

ments from four divisions. The Yanks started at daybreak and fought their way slowly ahead in the face of heavy artillery and machine gun barrages and some gas fired spasmodically.

They advanced several hundred yards, turning one strong point after another. It was during this fighting that one sergeant, coming up over the breast of a knoll, dropped in a shell hole as five machine guns opened fire upon him and lay there for an hour. Finally, he made a dash and got back down the hill unharmed. He reëntered the cave where he had seen a pile of captured machine guns. He shouldered one of these and started again toward the knoll. As he emerged, he met a regimental staff captain and three lieutenants.

"Where are you going with that?" asked the captain. "I'm going to get five juicy mates to it," he said, adding that he would like to have a crew to carry ammunition. "There aren't any here; we'll go ourselves," said the captain.

So the sergeant led the improvised crew of three lieutenants and three privates back to the machine gun nest, set up his gun and fired with such effect that he killed 11 Germans and captured 14 others.

It was about this time that some Yanks whose immediate part of the battle was to fire from the mouth of a cave known to contain German saw a white rag waving on the end of a stick.

They ceased firing, and 47 Germans emerged from the cave with their hands up. The spokesman was a German youth of 20 who used to live in America. "I made up my mind to surrender to Americans as soon as I got a chance," he said. "I brought these fellows along. They were glad enough to come, anyhow."

He said further that the 47 had been ordered to hold the line at any cost by their lieutenant who, 26 hours before, immediately after issuing these instructions, left for the rear. It was a case of "you take charge of the platoon, sergeant, and I'll get an iron cross for you." Many other prisoners made similar complaints.

"There are a lot of other Germans getting ready to come over," the young spokesman of the cave party told his captors. Whether this was true or not was never determined, for it was only an hour or so later the Americans, keeping abreast of the French on both flanks, started the push that carried them beyond Juvigny to the Tery-Leury road and the village of Tery-Sorny.

Tanks and Airplanes In covering this ground, the infantry had to cross a woods and two ravines and get over the crest of the plateau which extends toward the Chemin des Dames. The infantry was supported by tanks and airplanes, and its advance was preceded by the most intensive artillery barrage the Americans had ever heard.

Before the barrage was half done Germans started to surrender. At a point in their trenches opposite the junction between the French and Americans, one tall Boche was overheard to say to the troops and climbed to the parapet with his hands in the air. He was followed, warily, by half a dozen others. A diminutive poilu waved his rifle for them to come over and they started across No Man's Land. Before they ceased emerging from the trench they numbered 20. They came with overcoats and full packs.

When the artillery subsided and the Franco-Americans went over, they were accompanied by French "baby" tanks. The Germans had been equipped with anti-tank guns and there was a detail of specially trained machine gunners with armor piercing bullets on duty to receive the tanks, but when the roaring Franco-Yanks got within sight of the Boche, soldiers with their hands in the air were much more numerous than Germans with anti-tank and machine guns in their hands. "Poor old Boche," was the cry of the Americans as they started.

Five Kilometers Ahead The tanks went right on through the German positions and so did the Americans. It is said that the French officer in command of the tanks wanted to go that fast all the time the French would have to invent a faster tank. But the tanks and Yanks managed to keep together like old pals, and they went on until they were five kilometers from where the Americans had made their first small push.

There were a few German machine gun nests to be disposed of in the advance, the tanks taking care of most of them, and a few Boche barrages were put down before the bulk of the German field pieces hitched up their horses and pulled for the rear.

At one point the Germans threw a barrage neatly behind the first advancing wave, only to see the second wave dash right through it, much to the dismay of a seasoned German non-com who, with open mouth, watched the performance and then shouted "Kamerad!" on behalf of himself and squad.

Guns and Crews Captured One American machine gun group saw two field pieces galloping off, unslung their guns and killed the horses. They then advanced and captured the artillerymen and their guns.

Prisoners appeared from all sorts of shelters by the score. One gun crew captured five Germans passed up by the infantry and an hour after the first attack had passed, one German notified a German-speaking American lieutenant that within were 45 men who had been waiting two hours for a chance to surrender.

On another occasion 18 Boches were told to charge an American machine gun group which had followed at close range on the heels of the first wave. Six of the 18 were dropped before they got within 40 feet of the gun, and the other 12 arrived with their hands up and were made willing prisoners.

The prisoners—there were 550 of them in the first round-up—were mostly in the barrage in which they had failed to recognize any method, and the inability of their cannon and machine gun barrages to hold off the Americans. Neither, it appeared, was regulation.

One German platoon leader explained to an American intelligence officer after the battle that he had advised his command to surrender "because there was no telling what men would do who would put up such a crazy barrage and then be such fools as to charge through their own."

An inventory of the armament captured by the Americans in addition to the scores of machine guns taken, showed the following: Two 105 field pieces, two 77s, 10 light mine throwers, six trench mortars and one anti-aircraft gun.

MOVIE SUPERS IN REAL THING [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Under the "work or fight" edit, the Los Angeles police have sized 100 moving picture supers waiting around to act as extras at the Mosler plant. They will get a genuine atmosphere in the form of the draft.

BRITISH THRUST GAINS IN SCOPE, ARRAS TO SOMME

Wotan Line Turned, Peronne Falls, River Is Crossed in Force

140,000 PRISONERS TAKEN

Figure Includes All Allied Captures Since July 15—Americans in Belgium

The week that ended Wednesday, September 4, has witnessed several of the most remarkable successes of this most remarkable year of the war.

The British, their attack gaining in scope, impetus and penetration as it develops, have not only wrecked the northern end of the Hindenburg line, but have breached the Drocourt-Queant switch, or Wotan line, east of Arras, upon which the Germans fell back after the Battle of Arras in April, 1917.

By Wednesday night, they had not only turned this latter line, but had got so far beyond it that they were already threatening Cambrai and had made Cateau the great goal city north of Arras, so dangerous a spot for the enemy that its early fall was being generally predicted.

How irrealizable the British advance has been is shown by the fact that on Monday alone, when the surprise element had, of course, utterly vanished, the enemy was using every means in his power to check British progress, 10,000 prisoners were made in the Queant region alone. That the enemy wanted very much to stay where he was is shown by his massing 11 divisions on a front of less than four and a half miles.

Germans Yield More Ground

Largely as a result of continued British progress from north of Arras to the Somme line—for the week has seen the fall of Péronne and the crossing of the river in force in the direction of Saint-Quentin—the enemy has abandoned more and more ground in the Somme region, south of Ypres, in the center.

American units here accompanied the British in their pursuit of the retreating foe, who yielded, among others, such an important position as Mt. Kemmel. The first operation by American troops in Belgium since American entered the war was the successful capture by assault on Monday of the village of Voormezele, just south of Ypres.

On Monday it was announced that Allied captures between July 15, the opening day of the stupendously disastrous German offensive, and August 31 totaled 128,392 prisoners, of whom 2,674 were officers; 2,063 guns, 1,734 mine throwers and 13,783 machine guns. To this must be added the 10,000 prisoners captured by the British on Monday, and various hauls made by French and Americans, bringing the total to at least 140,000 in the last seven weeks—an average of 20,000 prisoners a week.

Progress by French

In the great arc between Soissons and Novion, the French have progressed to the edge of the Forest of St. Gobain and gained north of Soissons to such a degree as to encircle the German positions along the Vesle. In fact, by Wednesday the French had crossed that river on a wide front. Americans have been fighting north of Soissons, too, storming the villages of Juvigny and Torny, as told elsewhere in this issue.

The enemy's resistance in this region has been stubborn, as it is bound to be for he is defending his own positions. The Allied force operating in northern Russia, with the aid of the Czechs, has defeated an army of 100,000 men advancing towards the Polish frontier. Italian troops have captured Asiatic soil to enforce the Allied units who are aiding the Czech-Slovaks in Siberia.

MOTORLESS SUNDAY UNDREAMED SUCCESS

American Conscience Sufferingly Vindicated in Gas Saving Test

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Sunday produced the most agonizing test the American conscience has undergone since Cotton Mather's time.

Last week the fuel administration asked everybody east of the Mississippi to save gasoline by the voluntary elimination during the Sundays to come of all pleasure travel by automobile or motorboats. The request left it to each individual to decide what travel was necessary and what was pure pleasure, and thus put it up to about 5,000,000 of us to hold our consciences up on our ears and hear them tick.

The test will presumably enable us to add our consciences statistically to other raw materials and figure out how many million gallons of gasoline are used weekly morally. We look for future census reports showing the whole thing in the customary thick black lines and diagrams, comparing our inward workings with our other national resources.

Free Joy Rides Lost

The worst suffering undoubtedly falls on the friends of motor owners, who lost not only the free joy ride but the solid and liquid entertainment for which their hosts must pay, under the well-known unwritten law.

I am unable to report if any part of the United States has cracked under the strain, but I can inform you that the city of New York has produced a 100 per cent pure conscience. Mile-long sweeps of the avenues and of Central Park were practically bare of automobiles all day, and from a high place the city looked like the ancient days when gasoline worked only to take stains out of breeches.

At any time for eight hours you could scan a two mile sweep on the most popular motor avenue and see not more than one or two machines and often none at all for long intervals. Even the most optimistic could not have anticipated such utter observance of a simple request, quite unenforced by law or the power of enforcement. We looked for a such an absolutely entire shut down.

Many wise Non-haulers during the week for horse liveries and developed the fact that hay motors have gone out wholly. Statistics show that vast herds of horses still exist in the city.

MISS RANKIN LOSES IN MONTANA PRIMARY

Only Woman in Congress Fails to Win Nomination for Senate

MAYOR ROLPH ALSO LEFT BLEASE DEFEATED—MICHIGAN CONGRESSMAN RENOMINATED—FORD STILL IN BATTLE

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Miss Jeannette Rankin, the only congresswoman, seems beaten for the United States Senate nomination in Montana by Dr. O. M. Landstrom on a close vote, with two other male candidates out of sight.

Governor William D. Stephens has won the Republican nomination for governor of California, leading Mayor James Rolph of San Francisco by more than 12,000. Mayor Rolph ran ahead in the Democratic primaries, but the loss of his own party's nomination disqualifies him under the California law from taking the Democratic nomination.

Dial Wins in South Carolina

In South Carolina Nat B. Dial has beaten Cole Dimesse by more than 20,000 for the United States senatorial nomination, and Robert A. Cooper has won the nomination for governor over four opponents.

In Michigan all six congressmen who were opposed for renomination have won. Joseph W. Frazier, who had consecutive renominations, and F. D. Scott, Charles A. Nichols, Louis C. Crampton, Gilbert A. Currie, all Republicans, and Frank E. Doremus, Democrat.

Truman H. Newberry beat Henry Ford for the Michigan Republican nomination to the United States Senate. Ford was second and Chase S. Osborn far behind. Ford has won the Democratic nomination, and while his vote in the Republican primaries appears, from insufficient figures at hand, to be only about one half that of Newberry, it still is apparent that he will enter the campaign with the Democrats solid behind him and with considerable Republican support.

The vote in the whole State was perplexingly light, making political calculations difficult.

HUN OFFICERS GREET PATROL THAT'S LOST

It's All Over Quickly—German Speaking Sergeant Stars in Captures

A Yankee sergeant of Polish descent would probably be the most talked of person among the Americans who took Juvigny were it not for the fact that his name is so alphabetical that even his own regimental commander can only spell part of it and makes queer nasal sounds when he tries to pronounce it.

A patrol of 14 men, under the sergeant's command, was sent up to feel out the Germans before the Americans launched their attack on the town. The patrol succeeded in passing through one edge of the town unmolested and was on the opposite side of it, lost, when two Boche officers came out of the woods and seemed much surprised at finding the Americans there.

The sergeant, "Viyella," as he is called, addressed the Americans in German, and the sergeant, who comes from a part of the United States where a good many people speak German, or did before the war, answered them in their own tongue.

"What are you doing here?" one of the Boches asked. "Just looking around," was the answer.

"How long since you were taken prisoners?" continued the officer. "It's been quite a while," said the sergeant, "in fact so long that we don't remember just when it was."

Light on the Situation

This answer apparently illuminated the situation for the Boche officers. Both hastily drew their automatics—or they nearly did. One of them succeeded in pulling his gun from its holster, but he never used it. An American private stopped him with about seven inches of bayonet. The other died an hour afterward with bullet wounds in his chest.

After the two officers had been disposed of the patrol leader called his men together and it was decided to comb that part of the woods for more Boches. The captain's instructions had been to bring back a sufficient number of prisoners for identification purposes.

The patrol rounded up 14 under-officers and as many more who were dragged from dugouts and shell holes.

