take it out of his wages. Lovers of humanity are waiting to see what else he will take out.

CARDINAL FARLEY RALLIES
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]
AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Cardinal Farley, who is seriously ill at his country home at Orienta Point, near Mamaroneck, N.Y., has rallied somewhat. Physicians say he is improving, but his condition continues critical, owing to his weakness and advanced age.

AT LIEUT. ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE



MILLIONS TRIFLES
IN BILL TO YIELD
EIGHT BILLIONS

Corporation Tax Alone to
Give \$2,400,000,000
Towards War

FROM SMOKES, \$350,000,000

Uncle Sam Passes \$200,000,000
Around Country in Power
Plant Scheme

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]
AMERICA, Aug. 29.—The next big measure to go through Congress after the Army bill will be the revenue bill. The preliminary discussions have been pretty well ended, and the provisions adopted will produce the pin money of eight billions that we want to spend on goodies for you, such as nice little can and other toys.

The Treasury sharply estimate the revenue bill will raise one hundred million more than the eight billion sought, but nobody pays any attention to trifles like that.

\$200,000,000 for Power
Your Uncle's intention of being a good provider for you is indicated in the Army engineer bill just introduced to pass a little hundred of \$200,000,000 around the country for the construction and improvement of power plants at industrial centers.

The Philadelphia district is to receive \$15,700,000; the New Jersey district, \$5,500,000; the Pittsburgh district, including Eastern Ohio, \$35,000,000; the Indiana district, \$20,000,000; New England district, \$14,000,000; Southern States, particularly North Carolina, Florida and Alabama, \$15,000,000, and the Pacific Slope, \$10,000,000. Scattered territory is to receive \$20,000,000 additional.

A \$5,000,000 power plant is to be constructed immediately in the Allegheny valley by the Government in conjunction with private power interests. This little item is so petty nowadays that the news carried only small headlines and was shoved away in unimportant corners.

James Douglas, a mining engineer, left a \$20,000,000 estate the other day and the news got less than a stickful.

**HORSES WILL WEAR
OWN IDENTITY DISCS**

That Is, Those for Hospital
Will—Missouri Meadow
Canary, Too

"Tag day" for the horses, mules, tortoises, hares and other beasts of burden and expedition in the A.E.F. is about to become a reality. Bulletin 58, G.H.Q., lays down the principles on which it will be worked.

The tagging will apply to animals evacuated from the Zone of the Advance to the Advance Section veterinary hospitals and the intermediate hospitals. The veterinary officer with any mobile organization is charged with the supervision of the job.

He is to see that each animal has tied securely to the hair of his (or her) tail a tag on which appears his (or her) veterinary officer's name, the number of the horse (or Missouri nightingale), the unit, and the reason for evacuation.

On such animals as have no hair on the tail, the tags will be attached to the mane, and in case the animals are totally bald, the tags will be tied around their uncomplaining necks.

The tag will be of a neat and tasty tin—neat, but not edible—and will be furnished to the veterinary officers with suitable stamping outfits, as soon as obtained. Until the issue comes along, they will have to use ordinary linen paper tags, with the notations thereon made by pen or indelible pencil.

GRANDE MAISON de BLANC
LONDON PARIS CANNES
No Branch in New York
GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT, HOSIERY,
Ladies' Lingerie
LOUVET BROS., Props. O. BOYER, Manager

DUD AT WEST POINT
IS HERO AT FISMES

Lieutenant, Short on Math,
Delivers at Vesie
Bridgehead

A man who was disconsolately flunked out of West Point was graduated *summa cum laude* on the River "Vesie."

Born of Army folks and raised as a youngster in a long succession of Army posts, he had seemed destined from the cradle for high command, but at the stiff school on the Hudson he developed such vagaries in mathematics that he was sent on his way.

Then for a time it seemed as though the Army would see him no more. Just about then, however, America mobilized on the Mexican border, and the ex-West Pointer appeared on the Rio Grande as a private. By the time his outfit reached Fismes, he was a lieutenant.

Beyond Fismes lay Fismettes, the part of Fismes that lies across the river. It used to be reached by an arched bridge of stone and concrete, but the retreating Germans blew that bridge, and it is on the rubble of the bridge that those fragments make that you cross the river now. The carrying of Fismettes into an American bridgehead on the northern bank of the Vesie was an exploit carried out through a violent storm from the massed guns of the enemy, so that the river there looked for a time like the most lurid lithographs of war that imagination ever conceived.

In Charge of the Runners
When the hour came to create that bridgehead, our ex-West Pointer's battalion lay in support in Fismes and below. So he volunteered his services to the battalion that was to lead the way across the river, and the major put him in charge of the runners.

He had five runners in Fismettes and five in Fismes to relay the tidings to the rear. Their path was perilous beyond description, and there came a time when an important message was turned over to him and carried word across to Fismes, never making the return trip empty-handed. Usually he came back with sorely needed letters.

He came out of the fight unscathed. But not unscathed. All along the line from Fismes southwards, you could hear the song.

**A.E.F. LOAN MESSAGE
IS SENT TO AMERICA**
C.-in-C. Voices Army's Expectation of Success
of Issue

The expectations of the A.E.F. that the Fourth Liberty Loan will be subscribed in as full and hearty fashion as any of the three that have preceded it is voiced in the following statement by General Pershing, cabled to the Chief of Staff at Washington, to be given to the American people:

"The men of the A.E.F. expect that the Fourth Liberty Loan will be subscribed."

"In the camps and villages of France we have been training and preparing these many months for the supreme test. In the ports and along the roads that reach from the sea to the battle front we have been organizing, constructing, achieving."

"We have toiled cheerfully against the day of battle and the spirit that has urged us on through the discomforts and drudgery of the winter, in muddy fields and sodden trench, in storm-swept port, in rain and sunshine, has been the determination to be worthy of those whom we left behind when we crossed the sea. By the side of the Allied veterans of the four years' conflict we have made a beginning as proof of what we hope to accomplish."

"The news of America awake, of the national spirit more strong, more unified, more determined day by day, thrills us all. We have a thousand proofs that our people are behind us. The past successful loans, the fleets that are being launched, the voluntary economies willingly undergone for the cause of the world's freedom make us proud that we represent you."

"The American spirit of liberty and freedom urges us to continue until the end. It is the knowledge of that spirit that makes us certain that our people at home will stand behind us as they have done from the beginning, so that we may return soon to you, the victory won."

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Every American has heard of the
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pany appearing in "Yes, Uncle!"
is the one that crowded the Gaiety
for three years. It was recently
transferred, lock, stock and barrel.

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IS ALWAYS WORTH WHILE;
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Perfectly modelled American
Badge Brooches
Sketches prepared free of charge
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Just Once
Of course, there's a first time for
everything—and you can't tell
what anything is worth till you try
it. The trysers get the best things
in life because they want to know
if there's a better way of doing
something. There's shaving for
instance. If you think there
might be a better, quicker way
of making lather, a better kind
of shaving soap than the old
fashioned kind—and an easier
way to harvest your beard—try

**MENNEN'S
SHAVING CREAM**

KEEP 3-IN-ONE HANDY
In billets, on the march, in the trenches,
you can't afford to be without 3-in-One.
Your Razor won't "pull" if blade is
moistened with 3-in-One before and after
shaving and blades will last twice as long.
3-in-One softens and waterproofs your
boots, shoes, puttees and all other leather
equipment.
Rub a little 3-in-One on your tired,
aching feet after marching or sentry duty.
Quick relief. Use it on your hands and
face as an insect chaser. Oil your wrist-
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And, OF COURSE, you use 3-in-One,
the old, reliable, widely recommended gun
oil, to lubricate, clean and polish your
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165 Broadway New York

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FIRESTONE TIRES have
earned the right of way on
service delivered. Where work
is toughest, roads roughest, con-
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**Firestone
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In action they demonstrate the
value of readiness. Stout of
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On All Fronts—
and on sides and top too; your
teeth need the care of this safe,
sane and thorough cleanser that
tastes good while it does good.
Use Colgate's on those important
"white weapons"—your teeth.

