

SUBSTITUTE HOME NOW ON PROGRAM FOR MEN OF A.E.F.

Would Provide Places in Army Centers to Meet American Girls

FIRST IN TOWN NEAR LINE Dances, Card Games, Tea Would Be Enjoyed, Not to Mention Heart-to-Heart Talks

A cozy, inviting, home-like house where lonesome doughboys will find friendly and charming American girls waiting to talk to them and make sandwiches for them and sing to them and dance with them around the phonograph...

This house and all that may follow it is based on the realization that, in the army of young men from three to six thousand miles from home, there are times when there is nothing in the world a soldier needs and wants quite so much as just the chance to sit and talk with the kind of girl he used to call on in his own home town...

Card Games and Dances There would be rooms to read in, rooms to write in. Probably there would be teas and ice cream parties. Certainly there would be card games and dances.

There is no present intention of barring anybody from these hospitable houses. There is no reason why a man, just because he has been commissioned, should therefore be coldly received.

In many a center there are charming nurses, telephone girls, Y.M.C.A. aids, Y.W.C.A. workers, Red Cross girls, such as the veterans will be supplemented in the United States by a small army of devoted American women in France, many of whom have the gifts and the goodwill to play occasional hostess in such a house.

NEW LEAVE AREAS CLOSE TO FRONT FOR SHORT STAYS

Apartment House and Hotel Are Leased in City Near Line

Leave areas, like movable kitchens, are now moving right up into the near vicinity of the front. Already in one large center in the Z. of A. the Y.M.C.A. has leased a large hotel where the most comfortable accommodations for officers and men on the brief 24 or 48 hour leaves which are now being granted from time to time.

Eventually this particular hotel will be used as an officers' club, but in addition to it the Y.M.C.A. has leased also is fitting up a large apartment house to be used as a dormitory and canteen for enlisted men.

Other arrangements are also under way to make the towns of the back-front area more comfortable for men on short leave. At all towns which men of combat divisions may be allowed to visit in between raids and things, an effort will be made to provide adequate bathing, laundering and clothes-drying and cleaning facilities.

THE PRESIDENT'S LABOR DAY SPEECH

So many different versions of the President's Labor Day speech have been published on this side, at least one of them grossly inaccurate, and the following version, corrected and containing if at all only such minor errors as are bound to creep in in transmission, is here published for the A.E.F. It is a clear exposition of America's reasons for being at war with Germany.

My fellow-citizens: Labor Day, 1918, is not like any Labor Day that we have known. Labor Day was always deeply significant with us. Now it is supremely significant.

Keenly as we were aware a year ago of the enterprise of life and death upon which the nation had embarked, we did not perceive its meaning as clearly as we do now.

We knew that we were all partners and must stand and strike together, but we did not realize, as we do now, that we are all-enlisted men, members of a single army, of many parts and many pieces, bound by a single obligation, our faces set toward a single objective.

We now know that every tool in every essential industry is a weapon, and a weapon wielded for the same purpose that an army rifle is wielded; a weapon not for the private and selfish interests of the governing class.

It is a war to make nations and peoples of the world secure against every such power as the German autocracy represents. It is a war of emancipation. Not until it is won can men anywhere be free from constant fear or breathe freely while they go about their daily tasks and know that governments are their servants, not their masters.

This is, therefore, the war of all wars which labor should support, and support with all its concentrated and unswerving power. It cannot be safe; men's lives cannot be secure, no man's rights can be confidently and successfully asserted against the rule and mystery of arbitrary groups and special interests so long as governments like that which, after long prodding, now answers to Germany exist.

You know the nature of this war. It is a war which industry must sustain. The army of laborers at home is as important, as essential as the army of fighting men in the far fields of the actual battle. And the laborer is not only needed as much as the soldier in this war. The soldier is his champion and representative. He is the one who would imperil everything that the laborer has striven for and held dear since freedom first had its dawn and his struggle for justice began.

The soldiers at the front know this. It steals their muscles to think of it. They are conscious of the fighting not for selfish advantages for their own nations. They would despise anyone who fought for the selfish advantage of any nation. They are giving their lives that homes everywhere, as well as the homes they love in America, may be safe and free, as they insist upon being free. They are fighting for the ideals of their own land, great ideals, immortal ideals, ideals which shall light the way for all men to places where justice is done and men live with lifted heads and unoppressed spirits. That is the reason their fight with solemn joy and are invincible.