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12,785,000 UNDER 18-45 DRAFT LAW

September 12 Registration Day—Work or Fight Clause Dropped

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Sept. 5.—The new draft bill, which became a law Saturday with the President's signature, affects 12,785,000 men, according to an estimate by the Provost Marshal General's office. The number registered under the original selective service act was 9,586,000.

It is expected that New York will produce 1,345,000 men; Pennsylvania, 1,057,000; Ohio, 739,000; Texas, 546,000; Illinois, 859,000; Michigan, 498,000; Massachusetts, 483,000; New Jersey, 405,000; California, 398,000; Missouri, 396,000; Georgia, 309,000; Indiana, 340,000; Wisconsin, 326,000; Alabama, Connecticut, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Virginia, each over 200,000; Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Maryland, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, South Carolina, Washington, West Virginia, each over 100,000.

Immediately following the signing of the bill, a proclamation was issued calling all men from 18 to 45 inclusive to register September 12.

The "work or fight" clause was dropped out of the bill. This was a provision that men exempted for essential occupations must enter the Army if they leave their occupations. Labor was opposed to it apparently on the ground that it might give employers an undesired power to force workers to submit to undue conditions.

It appears obvious any way that exempted men become liable automatically for future draft calls if they have left essential occupations for which they were originally exempted.

LUSITANIA BILL TO HUNS

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Judge Julius M. Mayer of the Federal district court of New York, in a decision on the petition of the Cunard line for limitation of liability in the torpedoing and sinking of the steamship Lusitania in May, 1915, has granted the petition and handed down a long decision finding that the sinking was due to an illegal act of the imperial German government through its instruments.

The decision characterizes the act as a foul offense and one of the most indefensible acts in modern times.

It holds that damages must be exacted from the imperial German treasury at the end of the war.

For the first time an American court has passed directly on the case, which winds up a suit aggregating more than \$5,000,000.

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GERMANS COME OVER WHEN MAC WHISTLES

Eight Surrender to Entering Private Who Signals in Woods

Private James McPartland sat in a shell hole just outside of Juvigny watching an opening in the woods through which he knew that Germans could be seen occasionally dodging in and out of the brush. Just then a comrade came along with startling news that 12 Americans had just taken 180 prisoners in an adjoining wood.

"How'd they do it?" asked McPartland. "Oh, just whistled to 'em," said the comrade. "That's all. They come all right."

Although Private McPartland's division has quite a reputation for the taking of Boche prisoners, up until the day following the capture of Juvigny by the Americans none of the prisoners captured by that division had ever been credited to any one answering to the name of McPartland. If prisoners could be had by merely whistling to the Boches out in the woods—

A few minutes later, near the opening in the woods that began a series of low whistling, answered presently from not far away.

Private McPartland returned to the regimental P.C. with eight Germans.

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PLAN AIDS TOWN'S FALL

Signal Sergeant and Six Doughboys Discover That It Can Work Once, Anyway

There are many ways of making artillery observations, but the best, if you will take the word of the artillery commander of an American unit for it, is to have your observers staked out a kilometer or two within the Boche lines with direct telephonic communication to American headquarters.

One drawback to the scheme is that it cannot always be worked. But it was worked once with pronounced success during the vicissitudes of fighting which American troops, treading the heels of an enemy rear guard, have undergone during the last few weeks.

Six infantrymen—a corporal and five privates who, after it was all over, disappeared into the anonymity from whence they came—and Signal Sergeant Clifton G. Gosh, were the principal participants in the affair, and this is the story.

Telephone Set Up in Cellar

Sergeant Gosh, detailed by the major of an attacking battalion to put a telephone in a town about to be taken by the Americans, obtained the detail of the six infantrymen to assist him. When the battalion charged and took the town, the sergeant and his detail followed closely, laying their wire and finally installing the telephone in the cellar of a three story building only slightly damaged by shell fire.

After the 'phone was connected up and he had called regimental headquarters to test it, he went out to report the completion of the task to the major. He walked down the street, rounded a corner, dodged a couple of shells and ran into an American detachment, who informed him that Fritz was counter attacking and the order was to withdraw temporarily.

He withdrew, and after he had gained the security of the American line he thought himself of his detail of the six doughboys in the cellar. He went to the P.C. and rang the bell of his new 'phone. Came a prompt answer from the corporal.

"What division is holding your town?" asked the sergeant.

"The American," said the corporal.

"Like hell they are," said Sergeant Gosh, breaking it gently. "The German division is holding the town."

There was a gasp from the corporal and then a long pause. The corporal had gone up to have a look.

"That's right," finally came the reply. "The street is full of Boches."

"You sit tight," advised the sergeant. "We're going to attack again this afternoon—and stay in the cellar, because we're going to put over a barrage."

The barrage, in preparation for the American second attack, came in due time. In the midst of it the telephone in the regimental P.C. buzzed. It was the isolated post in the German-held town. The corporal was speaking.

"Say," he said, "this barrage isn't killing as many Germans as it might."

The colonel got on the 'phone.

"Hi, connect you with the Artillery and you tell them where to shoot," he ordered.

The connection was made, and from then on the squad of doughboys directed the Yankee artillery fire in all the area within sight of the top of the building they were in. They formed a line from the roof and relayed the directions down to the cellar, where the information was repeated over the telephone. Buildings upon which the Germans had placed machine guns were showered with shell and destroyed, barricades in the streets were deluged with shrapnel, and a battery of field pieces firing from the far edge of the town was silenced.

And then the doughboys came up and retook the town.

PHONY CHECKS GIVEN GO-BY

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.)

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—There are no more phony checks in New York State now. The ancient privilege of temporarily embarrassed gentlemen has been eliminated by a new law making it larceny to draw or offer those bits of imaginative writing.

SENATOR JAMES DIES

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.)

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Senator Ollie James of Kentucky, frequently mentioned as a Democratic presidential possibility, has died in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore.

SAILORS' PAPER AIDS ORPHAN PLAN

Pilot Devotes Proceeds to Adoption of French War Waifs

EIGHT TAKEN, TOTAL 488

Lieutenant Heads List by Sending 1,000 Francs for Boy and Girl

TAKEN THIS WEEK

Co. F, Engrs.	1
Lieut. A. N. Peck, Brooklyn, N. Y.	2
Miss J. F. Tucker, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1
Battery C, Artillery	1
Co. D, Engrs.	1
Hqs. Sect. Co. H, Service	1
Paris Detach., Air Service	1
Previously adopted	480
Total	488

The cause of the French war orphans, as espoused by THE STARS AND STRIPES, has found worthy support in two corners of A.E.F. soldier and sailor journalism.

The Radiator, weekly publication of the American Ambulance Service, has seconded the orphan adoption scheme in an editorial printed over the signature of the commanding officer of the service and in an appeal for aid, and down on the sea coast, where the naval aviators have gathered enough francs to insure 35 homeless and fatherless children care and comfort for a year, a unique paper has been issued, inspired by and dedicated to the best children of France.

The Pilot is the name of the journal of the sailor-airmen. The first issue was printed on letter sized paper with a duplicator, the text being first cut on a typewriter, and the illustrations drawn on mimeograph sheets. From its initial issue, the Pilot has done a lot toward furthering the cause to which it is dedicated. It has proved an efficient franc-getter.

Proceeds for Orphans

The proceeds from the sale of the paper goes to the orphans. The first copy of the first issue was bought by a flying quartermaster who paid 20 francs for it, and the remaining copies of the issue brought five francs each, the total receipts being sufficient to swell the size of the Air Station's orphan family by half a dozen members.

There was much work and tribulation in getting the first issue of the Pilot off the duplicator, principally over illustrations, but a carpenter's mate, third class (there seem to be many classes of mates in the Navy) than there are of privates in the Army), who used to be a sign painter solved the mystery of wax sheet engraving and finally produced not only a cover design, but numerous decorations and three cartoons, the leading one, entitled, "The Sailor Furrain" portraying a sailor personally fathering three children.

The worthy cause of the French orphan fund was the inspiration of the Pilot. "That alone, we feel, should insure it not only a warm reception, but the hearty co-operation of all hands to push the project to its fullest possibilities."

The actual adoption of orphans suffered a lull this week. There were only eight additions to the A.E.F. family, and the total stopped a dozen short of the 500 mark.

Lieut. A. N. Peck was the star adopter of the week, sending 1,000 francs for the personal adoption of a little boy and girl. The rest were contributions from different branches of the service.

HOW TO ADOPT AN ORPHAN

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

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

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

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

DENTAL OFFICER TO EACH THOUSAND SOLDIERS OF A.E.F.

Every Division in Combat Area to Have Corps of 31 Experts

JAW HOSPITALS AT WORK

Maxillo-Facial Surgery Teams to Treat Wounds Involving Chewing Organs

One dental officer for every 1,000 men in the A.E.F. is the new ratio of distribution put into effect by the Chief Surgeon's office. With one chaplain for every 1,250 men and one dentist for every 1,000, the authorities figure out that the mouths of the A.E.F. will now be swept clean of profanity and tartar.

Every division in the combat area is to have a corps of 31 dental surgeons, composed of 30 operating surgeons working under the divisional dental surgeon. An experienced dental officer of appropriate rank will be in the office of the surgeon of the First Army, whose duty it will be to co-ordinate the dental services of the corps and divisions.

Already at the hospitals near the front there are organized "teams" of highly qualified specialists in what is called maxillo-facial surgery, prepared to take over all cases of wounded jaws and the like and to handle them according to the latest scientific methods developed by the war.

Jaw Hospital at Work

In addition, the first jaw hospital of the A.E.F. has been established at American Red Cross Hospital No. 1, Paris. This has as yet handled only a few cases, for after receiving the first phase of the treatment, the patients are to be evacuated to base hospitals in the S.O.S. area.

The dental service is now endeavoring to supply a sufficient number of teams for all of these hospitals, especially for the "head hospital" at Vichy, which is to be the first really big jaw center of the A.E.F.

An Army post-graduate school in dental surgery has also been established, the student officers being particularly instructed in the latest scientific methods of handling jaw injuries. The first of the dental laboratories has been started at the First Corps Depot Division headquarters so that men sent back through that station for reclassification will leave it with a clean bill of health—teeth all attended to and able to chew the hardest hardtack and monkey-meat that may be offered them on their return to the line.

Finally, a central research laboratory is planned for the development of the science of military dental surgery.

WOMEN TYPISTS SOUGHT

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.)

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—The Government is wigwagging now for 3,000 lady typists, who are needed in Government offices alone, and tired business men are thinking of chaining theirs.

Stenographers are now as scarce as other angels, and hundreds of men are trying to learn to write once more, and sorrowfully realizing that they have no goat on whom to blame their bum phraseology.

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—ENGLAND'S FUNNIEST COMEDIANS—

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

NOTE
"YES, UNCLE!" is a GROSSMITH and LAUBILLARD Production. A Grossmith and Laubillard production is always worth while; and this is worth remembering.

TALK OF BILLIONS IS STRAINING MINDS

Even Correspondents Are Floundering in Seas of Figures on Tax Bill

NATION BACKS UP MEASURE

War Business, War Profits, War Incomes Scheduled to Carry Load of Money Raising

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.)

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Many bright intellects were almost busted trying to read last week's daily shifting news on the big Revenue Bill. The whole thing got beyond the correspondents and they helplessly fed us daily tables of intricate percentages and endless billions.

One thing plain, however, is that this new revenue bill is going to represent the hardest, most intelligent, most efficient work ever put into a revenue measure, and that it will be a wholehearted effort to look out, not for the interests but for just one big interest, which is Uncle Sam's interest, and that means you in the final analysis.

In fact, every thing means you now in this country, and the doleful Jermies who used to wait that America needed helplessly fed us at last wakened themselves and have ceased for some time to advance remarks. They thought that America must be asleep because it didn't tear its hair, but even they have learned that America's way of being awake is to keep its hair and overalls on.

One thing sure about the Revenue Bill is that the country as a whole is not only willing to be taxed, but wants taxes put on to the limit of the need and a little over.

Though nothing has been said, it seems certain that when Director General McAdoo advocated minimum taxation of war profits after his trip through the country he expressed what he found was the sense of the American people, to pay as much of the war cost as possible by taxation.

The Revenue Bill is before the House this week and, no matter what changes may be made before its final passage, the basic, permeating principle and effect of the final measure will be to make war business and war profits and war incomes pay to the limit of fairness and wisdom.

2,500 GET COMMISSIONS

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.)

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Twenty-five hundred men received commissions at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, in the Field Artillery Central Officers' Training School. This is a bigger graduation of officers than was turned out from West Point in 85 years, from 1892 to 1917.

The 2,500 included men from every State in the Union. Among them were 35 Negro graduates.