AMERICA IN FRANCE

VII—Chalons

When, on July 15, the armies of the German Crown Prince made their futile lunge in Champagne—a blow in the void, as a great French military critic has called it—they sought to sweep down through Chalons and across the Marne through a broad stretch of country that, just 1507 years ago, was the camp of another great Hun who essayed to perform the same feat and met with more success.

The Hun of today did not get that far—not in 1918, though he did in 1914—but in its march to the front, at least one American unit, advancing to stop the Crown Prince in his tracks, crossed the very ground where the legions of Attila were bivouacked in the year 451 on the eve of a defeat which has come down in history as the Battle of Chalons.

Like many another battle which we have been fondly taught to believe occurred in the immediate vicinity of some town with whose name it has been labeled—the Battle of Tonn, for instance—the battle of Chalons was not fought near enough to Chalons for that town to suffer much as a result of the barrage of bombardments that Attila might have employed.

Between Chalons and Troyes

It was fought between Chalons and Troyes, nearly 80 kilometers to the south as the Roman road runs to this day—and to say that it is exactly like saying as the crow flies. And it was fought rather nearer Troyes than Chalons. The fact that Chalons gave its name to the field, however, is not so confusing as it might appear. The fight actually occurred on the Catalaunian plains, and it was from the Catalauni that Chalons got its name.

Attila suffered his defeat at the hands of Aetius, "the last of the Romans," who commanded a mixed force of Romans, Burgundians, Visigoths and Franks. The blow was so severe that Attila seems at first to have despaired of getting further, for he had a vast pile of equipment heaped up in Chalons, and he intended to make his own funeral pyre in the event of his rout. Possibly this was only pious propaganda, for the holocaust did not come off, and as the victory spread discord among the victors more completely than their defeat could have done, "the scourge of God" deferred only a delay, albeit a serious one.

Site of Two Great Camps

It is not, therefore, with the battle itself that America in France is much concerned. The great camp to the north of Chalons, however, has won its place in our history. It still bears vestiges of Attila's occupation, and the Yankee host march have noticed if it was not in too great a hurry.

West of this lies the present great camp of Chalons, used by the French Government since 1857 as a field for military instruction and field maneuvers. Up to the end of the Empire, in 1871, French troops of the Empire, assembled there to the strength of an army corps and went through their evolutions. Every summer the Emperor himself came to look on.

Naturally the camp played an important part in the war of 1870. The army corps which broke out of the camp, commanded by Marshal Canrobert. It became the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Rhine, which it joined at Metz after the affairs of Worth and Forbach. In August of that year, just 48 years ago, the mobile troops of the 8th and 9th Divisions, the 1st and 2nd Divisions, the First Corps came back to the camp of Chalons to reform, and there became the nucleus of the Army of Chalons. A few days later it left for Sedan and disaster.

In the years preceding the present war, only cavalry divisions and regular batteries of artillery have practised mass maneuvers at the camp of Chalons. The permanent camp sheltered various infantry and cavalry units and two Ecoles de Tir, or firing schools.

The City of Chalons

The city of Chalons-sur-Marne itself deserves some notice as the center of this region, though its connection with America in France is not so direct as is that of other cities whose story has been narrated in this series.

Before 1771 it was a case of Marne-on-Chalons, as they called the Chalons-on-Marne, for the river used to flood the city regularly. In that year the course of the stream was rectified.

Chalons presents, to the American, the anomalous aspect of a town which, eight centuries ago, had nearly twice the population it has today. It was a bishopric in the fourth century, was the third city of Belgian Gaul. The Germans captured it before the First Battle of the Marne in 1914, and left it in considerable haste shortly after, for it was at Fere-Champenoise, some 20 miles to the southwest, that General Foch delivered the stroke that ruptured the German line and flung it back on the Aisne.

It was Chalons, too, which was the great objective of the great Peace Offensive of July 15, 1918, for the German left, and the capture of which they believed to be such a simple matter that they had confidently drawn up a list of city officials to preside over its destinies during their occupation. At last reports, not even the dog-catcher had arrived at Chalons to assume his duties.

BENEDICTS SCORE AGAIN

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 29.—The 1916 income tax returns, just in, show that married Americans have over five times the income wealth of the unmarried. Single men have double that of single women, except in New England, where the single men's incomes are only 15 per cent more than those of the spinners.

The legal profession enjoys the largest income among the professions. New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois reported, in that order, the greatest total incomes. Net personal incomes reported showed a 48 per cent increase over the pre-war year of 1913. Corporate incomes showed an increase of more than 100 per cent.

A REGULAR SURPRISE

"I've got an idea," said the Guard House Strategist. "You know, the way they fight now, the Engineers go in and dig trenches, the Infantry comes up and occupies them, and then the Artillery backs up the Infantry. Now if you turned them around, with the Artillery first, the Infantry next and the Engineers last, just think what a surprise it would give the Germans!"

"What would the Engineers do?" asked Number Seven Post of the Third Relief.

And before the Guard House Strategist could answer, Number Three Post of the Second Relief butted in and spoiled it.

AS THE POET REMARKED—



NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES.



THE DAY—BUT ONE.

HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

He had been pretty badly banged up, up on the line, and had had a tough time pulling through. He wouldn't have pulled through at all if it hadn't been for the devoted efforts of a certain nurse in the base hospital. Finally he was out, and it was a happy and smiling boy who "sat attention" in bed as his captain came in to see him and congratulate him.

As they were talking, in came the nurse, with his hourly ration of medicine. He looked up and grimaced. "Excuse me," he said. "This is my captain's nurse. This is Miss Blank. She's an awful mean girl—she cheated my poor family out of \$10,000 life insurance."

The heartfelt and oft expressed desire of many of the enlisted men in the Air Service that they be allowed to qualify as pilots has met with a response.

A precedent was established recently when a group of enlisted men, mostly non-coms who filed applications to become flyers several months ago, were ordered to report for training. They went through the same course as the cadets who have been trained in the A.E.F. and, after qualifying as pilots, will get commissions.

Mark another score for the humble Ford. At the aviation centers now they save time and trouble with a diminutive automobile which, hooked to the rear end of the fuselage, tows airplanes from hangars to the field or wherever they are going.

A gang of ten soldiers in American steel watches, one of the musical instruments, one bright Sunday, as he made his rounds like the gent who sings "A Wandering Minstrel" in "The Mikado," and the mythical show of ivory teeth they put on was a sight indeed.

"Lowd Gawd!" one of them exclaimed.

HUN OFFICERS' HOME NOW DOUGHBOY CLUB

Yanks Move into Chateau-Thierry Biltmore, Full of German Loot

Doughboys. Artillerymen and other wearers of uniforms furnished by Uncle Sam have an exclusive club of their own now at Chateau-Thierry. Marble topped tables, a billiard room and a grand piano are among the furnishings. It may be mentioned before going any further that the doughboys didn't pay for this furniture out of their pay. The furniture at the Hotel Biltmore was left behind by the Germans.

The Cafe du Nord, a three-story building, or to be more exact, the remains of a three-story building, is the new club. The Knights of Columbus, while hunting through the ruins of the town for a likely club site, discovered the place and the furnishings in it. A conference was held with the mayor of the town and he not only turned the place over to the K. of C. but also refused to accept any rental for it.