HERE'S THE HOYLE ON CENSORSHIP AS PLAYED IN A.E.F.

G.H.Q. Tells How German Hardware May or May Not Be Sent Home

RULES FOR LETTERS ALSO Old Regulations Restated, New Ones Added in General Order Just Published

All the latest dope on what you may and what you may not get past the censor is brought up to date for all concerned, which means everybody, in a new General Order, No. 146, hot from the G.H.Q. presses. Some of the more interesting restrictions and releases are here re-hashed.

Just such an every doughboy fresh from the Solbos-Chateau-Thierry battlefield is laden with enough German hardware to open a store, the question of souvenirs has become a burning one. All enemy property acquired under any circumstances whatever should be turned over at once to an Intelligence officer.

"Have a heart," says the outraged doughboy, who has just chased a fat German colonel for two kilometers for no other reason than because the girl across the street back home had casually expressed her desire for a Tussock's helmet. But the order goes on to mollify him. If the trophy is not of value to the Intelligence Section, it will be returned to the sender. Such trophies may be of vast importance to the General Staff as giving identification not otherwise verified and information about new and old types of weapons to our own supply and technical services.

Requires Written Approval As for sending these souvenirs home. It is absolutely verboten to mail your father a German machine gun, even if you captured it yourself at the point of a bayonet. Indeed, indeed, you may not send any forbidden except enemy helmets, caps, badges, numerals and buttons, and those only on approval by a field officer, such written approval to be contained in the package.

There are other limitations on what you may send home in parcels. You may not send any necessities of life. You may not send any clothing, except gloves, handkerchiefs, laces and such trifles designated as gifts for the folks. And these can be sent only to the United States and Canada. You may not send Government property, and you may not send explosives. Whatever you desire you may have to send Aunt Lucy a hand grenade you must sternly suppress.

Then there's the question of photographs. All members of the A.E.F. are forbidden to take photographs unless photography is a part of their official duties. If you have a camera, you may take pictures wherever called, when the Germans start the bombardment of any particular sector with mustard gas shells.

After shells of low explosive character burst like the popping of champagne corks and finely-divided poison particles have been sprayed into the air or splashed over ground and wood, doughboys, whose faces and heads are protected by gas masks, begin to feel the first burnings of the mustard poison on their legs or other unprotected parts of their bodies.

Between the bursting of the gas shells and the time when gas burns become painful, there is a period in which every minute counts. The big problem is to start treatment to check the action of the poison which becomes more severe the longer it is allowed to seep under the showers in which they are sent. Speed in getting those hot baths to the gassed soldier is the function of the new de-gassing stations put into operation by the Chemical Warfare Service.

THAT LETTER FROM HOME



—which is still fresh at the forty-first reading

HOT BATHS READY FOR GAS PATIENTS IN SHORT ORDER

Cars Carrying 2,500 Gallons of Water and Heater Sent to Scene

24 SOLDIERS AT A TIME Portable Sprinkler in Test Washes 48 Men in Two and One Half Minutes

Hot baths are being sent into the shell-fire zone on motor trunks to help doughboys who have been burned by mustard gas. Big cars carrying 2,500-gallon water tanks and equipped with instantaneous water heaters are being driven right up to the front.

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While Shells Still Fall While the gas shells are still falling, the motor trunks of the de-gassing station come to a halt behind some sheltering wood and the dozen men of its crew begin throwing together the joined frame-work of a bathing frame under which 24 soldiers can stand with hot water showering over their bodies. The work of putting up this frame and throwing up the tent around the whole is a matter of a few minutes. By the time the frame and tent are up a pipe has been connected to the hot water tank and the tanks are ready at the turn of a valve.

The tank truck carries the portable frame also, and a second truck carries the tent and a large supply of clean clothing to be supplied gassed men. These will be passed around right after the washing ceremony. The soldiers take off their clothes standing up, lest they sit down on a gas-splashed surface where another gassed man had been previously. Hands and shoes are dipped in lime, to destroy any lurking gas. Even the helmets are washed in lime water. Attendants wear oil-skin one-piece suits with a headpiece the whole impervious to gas.