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GENERAL CIGAR CO., Inc., NEW YORK

VETERANS OF THE MARNE



The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces, authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds. Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France, May 1, 1918. **Chargé d'Affaires, Capt., Inf., Officer in Charge.** Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: The Dorland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street, London, S.W.1. Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 8 francs for six months; to civilians, 10 francs for six months. Local French paper money not accepted in payment. In England, to soldiers, 6s. 6d. for six months; to civilians, 8s. Civilian subscriptions from the United States \$2 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1918.

THE MARNE

Four years ago today—the morning of September 6, 1914—French observers, watching from a vantage point at the eastern end of the battle line, caught in the focus of their field glasses the little tragicomic figure of Wilhelm II, the German Emperor. He was gorgeous in the milk-white uniform, the brilliant trappings and the silver helmet of the White Cuirassiers, while behind him was massed a detachment of those troops, all ready as escort for his triumphant entry into Nancy.

But that night he went back to Metz, for already news had come that 120 miles to the west, the French, the derided out-numbered French—had struck, struck with an army the Germans did not know existed, struck and so started that chain of operations which, within five days, sent the invading army in full disorderly retreat to the north. The battle of the Marne was won.

It was one of those victories that have transformed human history. Not Marathon, when Miltiades threw back from Greece the Asian horde, not Poitiers, when Charles Martel saved Christendom from Islam, was more fraught with significance in the life of man. Those who, from anxious Paris and London or even from sheltered homes 10,000 miles away, beheld the tide of the sudden, monstrous invasion, felt at the time like one who has been swiftly and hideously shoved to the very edge of a precipice, shoved so close that one foot had gone over and the loose rock began to crumble. Only now, when the nightmare has passed, do our minds dare contemplate the horror unspeakable of the abyss we then escaped. Only now and now only dimly do we realize what it would have meant to the world and all that is dear within it, had Germany won the Battle of the Marne.

But France won. She was most gallantly aided by the little army England had rushed to her side, but for the most part they were French hearts which stemmed that invasion. It was French genius which matched French courage against numbers overwhelmingly superior and French genius, which, with lightning swiftness, seized the brief advantage offered by the blunder that the overconfident Germans made—seized it, and, by a hair's breadth, won the Battle of the Marne.

When the great day comes and we are all together at the end of the final battle, may we all remember that a no less decisive battle was fought in September, 1914, that Germany was met first and first defeated by France.

SOLDIER AND GENTLEMAN

When G.H.Q. last winter wrestled with the problem of providing necessary periodical vacations for an army of several hundred thousand young men several thousand miles from home, and finally decided that a week every fourth month at a first class French watering place with hotel bills paid and no military restrictions would be about right, it may have caused some misgivings. But, if it did, they don't exist any more.

The Americans have been guests this summer at one of France's most exclusive resorts. Not only have they been tolerated by the genteel civilian guests, but they have been accepted, almost acclaimed, by him. The leave center has been a success all around. If it was ever listed as an experiment, it has been checked off as a successful one. The Yank, from the genius buck up, has proved himself able to put the small of his back in the seat of a chair and dribble his feet over the porch railings with the best of 'em.

And, after all, it isn't surprising. The American Army consists of average Americans, and the average American is a gentleman.

IN THE CRUCIAL HOUR

It is good to be able to see the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 26th, 28th, 32nd and 42nd Divisions called that in print, to see them cited in a general order by their first names, shown for a glorious instant of the anonymity which is one move in the game of beating the Kaiser.

"You came to the battlefield at the crucial hour of the Allied cause." And it may now be told how one regiment from among those eight divisions came to the battlefield.

They reached it from a quieter sector 125 miles away after five days and nights—a forced march if there ever was one. The Germans were pouring down towards the Marne. At that particular moment, in that particular spot in the whole confusion of the ruptured line, the order was for retreat.

"Retreat, hell," said the colonel. "I just got here."

THE HINDENBURG LINE

In April of last year, the German forces in the west, their position rendered unwieldy and precarious by the awkward dent knocked into their line in the battle of the Somme in the latter half of the preceding year, retired to a prepared position well to the rear. That position was the so-called Hindenburg line.

Never had an army's defense system been so amply press-agented. The idea developed, grew and spread—and Germany

asked nothing better—that the Hindenburg line was a bastion so formidable that it could not be breached; that the war, however it was to end, would have to end on that line.

Yet by the end of last year the British had already forced the enemy to abandon the northern end of that line and fall back on the Drocourt-Quatant switch, and the French, by their conquest of the Chemin des Dames, had reduced the security of the whole southern end of the position.

The Hindenburg line, once more in the war news, is the same line as before, but with its prestige badly damaged.

Already it has been breached, and the victorious British arms are still going triumphantly forward.

Its very name is for a thing of ill omen. Last year Hindenburg's was a name to conjure with; today he has apparently fallen so definitely and completely from grace in the high places of Germany that the world fails to grow unusually excited over the persistent rumors of his death.

Hindenburg and his line are no longer the redoubtable things we used to think they were—and even then they were not so redoubtable as all that.

THE MARSHAL'S PRAISE

When they formally presented the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces, the Marshal of France, he made his first speech since the war began, and his words were all for the soldiers who had been fighting under him. Admirable soldiers, he called the men of the Yankee divisions who had put their shoulders to the shove of the great counter-offensive. He could make only one criticism—they pushed on too far. He had to hold them back. What higher compliment, the Marshal asked, could troops be paid?

"Is not demandant quia marcher de l'avant et à tuer le plus possible d'ennemis?"

When the last transport sets sail for home, and Marshal Foch stands on the shore waving his happy cargo Godspeed, may he be able to say just that of all the American Army:

"They asked only to go forward and to kill the greatest possible number of the enemy."

THE NEW U.S.A.

If an American arrived in the United States about now from somewhere, say, in the Arctic circle where they haven't heard about the war, he would undoubtedly open his mouth in astonishment and say something about as follows:

"It looks kind of familiar. They speak the same language. But this isn't the United States. The captain of the ship made some mistake."

Assuming, even, that one of us with a service stripe or two arrived back in the United States (yes, we're awake), we would get something of a jolt. The United States has changed a lot in the last year, more, probably, than it ever changed in any decade of its existence.

The Government is running the railroads, the telegraph lines, the ships, and controlling dozens of other lesser industries; the production of automobiles, pianos and many other things has been reduced to make munitions; every man between 21 and 45 is engaged in some productive occupation termed useful; they are eating war bread and can't buy a 50 pound sack of flour without buying also 50 pounds of flour substitutes; they are collecting income tax on salaries that 90 per cent of us, probably, used to draw; there are no hoboes; manual labor has become dignified and patriotic, and—almost one and a half per cent of the most lively generation has left the country.

It's a busy United States now, a war making United States, a new United States, and it's a certain bet that the old home town, whatever and wherever it is, isn't "the same old place it used to be."

ACHIEVEMENT

You have read how two Engineer companies put up two big warehouses in just eight and a half working hours.

You have read how a detachment of Railway Engineers laid 2.69-miles of narrow gauge rail in seven hours and three minutes.

Both of these stories were sent to us unsolicited by eye witnesses who were proud of the achievements and believed that the rest of the Army shared that pride and ought to know about the incidents. They were not picked up by some one looking for copy for fear that everybody except the man with the gun was getting sulky because no one was noticing him.

We are out for more stories like these two—stories of men anywhere and everywhere in the A.E.F. who are doing big things—like the stevedores who set a new flour unloading record at a certain base port the other day.

If you hear of them, let us know. If you're one of the men who do them, don't let false modesty stand in your way. The kind of pride that makes a whole group of men peep, be that group a squad, company, division or whole army, is not the kind of pride that goeth before a fall.

It is the kind of pride that goeth before a Hohenzollern fall.

CREDIT AND RESULTS

A young red-headed Irish private was emerging from a front-line dugout with the other members of his squad. As the last man came into the open, a German-thrown grenade fell only a few feet away. Without a second's hesitation the young private jumped forward, put his foot on the grenade and saved the remainder of the squad, although one of his legs was blown off and he suffered other injuries which resulted in his death two days later.

Back at the field hospital, when he was asked how it happened, he answered simply, "They got me with a grenade." He made no mention of having saved seven lives at the loss of his own. He claimed no credit. With him it was merely a matter of results—of having accomplished what he set out to accomplish, regardless of anything else.

This young American private's example should stand as an emblem of the war—which is not a matter of who may get any credit out of it, but purely a matter of results.

Beating Germany is all that counts.

The Army's Poets

POPIES

Poppies in the wheat fields on the pleasant hills of France;
Reddening in the summer breeze that bids them nod and dance;
Over them the skylark sings his lilting, liquid tune—
Poppies in the wheat fields, and all the world in June.

Poppies in the wheat fields on the road to Monthiers—
Hark, the spiteful rattle where the masked machine guns play;
Over them the shrapnel's song greets the summer morn—
Poppies in the wheat fields—but, ah, the fields are torn.

See the stalwart Yankee lads, never ones to blench,
Poppies in their helmets as they clear the shallow trench,
Leaping down the furrows with eager, boyish tread
Through the poppy wheat fields to the flaming woods ahead.

Poppies in the wheat fields as sinks the summer sun,
Broken, bruised and trampled—but the bitter day is won;
Yonder in the woodland where the flashing rifles shine,
With their poppies in their helmets, the front files hold the line.

Poppies in the wheat fields; how still beside them lie
Scattered forms that stir not when the star shells burst on high;
Gently bending o'er them beneath the moon's soft gleam,
Poppies of the wheat fields on the ransomed hills of France.

John Mills Hanson, Capt., F.A.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE

Who is it has slandered the women of France,
Calling them every one a coquette,
Saying they lived for license, romance?
He who has known them not;
Who never has sounded the peasant's heart,
Nor those who live in the higher part,
The souls that are noble, the lives that are art—
The wonderful women of France.

These modern Spartans by stern toil worn,
Back of the men who face the grave;
The men out there by these women borne—
And these women more than the men are brave.

The sons of these mothers at Verdun stood—
Can decadent women such men brood?
Nay, only the holy, steadfast, good—
The marvelous mothers of France.

Who is it has slandered the women of France?
Who looks for the lower kind,
Who only for fallen has room in his glance—
"As ye seek, so shall ye find,"
J. D. G. C.A.C.

REQUIEM

An American soldier meditating at the grave of his
Goodbye, pal; I don't know where you're camping now;
Whether you've pitched your tent 'neath azure skies,
Or whether o'er your head bleak storm winds blow.
I only know
That when they sounded final taps for you
Something within my heart died, too.

Goodbye, pal; your body sleeps here 'neath the sod.
Your soul, I trow, reached up to God.
I can not know the Greenwood lane
That leads into the Vale Beyond—not yet,
But love may never forget:
So here, close by this cross,
That marks your final blight,
My solitary bunk I'll make,
And in the solemn quiet of the night,
As if your spirit, borne on angel wings,
Had come to me again from distant shadow
lands,
I'll talk to you of old, familiar things,
And dream you're at my side,
Returned from travels wide.

Ah, pal, if I could join you in your shadow land,
If I could greet you in the Vale Beyond,
And lend a brother's hand,
And help you climb up to the Golden Gate;
'Tis long I sound for me a lone retreat,
And build my dugout close by, nigh to yours—
Save that I even now can hear you plead,
'Advance! Advance! And carry on!
'What we, that have gone west, have left undone—'
I'll do for you.

And when will dawn the day of days,
When all will triumph that is good and true,
And peace on earth will reign forevermore,
I reckon then'll be done my target score,
And on the hills I'll see you reviv'd,
And in the record books they'll write:
"He's one of those that bled for liberty,
And now has gone into the realm of light
To join his lonely pal."

Ah, pal, it won't be long you'll lonely be,
It won't be long before I come to you—
I hear the bugles blow,
See them fall in, row on row,
Ready for the victor charge.
It won't be long before I come to you—
My places I'll take now,
And I am going to plug for two—for two.

FR. GUIDO, F.A.

THE CUCKOOS

The cuckoo on a busy crew,
They have to keep me busy, too;
They mumble up and down my back,
And use my neck for a race track.

They bite me on the arms and chest,
And in my shirt they make a nest.
They dig their trenches strong and stout,
And it takes many baths to drive them out.

I hunt all through my underwear,
And from my mouth comes forth a prayer!
Oh, how I wish they would only cease,
And once more let me sleep in peace.

Fighting Germans is what I crave,
But fighting cuckoos makes me rave.
I'll have them till I find a hole,
And plant them in his shirt, by gosh!

Sgt. John J. Curtin, Inf.

A SOLDIER'S VISION

There's a little girl I'm loving in the land across the sea,
Through the softness of the twilight she comes creeping close to me.
I can almost feel her handclasp, I can see her tender eyes,
As they glow across the darkness with a light that never dies.