While the Germans were occupying Chateau-Thierry their officers evidently thought it was a good place to establish themselves in comfort, so they gathered the best furniture they could find in other sections of the town, and installed it there. A shell dropped in through the roof and spoiled the interior before Fritz decamped, but the K. of C. men, with the aid of the soldiers, have converted the building now, and the "Everybody Welcome: Everything Given Away" sign is on display outside.

RELIEVING THE TENSION

Some time ago a regiment of colored stevedores was en route overseas on a transport. A large number of them were cornfield and cotton workers, numerous of whom had been in the trenches. There had been much talk of submarines.

On the sixth day out, one of the cannons of the transport suddenly boomed, and call to quarters was sounded, soon followed by "Abandon ship" call. There were several more shots, and the feeling was intense. It was not known whether the submarine would fire a torpedo or not. After a series of shots, with tension at its highest pitch, there was a sudden dead quiet. All faces were peer- ing over the rail for the unknown peril.

Suddenly from the rear rank was heard "Is there any nigger present what want to buy a gold watch and chain?" The tension was immediately relieved.

ARMY SURVEY GOES, AFFIDAVIT ADOPTED

Officer's Sworn Word Will Be Accepted in Loss of Property

No more surveying officers. The old bogey of the survey, feared and shunned by all in the Army in time of peace, is, like many other things, suspended during "the present emergency" in all cases where Government property in the keeping of the A.E.F. has been lost, damaged or destroyed. In its stead, the following procedure is substituted, by the terms of a new G.O. 133:

"The responsible officer shall furnish the accountable officer with his affidavit or certificate of loss, supported by one or more affidavits which shall demonstrate to the satisfaction of the Chief of the Supply Department concerned . . . that the loss . . . occurred through no fault or neglect upon the part of the responsible officer.

"When the loss . . . has occurred to property belonging to troops which have not yet rendered final returns, and the value . . . is in excess of \$500, the approval of the commanding officer of the unit to which the property belongs should be shown upon the affidavit or certificate of loss submitted by the accountable officer. The accountable officer shall submit the original papers in such case as vouchers to his property return."

But when field conditions prevent the gathering of evidence in this way; where there is doubt as to just who is the responsible officer; or—and this is where you come in—upon the request of an enlisted man who is to be charged with the value of the lost property, the action of a surveying officer will be requested, as formerly.

The order does not retroact so as to cover cases of loss occurring to organizational property before those organizations were ordered to leave the States.

AFTER THE BATTLE

The doughboy swung back from the fight. The hard fought battle won; And in his eyes a shining light Out-gleamed the noon day sun; Did he then boast about the fray And tell each "why" and "how"? The only thing I heard him say Was, "Where the hell's the chow?"

TIFFANY & Co

23, Rue de la Paix and Place de l'Opera PARIS LONDON, 221, Regent Street, W. NEW YORK, Fifth Avenue and 37th Street



PHILLIPS & PAIN FIRE-ENGINEERS 1 Rue Taubout, PARIS 15 Rue Nercueil-Destouches, TOURS

Standard-Bearers of America!

You have come to the Home of



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

DRINK IT TO-DAY

PARIS, 36bis Boulevard-Hausmann

MUSICIANS

Musicians having had experience on clarinet, oboe, bassoon, flute and piccolo, or saxophone, desiring transfer to one of the best artillery bands in the A.E.F., communicate with Artillery Band Leader, The Stars and Stripes, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris.

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TELEPHONE CENTRAL 93-33 PARFUMS, SOUVENIRS, ART. & VARIO-ELECTRIC. FACE MASSAGE. AMERICAN BARBER CHAIRS. 5, Boulevard des Capucines (OPERA)

Advertisement for 'The J.B. Wrist-Watch' featuring a watch illustration and text: 'Another "STAR" Among Stars THE "J.B." WRIST-WATCH Luminous dial and hands. Visible at night. Precise movement. 10 rubies. Guaranteed 15 years. In metal. Price 32 francs with unsinkable chain. The above models are regulated by the French Government at Brest, the center of the French Watch-making Industry. STRONG - ELEGANT - PRECISE JEAN BENOIT FILS ET CIE Manufacture Principale d'Horlogerie BESANCON (DOUBS) Established 1791 Direct sale at wholesale prices.'

PICCADILLY CIRCUS A Tale We Can't Repeat!

Quite recently an American Warrior came to the Advertising Department of the JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores with a Serious complaint—the American Edition of our Equipment Booklet differed from the facts as he found them



New York Harbour to Piccadilly HAVE you noticed strange Khaki in this London of ours? Fine men all of them, but distinguished from our previous visitors by the brown slung cap peaks, and their leggings. They are, as you perhaps know, the advance guard of a mighty host hammering and drilling itself into efficiency that the War for Freedom may be the quicker won.

WHAT do our American comrades really think of London now they are here? Are they preconceived ideas knocked flat? Do they find gaiety and frivolity where they expected profound emotion; do they find neglect instead of the cheering crowds which should be theirs—but such is the English way. After deeply their own famous writer WILLIAM HARD says: "There should be no plays in London—nothing but reviews—the whole food of English language should flow." For so wide our trouble.

THESE American Allies, soon to fill our streets, are born to sentiment just as we. They possess the most famous statue in the world. A statue erected to an Emblem, the tokens of which form the foundations of the American constitution. This STATUE OF LIBERTY in New York Harbour is recognized by all even though we have never seen it.

WHAT A SIGNPOST TO A NATION! What a signpost to a people anxious to help all without respect to party, religion or nationality! Has not its welcome brought freedom to millions of the oppressed? Does it not always indicate the right way for the enterprising to get it guards?

So in a less degree does the little god Eros, hovering on the fountain in Piccadilly Circus, indicate the route to the JUNIOR ARMY & NAVY STORES.

For EROS and our SIGNPOST, his arrow is aimed direct to 15, Regent Street, London, S.W.1. Like America, THE JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY STORES are OPEN TO ALL. (We were the first Service Stores to abolish the Ticket System.) By hooding the Signpost you will find freedom from Shopping Wrecks, an enormous facilities which mean better living.

All of which is of vital interest to you, but only becomes useful when you join the Signpost. It points the safe road for Wise Economy as you may see by seeing the price quoted every day for Wednesday on the back page of The Evening News in the top left hand corner.

Whenever you see it, remember the direction of the arrow and the flight will take you to the JUNIOR ARMY & NAVY STORES

One of our 'Signpost' Ads. July, 1917

Now Piccadilly Circus is the center of the British Empire, beloved by Britishers as you regard New York Harbour, talked of, longed for, and typified by a statue "quite like home" to you. We have told the story of this statue in our American Booklet, how that it surmounted the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain and represented EROS, the god of love, as having shot an arrow from his bow. And further, how that the flight of the arrow was straight to the Stores, thus making a wonderful Signpost.

It was quite a good "stunt" don't you think? Every American who came to London would find himself in Piccadilly Circus and there was the continual pointer to 15 Regent Street on the South side.

Unfortunately it doesn't quite work out, for the valuable statue has been removed "for the duration". Sculptured by Gilbert in aluminium (the only statue in the world of this metal) it is absolutely irreplaceable, so the Powers-That-Be have placed it in safety against any aerial attack that might reach the hub of London.

Now the basis of successful advertising is honesty, better a poor advertisement based on facts than a stroke of genius that will not bear investigation, and so we have been compelled to withdraw a talking point we favoured greatly.

To tell you this is costing money, but it isn't wasted money, for as the American Warrior (an Advertising Man himself in Civil Life) informed us—You boys are ove. here in strange conditions—and strangeness begets suspicion, without intention. We at the JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores are known to British Soldiers as a firm to be relied upon for "every soldier's every need"—we understand the soldier—we have studied American needs right in U.S.A. and invite its citizens to look to us for their requirements.