COLOR CHANGES IN RULES FOR OFFICERS' CAPS

New Pippings Announced for Overseas Headgear in General Order

SAME CLOTH AS UNIFORM Tank Service Gray, Chemical Blue and Yellow, Cavalry Yellow and Scarlet—Many Others

G.H.Q. has come out with an announcement calculated to make American officers re-calculated even when they have their rain coats on. No longer will they be allowed to run around under headpieces that look as if they had been designed for the man who costumed the moving picture players in the war drama during our neutral days, and made the actor soldiers' uniforms on the Burbank system, so nobody's feelings would be hurt.

Here is the latest rule for officers' headgear, as set forth in G.O. 149: For officers while serving with the A.E.F., the overseas cap will be the same model as that worn by soldiers, but the material will be similar to that of the officers' uniform, and will have piping showing at the edge of the flap as follows: General Officers, gold. General Staff, including officers attached to the General Staff or performing General Staff duties, gold and black in equal proportion. Adjutant General's Department, dark blue.

Dark Blue, White Threads Inspector General's Department, dark blue with white threads. Judge Advocate General's Department, dark blue with light blue threads. Quartermaster Corps, buff. Ordnance Department, black with scarlet threads. Signal Corps, orange with white threads. Medical Department, maroon. Air Service, green with black threads. Corps of Engineers, scarlet with white threads. Tank Service, gray. Chemical Warfare Service, cobalt blue with yellow threads. Chaplains, black. Cavalry, including officers with headquarters troops of Infantry divisions and train headquarters of Cavalry divisions, yellow.

Artillery, including officers with ammunition trains and artillery parks, scarlet. Infantry, including officers with train headquarters of Infantry divisions, light blue. Machine Gun organizations, Infantry, light blue with scarlet threads. Cavalry, yellow with scarlet threads. Field Clerks, black with silver threads. Line officers detailed in a staff corps or department will wear cap with piping specified for corps or department in which detailed. These caps will be sold by the Quartermaster Corps to officers.

NEW RECRUITS UP SOON

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—The War Department hopes to induce the first recruits under the new man power law into service by October 15. Columbia University will be converted into a military training college on October 1, in accordance with the general plan to use 400 colleges for training members of student's army training camp corps during the war. Men who are put in Class 1A of the draft may instead of waiting assignment to cantonments, enter college. They will be members of the United States Army, will wear the uniform and under strict military control, receiving the regular Army pay of \$30 a month. Students failing to qualify as officers after completion of course will be sent to cantonments.

LOST ENGINEERS NURSE DOUGHBOY UNDER HUN'S NOSE

Trio Spends Five Days and Nights Near Enemy M.G. Post

Escape from Starvation by Crossing Vesle with Bullets Seeking Americans in Vain

The three were members of a party which, with notes for fighting and information, crossed the Vesle one night and penetrated into a battered little town on its northern bank. The patrol investigated the town, clashed with the Boche garrison, took a couple of prisoners and returned.

The Patient Arrives But Schultz and Morrissey, partly because they had tarried to bandage the wounds of two slightly wounded soldiers, lost the bunch and, what was worse, the direction. They wandered cautiously around for an hour until, running almost into the arms of a German patrol, they sought hasty refuge in a hole dug in an embankment at the side of the street.

The hole was a small one, hardly large enough to be dignified with the name of dugout, and its limited dimensions were faced still more by an hour later when De Blase, blinded, temporarily at least, by a bullet wound in the forehead, came groping down the street and was taken in.

Down that morning disclosed the plight of the trio. They were near the southern edge of the town, separated from the river and their own lines by a quarter of a mile of flat open ground. Looking across the river, they could see the hillside where they knew American sentinels and artillery observers were stationed and, looking to the north, they could see another hillside where they knew German sentinels and observers were on the alert.

They were in No Man's Land—that part of No Man's Land claimed at night time by the Germans and held by isolated machine gun crews who, with the passing of darkness, discreetly withdrew to the high ground behind.