Oh, a hard day lies behind me—there's a bitter dawn ahead;
There's a man next door who's moaning, and my bunkmate lies dead;
But she's coming through the shadows, and her glance is misty bright;
And I know her love is near me through the horror of the night.

Yes—she gave me to our country, though she might have made me stay,
How she kissed me, smiling bravely, as she brushed the hair from my forehead;
And her voice rings past the moaning, past the battle raging near,
And she says, "Be true and fearless, just because I love you, dear."

There's a little girl, she's waiting in the land across the foam,
And I know that she is praying that with honor I'll come home;
And I make myself a promise that I'll justify her plan—
The ideal that she sets me of a soldier and a man!

Pvt. Fred Peterson,
Trench Mortar Battery.

LINES ON LEAVING A LITTLE TOWN WHERE WE RESTED

We with the war ahead,
You who have held the line,
Laughing, have broken bread
And taken wine.

We cannot speak your tongue,
We do not fully know
Things hid beneath your smile
Four years ago.

Things which have given us,
Grimly, a common debt,
Now that we take the field
We won't forget!

Corp. Russell Lord, F.A.

ALL STARS ET AL.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
Your recent editorials against commercialized sport between able bodied Americans at home and the doing away of THE STARS AND STRIPES sport page at this time not only met with the approval of every soldier in the A. E. F. but also with that of all fair-minded and red-blooded Americans.

However, there still seems to be a certain element who are unaware of the fact that the biggest game of 'em all is going on right here. Those I have reference to are none other than the people who are interested in the much heralded "All-Star" baseball team that is planning to come over here to meet an aggregation picked from the A.E.F.

Any move of this sort should certainly be discouraged. The Americans on this side have only one thought—that of beating the Hun. As a recreation pastime the soldiers can well arrange their own games, a move that ought to allow every true young American, physically fit, to enter the service and make the long journey across the pond wearing the uniform of a United States soldier.

Let those young men who intend to make this trip for the purpose of playing baseball enlist and they will gain much more favor with the soldiers in the A.E.F. than they ever will by trying to arrange a series of ball games. The men who are about to make this trip have long entertained the people at home on the open-air lot, in return for which they received big money. Thousands paid to see them play. But this is no time for them here. They are all young healthy men, in the prime of life. All of them would be of much more value to their country throwing hand grenades or firing guns than wielding a baseball bat.

Once they realize that the A.E.F. wants only fighting men, who are willing to risk life and limb for the sake of liberty and humanity, they will be for all concerned. Sport writers like Grantland Rice, physicians, clerks and office men, not near as healthy as baseball players, are in the service over here. Nearly two million of them are in Europe.

No, kind readers, there's no room for ball players or any one else of military bearing over here, except those who are here for the purpose of wearing a United States uniform, and be baseball player or not.

1st Sgt. HARRY LEWIS, — Ambulance Co., Former Sporting Editor "Atlanta Georgian."

GIVE HIM THE WATCH

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
It is not very often that we desire or endeavor to promote our own prestige. However, for some time articles have appeared in the press as to who holds the grenade tossing record in France.

We hold that in our midst we have the champion grenade thrower of the world. Not only for distance but for accuracy does he excel. Our representative has been tried in battle. Holds a divisional citation, and has been known to heave a grenade from his own front line trench and knock out a machine gun 60 yards away in No Man's Land.

His throws are accurate at 75 yards. He netted several machine guns in the big drive of July 18. Accuracy must be combined with distance in knocking out machine gun nests. Give him two grenades and a 45 automatic pistol and he would start for Berlin. His greatest accurate distance attained is 252 feet.

We hold that Corporal Louis Kowalski of B Company, — Inf., is the best grenadier in France. At present he is in the hospital suffering from a wound received in the big Allied drive.

Lt. CHAS. E. BUTLER, Co. B, — Inf.

"OFFICER'S MAIL"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
Attention is invited to the form of censoring envelopes. Anything that you can do unofficially, through THE STARS AND STRIPES, to prevent all of this unnecessary detail going on the face of an envelope would be much appreciated by a host of officers in the A.E.F.

Please notice the following points: Upper right hand corner are the words "Officer's Mail"; upper left hand corner the officer's name, rank and address; lower left hand corner the officer's name, rank and address. It will be noted that the detail in the upper left hand corner is pure repetition of the lower left hand corner. The words "Officer's Mail" are unnecessary because the rank of the officer indicates that it is officer's mail, accordingly,

ALL STARS ET AL.

it is suggested that the data given in the lower left hand corner is sufficient, and, as a matter of fact, nine out of every ten officers in France censor their mail that way. But no two censors demand the same method of censoring letters.

BUSY OFFICER.

[The words "Officer's Mail" in the upper right hand corner are no longer necessary. It is a slight convenience to postal clerks, and there is no objection to its being used. The name and address in the upper left hand corner are required of everyone, but may be put in by rubber stamp. The signature in the lower left hand corner is the countersign, the officer's guarantee that the contents of the letter is O. K. This, of course, must be written by hand. The above rules are the ones to be followed on envelopes containing officers' mail. There are no other rules, and there is no other way to do it.—Editor.]

"PLEASE COME OUT"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
The following sentences were found written in a book belonging to a German machine gunner who quit his gunning up along the Marne a couple or three weeks ago. They were in English and German:

Hands up.
Who go there?
Show me the maxims.
Show me the next shelter.
Make up.
Make haste.
Soldiers come out.
Don't move or you are a d(e)ad man.
Please come out.
Now if you can imagine a Boche coming to the entrance of your dugout with a cute little "Kamerad" grenade and a polite "Please come out," you are welcome to it.

Sgt. SAM COLE, — Engrs.

A COOTIE CURE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
I have noticed many suggestions in your columns on how to tame or temporarily exterminate his majesty the cootie.

Some of these suggested methods require the use of hand grenades and other high explosives which could be used to better advantage against the Crown Boy and his gang.

If the sufferers from cooties will rub their clothes full of salt and allow it to remain there for about two days, they will be surprised at the results, if the clothes are then laid beside a basin of water or a creek.

The cooties will leave the clothes to get a drink and the soldier can then grab his O.D.'s and run.

Upon returning and finding the clothes gone, nine out of ten of them will die of mortification and the tenth will die of loneliness.

Sgt. M. C. BORNLAND,
Co. K, — Inf.

A JOKE ON SOMEBODY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
Here is a little joke I wish you would publish for me. It would be a good laugh. I am supposed to be a deserter from the United States Army, but I have been serving with the Army for 12 years now. They have lost all record of me. My company left me at Camp Merritt while I was in the hospital and when I came out my company had gone to France, and they put me in a casual company, and lost all of my papers. They dropped me as a deserter on January 14, 1918.

I guess all the police in the United States are looking for me, but they will have a hard look to find me. I sailed for France January 29, 1918. I have been in France seven months now.

VINCENT J. FORD,
Bugler, G.H.Q. Band.

ANOTHER SLOGAN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
Allow me to suggest what, in my opinion, is a better slogan than "going over the top." How would "going Hun hunting" sound?

Pvt. LEO J. MORTON,
— In Aero Squadron.

LIAISON

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—
I want to say to you and your staff that your paper brings weekly joy and pleasure to a wide class of readers in the Allied armies. My work has been with French, British, Italian and Polish troops. There are thousands of Americans among them and it is my experience that they all read THE STARS AND STRIPES. In fact, to these Americans it is their only method of keeping in touch with America and her Army.

It is a common sight to see one reading it aloud to a group of a dozen or more. Each issue received is actually worn out by constant handling. Some of these men have seen over four years' service under foreign flags, but they are loyal Americans still and make the deepest and truest interest in the views expressed in THE STARS AND STRIPES. Through them you are keeping an ever growing number of Allied soldiers in close touch with the efforts of the American Army.

I have had considerable newspaper experience and I submit the following for your approval, disapproval or disgust: Take your monkey meat in hand, shake well to prepare the enclosed animal for dire and dreadful proceeding, set down the can (not yourself, most men of the balloon section never regard that command anyway). Then, go to the genial, kind-hearted mess sergeant, one of your approval, disapproval or disgust. Take your monkey meat in hand, shake well to prepare the enclosed animal for dire and dreadful proceeding, set down the can (not yourself, most men of the balloon section never regard that command anyway). Then, go to the genial, kind-hearted mess sergeant, one of your approval, disapproval or disgust. Take your monkey meat in hand, shake well to prepare the enclosed animal for dire and dreadful proceeding, set down the can (not yourself, most men of the balloon section never regard that command anyway). 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AMERICA IN FRANCE

VIII—The Marne

"The holy land of French arms" is the name which a French historian has aptly bestowed upon the stretch of country forming the valley of the river Marne.

From the days when the Gauls—the Remi of Rheims, the Lugones of Langres, and the Senones of Sens—fought against the Roman legions to the days last July when the German forces were receding before the attack of the Franco-Americans, its soil has been trampled over and over by the feet of marching men.

From the source of the Marne above Langres, where the tribal chief Sabinus surrendered to the Romans in 71 A. D., to its junction with the Seine at Charenton, not two miles southeast of Paris, the history of the river may be said to be the military history of France.

Napoleon held that, once the masses of France were forced, the valley of the Marne was the place for the last defense of Paris. He put his theory to the bitter test there in 1814 when, endeavoring to stem the advance of the Austro-Prussian forces under Schwarzenberg and Marshal Blücher of the Waterloo fame, he all but beheaded his enemies by attempting to cut their communications at St. Dizier.

Nearer Munch Than Paris

"I am nearer to Munch than they are to Paris," said the Emperor, menacingly. His enemies, dismayed by his bold stand, gathered at Châlons-sur-Marne preparatory to retreat. There, though, as luck would have it, they intercepted dispatches from Paris which told of the thriving of Royalist plots against Napoleon.

Encouraged by that news, they pushed on. Napoleon, with his fragment of an army—he was outnumbered more than three to one—could but call on General Marmont to defend Paris. The general refused to obey. The Allies of 1814 entered the city on March 29, and on April 4 Napoleon abdicated unconditionally. He was not to take the field at the head of an advancing army until more than a year later, and then only to be subdued by Blücher and Wellington at Waterloo.

Before the return from Elba, the Marne figured in Napoleon's history in a way that the great commander had not anticipated. It was at Chaumont—the "Calvus Mons" or barren hill of the Romans—between the Suizo and the Marne that the Austro-Prussians, the Russians and the English held their famous council of 1814, to decide what should be done with France, since its self-made emperor was then only emperor of a little island in the Mediterranean.

Another Historic Council

Tradition has it that many of the troops forming the retinue of the Czar Alexander lived on that locality as roaring and unbridled casuals after the council of Chaumont had moved away and been transferred into the congress of Vienna, and many are the tales told of the goings-on of the Cossacks and mujiks.

Further down the river, at Joinville, was held another council, but of earlier vintage—that which re-acted in the signing of a temporary truce to seal the peace between France and Spain. At Joinville also lived the Sieur de Joinville, close friend and follower of St. Louis (the Ninth), whom he followed on his first crusade. It was long a seat of the famous Guise family, whose wars against the crown of France occupy many a page of French history of the middle ages.

St. Dizier, where Napoleon made his bold and despairing thrust, was by that time no stranger to wars, for it had suffered a two months' siege at the hands of Charles V of Germany, in 1544. Below it, in the Marne, the next town of importance, Vitry-le-François, has had a similar history. Laid waste in the wars between Charles V and Francis I of France, it was rebuilt by the latter in 1545, and by him given his name.

Defended Against English

Châlons-sur-Marne, the ancient Catalaunum of the Romans—from whence the Catalaunian plains thereafter derive their name—has even more claim to fame than being near the legendary site of the repulse of the Huns of Attila at the hands of Aetius and the Roman-Burgundian-Frank-Visigoth allies in the memorable battle of 451 A. D.

In the course of the Hundred Years War between France and Britain it twice defended itself successfully against the English. In 1314 the Prussians took it on their way through to Paris; in 1315 the Russians occupied it, after Waterloo; and in 1370 the Prussians took it again.

It may be of interest to Americans to note that the artificial channel of the Marne, started in 1771 to save Châlons from the inundations of the often turbulent river, was completed in the not unknown year of 1776.

To the north of Châlons, at Valmy in 1792, the Alsatian general Kellermann led the untrained troops of the new French Republic to victory over trained Prussian soldiers.

Châlons, too, was the great assembly camp of the French in 1870—in fact, the lands about it have been the scene of the yearly cavalry and artillery maneuvers in times of peace ever since Napoleonic days. To it Marshal MacMahon, defeated at Woeirth, repaired with his remaining 50,000, and, collecting 50,000 more troops, marched forth again, but to Sedan. Below it, and beyond to the west, untrained levies of French strove from November 30 to December 2, 1870, to fight a battle of the Marne against the already victorious Prussians, but were repulsed.