The Piccadilly Fountain THEN



The Piccadilly Fountain NOW

WRITE FOR our SPECIAL BOOKLET

JUNIOR ARMY & NAVY STORES The First Service Stores WITHOUT TICKETS

15 REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

in Piccadilly Circus—the Center of London

and 17 & 19 UNION ST., ALDERSHOT, etc.

HOSPITAL PLACE TO HEAR FINEST STORY OF BATTLE

Stretcher Bearers, Doctors, Nurses, Orderlies Learn All About It

SPIRIT SHOWN ON TABLES

Boy With Wound in Thigh Counts the Stitches—Tightened Lips, No Complaints

Undertone in the moil of battle, gasped in last words where the trenches cross, numbed in half-delirium from stretchers being borne to the first aid dugouts, whispered to the surgeon holding the knife in the shell-shaken dressing stations, spoken and confided on the motor ambulances and trains and talked of conversationally at the base hospitals, the personal, living history of America at war is being told every day by the doughboys who have gone into the mill of death.

It is the words of the wounded fighting man, spoken while he is still under the spell of battle, that give the measure of the spirit of the American Army in France. It is these words which preserve the glory of individual heroism and wholesale bravery. And added to the spoken word is the fortitude of wounded men, the little things they do and do not do, which carry more conviction of the unbreakable spirit of the new armies than all the oratory ever unloosed on pleasantly-lighted platforms.

Every stretcher bearer can tell you a story of heroism with uncounted details. So can every surgeon who has gone over the top with the doughboys. So can the medical officers and nurses and orderlies in the base hospitals, where the fighting men come to beds and operating tables marvelling at the things they have seen and heard. And about these men there is growing a vast, many-chaptered tradition that is being preserved wherever American soldiers meet, and is being transmitted back home in letters.

When the Goshes Came

In a certain American hospital, whose officers, nurses and men landed in France in May last year, they have many of those stories to tell. They tell you at the same time they tell of the night of the Goshes, flying under a harvest moon, deliberately dropped live bombs down on wards whose metal roofs shone like mirrors in the moonlight, three of the bombs reaching the frail woodwork that sheltered scores of wounded men, helpless on cots. Two of the bombs killed three of the hospital men and wounded 20 others.

They tell you of the doughboy from a middle west town who came down to the hospital with the heating stump of a leg and could not be comforted. The first day he lay there gloomily looking out into the steady drizzle of the rain, and they thought he must be thinking of home. He wasn't. He revived hopefully. "Fix me up in a hurry, doc," he said to the ward surgeon. "I don't care how you do it. Get me an artificial leg—a damn leg will do it if it's quick. I want to go back up to the old bunch. They're the best gang in the world, and I'm damned sure there'll be work up there for me to do in the mess, the headquarters, anywhere. They can't count me out while I got one good leg."

Dozens of Big Stitches

They remember him, just as they remember the other doughboy who had stopped a piece of shrapnel at close range. When he came in, he had been fixed up at the casualty clearing station. The surgeons had taken dozens of big stitches in a line down the inner side of his leg, the part of his leg where the in-seam of his pants would come was stretched like the cover of a baseball.

They found out his spirit first when he rolled off the stretcher, trying to reject the aid of the men who had carried him in. Then he showed dissatisfaction because the orderly had to lift him when he landed him a bed pan. Three days he tried to "help himself," as he put it, but the orderly always came to the rescue. The fourth day, however, he was independent.

Then there was the case during the push up Amiens way—the doughboy with the wound in the thigh. This doughboy, taking the anesthetic, didn't go "clear under" before the surgeon started in. So the operation of sewing up his wound was done in the inner side of his leg, the part of his leg where the in-seam of his pants would come was stretched like the cover of a baseball.

Counting the Stitches

All through the operation of sewing the patient did not stir. But almost on the last stitch he wriggled on the table and began to speak. "That was a pretty tough job, Ben-tom," he said. "I felt every stitch you made. There were five of them. And on the fourth one you missed it a little the first time and took two jabs." Always it's the same story, wounded doughboys trying to make tight of wounds. Always the tightened lips—maybe they hide gritting teeth but never a word of complaint. It is the spirit that requires watchfulness, too, lest a doughboy, weary of lying on a stretcher with a fractured leg bound in splints, should swing off the side of the stretcher and go hopping around on one leg, holding onto his splints with his hands. That's what one of them did.

Going back to hospital traditions and that night the Goshes came five under the harvest moon. There are at least two nurses in that hospital whose names will always be remembered with that raid. Incidentally, both are wearing medals.

The arrival of the Goshes was just at the crucial moment in the fight for life of a pneumonia patient. The alert nurse sounded, but the nurse in the pneumonia patient's ward did not move from his bedside. Twenty-two minutes after the alert the five bombs rained down on the hospital. In an instant the quiet, dark camp became a place of horror, fumes of explosives settling down over buildings whose wounded men were crawling out of burning wreckage. Through it all, a nurse stood at the bedside of a man whose lungs and heart seemed at the last gasp and stroke of life.

At the same time in a ward of the surgical division a fragment of a bomb had found a mark in a bed where a Scot was lying, already on the seriously wounded list. The bomb fragment tore its way past one of the party-headed wounds and opened an artery. The nurse who had stayed by her post after the alert rushed to the aid of the bleeding man, and in the darkness, smoke and noise checked the hemorrhage.

ENTERING THE WEST FRONT SUBWAY SYSTEM



HEAVY SOCKS ALWAYS FOR BEEF HANDLERS

August Becomes January in Storage Refrigerating Plants

NO ICE AND NO SMOKING VILLAGE SEES A MIRACLE

Ammonia Keeps Army's Slum-to-be in Condition to Suit Fussy Mess Sergeants

You can't smoke around a refrigerating plant. That's a new one, what? If you do, you'll find that you couldn't smoke around an ammunition dump, or a garage, you might understand.

But the reason why you can't smoke around the biggest refrigerating plant that the Army has in France is that there's an awful lot of lumber tied up in it—7,000,000 feet, to be somewhere near exact—and the main building isn't far from 1,000 feet long and a good 75 or more wide. And if anything should set fire to that place, your big quarters of beef would very likely become prematurely roasted.

The next of beef goes over here is in refrigerating ships. It is put into big refrigerating cars—our American cars carry 35,000 pounds of it to each one, and the French cars 16,500—and brought overland to the big freezing depot. There 5,200 tons of it is kept on ice, frozen up so it can't change or be near exact and it is shot along up to the front, again in refrigerating cars, posted and refreshed by its sojourn so much that it is quite ready and willing to be carved up into steaks, or ground up into hamburger, or—in the last analysis—chopped up into stum.

Ice Doesn't Do It

It isn't ice that keeps the beef hard and cold in the big storage and refrigerating plant somewhere in the S.O.S. It is a cold-producing mixture of water and ammonia and a lot of other things, run through pipes that go through the roof and sides of the big shed where the beef is kept.

Back and forth, back and forth, this mixture keeps flowing, urged on by three mighty 200-ton machines brought expressly from America for the purpose. And they and the mixture put up with a chilliness that forces the boys who tend the beef inside the big shed to wear three or four pairs of heavy socks, all their winter heavies, all the knit stuff they can get or borrow, with heavy leather jackets to top it all off, in the worst of August.

In addition to the refrigerating plant, with its artificial snow-frosted piping and its Eskimo-resembling attendants, there is a big plant right across the way that can make ice if it wants to, and that at very short notice. It has the big central vat, the cutting machinery, the slides, and the forms for the cakes and all, and could be operated right along in connection with the meat preserving, if need came.