Too Risky to Try If they made a dash for the American lines, they had the strip of open ground to cross and then the river, with a score of Boche machine guns firing from the rear. It was too risky, they decided. A run for it at night, with the tanks of the machine guns near the river was just as unfeasible.

The two Engineers went into executive conference and decided to stick it out indefinitely, waiting for the German withdrawal from the Vesle, which they knew was momentarily expected. It was a close-up on it. They took their first aid packets and bound up the wounds of De Blase and held an inventory of their store of provisions. They had, they found, six cans of salmon, two cans of beef, a tin of corn, a tin of condensed milk, a tin of condensed fruit, a tin of condensed milk, a tin of condensed fruit, a tin of condensed milk, a tin of condensed fruit.

During the night it was necessary for one of the Engineers to hold his hand constantly over De Blase's mouth to suppress hysterical mutterings which would have been heard by three Germans who, at nightfall, always appeared and manned a machine gun pit 15 yards away on the other side of the road. As the Germans would have overheard any conversation, it was a rule of the shirt that no word would be spoken during darkness. Through all the five nights in the hole the two Engineers crouched side by side, with their heads buried in their hands, relieving each other in clamping a tender but firm hand over the wounded man's mouth.

On the fifth day the two decided they could hold out no longer. If they had remained 24 hours longer, they would have been liberated by the American troops on the day after they actually did get away, the Germans began their retreat northward. But of these plans they did not know, and when they talked it over they decided it was better to die making a light than starve to death in a hole. Just Before Daylight They decided upon a break just before daylight, when there was enough light to guide them to the river and enough darkness to make the Germans' aim uncertain. Anyhow, they figured, they wouldn't get killed without result, for they certainly could put the nearest machine gun crew out of commission. The rush went off according to plan. With approaching dawn barely disclosing the river and the outlines of the hill beyond, the three emerged from their hole. Schultz supported De Blase, while Morrissey pulled the pins on two grenades.

AMERICANS TRAIL RETREATING HUNS ON TOWARD AISNE

Artillery Blasts Foe's Guns in Full View from Hilltop

Tricks Fathomed by Enemy's Ingenuity Make Yanks Wary, but That's About All

American soldiers began to tread in the wake of the retreating Hun again last week when the battered armies of the Crown Prince, threatened on their right by the capture of Juvigny and Terny-Sorny by General Mangin's French Army, assisted by American units, withdrew from their front along the Vesle and retraced a few more kilometers homeward to the valley of the Aisne.

Over a goodly portion of this front the retreat amounted to a mere sudden withdrawal and a scuttle back to the new line, with an attempt to exact a price for the ground with scattered snipers and machine gun nests and spasmodic bursts of artillery. Whereupon the Yanks turned big game hunters and beat the brush and woods for tarrying Germans for a couple of days, cleaning up those machine gunners who chose to obey the instructions who shouted kammerd, and taking pot shots at others who scampered off to cover when the Americans got near them.

"A regular rabbit drive" declared one exuberant doughboy. And the drive continued until the Germans were all behind the canal paralleling the Aisne which they had chosen for their new line, where, after a series of patrol encounters and minor infantry engagements, the fighting settled down again to a state of semi-quietness.

Harder Going Towards East On the other end of the front of retreat, towards Rheims, the going was sterner, because the Germans didn't fall back so far and retained high ground from which they sought to command the lower ground with machine gun and artillery fire. The American infantry had charged and had taken some of the Boche positions and some three score prisoners, including a couple of artillery observer officers, and American artillery had gotten into action, even the Crown Prince couldn't claim much success for his sniping and shrapnel work.

It was during this fighting that one battery of American Artillery brought cheers from the infantry by dashing around the point of a hill and out of cover into an open space not more than a quarter of a mile from the front line and firing high angle shells at German artillery positions on the advance of the hill which positioned the advance of the Yanks in the valley below.

The battery arrived spectacularly as the Boche artillery was pouring a barrage into the valley, and swept the Boche positions with an annihilating fire. The boche positions were completely flattened. A dozen of the German guns were publicly blown up and the rest of them beat a hasty retreat over the hilltop.

Wire and Mines in River It was not during the retreat, but preceding it, however, that the Yanks did something of their most notable work. The Germans chose to stand on the Vesle because of the protection against surprise which this stream, modest though it is, offered them and the retarding effect it would have upon pursuit.