Chateau-Thierry and Meaux

Chateau-Thierry, of recent fame as a Marne town, knew warlike preparations as early as 720, and undoubtedly earlier if tribal wars are counted. There Charles Martel built a castle, which was besieged and taken by the English in 1421 and again by Charles V in 1544. Below it, on the Grand Morin, tributary to the Marne, Napoleon, at the head of the levies he had worn while a horribly general in the Italian campaign of 1797, won a local success against the Austro-Prussians in 1814.

Meaux, last of the important Marne towns, and ancient capital of the province of Brie, is famed for more things than its cheese. Burned by the Normans in 865, captured by the British in 1422 and retaken by the French in 1429—to say nothing of the sanguinary conflict staged there between the nobles and the Jacquerie in the century previous—it was one of the first towns in France to welcome the Huguenot reformation, with its train of bloody strife.

Blücher came near it in 1814, but afraid to go on, turned north and entrenched himself on the heights of Laon. In 1914 the descendants of Blücher came through it, passing on good west and south, only to be turned back.

THE FIRST FRENCH LESSON



HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

PROVING THERE IS METHOD EVEN IN THE MADNESS OF A CASUAL CAMP

Fransé, August 27, 1918.

Mon cheri pal Henry: Well Henry I'm a casual. I been one for nearly a week now and I guess if being a casual is any honor I shure got a lot of it to go down on my little old servise rekord.

The wound I got that time by old Hardbottled acting up like he did got worse when I got to the front and one morning the doc says me for the hospital. I didn't want to go none Henry but of course when the doc says you're going on a trip it ain't like going on a vacation or anything where you pick out your route and hotel and everything.

Well Henry they kept me only two days and then shipped me to this joint. I had to walk about a mile after I left the train and when I got there it was about 10 p.m. at nite and the first thing I butted into was an old helion or something that said he was the 1st sergeant.

Where in hell are you from he says to me Henry just as soon as I come in to his office. When I told him Henry he says Oh you're one of them guys that's so hardbottled you can't turn your head without cracking your neck etc. Well he says you want to get all that hardbottled stuff out of your nut while you hang round here or somebody will take it out for you.

Well Henry that was a nice way to open up on a new guy who'd just come in wasn't it. And this guy is about 4 ft. broad and 6 ft. tall which makes all the difference in the world and which gives him a chance to talk to a little guy like me just as though I wasn't nobody.

I asked him where I was going Henry which is the first thing everybody wants to know when they come in and he says to the front of course, where else do you think you're going. Well I says I want to get back to my outfit right away.

And then Henry he says Oh you got a nice place picked out for you all ready up in Siberia as a K.P. for a walrus. Henry I don't know yet where I'm going and I don't even expect to see my own outfit any more since I got in this place. They ain't got enough brains round here to send a man back to where he belongs.

I been here for nearly a week and all I done is drill Henry. It's about 3 miles to the drill ground and we go out at 8 and come in at noon and go out at one and come in at 5. After that we have retreat and have to be in bed at 10 etc. It sure is a rotten place Henry.

So long Henry. S. T. B.

gent told me just now that they was going to transfer a lot of us to the Jap army in Russia. Well goodbye Henry. S. T. B.

Fransé, Aug. 30, 1918.

Friend Henry: Well Henry I'm leaving this place. But just as I thought Henry we won't go back to our outfit. They are going to send us way over on another front where they don't know what a American looks like. I know where I'm going all right because I heard a lot say that a lot of us was going there. And we are leaving at 2 p.m. Henry.

I asked the captain this morning Henry if he would let me go back to my old co. if I would pay the car fare etc. and he says no for me to hang onto my coin as where I'm going they don't know what money looks like and that maybe I'll need some to tip the savages with etc.

And I guess that's about true here too Henry because nobody ever gets paid. There's one bird here in my billet that ain't had a cent since he was drafted 7 mth. ago.

I just leaved Henry that the 1st sergeant that I spoke of is going along with us as a convoy to see that we all behave and don't get intoxicated or something. I bet I'll enjoy the trip Henry. So long old timer. S. T. B.

Fransé, Sept. 1st, 1918.

Howdy Henry: Well Henry this old army ain't so bad after all. But it does some dam funny things at that.

You can believe me or not Henry but when I got here first thing I saw was our old colonel and next thing I knowed I was back in my old squad and everybody was there and everything. I just got my old pack off when the co. klerk come down and says for me to report to the tops tent and sign the pay roll. You can't beat that for luck can you Henry.

Henry I guess that casual outfit knowed where we was going and everything. But I don't see why they don't tell a guy things like that.

Well Henry I got to go out and see a lot of guys. So long. S. T. B.

P.S. I just seen that old top cutter that brought us up and he was laughing himself sick at me. He says next time you come down to see me just take it easy and don't get excited or maybe I will send you to Siberia or somewhere. He's a good scout at that Henry.

FLOUR PLUS WATER EQUALS HARDBREAD

Not a Hand Touches the Iron Biscuit—Not Even Mademoiselle's

The girls of France are helping to bake the millions of pieces of iron bread it takes to feed the A.E.F.

Working under the glass roofs of a half dozen buildings of many-aced floors, they are helping tend the automatic machinery that mixes white flour from America into dough, irons the dough into sheets, cuts the sheets into pieces, and runs the pieces on trays over endless belts into ovens, from which they come out scorching hot as hard biscuits.

No hands touch the product from the time it leaves the flour sack to the time it comes out crisp and brown and hot. While the hard bread is still warm, it is packed in the paper cartons in which it finally reaches the men at the front.

Incidentally, hard bread is probably the simplest and purest baked product the soldier eats. It has two ingredients—flour and water. There's an art in mixing the flour and water in the proper percentages, and the percentages vary according to the flour.

The Army's hard bread factories also are baking "petits boudes" for the Army—the best of these little butter and sugar biscuits that can be bought in France. These are supplied at cost to the commissaries for resale to the soldiers.

Further evidence that Germany is still good for as much frightfulness as she can think up is provided in information, coming from a reliable source, recently published in several Dutch newspapers, which states that commander officers of German submarines have been ordered to make prisoner as many as possible of the crews of enemy merchant ships.

The statement continues: "The German authorities have the intention not of treating them as civilian prisoners of war, but of subjecting them to the most rigorous treatment in ordinary prisons."

2,000,000 LETTERS POORLY ADDRESSED

Figure Represents Third of One Week's Arrivals at Base Port

At one base port last week, in four shipments of mail, there were 4,000 sacks of letters, or 6,000,000 letters, for the A.E.F. One-third of those letters were not properly addressed, consequently George is wondering why Polly hasn't written.

With the proper addressing of mail, the M.P.E.S. plans on delivering all mail from 16 to 20 days from the time it is stamped at the New York post office. An A.E.F. mail train is now running between Paris and Chateau-Thierry, and more trains will be running between Paris and other parts of the Z. of A. in a short while.

It is planned to have a postal express service in working order by September 15.

A postal battalion, a separate unit the same as the Q.M.C. or the M.C., is being formed.

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Greetings to Our Boys in France:—

OUR Government has requested that we put at the disposal of the War Department our entire output of the "makings"—"BULL" DURHAM tobacco.

And we have complied—fully, gladly. For whatever the Government wants, whatever it needs for you boys at the front, it must have from us fully and with a generous heart.

We have been sending immense quantities of "Bull" to you men at the front, and at the same time trying to supply consumers at home. But now we are asked to give you all our output—36,000,000 sacks, 2,000,000 lbs., 100 carloads of "BULL" DURHAM every month.

This call means more than just huge figures to me and I know it will mean more than figures to the hundreds of thousands of men everywhere at home who "roll their own" and who look upon that little muslin sack of good old "Bull" as a personal, everyday necessity.

It means that the Government has found that our fighting men need the "makings".

But, if "Bull" is a necessity to us at home, in the peaceful pursuit of our daily life, how much greater its necessity to you Americans who have gone to fight for us—to win this war for us.

I know that the men at home will think of you as I do—only of you. I know there will not be a single complaint. I know that they will give up their share of "Bull," however long they have enjoyed it, however close it is to them, as they will give up anything they have if it is made clear to them that you boys over there need it.

That the Government has requested the whole output of "Bull," the night and day output of all our factories, makes this absolute need clear to every man at home who "rolls his own".

And they give it up gladly—but they will not forget the little muslin sack—gone for the present on its mission of hope and inspiration to you boys in the trenches.

You will bring "Bull" back to us with ribbons of honor. We have no fear.

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TO THE MARNE—RIVER OF LIBERTY

Then, for the time, they'll cease their frolic gay
While grand père's eyes search back to days of yore.
And he shall tell of that September day
When France, brave France, saved Liberty once more.

Years from now when boys and girls will play
Where once the blue-clad polius fought and died,
A gray-haired grand-père, on his homeward way,
Shall call the little children to his side.

GERMANY'S PRIDE FIRST HUMBLED FOUR YEARS AGO

Battle of the Marne Saw Forty Years' Plotting Set at Naught

THREE PHASES IN DEFEAT

Castelnau's Resistance, Maunoury's
Turning Movement, Foch's Dive
Through Gap Each Essential

Four years ago today began the critical hours of that monstrous invasion of France which the Germans had been planning for 40 covetous years and for which they had been heavily equipping their huge army through three years of secret preparation.

It was their plan—and their quite reasonable expectation—to nullify France with one swift blow before Russia could mobilize, then to turn and destroy Russia before the vast, world-scattered forces of the British Empire could even begin to tell.

What tore that plan to tatters, what saved France and England and America, what spared our civilization from an obliteration as dreadful and complete as the glacial ice of the Arctic had been when it slipped down across the face of the earth, was the outcome of the First Battle of the Marne. It is that battle whose anniversary we observe today, and of which the heartening tale will be told as long as the high-held torch of France illumines the world.

THE GERMAN ADVANTAGE

The Germans entered the Battle of the Marne with all the advantage of the initiative, with all the sustaining exultance that can be born of success unbroken and unopposed. They entered the battle better trained, better equipped, and better all far more numerous. Though the French armies were augmented by the valiant British contingent which, under Sir John French, had made the epic retreat from Mons, the Allied forces in France on September 6, 1914, stood with relation to the German host as five stands to something less than eight and more than seven to one.

Yet the Germans lost the Battle of the Marne. They lost it because they were Germans, because, in their overwhelming pride, they underestimated the strength of "decadent" France, overreached themselves and, being thorough but plodding thinkers, could not readjust themselves in time.

The French won the battle of the Marne because they were French, for it took French courage to gamble splendidly as they must gamble who would employ coolly such strategy as Joffre employed. And it took such peculiarly French rapidity of intuition and action that General Foch displayed to detect and rush the gap which, on September 9, appeared in the German line and which lost to Germany the stakes she was playing for.

While the chance France took was the only one that could have saved her from defeat, her game was so hazardous that her mind must be set on the battle as a thing impending doom and shocked beyond utterance by the all unfamiliar spectre of universal war, felt then and feel now the presence on that battlefield of the figure of Fate, and as the tide of battle turned, were brought to their knees in awed, unaccustomed prayer the world around.

THE GERMAN PLAN

The German plan was to sweep down into the Paris basin—path of invaders since time immemorial—and there envelop the French army, encircling it in another Sedan or, if that failed, with the idea of destroying one part and surrounding the other. The plan was grandiose, but, since the Belgian forts had proved but houses of cards before the new siege guns, it was eminently feasible. Indeed, it came within an ace of working.

The French plan, matured through the long, anxious years when French generals were contemplating the inevitable invasion by a conscienceless and bulkier neighbor, was to pit against the invader, a fraction of the French force, to let that fraction retreat deliberately before the enemy, drawing him on, extending his line, and, then, with an extra army hold out for the purpose, to strike him with sudden concentration where his outstrung center was feeblest.

Now it was the essential weakness of the German strategy that they glibly misread as a helpless and exhausted rout what was really the enemy and entirely premeditated retreat of the French from the Sambre to the Marne. The disposition of the French reserves, the ingenious shifting of troops and their assembly at the point of the intended counter-offensive, the calmness of Marshal Joffre's daily orders as they are read now in retrospect, would prove—were proof needed—how intentional was every French move behind the veil of dust and smoke which was all the agonized world could see that first September week.

The Germans ventured on their envelopment of the French left in the happy belief that they had already engaged all the French forces. They did not know that, gathered quietly before Paris, was the unexpected Sixth Army, waiting for them to make just that move under General Maunoury, waiting to strike their unprotected flank, drive in behind them and cut them off.