Takes Lots of Huskies

That need, however, has not yet arisen: the beef is conserved so well as it is, without the manufacture of large chunks of ice, and the hospitals of the A.E.F. have installed small ice plants of their own so ample for their needs, that the call has not yet come forth. But if it does go a little freezing up of machinery, a little over-icing, and what-else? "Do you want ice in your Colonel?"

It takes a lot of husky men to handle those big slabs of beef, and they are at it 16 hours a day, in two eight-hour shifts, pulling the slabs off the refrigerator cars that come up alongside the big plant, showing them in hand trucks into the interior and there hanging them up on hooks, then pulling out other cars that have had their revivifying freezing baths and showing them into the cars again.

In the interim, the cars are carefully inspected by officers who have unusually keen noses for scent. If there is anything at all "bad" about a car, the officers point, and then up comes the gang to clean and scrub and fumigate. The way the beef is treated and handled, they can tell just what quarters were in that car, and they are looked up right away. If there is anything wrong with them, you don't get them.

HIS COMPENSATION

The A.E.F. take it from everybody who knows anything about it, is remarkably fair as to its temperance. But temperance has its drawbacks, sometimes. Witness the plight of a French gentleman of middle age, who has a home and the things that go with it, up in the Marne country.

"Ah, Monsieur," he will tell you, "I like the Americans very much—yes, very much. Only—they drink too much of the water? Wine in plenty—beaucoup de vin—was there about my place, but not one drop would the young Americans touch. Instead, they emptied of water my cistern—and now it is as dry as a bone!"

"But I—do not care! There will be rain again soon. Besides, to repay me, have they not taught me the English?"

THE SADDEST DOUGHBOY

The saddest guy that I've ever seen. Packed in this Army host. Was one who'd nothing to growl about. Nothing to pan or roast.

LONG SILENT ORGAN AGAIN PEALS FORTH

Two Engineer Privates Volunteer to Clean All 3,000 Pipes

ANCIENT RUIN BECOMES VOCAL ONCE MORE WHEN BIRDS' NESTS DISAPPEAR FROM WORKS

This is the story of how two American privates lifted the morale of an entire French village without firing a shot.

The story developed through the town in question. They dropped in to see the cathedral, one of the oldest and most beautiful in France. Much to their surprise, they heard the strains of an American love song filling the cathedral as they stepped inside. And the next thing they saw was a Yankee private at the organ, playing for all he was worth.

The private had been an engineering student at Cornell, but he had also taken a deep interest in music, with pipe organs as a specialty. When he and a friend, another Engineer private, came to the town, they found the cathedral and the unused organ, over a hundred years old but out of repair for 15 years, much to the sorrow of the curé and the townfolk, who had once known the beauty and inspiring effect of the instrument.

Job for a Platoon

The two Yankee Engineers at once secured permission to try to reestablish the ancient instrument, and when it was clearly given they went to work. In starting their enterprise they found over 3,000 pipes, some of them 20 feet high and a foot in diameter, that required cleaning and other adjusting, a job for a platoon. Their only opportunity for work on the big organ was after 5 p.m., at the end of a hard day's engineering grind, but they stuck to the job.

Before they had finished, they removed from the different pipes a dozen ancient birds' nests, vast quantities of plaster and other debris, and all the known varieties of dirt. By employing a sulphuric acid process, equally applied to each of the 3,000 pipes, they got the organ completely ready for use.

No one in town had believed there was even the remotest chance that the organ would ever play again. But one day the two Yanks told the curé that a concert would be given on a certain Sunday afternoon and at the appointed hour the entire village gathered, most of them still doubting that any such miracle would ever take place. But the miracle did take place and the organ today is one of the leading features of village life.

"I can't understand it," the curé remarked to one of the visiting officers. "We had made many attempts to have the organ repaired, but without effect. And then here come two privates from your Army, and not only make complete restoration during their off hours, but, in addition, are able to play as wonderfully as they build and light."

PIGGERY SYSTEM TO BE EXTENDED

Cochons Will Grow Fat on Stuff Tossed into Waste Cans

Extension of the Army's piggery system is to be a part of the food conservation plan and the effort to make the A.E.F. approach the self-feeding ideal. Many of the base hospitals have already supplemented their meat supply appreciably with pork grown in their camps. The food bureau of the Army is planning to have big piggeries established at the larger bases, to utilize kitchen waste.

Fat rendering plants are also to be established. In fact, the food salvage plans are to be developed to the same extent as the system of salvaging uniforms and other equipment now conducted by the Q.M.G.

OFFICERS' PROMOTIONS

Hereafter on recommendation of an officer for promotion will be regarded as complete unless it contains the specification as to whether or not the officer has been previously recommended to the same grade either here or back in the States. So says S.O. 135.

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CHAPLAINS OF ARMY TO HAVE OVERSEERS

Seniors Will Be Named for Armies, Corps, Divisions and Brigades

To supervise the force of chaplains in the A.E.F. recently augmented in the proportion of one to every 1,250 men, a senior chaplain is going to be assigned for each army, corps, division and separate brigade, and for the headquarters and sections of the S.O.S. Authority for this is given in G.O. 133. It will be this chaplain's duty to exercise general religious oversight over the unit to which he is assigned, and to keep himself and his commanding officer informed of the moral and spiritual needs and opportunities within the unit. He is also charged with submitting a monthly report to the chaplains' office at G.H.Q.

JEWISH HOLIDAY PLANS

Wherever it will not interfere with military operations, all Jewish soldiers in the A.E.F. will be excused from all duty so that they may observe, according to custom, the Jewish New Year, from sunset September 6 to sunset September 8, and Yom Kippur, from sunset September 15 to sunset September 16. The Commander-in-Chief further directs that passes be granted them for these observances wherever such a privilege is deemed practicable.

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Announces the OPENING of its Overseas Headquarters, 41 BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN (near Opéra), PARIS
The Overseas Commission will be glad to welcome all comers and to answer all enquiries addressed to it by mail.
The dates of the High Holy Days are as follows:—
NEW YEAR'S DAY begins on Friday evening, September 6
First Day of New Year Saturday September 7
Second Day of New Year Sunday September 8
Day of Atonement begins Sunday evening, September 15
Day of Atonement Monday September 16
Arrangements are being made for the accommodation of our men at Synagogue services. Special services are being organized at certain points. The J.W.B. will be grateful for information as to where services are wanted and as to Synagogues where, for some reason, there is no probability of regular services being held.
Please investigate immediately.
All correspondence will be thankfully received.
Watch Official Orders and Bulletin Boards.

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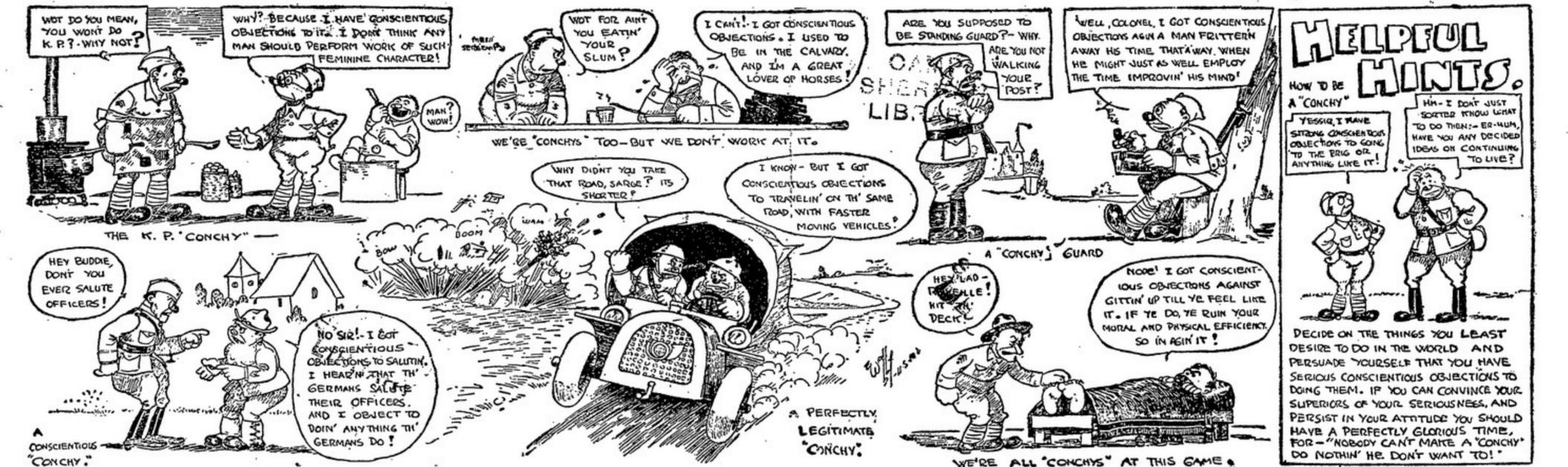
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CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