First they put wire in the riverbed to prevent wading, and supplemented this by mines. Then they kept the river under artillery fire and drenched it with gas. Any work of the Americans along the river was almost certain to be done in gas and likely to be complicated by high explosive and shrapnel. It was under such conditions that one night, with no other light than that afforded by the moon, a company of Engineers was ordered to put a bridge across the river. They gained the bank of the river without mishap and, working in gas masks, threw their bridge across.

It was found to be ten feet short. For the remainder of the night the company cut down trees and trimmed them to make struts and braces for an additional span to cover the deficiency, and before daylight they had completed their work. Smoking Out Snipers It was under such conditions, too, that a captain and three men swam the river and were buried in mud and Private Elmer Eppenheimer, a message bearer, was knocked into the river by the concussion, it was an incident of the day forgotten almost as soon as the two interred men had been dug out and continued on his way.

Some Hun Traps The Engineers distinguished themselves establishing the communication, and they did more notable work afterward. While the infantry was wading the Hun across country, forcibly ejecting him from patches he sought to hold, and renewing contact on the canal paralleling the Aisne which the enemy chose for his new line, they sought out and removed the fangs of

booby traps. There were scores of these traps, and all of them bespoke much work and time ingenuity.

HERE'S THE HOYLE ON CENSORSHIP AS PLAYED IN A.E.F.

Continued from Page 1 keep it, but you must keep it unrolled in the bottom of your harrack bag.

The Matter of Addresses

If you do not like our gallant Allies either individually or in lump, do not say so and don't particularize.

No Limit on Number

There are certain passages in the order which govern less the letter-writers than their censors.

WOMEN AS MARINE CORPS

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—One thousand American women want to become what the Poche calls Teufelshunden, or devils.

TO RETAIN WHEAT PRICE

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—A presidential proclamation announces that the present wheat price guarantee by the Government of \$2.20 a bushel will be retained for 1919 crop unless an investigation next spring shows that the farmers need an increased price.

BOYS TRY TO STEAL DOC'S Y.M.C.A. SIGNS

Fighters Honor Preacher With Their Own Insignia for Heroism

SAVED COLONEL AT MARNE

Missionary to Lepers Brings Relief to Regiment by Coming Out of Hospital

You have not really known what a church can be till you have attended service in a dugout, or gone to mass at an altar where the candles were set on the trunk of a tree which some shell had uprooted from the soil.

Hands Out Rosaries

A bright-eyed young Jew had proposed this one, and the preacher was the white-haired Y.M.C.A. secretary whom a certain outfit is so used to calling just plain Doc.

PHONES MUST STAY PUT

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—The Postmaster General's order prohibiting extensions of telephone service and the installation of new phones promptly started astute financiers to work offering to transfer their existing telephone leases to others for fat profits.

WILSON

8 RUE DUPHOT Telephone: Gutenberg 01-95. The SMALLEST but SMARTEST UMBRELLA SHOP IN PARIS

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LE SAVON

565 VAUT DE L'OR BATH SOAP—SHAVING STICK—SOLD EVERYWHERE

LOST ENGINEERS NURSE DOUGHBOY UNDER HUN'S NOSE

Continued from Page 1 counted three, and tossed them at the German gun crew nearby.

BIG NEW YORK CROPS

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—New York State promises immense crops this autumn, thanks to the aid of the farmerettes, the tractors, and the male farm volunteers.

PRESIDENT TO BOOM LOAN

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—President Wilson will make a three weeks' tour of the United States on behalf of the Fourth Liberty Loan. He may go as far as the Pacific Coast.

MARNE ANNIVERSARY OBSERVED AT MEAUX

Wreaths Are Presented by Gen. Pershing and "The American Soldier"

WHITMAN LEAD IS 150,000

Kentucky Governor Out for Senatorship—Row Over Michigan Campaign Expenditures

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—Attorney-General Merton E. Lewis of New York was snowed under in the Republican primaries by Governor Whitman who won the gubernatorial nomination by over 150,000 votes.

Women's Council in G.O.P.

The Republicans have organized a women's national council, to act with the Republican National Committee, headed by Mrs. McMill McCormick of Illinois as chairman.