THE GERMAN ERROR

The Germans, then, in September, 1914, were "misinformed as to the French reserves." Does the phrase sound strangely familiar? Have you heard it lately? Have you read the bewildered speculation of the neutral critics as to where General Foch had been hiding the forces with which he began to strike in July of this year?

It is to the mistaken German assumption that the Allied defense of March, April and May, 1918, had exhausted the Allied reserves that the German military critics now lay the present German disaster. History repeated itself in more ways than one in the Second Battle of the Marne. It is the weakness of a complacent and arrogant people to make just that miscalculation. It is just such pride as this which goeth before a fall. The two defeats the Germans had met along the Marne arose out of the heart of the German character.

In the First Battle of the Marne, a triumphant German army of perhaps 75 divisions was pitted against the Allied Army, largely French, of no more



The far-flung field of the Marne, showing the theaters of the three great phases of the battle that swept the Hun back to the Aisne.

than 51 divisions, on a sickle-shaped battle line 120 miles long. What happened was briefly this. The extreme French right, defending Nancy, though thinly held, resisted with such heroic stubbornness that the Germans mistakenly assumed the bulk of the French forces were tied up there.

This led them to order von Kluck, on their own extreme right, to encircle the French left before Paris, never dreaming that an extra and unaccounted-for French army was waiting to cut in behind them if they did so. The German center, which was pressing furiously in an effort to split the French line, had to lean to the west to help out the sorely beset von Kluck.

THROUGH THE GAP

This maneuver so reinforced von Kluck that his assailants had a hard time of it, but in the leaning process, a hole, a fissure, a gap was caused in the German center.

A part of their line was left bare. It was a little as though the Imperial German Staff had been playing a game of crack the whip with a human whip 120 miles long and, by a slip in the hand, clasp at one link, the end of the whip had broken off. The moment the break occurred—it was the afternoon of September 9—General Foch, commanding the French Ninth Army at the center, drove his brilliant 42nd Division through the gap. That wedge broke the German line, and the rattled army of invaders retreated at full speed to the north, there to dig themselves in and fight out with ever diminishing hopes a war they had hoped and expected to win before the first snowfall.

That retreat yielded up two-thirds of the new-won territory. France was saved. So, in those fateful days from September 5 to the battle of the Marne, that fabric of laws, art, language, customs, and standards, that complex of democratic life which we call civilization.

It is idle to say, as speculative critics do, that it was General Castelnau's resistance before Nancy or General Maunoury's turning movement or General Foch's blow through the gap that won the battle of the Marne. Each phase drew essential strength from the other two.

THE THREE MAIN PHASES

On a great and intricate battle line, such interplay must be present. It was so in the Second Battle of the Marne. What won it? Will you say it was General Gouraud's resistance in Champagne or General Mangin's attack south of Soissons, which took its cue from that resistance? Neither one nor the other. Both.

Though that 120 miles knew no such luxury as a quiet sector, the battle as a whole can be best understood if you consider, in this order, merely the three main phases, the resistance in Lorraine, the blow struck before Paris and the wedge driven by Foch in the center.

It was on the night of September 5 that the French Armies, retreating toward Paris, like a door swinging back on a hinge at Verdun, received this famous message from Marshal Joffre:

"The hour has come to hold fast at whatever cost and to be killed rather than give way."
And this order:
"At the moment of engaging in a battle on which the safety of our country depends, it is important to recall to all that the moment has passed for looking backward. Every effort should be made to attack and drive the enemy back. A body of soldiers that can advance no further should, at whatever cost, hold the ground taken and die rather than withdraw from it. In the present circumstances, no weakening whatever can be tolerated. I look to each officer and soldier, despite the stiff and heroic fighting of recent days, to do his duty fully even to his last breath. Everything depends on the result tomorrow."

That "tomorrow" was September 6, 1914.

THE BATTLE OF NANCY

The first phase, the foundation of the success scored on September 9, may be said to have begun on August 31, when the Crown Prince's army of no less than eight corps—say a third of a million men—began its fruitless assaults on that chain of wooded hills which the French call the Grand Couronné and which serve as a shield to Nancy.

The Germans wanted to cut across those hills because such a cut would shorten to one-sixth the haul of their supplies, thus being lured gloriously around by way of Belgium. They committed so large a fraction of their forces to the task because they had been tricked into believing that there the French were mostly massed. They were going by way of Nancy, because the shorter route by way of Verdun had proved impassable, so quickly had General Sarrail learned the lesson of Liège and Namur and shifted the guns from their fixed posts to movable points around the fortress.

It has been said that General Castelnau met the assault on the Grand Couronné with only five divisions, that the hottest attack was met and repelled by a single battalion. Certainly the resistance decided the Germans into believing that even if they could not pass, at least they were planning in the east enough of the French force to make it safe for von Kluck, 120 miles away, to begin the ambitious development.

The blow at Nancy had almost spent itself when the night of the 5th brought the famous general order and the news that the resistance had served its purpose, that the counter-offensive was ready to begin. The next day, though already the German losses had been appalling, the Kaiser was met and repelled in the lines, still hoping for his grand entry into Nancy—the Kaiser, all dressed up and powdery to go. But that was the

THE BATTLE OF THE OURCQ

The news which sent him back to Metz was the news that von Kluck's army had been struck from behind by an unexpected French force, appearing from nowhere. That blow was the climax of a series of operations that went back to the 2nd of September, Sedan Day of bitter memory. On that day, the German right had reached a position roughly described by the Compiègne-Senlis line, and from there started to swing down behind the Allied left.

By noon of September 5, the mass of von Kluck's forces—three corps at least—were south of the Marne. The Allied plan was to have the British contingent engage them there, pin them there, while the French Sixth Army under Maunoury should cut in behind.

This Sixth Army, then fully four divisions in strength and due to increase to eight by rapidly arriving reinforcements, was all for an immediate blow. The British advised a delay of 24 hours as necessary. There will always be divergent views as to whether the French moved too quickly, the English too slowly. At all events, the French struck hard at noon on September 5, and von Kluck was able to bring back his forces to meet them.

Though the British joined in, though General Maunoury with his famous line of a thousand men the movement was threatened with failure in itself.

But it served its purpose in the ensemble of the battle. It compelled the startled von Kluck to call to the east for reinforcements, the draft on the German line weakened its center and opened there the gap which was its undoing. When the French forces, after a day of furious and critical fighting on the 9th, forced the enemy to draw on the 10th, they found the enemy in full retreat. Fifty miles to the east, General Foch had driven through.

LA FERRE CHAMPENOISE

He had driven through in what is sometimes called the battle of La Ferre Champenoise, conquered on the 10th, and serving as French headquarters before the 10th was over. General Foch commanded the French center in the retreat from Charleroi, and he possessed a numerically inferior force of no more than three corps to oppose the Saxon army and the Prussian Guards. When news came from the west that something had gone amiss with von Kluck's turning movement, the German center, beginning on the 9th, made one furious effort to smash through the French

center, and you must picture General Foch as slowly giving way while he waited for some chance, a ghost of a chance, to seize the counter-offensive.

"Since they are smashing us with such fury, it must be because their business is going badly elsewhere," he reported cheerfully, "and they are trying to make up for it."

It was on the afternoon of that critical September 9—a day of unforgettable heat and strain—that his chance came, that he saw the gap which had clumsily yawned in the line of the famous Guards. He saw and struck.

"They have smashed in my left; in the center it is I who am doing the smashing."

So ran his famous report to his chief. So, on that September 9, was struck the swift, stupefying blow that forced the whole German retreat and destroyed utterly the German plan which, a fortnight before, had seemed so certain of success.

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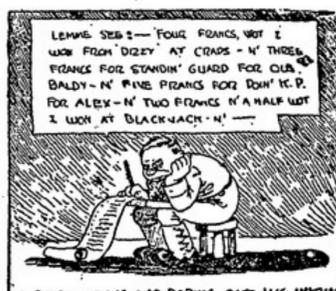
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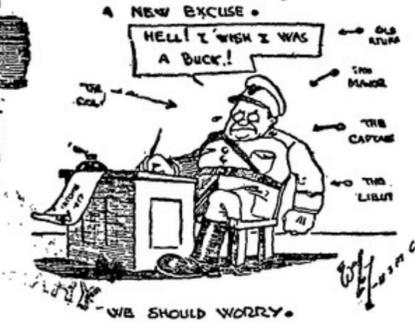
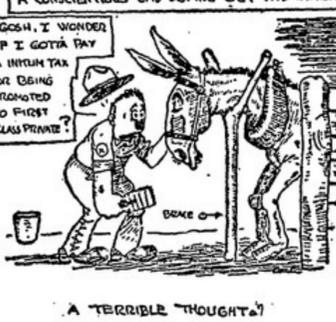
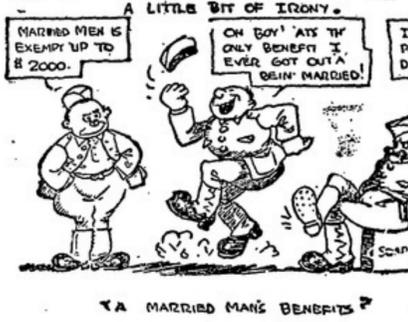


Helpful Hints.

HOW TO DODGE THE INCOME TAX.

SEARCH ME - THE DURNED THING FELL IN MY COFFEE, AN' I MUSTA SWALLOWED IT!

WRAP YOUR 1917 INCOME CAREFULLY IN A DROP OF WATER AND PLACE SECURELY UNDER THE LEFT ARM OF A GRAYBEARD COUPLER. PLACE THE COUPLER ON A CLOSELY POPULATED PORTION OF YOUR ANATOMY AND START THEM MILLING UNTIL THE WHOLE BUNCH IS, DIZZY AND CAN'T TELL THEIR OWN NAMES; AND WHEN A COUPLER DON'T KNOW ITS OWN NAME IT'S A CINCH IT WONT GO ABOUT SHOUTING THAT ITS GOT A INKUM - SO YOU WILL BE ABSOLUTELY IMMUNE FROM ALL FORMS OF INCOME TAX.



MARINE OUTFIT HAS BRAND NEW BUDDY

Specialists Spill Tradition and Win Admiration of Leathernecks

LIKE OLD DAYS AT PEKIN

Royal Welsh Formed Their Side-Kick Alliance in China—Now It's Shovel Artists

If you're looking for trouble, walk up to the first Marine you meet and cast a reflection on the — Engineers. You will get it a-plenty.

The Leatherneck is not a fellow who just buddies up with any old gink, either. But he's strong for the — Engineers.

The Marine has fought all over the world, in all sorts of outlandish places, alongside of all kinds of outfits; some good, some indiffereent and some just plumb bad.

In all his many expeditions he has formed up recently, but one mutual side-kick alliance. That was with the Royal Welsh, before Pekin. The old-time Marine will tell you heartily that the Royal Welsh is some outfit. Of course the Leatherneck approved the work of the sailors of the Navy at Vera Cruz, of the Army at Mexico City, 50 years ago the Marines fought with the other branches of the Service at both places. Also he speaks favorably of the fighting qualities of some of the troops of our Allies, with whom he has come in contact, as for instance, the Blue Devils, who gave him his instruction in the old trench stuff.

But up to a few weeks ago, he really had but one pal, outside his own outfit, and that was the Royal Welsh. Needless to go into details of those days before Pekin, when the Marines and the Royal Welsh shared awful hardships—It's history.

Not Keen for Specialists

But now the Marine has another buddy in the — Engineers. The Leatherneck could never understand why it was necessary to have specialists in an army, such as Signal Corps, Quartermaster Corps, Engineers, etc. When the Marines take some place like, say, Haiti, they lay down their rifles, machine guns or artillery, just whatever they happen to be manning at the time, and start in to erect telegraph and telephone lines, build bridges and railroads. They don't need any specialists. All of them can do any of the many jobs necessary in a sufficiently efficient manner.

So when they were told at Chateau-Thierry that the Engineers would support them and dig them in when they had reached their objective, it is possible that they resented it, just a trifle. They had always been in the habit of doing things for themselves, you see, and they didn't see any use of having a bunch of specialists with picks and shovels around.

Then the Leathernecks went over the top and staged their bit of open fighting. They drove the enemy back beyond the objective, and looked around for the Engineers.

The Engineers hadn't followed them. They had come over with the Marines. They were right alongside, using their Springfield rifles with such effectiveness that the Marines couldn't distinguish them from their own men.

Spelling the Marines

The Engineers then threw down their rifles and turned to with a will—and dug in. But whenever things got hot, the Engineers refused to stay out of the fun. They just persisted in shifting to their rifles—so the Marines went to "spelling" 'em. They relieved each other at fighting and digging.