-By WALLGREN



NEW TOM SAWYER ROUTS FOUR HUNS; SPIKES WEAPONS

Up-to-Date Chapter Written in Career of Mark Twain Hero

LONE HUNT AMONG WOODS

Doughboy Smashes Everything That's Too Heavy to Be Carted Off

Shades of Mark Twain! Tom Sawyer has been in mischief again. He has been over in the German lines cutting barbed wire, frightening Boche machine gun crews, and stealing ammunition, locking pieces and other things on the company roster. But of course, as he himself says, everybody has always called him just Tom. What else could he do with a name like that?

Private Sawyer is a member of an Infantry regiment which was holding a sector where the line wasn't at the moment very definite, and he was assigned to an intelligence squad, the duty of which was to find out what the enemy was doing or likely to do. As the result of one night's work, he won the distinction of being one of the very few men, of the millions that have fought in this war, to capture two machine guns single handed. And he did it without firing a shot.

After a Machine Gun Nest

The other day it became imperative that the Americans determine the whereabouts of the German line in general and locate a certain machine gun nest in particular. It was a ticklish job—a stealthy reconnaissance across No Man's Land and through half a dozen clumps of brush and woods which, if it was not silent, was almost certain to be fatal. It was decided to send one man and, from several volunteers, Sawyer was selected.

At midnight he left the American lines, stripped to his shirt sleeves and carrying, in the way of arms, only a revolver. It was bright starlight, but the moon had gone down. The first 100 yards was across open ground pitted with shell holes. He made the distance and gained a strip of underbrush in which, somewhere, was the German line. Through this, with redoubled caution, he advanced. At the end of 20 minutes on his hands and knees, he ran into something that wasn't a bush. It was barbed wire—the Boche line.

From his location, Sawyer realized that the Germans must have their gun emplacements behind their line. If he was to finish his job, there was only one thing to do—go through. So, lying on his back, he cut, one by one, the strands of wire. This can never be done silently, but, with caution, the noise can be minimized—and maybe it was the old Tom Sawyer luck—there wasn't a German within hearing this night.

Last Strand Is Severed

Sawyer severed the last strand and wriggled into Hun land. Twenty yards further he gained the cover of a wood. He stood up and, finding his way more by touch than sight, explored the whole clump of trees. No Germans.

He spotted another group of trees, crawled across to it and continued his exploration. Still no Germans.

He decided to try a third clump. He gained its cover and walked cautiously from one tree to another, flattening against the trunk of each as he reached its shelter. He had worked into the center of the wood when, as he started across a small cleared patch, a German arose directly in front of him.

But nothing serious happened. The German promptly, albeit silently, paid the American soldier a compliment. He beat it—with much haste—for the rear. And, as he went, three more Germans got up and followed. One of them said something which sounded like *Amerikaner*, and the fleeing quartet was joined immediately by four others.

In Undisputed Possession

Private Thomas Sawyer regained his breath which, he explains, "slipped a couple," and investigated. He found himself in undisputed possession of two machine guns of the heaviest type, several thousand rounds of ammunition, two kits of tools and a sort of abbreviated dunny bag.

He had taken two machine guns—but he couldn't bring them back with him. He found that out by lifting them. So he decided to do the next best thing.

With the Germans' own tools he took out the locking pieces and otherwise proceeded, with a pair of pinchers and a

RAISED IN GERMANY, NAMED FOR KAISER

But That Doesn't Prevent Kaler from Bagging Six Huns

"GEHEN SIE" AND THEY DID

Sharp Command in Pure Prussian Sends Dutiful Boches on Wrong Scent

This is the story of Corporal Kaler of Company M.

There may have been some suspicion of him at first because he was born and raised in Germany. Some doubts may have lurked in certain minds in the company even after he was made a corporal for his excellent work under actual battle conditions. But all doubts were dispelled forever when he jumped into the fight south of the Vesle and came out of it accredited with six Germans—two killed and four taken prisoner. And his folks had named him after the Kaiser.

He was named Wilhelm when he first saw the light of day in Munich 23 years ago. But he grew up a Socialist, distrusting the German government in general and the crown Prince in particular.

That is why, smelling the battle from afar, he cried "Ha! Ha!" and deserted from the German navy shortly before the war broke out, at a time when his ship happened to be in Liepoken. Therefore, while his three brothers were serving in the German army, he was out of reach in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Handy Man in Regiment

Then came a time when America decided to enter the war. So did Wilhelm—the very next day.

His knowledge of German made him a handy man about the regiment when it was ordered into the line, but it was not as an interpreter that this knowledge served him in good stead during the savage, free-for-all, wide open warfare which marked the passage of Company M from the Oren to the Vesle. He used it to baffle and bewilder the Boches by more than one order roared out gutturally in the dark.

Once, when Kaler and part of a platoon were almost marooned as an outpost that had overreached itself, he could hear a column of Germans filing along the edge of their woods with evident intent to surround them. The German order was straight ahead, and from where Kaler and his pals lay quaking in the underbrush, they could see an endless succession of gray legs trotting by. Then, sharp and authoritatively, a voice from the bushes ordered: "*Gehen sie zur rechter Seite.*" The column veered off obediently to the right, and before it could be steered back again, Kaler and his bunch had made good their escape.

"Kommen Sie," and They Came

Again when, from his vantage point on the edge of the woods, the corporal saw four German prisoners break away from an American who was trying to bring them in, he called out across the field:

"*Kommen sie vorüber.*"

The escaping four stopped dead in their tracks, wheeled and hustled docilely over to the spot whence the voice had issued, and a moment later Kaler had them covered and started for the rear. Those were his four prisoners.

Another Boche he killed with his rifle and another died at the end of Kaler's bayonet. In spare moments between such tasks, he harangued the prisoners on their sin of working for the Kaiser. But how could they help themselves, they asked plaintively.

"Why, that's easy, come and fight with us," said Wilhelm the Second.

Back Through the Wire

It wasn't until he had done all this and started back with the cartridge belt, the dunny bag, some tools and other plunder that Sawyer began to get excited. He can't remember getting back through the Boche wire. But he arrived at the American lines at 3 a. m. with 50 pounds of trophies after being gone three hours, most of the time within the German lines.

So we add the single handed, shotless capture of two machine guns to the exploits of the Tom Sawyers of fiction and fact, and, if the young lady who recently announced telegraphic contact with Mark Twain will get in touch with the great humorist and let him know that Tom Sawyer in flesh has been brought to the attention of the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. by his colonel for obtaining highly valuable information, we'll be obliged. He would probably be interested.