Pyrene

PHILLIPS & PAIN FIRE-ENGINEERS 1 Rue Talbouth, PARIS

ALWAYS WEAR 'SWAN-STRIPE' Pyjamas.

Known throughout the world as SWAN-STRIPE PYJAMAS

WILL NOT SHRINK

We Pyjama the World.

HOTEL PLAZA ATHENE

25 AVENUE MONTAIGNE, PARIS

HOTEL D'ALBE

CHAMPS-ELYSEES AND AVENUE GEORGES V. PARIS

FAMILY HOTEL, 7 Avenue President Wilson.

Soldiers, to Learn French Get the English & French DICTIONARY

For ACTIVE SERVICE WEAR

"AZA" KHAKI SHIRTS

They are exceptionally beautiful and comfortable. Will stand any amount of rough wear, and are noted for their durability, softness, and unobtrusive quality.

VAUT DE L'OR

BATH SOAP—SHAVING STICK—SOLD EVERYWHERE

Jewellers

Military Jewellery

THE Military Jewellery made by the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company is of finest quality, and is the best value obtainable.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD

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MANY WOMEN WIN IN NEW YORK PRIMARIES

Fifteen Gain Nominations on Democratic and G.O.P. Tickets

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NO SPEED, LIMIT AT SHRAPNEL CORNER

Signboard at Death Bend Says: "Don't Stop to Think It Over"

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THE 'TANK COMMANDER' We caused 'some' stir among our boys when we first rumbled up, but we created more stir when we had a look round Fritz's sleeping quarters.

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

NEW A.S.C. ADOPTS STRAY UNITS OF TROOPS IN FRANCE

Corps Just Formed Takes in Lonely Detachments of Special Services

DEPARTMENT TO BE LARGER

Prisoner of War Companies, War Risk Section, Cement Workers in New Branch

The orphaned units of the A.E.F.—those detachments of troops that have been serving apart at highly specialized tasks and connected only incidentally by the report system with one of the recognized Army departments, such as the Q.M.C.—have come under the wing of a common parent.

The Army Service Corps is now officially a part of the A.E.F. under G.O. 38, Hqs., S.O.S., and the following parts of the Army which hitherto have been suffering from the nobody-loves-us feeling are designated as composing the new corps:

- Headquarters Battalion, S.O.S.
- Headquarters Detachment, Renting, Requisition and Claims Service.
- Headquarters Detachment, Central Prisoner of War Enclosure.
- Prisoner of War Escort Companies.
- Administrative Labor Companies.
- Labor Bureau.
- War Risk Section.
- Cement Mills Companies.

List Will Grow Longer

The main object of the grouping of all these branches in the new corps is the gain in administrative efficiency.

The list of adopted children of the Army Service Corps is going to grow longer, the general order promises. The transfer of other organizations and services to the new corps will be announced from time to time and the organization of detachments of the A.S.C. for specific duties will be authorized as occasion requires. Many activities now included under the Q.M.C. may eventually come under the A.S.C.

The A.S.C. of the British Army handles the distribution of food supplies, and as one of its tasks conducts the canteen system of the B.E.F., a system that has reached high development, with the canteens at bases, hospitals, and front line points stocked almost as fully as a high grade grocery or delicatessen shop in peace times.

S.O.S. Headquarters officers point to the prisoner of war companies and the labor companies as illustrating the detachment of many organizations from the big departments of which they had been nominally a part. The soldiers guarding the prisoners of war are usually stationed at isolated P.W. camps. In the case of the labor companies, seven or eight non-commissioned officers may be stationed at some out-of-the-way post in charge of several hundred Chinese laborers or stevedores from our own South.

Big Demand for Cement

The Cement Mills companies operate mills often far removed from other troops, and their work has assumed unusual importance as the demand for cement in making gun emplacements, pill boxes and dugouts for the American Army grows.

Y.M. SECRETARIES TO BE EXAMINED

Men Between 21 and 31 Found Fit Must Enter Service

In line with its policy "not to retain or allow to enter into its service secretaries of draft age unless they hold Army medical certificates rejecting them for active Army service on the ground of physical disability," the Y.M.C.A. has ordered all secretaries between 21 and 31 to present themselves at once to the nearest Army medical officer for examination.