"Heck," said a Marine, "those guys ain't no more specialists than we are. They fight as well as we do, and we dig as well as they."

And the — Engineers certainly do enjoy scrapping along with the Marines. The second time they went over, the Engineers were to await a rocket, which would be their cue to follow. The Marines reached their objective, and word was passed to send up the rocket.

"No use to send up that signal, sir," respectfully reported an Engineer officer. "we're here."

"They're a hard bunch to make stay out," say the Marines.

It is a Marine who tells that at inspection held by an officer with considerable rank, the officer saw a speck on an Engineer's rifle.

"A little rusty," said the officer.

"Yes, sir, but my pick and shovel aren't rusty," replied the Engineer.

But the Marines always add when telling this story, that the Engineers don't allow their rifles or shovels to remain idle long enough to gather much rust.

ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONT

Two doughboys who went over the top with the Australians landed in a base hospital with a story that could be the scenario for a first-rate nightmare. The Yankees advanced so fast that they crowded their own baggage. They became aware of this when they observed shells dropping just behind them, shells of the German barrage—and shells bursting just in front of them, shells from their own barrage. And there wasn't much space between.

The pair crawled into a shell hole. They lay there while the big ones shook the ground. There was the pleasant reflection, too, that the Germans might shift their aim enough to plant one on top of them.

"Just then we looked back and saw a British tank come sliding over the top of a little hill behind us," relates one of the two. "And that tank came right toward us, as if we had a magnet planted in the hole. Talk about being run down by a Ford. We felt just like a guy got run over when he's been dodging an automobile coming straight for him and the driver has been dodging, too—the same way."

"We forgot all about barrages. Of course the time was just about right to go on over, but our own barrage had been lifted ahead of the tank. But if anything runs me down, I want it to have tires on."

Amid the human wreckage about a recent shell-burst lay a boy with his breast-pocket torn open and his hand holding a little Testament. On the flyleaf was a note asking the finder to return the Testament to a girl in Buffalo. The Testament is on its way home.

For one night during the German retreat over the Vesle, after a day in which German planes had come zooming low over the fields in the face of the advancing Yankees, the story was widely told of the Rumpier, that met an American hand grenader in a mid-air and came tumbling down like a quail stopped by a swarm of leaden bees. And it was the center-felder who never had let a man score from third on a caught fly that threw the bomb, so the story ran.

We'll give you two decks of Camel cigarettes to anybody who can verify this.

You don't have to have a deed to a dugout or anything like that to prove you are the rightful owner. No one loves a dugout much, but there are times when they come in handy, and it might be well to issue checks if Pvt. Walter Smith knows what he is talking about.

One day during the advance to the Vesle the Americans took up a position along an old road near a certain little village. Private Smith and some others dug into the bank above the road and constructed for themselves some very neat dugouts—every dugout had just enough room for one man to hide himself from the bursting shells.

A man on the right of Smith, who was rather fat around the middle, found that his dugout was too small, and instead of digging it deeper, he suggested to Smith that they trade.

The trade was made, but as the two men were crossing over, a shell burst smack into the dugout for which Smith had just traded. A question arose as to who was the rightful owner of the remaining dugout, and the argument had not been settled by a sergeant. According to that same cemetery, not 50 feet from where his first bomb had dropped.

Even in war there is such a thing as poetic justice. Witness the case of the Hun aviator who bombed an American funeral party not far behind the lines. Not long afterward that same aviator was brought down and himself buried in that same cemetery, not 50 feet from where his first bomb had dropped.

When the town of Fismes was being captured and recaptured by both the Americans and the Germans, and at a time when a platoon of American infantry was holding it, a Yank sergeant stuck his head out of a doorway to see if any of the enemy was in the neighborhood. The sergeant immediately withdrew it and drew his pistol.

On sticking his head out again, he learned, very much to his surprise, that there was a Boche next door who, from all appearances, was endeavoring to obtain like information.

Again the sergeant peeped round the

door facing, but this time the muzzle of his automatic went first. He had but a few minutes to wait, as the Boche did exactly what the sergeant thought he would do. He stuck his head out, and the rest was easy.

Some American sky-bombers returned content not long ago after an excursion into "Germany" which had finally closed the whereabouts of a lurking Boche air squadron, concealed near a well-hidden, whooping chateau. The American flyers caught six Boche planes on the ground, bombed them to splinters and sailed happily away, lighted in their course by such fine torches as blazing hangars make.

A chaplain had stopped to do what he could to aid two dying men. His ministrations ended, he started to rejoin his Artillery outfit, but took the wrong road. The Infantry was ready to go over, and did not care to charge through a Yankee chaplain on the way to get the Boche.

So the chaplain, walking his horse along the entire battalion front, left No Man's Land when he found his own outfit, which was ready for point-blank work. Just as he reached the shelter of a ruined tank, the barrage started.

OUR BEST PAL

If you have a gray-haired mother in the old home far away, Sit down and write the letter. You put off from day to day. Don't wait until her tired steps reach Heaven's gate. But show her that you think of her Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message Or a loving word to say, Don't wait till you forget it. Don't whisper it foggy. Who knows what bitter memories May haunt you if you wait; So make your mother happy Before it is too late.

We soldiers live in the present. Our future is unknown; Tomorrow is a mystery. Today is all our own. The chance that fortune lends us to May vanish while you wait. So send life's richest treasure Before you are too late.

The tender word unspoken, The letters never sent, The long forgotten message, The wealth of love unspent— For these some heart is breaking, For these some loved ones wait; So show them that you care for them Before you are too late.

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LINGERING CASES TO BE SENT HOME

Ill or Wounded Will Return to France Only in Rare Instances

Any man in the A.E.F. who is sick for more than four months or who, having been wounded, will have to have surgical attention for more than four months, will be sent to the United States. That is the recent decision reached by the Chief Surgeon of the A.E.F. So much more hospital space can be afforded in the United States for lingering cases than in France that it has been decided to send such cases home for treatment there.

To Get Work in States

Men having been in the hospital for more than four months will not, except in rare cases, be again sent to France. They will be used for work at home which will release other men of sound physique.

No man will hereafter be discharged from the Army until everything possible has been done to put him back into the best of physical condition. Even after the war, when it will be necessary to retain in the hospitals for some months will not be discharged until everything possible has been done for them that can be accomplished by the medical and surgical authorities supervising their cases.

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SEA BEACHES PRO-ALLY

(BY CALL TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Enemy aliens are to be barred from the New Jersey, Long Island and Massachusetts ocean beaches. Submarine tourists are still trifling around off the coast, but will soon have to hire a press agent if they want really prominent space in the newspapers.

The indomitable New York fishing fleet chugs seaward daily, bristling with sportsmen at dollars a head, determined that no mere U-boat shall disturb them at their Waltonian pleasures.

The hot spells of recent weeks have made the surf and sands just as popular as they ever were. The thermometer has ousted the U-boat.

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A STAFF COUNCIL TABLE ON THE VESLE



BOCHE CAPTIVES WORK AND LIVE LIKE REST OF US

Sentries and Barbed Wire Only Clue to Fact That They're P.W.'s

NEAR NON-COM LOSES OUT

Yanks Spoiled Everything a Few Hours Before He Was Due to Get His Warrant

The same food, in quantity and quality, that is issued to American soldiers; the same housing and sanitary accommodations; the same medical care, the same hours of labor as their American captors, the same provisions for their spiritual welfare and for recreation are the lot of the German prisoners of war taken by the A.E.F. and held by it in its own prison camps back of the lines.

The policy outlined in a recent general order is being carried out to the letter at the prisoner of war enclosures in the S.O.S. It is needless to say that it is in striking contrast with the treatment accorded to American prisoners of war by their German captors, whose brutal methods with men forced to surrender to them are only too well known.

Take a typical prisoner of war post, such as you may see at any one of several camps in the S.O.S. Save for the high fence of barbed wire about it and the sentries pacing up and down outside of it, you would think it to be the average set of American barracks buildings. Everything is neat, everything is well appointed, everything is laid out with military justness.

There are the chlorinated water bags, protecting the users against possible infections from polluted sources of supply. There is the mess shack, fitted up with all the necessary conveniences for turning the ample American ration into a palatable food. And there, under the shade of the barracks buildings, are the prisoners themselves, rolling their cigars, retting, for they get a tobacco ration from their captors of three sacks of makh's per man per week.

Regular Working Day

The varied types of German you see in the enclosure are not always engaged in rolling their own, however. To live and keep fit, they must work; and work they do for nine hours a day. Sundays excepted, which is the average normal time put in by the working soldier in the S.O.S. these days. According to their strength, according to their ability, they work some on road repairing and on railroad construction, more at their own particular trades, such as cobbling, tailoring, gardening, cooking—at any and all of the trades that come in handy about a big base camp.

In connection with the cooking, it may be said that all the food eaten by the prisoners is dished up by their own cooks, so that there may be no question of the Army's rations not being handled in a way to appease the German appetite.

For each working day they put in, the prisoners are entitled to a certain amount of pay, the exact sum not yet being decided on. Arrangements have been made to have this given to them in canteen slips, exchangeable for cash at their own canteens only. In addition to the canteen privilege, arrangements have been made to have them visited by a chaplain of the Lutheran persuasion, the creed of the majority of them, and to have a mass said every Sunday in their enclosure for those of them who are Catholics.

Each prisoner is allowed to write two letters a week, subject, of course, to the necessary rigid censorship. His bathing privileges and toilet facilities are the same as those of the Americans.

No Eagle Buttons

If he lost a good portion of his clothes in the fighting that led up to his being led rearward into the American lines, he is fitted out anew in cast-off American O.D., dyed a greenish hue and with its eagle insignia buttons replaced by plain black ones. What makes his clothes so shabby is not so much the small "P" right over the heart, and another similar device on the trousers.

When the first batch of 450-450 constituting a prisoner company, as at present organized, came into a certain American camp, the shabby problem loomed up as the most acute. All that could be wheeled out of the post quartermaster was a pair of safety razors, for he didn't have any more on hand. To bridge the gap, the second lieutenant in charge of the company loaned the German barber a straight-edged razor; and the barber went at his job with typical Teutonic thoroughness.

Day in, day out he worked, for half a week. The lieutenant, who had exchanged one of the razor's native heads to wit, Tennessee—for the flat lands of France, dropped in on him to see how the debarring process was coming. "Ja, Herr Oberst," the barber replied to his question. [The prisoners invariably confuse our shave-calls with colonels, much to the former's delight. "Alrethly I had razed two hundred and seventy of them!"] And he had the rest of them in shape for the post commander's Sunday morning inspection at the end of the week. Thus was one of their first difficulties solved.

Only one request by a prisoner at that same camp seems out of the province

A.E.F. ITCH HUNTERS AGAIN ON WARPATH

Can the Coots and Shorten the War, Is Slogan of New Offensive

BOLSHEVIK FLEA ARRIVES

Skin Does Give Out Inside Stuff on How to Tell Seam Squirrels from Scabies

COOTIES

Also known as "Lee, Gray-Backs," "Scum-Squirrels," "Boches," and—(deleted by the Censor).

They are bloodsuckers. They live in blankets and clothes. They breed and lay eggs or nits in the seams of clothing, especially the trousers.

While taking a bath, your entire kit should be well sterilized. Get a new identity tag cord. Treat your body hairs daily with prophylactic salve—the armpits, too, if you have none of 'em.

RESULTS If you do not get rid of 'em, they will cause sores and boils and you will be an unpopular candidate for a hospital.

OUR CLAIM We guarantee a cure in one hour. If your friend has 'em, send him here.

Such is the sign that stares at you from the wall of each bathroom in American Red Cross Hospital No. 9—for the hospital would not be a hospital were it not for its 60 commodious bathrooms.

For be it known that the skin is a real enemy—its itch center of the body is out to down the itches, and it will scratch at this Army. It is not doing it purely because it wants to make you comfortable, but because it wants to make the Army inefficient.

Got to Get Rid of Them

While it is known that fully 95 per cent of the men at the front get cooties at one stage or another, the majority of doctors in charge at No. 9 are dismayed. They admit it, and then tell you this:

"Coots and scabies do not mean that the man having them has got to go to a hospital; they simply mean that he has got to get rid of them so that he won't have to go to one. If he doesn't get rid of them, he will get boils and sores from scratching at them which will take from three to six weeks to cure. And if everybody of the 95 per cent afflicted had to be yanked out for from three to six weeks, 'where are the boys' would be our Army. Doesn't it pay to get sterilized and saved?"

Then, before you have time to answer that, the No. 9 doctors tell you something about the great French flea, which is no more a respecter of persons than the average Bolshevik.