UNIT IN EACH ARMY FOR WATER SUPPLY

Engineers Will Develop Resources to Care for Men and Animals

SANITARY CORPS TO HELP

Laboratory Examination and Filtration Provided for Quality to Be Indicated

To safeguard the health of the A.E.F. a water supply service has been organized as a branch of the Engineer Department. It consists of certain officers and special engineer troops experienced in water supply work, including examinations, design and construction.

For each army the service will consist of Army Engineer troops not to exceed one regimental headquarters and six companies. This organization will investigate the water resources in the region where the army is operating, concern itself with the further development of water supply, and construct and operate such works as may be necessary to make water available at "water points."

This will include, also, the providing of conveniences for the watering of animals, filling water carts and water tank trains, buckets, canteens and other containers.

Assistant to Chief Engineer

The commander of the army's water supply regiment will normally be the water supply officer of that army, serving as assistant to the army's chief engineer, under whose direction he will direct laboratory and sanitary inspections needed to determine whether or not water is drinkable, and to prevent contamination of pure sources.

Under direction of the chief engineer, the work of installation, maintenance and repair of power pumping equipment incidental to the development of water points will be done by engineers of the electrical and mechanical units, in accordance with the requirements of the water supply organization.

Laboratory examination of existing water supplies is provided for, also, the personnel for this phase of the work being drawn from the Engineer Department and from the Sanitary Corps of the Medical Department. Included in the duties of the branch having this work in charge are the systematic periodic inspection and examination as to the quality of water supplies from all sources, both those that come under the direct control of the water supply service and village supplies, such as wells, springs, and so forth; together with the inspection, instruction and supervision

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WOMEN IN NEW FIELD

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Aug. 29.—The cigar stores of New York City are training women for clerks, a field hitherto sacred to men.

Cycles say my Lady Nicotine, being a non-smoker, can recommend cigars unblushingly and with a clearer conscience than many salesmen who might have smoked them.

And that isn't all. The New York City police force has just been enriched by six women cops. They are on the regular force, and carry guns, badges, handcuffs, persuaders and all.

SHIP SCHEDULES BEING REGULATED

Vessels Now Clearing from Some Big Ports on Hourly Time

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Ship movements have so increased and port arrangements and other branches of the freight and transportation problem have become so co-ordinated that we are beginning to run ships on something almost like the railroad schedules, and we now figure clearings from certain big ports hourly, instead of daily or weekly.

Charles M. Schwab, director-general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, plans to have fewer ship types, to simplify fabrication. We will build big ships and more of them, but of similar patterns. We have already got some whoppers on the sea.

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PRISONERS TOTING THEIR OWN WOUNDED



MOTHER'S BREAD AT ARMY'S BAKERY

Punk for Fighters Waits 48 Hours Before Going on Train

KNEADING DONE BY HAND

But Kneaders Wash Their Mitts in Special Chemical Preparations First

There's a homey, kitcheny aroma arising from the six long, low, squat buildings over there by the railroad tracks, with the freight cars partially hiding them. Mess snacks? No; who would be cooking mess at this hour of the day? Fire? No; there's the M.P. on duty right up there, within good nose range, not a bit concerned.

To be sure, there's a fire in the six buildings. It's a fire that doesn't go out any hour of the 24. For in them is kneaded, brewed and baked the daily bread of a group of six American fighting divisions.

Day in, day out, those fires are kept going, with coal, wood, anything kindle-able. Day in, day out, the bakers and kneaders and toters of the finished product work in 12-hour shifts, under the omnipresent blanket of heat. And in spite of the long shifts—which, as soon as more help comes from the States, are going to be cut down—in spite of the heat and all, those men are turning out in the neighborhood of 270,000 standard 12-pound Army loaves a week.

Six Companies on Job

There are six bakery companies on the job in this particular place, only a fraction, of course, of the number of bakery companies now in France, busily engaged in producing the punk to feed an Army that is growing like a growing boy and eating like two growing boys. In every company there are 101 men and two officers, the others having been for the most part either master bakers in civil life or Army bakers in the old Regular establishment.

Unlike many of the projects now being engineered by the Quartermaster Corps in the S.O.S., the bakery outfits are manned solely by Americans, no French or neutral labor being employed. Similarly, with the exception of the yeast, and the water, they use only American products in the bread. It is good American whole wheat flour, plus good American salt—then yeast and water, and such good American elbow-grease in the kneading, for all the working of the bread is done by hand.

No sugar is used in the composition of the bread. The recipe calls, roughly, for 160 pounds of flour to 1 1/4 pounds of yeast to 2 1/4 pounds of salt, plus about 10 gallons of water. This batch should yield 246 pounds of baked bread.

Waiting for the Train

But the kneading and actual baking of the bread, in firm, reliable brick ovens built into the sides of the baking sheds, 15 to each shack, isn't the whole process, by any means. Once baked, the loaves are stacked on big wooden drying racks, and there wait for 48 hours before being put into the bread cars which swing in on the tracks right outside the bakery plant, and which swing out again to be hooked on trains and sped up to the ultimate railheads from which the Army in the field is fed.

The loaves are kept 48 hours for the simple reason that fresh bread would get mouldy, in transit; and once every 24 hours, as they repose in the drying racks, they are turned to air and dry them the more completely.

The bakery plant, furthermore, is amply provided against emergencies. In case a shell should make bread crumbs out of one of its precious shipments and the word should come back for more to duplicate the order, the plant would be ready. It keeps from 600,000 to 700,000 pounds of bread in reserve, and there is always on hand 1,000,000 pounds of flour, 20,000 pounds of salt and 10,000 pounds of yeast.

Special Stuff to Wash In

"Spotless town" has nothing on the bakery outfit. There's a special chemical preparation in which the kneaders and bakers must wash their hands before starting on their jobs, and their clothes must be absolutely clean, as must the woodwork on which the bread may be rested; the pans, and the five-loaf sacks in which the bread finally reaches the consumer.

FROM THE OURCQ TO THE VESLE

Planted by the French, cultivated by the Germans, eaten by the Yankees—that is the history of many a bean, many a tomato, many a carrot gathered this month, between the Ourcq and the Vesle. Sweeping over the fertile Tardenois in late May, the Boches found the gardens all hopefully planted, and their soldiers were detailed to tend the rows of vegetables which they fondly expected to eat at harvest time. Amid the great welter of things it pained them to leave behind was this juicy crop of garden truck, and that is why fresh celery and new green peas have graced many a Yankee mess on the Vesle front.

It would do Mr. Hoover's heart good if he could see—and probably he did—the harvest being brought in from the reconquered farms between the Marne and the Vesle. Marshal Foch's dashing counter-offensive must be measured not only in territory regained, prisoners captured, guns netted, but in rich crops seized at the critical time.

The Germans, who are harder up for food than any other country, lost not only the harvest they held but the harvests they hoped to capture. Now, close behind the troops, the reapers and binders are at work.

The other day, a battalion commander at the front, spotting a strange machine that looked like some fantastic tank wobbling along a crest across the valley, caught it in the focus of his field glasses and laughed outright. It was that eminently pacific engine, the hand plow.

Here and there a threshing machine plays chorus to the song of the airplanes overhead. Old soldiers in faded blue, old women, buxom young wives, little children, all have been tugging away at the great stacks of wheat, and if you cross a newly harvested field at sundown, you are sure to see the women rolling out from under the hedges, shaking the dew from their hair, and going to work at the gleaning.

The Yanks in hospital, who got their wounds in the fields near Vaux and Bourches and Belleau Woods, will be glad to hear that from those fields a golden treasure has already been gathered, and the crickets in the stubble sing a song of peace.