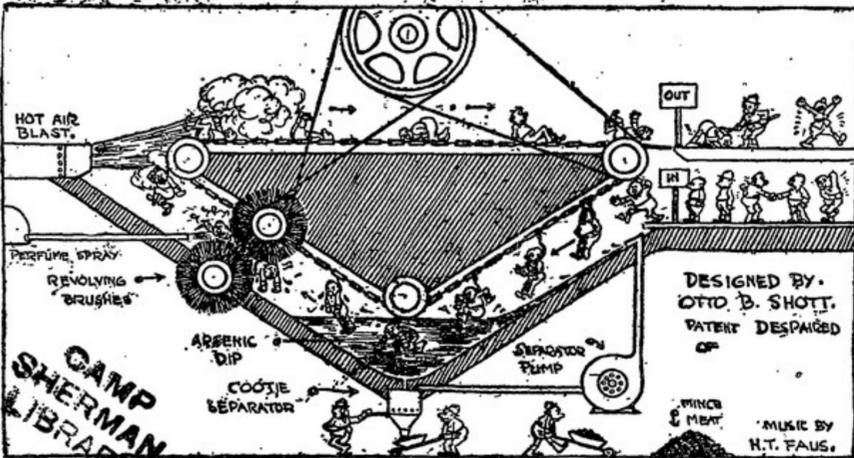
Those unwilling to submit to examination will be returned to the States at once. All those examined and passed will be given 30 days in which to enlist, and after that period, if they have not enlisted, they will be returned to the United States.

BREWERIES TO CLOSE DEC. 1

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—The Administration has issued a decree that all breweries must close December 1, and has warned manufacturers of other drinks, including soft drinks, that the demand for labor, transportation, fuel and material by war industries probably will cut down their output.

The Senate Agricultural Bill with the dry rider is still in conference in the House, but drink loyalists entertain faint hopes of anything fatal or moistening happening.

WELL, MAYBE THEY'LL DO IT THIS WAY YET



SCANDAL DUG UP IN ORPHAN FUND, JEAN IS GUILTY

Lucienne's Forty Francs a Month Helps to Feed Hungry Doughboys

SEVEN MORE ARE ADOPTED

Mother Back in States Takes Two in Honor of Her Own Boys Fighting Here

TAKEN THIS WEEK

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| S.S.U. — Convois Autos..... | 1 |
| Co. D. — Engrs..... | 1 |
| Mrs. W. L. Shafer, Pottsville, Pa. | 2 |
| Miss M. S. Calvert, Jersey Shore, Pa. | 1 |
| Co. E. — Inf..... | 1 |
| Miscellaneous Fund..... | 1 |
| Previously adopted..... | 488 |
| Total..... | 496 |

Between the cup and the lip—etc. Also, by the same token, there is many a silyb between expending something over 40 francs a month on a French war orphan and keeping tabs on where the money goes or, at least, where go the things that the money buys.

Company G, Engineers, will be duly shocked at the disclosure of an investigation made into the domestic affairs of their war orphan mascot by the Red Cross committee charged with supervising the expenditure of funds collected for the A.E.F. war orphans through THE STARS AND STRIPES. Company G's orphan has—but here is the scandal in full.

Little Lucienne Riedacher is six years old. In 1914 the Germans took possession of her home and birthplace, and a few months later she, her brother Jean, a year older, and her mother were shipped, with a trainload of other refugees, westward into France beyond the ken of the invader.

Father Dies Fighting

In 1915 her father, fighting staunchly at the front, was killed. Lucienne's mother went to work and earned enough to support herself and children until last spring, her health impaired, she could work no more.

This summer, fatherless, homeless, the outlook for the future of the Riedacher children and their mother could not but look dismal. And then, suddenly, it changed. Lucienne was selected as one of the mascots of the A.E.F. Company G, Engineers, adopted her and 40-odd francs a month began to come in regularly. By the third month Lucienne and her brother were going to school and their mother, whether mental relief or business even in the matter of the biggest Army center. This unit is in charge of the maintenance of the big buildings which house all the great departments of the Army's S.O.S.

Enlisted men of the organizations grouped in the A.S.C. keep their present grades in the transfer.