It is only 1-32 of an inch long, of a brownish-black color, shaped like a submarine and even more furtive. Not even a sulphur ointment barrage has succeeded in isolating him, and the doctors solemnly aver that the only way to avoid him and his kind is to sneeze off in the dark. The flea, it seems, has no star-shells. And he loves Yanks.

But how do you know when you've got the fleas, aside from seeing them? If it's fleas, you'll feel it within 24 to 36 hours after the first bite. If it's later than that, it's the so-called "French itch," politely known as the scabies. If it's fleas, you can trace their paths by little bites of bites, just like the marks on a field map. If it's scabies, there'll be bigger splinters.

Copiously and Frequently

The only way to keep off the fleas and the scabies, say the doctors, is to bathe copiously and frequently. The sterilizing of your clothes will knock the bugs off both out of them, once you have had 'em. And if you have had 'em bad, so bad as to be interesting to the doctors, they will take you into No. 9, put you through a course of treatment, and take pictures of you, before and after, in all your natural splendor. No, not your face, you may wrap a towel around that so the folks at home won't get wise when you're shown in the movies.

But—and here's the rub (rather, the itch) for all of us: At No. 9, which is in Paris, there are constantly in attendance from the front, they are rotated as fast as possible, so that soon every doctor at the front will know every kind of skin disease the moment he sees it, and what to do for it. And soon, in addition to our other inspections, there promise to be a regular hide inspection, with shirt off and trousers half-mast.

of the American authorities to try to grant it, that is made by a certain German private. It seems he was to be made in France, dropped in on him to see how the debarring process was coming. "Ja, Herr Oberst," the barber replied to his question. [The prisoners invariably confuse our shave-calls with colonels, much to the former's delight. "Alrethly I had razed two hundred and seventy of them!"] And he had the rest of them in shape for the post commander's Sunday morning inspection at the end of the week. Thus was one of their first difficulties solved.

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EVEN THE GENERAL WASN'T TOO BUSY

Little Ohio Boy Gets His Letter from "Place Across Ocean"

TO SHARE PRISONERS

An agreement has been reached with the French Army for the disposition of prisoners taken by American and French units intermixed in action whereby the number of prisoners of the total capture to be given to the American unit will be determined by the proportion of American troops to the total of troops engaged.

That if 800 French and 200 American capture 700 prisoners, 500 of the captives will become P.G.'s and 140 P.W.'s. The same rule will apply to captured material.

So far as practicable, Bulletin 62 explains, prisoners made by Americans will be set aside for them.

WILSON

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LEAVE BUREAU READY FOR A.E.F. OFFICERS

Will Collect Data on Hotels, Hunting, Sports and Expenses

An Officers' Leave Bureau has been established at A.P.O. 702 for the convenience of officers going on leave.

The Bureau, according to Bulletin 62, is charged with the collection and distribution of data concerning accommodations available in all localities of France where officers are permitted to spend their leave.

The data will include information about hotels, pensions—meaning, of course, boarding houses, not vacation money, on no—accommodations in private families, hunting and fishing reserves, bathing benches, sports, points of interest, and all courtesies extended through the Association of French Homes, in conjunction with which the bureau operates.

Officers are urged to "make the fullest possible use of this bureau, to the end that their leaves may be spent in pleasant, congenial and enjoyable surroundings suited to their particular tastes and at a reasonable expense." The bureau is to be addressed as follows: Officers' Leave Bureau, American E.F., A.P.O. 702.

HOLELESS MACARONI SAVES TONNAGE, TOO

Vermicelli Now Shipped Instead to Nick Waste Out of Holds

The Army's food sharks and boat packers have just found a new way of nicking a couple of acres of waste air out of the solidly packed holds which bring the doughboys' rations to France.

The hole in the macaroni has been abolished. But macaroni without a hole is as unnatural as a round, solid doughnut, so the holeless doughnut will be called by its rightful name, vermicelli. Company messes will soon see less of the rubber tubing and more of the angle-worm kind of stuff that on mess tables goes under the family name of "wiggles." It's only a question of shape and name, anyway. They're both made of the same things.

Incidentally, macaroni and vermicelli makers back in the States are said to be suffering from strained intestines due to the necessity of changing their formulae and manufacturing processes on account of the scarcity of wheat and the use of wheat substitutes.

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The varied types of German you see in the enclosure are not always engaged in rolling their own, however. To live and keep fit, they must work; and work they do for nine hours a day. Sundays excepted, which is the average normal time put in by the working soldier in the S.O.S. these days. According to their strength, according to their ability, they work some on road repairing and on railroad construction, more at their own particular trades, such as cobbling, tailoring, gardening, cooking—at any and all of the trades that come in handy about a big base camp.

In connection with the cooking, it may be said that all the food eaten by the prisoners is dished up by their own cooks, so that there may be no question of the Army's rations not being handled in a way to appease the German appetite.

For each working day they put in, the prisoners are entitled to a certain amount of pay, the exact sum not yet being decided on. Arrangements have been made to have this given to them in canteen slips, exchangeable for cash at their own canteens only. In addition to the canteen privilege, arrangements have been made to have them visited by a chaplain of the Lutheran persuasion, the creed of the majority of them, and to have a mass said every Sunday in their enclosure for those of them who are Catholics.

No Eagle Buttons

If he lost a good portion of his clothes in the fighting that led up to his being led rearward into the American lines, he is fitted out anew in cast-off American O.D., dyed a greenish hue and with its eagle insignia buttons replaced by plain black ones. What makes his clothes so shabby is not so much the small "P" right over the heart, and another similar device on the trousers.

When the first batch of 450-450 constituting a prisoner company, as at present organized, came into a certain American camp, the shabby problem loomed up as the most acute. All that could be wheeled out of the post quartermaster was a pair of safety razors, for he didn't have any more on hand. To bridge the gap, the second lieutenant in charge of the company loaned the German barber a straight-edged razor; and the barber went at his job with typical Teutonic thoroughness.

Day in, day out he worked, for half a week. The lieutenant, who had exchanged one of the razor's native heads to wit, Tennessee—for the flat lands of France, dropped in on him to see how the debarring process was coming. "Ja, Herr Oberst," the barber replied to his question. [The prisoners invariably confuse our shave-calls with colonels, much to the former's delight. "Alrethly I had razed two hundred and seventy of them!"] And he had the rest of them in shape for the post commander's Sunday morning inspection at the end of the week. Thus was one of their first difficulties solved.

Only one request by a prisoner at that same camp seems out of the province

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Skin Does Give Out Inside Stuff on How to Tell Seam Squirrels from Scabies

COOTIES

Also known as "Lee, Gray-Backs," "Scum-Squirrels," "Boches," and—(deleted by the Censor).

They are bloodsuckers. They live in blankets and clothes. They breed and lay eggs or nits in the seams of clothing, especially the trousers.

While taking a bath, your entire kit should be well sterilized. Get a new identity tag cord. Treat your body hairs daily with prophylactic salve—the armpits, too, if you have none of 'em.

RESULTS If you do not get rid of 'em, they will cause sores and boils and you will be an unpopular candidate for a hospital.

OUR CLAIM We guarantee a cure in one hour. If your friend has 'em, send him here.

Such is the sign that stares at you from the wall of each bathroom in American Red Cross Hospital No. 9—for the hospital would not be a hospital were it not for its 60 commodious bathrooms.

For be it known that the skin is a real enemy—its itch center of the body is out to down the itches, and it will scratch at this Army. It is not doing it purely because it wants to make you comfortable, but because it wants to make the Army inefficient.

Got to Get Rid of Them

While it is known that fully 95 per cent of the men at the front get cooties at one stage or another, the majority of doctors in charge at No. 9 are dismayed. They admit it, and then tell you this:

"Coots and scabies do not mean that the man having them has got to go to a hospital; they simply mean that he has got to get rid of them so that he won't have to go to one. If he doesn't get rid of them, he will get boils and sores from scratching at them which will take from three to six weeks to cure. And if everybody of the 95 per cent afflicted had to be yanked out for from three to six weeks, 'where are the boys' would be our Army. Doesn't it pay to get sterilized and saved?"

Then, before you have time to answer that, the No. 9 doctors tell you something about the great French flea, which is no more a respecter of persons than the average Bolshevik.

It is only 1-32 of an inch long, of a brownish-black color, shaped like a submarine and even more furtive. Not even a sulphur ointment barrage has succeeded in isolating him, and the doctors solemnly aver that the only way to avoid him and his kind is to sneeze off in the dark. The flea, it seems, has no star-shells. And he loves Yanks.

But how do you know when you've got the fleas, aside from seeing them? If it's fleas, you'll feel it within 24 to 36 hours after the first bite. If it's later than that, it's the so-called "French itch," politely known as the scabies. If it's fleas, you can trace their paths by little bites of bites, just like the marks on a field map. If it's scabies, there'll be bigger splinters.

Copiously and Frequently

The only way to keep off the fleas and the scabies, say the doctors, is to bathe copiously and frequently. The sterilizing of your clothes will knock the bugs off both out of them, once you have had 'em. And if you have had 'em bad, so bad as to be interesting to the doctors, they will take you into No. 9, put you through a course of treatment, and take pictures of you, before and after, in all your natural splendor. No, not your face, you may wrap a towel around that so the folks at home won't get wise when you're shown in the movies.

But—and here's the rub (rather, the itch) for all of us: At No. 9, which is in Paris, there are constantly in attendance from the front, they are rotated as fast as possible, so that soon every doctor at the front will know every kind of skin disease the moment he sees it, and what to do for it. And soon, in addition to our other inspections, there promise to be a regular hide inspection, with shirt off and trousers half-mast.

of the American authorities to try to grant it, that is made by a certain German private. It seems he was to be made in France, dropped in on him to see how the debarring process was coming. "Ja, Herr Oberst," the barber replied to his question. [The prisoners invariably confuse our shave-calls with colonels, much to the former's delight. "Alrethly I had razed two hundred and seventy of them!"] And he had the rest of them in shape for the post commander's Sunday morning inspection at the end of the week. Thus was one of their first difficulties solved.

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LEAVE BUREAU READY FOR A.E.F. OFFICERS

Will Collect Data on Hotels, Hunting, Sports and Expenses

An Officers' Leave Bureau has been established at A.P.O. 702 for the convenience of officers going on leave.

The Bureau, according to Bulletin 62, is charged with the collection and distribution of data concerning accommodations available in all localities of France where officers are permitted to spend their leave.

The data will include information about hotels, pensions—meaning, of course, boarding houses, not vacation money, on no—accommodations in private families, hunting and fishing reserves, bathing benches, sports, points of interest, and all courtesies extended through the Association of French Homes, in conjunction with which the bureau operates.

Officers are urged to "make the fullest possible use of this bureau, to the end that their leaves may be spent in pleasant, congenial and enjoyable surroundings suited to their particular tastes and at a reasonable expense." The bureau is to be addressed as follows: Officers' Leave Bureau, American E.F., A.P.O. 702.

HOLELESS MACARONI SAVES TONNAGE, TOO

Vermicelli Now Shipped Instead to Nick Waste Out of Holds

The Army's food sharks and boat packers have just found a new way of nicking a couple of acres of waste air out of the solidly packed holds which bring the doughboys' rations to France.

The hole in the macaroni has been abolished. But macaroni without a hole is as unnatural as a round, solid doughnut, so the holeless doughnut will be called by its rightful name, vermicelli. Company messes will soon see less of the rubber tubing and more of the angle-worm kind of stuff that on mess tables goes under the family name of "wiggles." It's only a question of shape and name, anyway. They're both made of the same things.

Incidentally, macaroni and vermicelli makers back in the States are said to be suffering from strained intestines due to the necessity of changing their formulae and manufacturing processes on account of the scarcity of wheat and the use of wheat substitutes.

BOCHE CAPTIVES WORK AND LIVE LIKE REST OF US

Sentries and Barbed Wire Only Clue to Fact That They're P.W.'s

NEAR NON-COM LOSES OUT

Yanks Spoiled Everything a Few Hours Before He Was Due to Get His Warrant

The same food, in quantity and quality, that is issued to American soldiers; the same housing and sanitary accommodations; the same medical care, the same hours of labor as their American captors, the same provisions for their spiritual welfare and for recreation are the lot of the German prisoners of war taken by the A.E.F. and held by it in its own prison camps back of the lines.

The policy outlined in a recent general order is being carried out to the letter at the prisoner of war enclosures in the S.O.S. It is needless to say that it is in striking contrast with the treatment accorded to American prisoners of war by their German captors, whose brutal methods with men forced to surrender to them are only too well known.

Take a typical prisoner of war post, such as you may see at any one of several camps in the S.O.S. Save for the high fence of barbed wire about it and the sentries pacing up and down outside of it, you would think it to be the average set of American barracks buildings. Everything is neat, everything is well appointed, everything is laid out with military justness.

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