As a sign post which says "Nach Seringes" is just as good a guide as one that says "Vers Seringes", the M.P.'s don't bother to take down the signs they found decorating the walls and houses above the Marne. Most of these are quite intelligible, even if you couldn't read "Die Lorelei" to save your life. "Arresthaus", for instance, wouldn't fool anybody, though it might take some of you a good while to recognize "Flieger Keller, 30 Mann" as the notice of an airdrome where 30 dirty Germans could hide in hours of stress.

Pvt. Herbert Ploughman, battalion runner in the thick of the fighting below the Vesle, carried his message forward to the platoon and dropped flat a few feet from the commanding lieutenant, who was helping bandage a wounded man's leg.

"What's the matter, are you wounded there?" the lieutenant asked. No, Ploughman was only playing safe. The message was important. Should he come out in the open and deliver it? The lieutenant nodded and Ploughman stepped to his side. He was just in the act of handing the message over when a shell crashed between them, tearing away the lieutenant's leg with a wound so grievous that he died before the day was spent. Somehow, Ploughman got back to his battalion commander.

"The message was delivered, sir," he said, and, from force of habit, saluted. It was when the hand was thus raised that the major noticed two fingers had just been shot from it.

A number of our soldiers recently joined some French in a raiding party. After it was over, Sgt. Edward Horrgan, a wiry little chap from Big Rapids, Michigan, was seen sporting a Croix de Guerre. His own company and particularly some of those who had shared in the raid were not so much curious as a little curious. Horrgan grinned and explained that the French just sort of issued the darn things and it was a question of luck who got them.

It was not till the citations were published in orders that the others in Company M got the missing details. Horrgan had forgotten to mention that, straying from the bulk of the raiding party, he had brought in a German prisoner and, by going back and carrying him in through the barrage, had saved the life of a wounded polli.

It would be a fatal mistake to judge the morale of Herr Ludendorff's battalions by any capture made therefrom. Today you would get a cocky young Prussian who thought it would not be long before the Allies collapsed from sheer panic. Yesterday, you would have found a low-spirited Bavarian convinced the war could not last another week.

One German prisoner, a lanky Saxon, ran into our lines at Fismettes. He was slightly wounded in the leg, shot, he

said indignantly, by his own crowd. He had been a prisoner in France till his repatriation, not long ago, and had been in territory regained, prisoners captured, guns netted, but in rich crops seized at the critical time.

The pursuit of the Germans from the Ourcq to the Vesle was a terrific strain on the American Army because the villages recaptured were so hard to pronounce.

Seringes suffers either as Syringa or Syringe. Serzy is served up with either a hard or soft G. Clergeon is pronounced as if it were the same village as Serzy, a slip of the tongue very confusing to the traffic regulations, as they are several kilometers apart. Saint Gilles is called either Saint Giles, Saint Gillus or Saint Gillooley. Fismes, which the French have an odd, unreasonable habit of calling Feem, emerges from Yankee lips as Fis-mus or Fyzums.

Yankies' tongues suffer terrible casualties going over the top of Fismettes. Fismettes is the part of Fismes that overlaps the Vesle. It is the Caudein, the Jersey City, the Kansas City, Kansas, of Fismes.

One battalion commander who fought his way into the possession of Fismettes made several assaults on its pronunciation and retired in discomfiture.

"I'm damned if I can say it," he growled, "but I can take the darn thing."

All the Yankees fighting or toiling in or near the Vesle River battle line have wondered why such a high proportion of the German shells falling in their neighborhood within recent weeks have been duds. No sound on earth is half so pleasing as the sweet silence of a German dud. One man, lying on his back under the stars, not long ago, counted the whining passage of 75 enemy projectiles. Only four of them exploded. Of course, the average proportion is nothing like that, but the run of duds has been so strong that no end of speculation has arisen therefrom. It has been guessed that in the hasty and difficult retreat Fritz made from his treasure-laden Chateau-Thierry salient—a retreat made for the most part through days and nights of spasmotic rain—it was found impossible to carry out the routine precautions for keeping the ammunition dry.

A platoon of American doughboys emerged from a wood about a mile south of the Vesle singing "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me"; "they" meaning a company of Germans who were running toward Germany across the open field in front of the wood.

The Americans pursued, still singing their song. A back private, who sang in the chorus, said it was the best interpretation of the song he has ever known.

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HERBERT L. SMITH; WHICH ONE, PLEASE?

Only Five of Them—So Far—Are Getting Their Mail Mixed

A gay little war, trifling in size but furious in reprisals, is being waged among the Herbert L. Smiths in the American E.P.

The other day 2nd Lieut. Herbert L. Smith, Q.M.C., was viciously passing out cigars and cigarettes that had just arrived in the latest American mail. "They may be mine, but I don't think so," he said, with an insane light in his eyes. "I only hope they belong to the Herbert L. Smith who snagged the box of cookies and winter comforts that were sent to me."

This H.L.S. No. 1 has an Uncle George, and so has No. 2. He also has an Aunt Mary, and so has H.L.S. No. 3. But when a letter comes telling of the fainting record of Aunt Mary and Aunt Elizabeth, he knows he is reading No. 3's mail, because he hasn't an Aunt Elizabeth.

No. 4 wrote sarcastically once, upon receipt of a bitter note from No. 1, "If you'll tell me what Herbert L. Smith you are, I'll tell you the one I am." To the information, "I am the H.L.S. of the Gas Service," came the response, "I am the H.L.S. who used to be in the Q.M.C. at Providence, R. I."

No. 5 has a wife whose handwriting is exactly like that of the spouse of No. 1, but she calls the roll of a platoon of fanes not covered in the allotment of No. 1.

So they read each others mail, making notations on the original envelopes such as "Not H.L.S., A.P.O. 713, but glad to see that your Aunt Mary is feeling 'O.K.'" Each has the interests of five families to keep track of, and probably of them share equally in the spoils sent across by the solicitous relatives.

TO A DUGOUT RAT

Hurry! Scurry!
Run across the floor.
Stop! Drop!
Out the dugout door.
Can't you see that Yankee,
With a shoe held in his hand?
He is waiting just to send you
To the Promised Land.

Patter! Scatter!
His food in every hole.
Paw! Graw!
His hardback that you stole.
You are helping out the Kaiser
By stealing all our food.
You'll surely get an Iron Cross
For all your dirty brood.
John J. Curtin, Sgt., Inf.

AND NO GATE RECEIPTS

"Who's going to win the world series?" a doughboy asked a recent arrival from the States.
"Another doughboy had the correct answer in a flash. "The Allies are going to win the only one that counts."

"TELL THE WIFE--" BUT NOT JUST YET

Corporal Gets Away With Wild West Stuff Along the Vesle

A platoon of Americans were advancing on a machine gun nest near the banks of the Vesle.

The advance was being made in an open field where the Germans had planted their machine gun on a high bit of ground which enabled them to deliver a sweeping fire on the Americans.

Try as they might, the Yankees could not flank the German position. They covered themselves the best they could and waited in hopes that they would get a pot shot at Fritz and then they would continue their advance.

But Fritz was not inclined to expose himself to pot shots and kept his gun working.

"Say, sergeant, gimme that gat of yours," said Corporal Browne. The sergeant handed it over.

Corporal Browne drew his own pistol and, with an automatic in each hand, he got up on his hands and knees and took a peep at Fritz.

"Say, boys, tell the wife for me that I was one game guy! So long to all of you guys!"

After saying all of that Corporal Browne went out after the Boches. He got them, too—four of them and a perfectly good machine gun. When his comrades came up Corporal Browne had loaded the machine gun on to his back and was ready to go on. All four Boches were dead in the pit.

"How'd you do it?" some one asked him after it was all over.

"Barned if I know," he answered. "It was awfully easy. Kind of surprised myself, in fact."

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