HINDENBURG LINE IS PIERCED ON FLANKS

British in North, French in South Break Strongest Resistance

ALLIES CLOSE ALL ALONG

Germans, Losing Seven-Eighths of Gains, Have Big Job Explaining Disaster at Home

The week that ended Wednesday, September 11, saw the British and French still advancing, in the face of increasing resistance, until they had in many cases regained the positions from which they were driven in March and in still other cases have gone beyond them.

The Allied front now roughly parallels the Hindenburg line, from which its average distance, from west of Cambrai to the turn southwest of Laon, is between 3 and 4 kilometers. In the north, however, the British have already gone through the Hindenburg position on a front of 20 kilometers, and in the south, east of Coency, the French are also across it along a stretch of 7 kilometers. It is at these extremes of the line that the enemy has been resisting with greatest stubbornness.

The retreat from the Vesle is being carried out with equal stubbornness. Americans are here continuing to cooperate in the pursuit of the retreating Hun.

What Germans Still Hold

To regard the recent series of attacks as a finished operation simply because the communications are once again recording only reciprocal artillery activity would be to view the strategic position falsely, but it is fair to summarize here the results they have achieved, even though forecasts are not in order.

The Germans still retain, of the miles of terrain won in their desperately expensive attacks of March, April, May, June and July, only a narrow strip of ground south of Ypres, another narrow strip from Cambrai to the Forest of St. Gobain, and the valley of the Alsne and the dominating position of the Chemin des Dames behind it.

In figures, this represents probably the relinquishing of seven-eighths, perhaps more, of the ground they won in a series of attacks so tremendous that the German hosts had to stop for breath, and a long breath, after each parried lunge.

The defeat has confronted the German High Command with a double quandary, for it has had not only to meet the victorious shock of the Allied advance, but also to explain it somehow as a successful strategic operation on the German side to the people at home. There is every evidence, however, that the explanations have not got over, and that the gravity of the situation of the German army as it has never been appreciated before.

The Allied forces in Siberia, aiding the Czech-Slovaks, have made steady progress against the Austro-German-Bolshevik troops during the past few days.

SERVICE INSIGNIA GOING BACK TO Q.M.

Non-Coms Will Hereafter Wear Chevrons Without Decorations

Fashion note for sergeants, corporals and lance jacks: Crossed flags, the eagle and wheel, the flaming bomb and the caduceus will not be worn in embroidered patterns under the chevron on the right arm in non-com circles this fall.

The insignia of arm of service on all chevrons for sergeants, corporals and lance corporals will be eliminated, under G.O. 24, Hqs. S.O.S. Medical Department, Q.M.C., Signal Corps and Ordnance insignia will be carefully removed from all chevrons now in possession of troops and turned in to the nearest Q.M. supply depot. In future, requisitions for chevrons for the three grades named will not designate the arm of service.

This order follows one issued this spring directing that chevrons be worn on the right sleeve only.

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SUNDAY JOY RIDES STILL ON DECLINE

Illinois Uses Only Five Per Cent of Normal Gas Supply

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Sept. 12.—Our consciences reduced to gallons equal six million gallons of gasoline, according to the statistical sharp estimate of the saving by the first motorless Sunday east of the Mississippi.

Illinois leads with an almost angel-white soul, having saved 95 per cent of the gasoline usually burned on a normal Sunday. Ohio sits close up next to the throne, with 93 per cent saved. Wisconsin saved 91 per cent, and a certain eastern State which shall not be named further than it is said that this dispatch is filed in it stood 20th of the 25 States, having saved only 73 per cent.

As the press of this unnamed State has made gloomy and pessimistic remarks about Wisconsin ardor in the war, this comparative record has hit its pride hard, and on the second fuel-saving Sunday the police of a certain large port on the Atlantic were ordered to take names and addresses of everybody who motored. They were ordered to be very polite and explain that anybody could motor if he liked, but they got those names just the same.

Judging from observation of the busiest motor center in the city, this little accelerator of conscience produced results. Many men reported seeing less than a half dozen motors during the day, and these were bearing signs explaining they were on business of urgent necessity.

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The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1918.

A COOK

Following is the D.S.C. citation of Cook Harry C. Rickett, Inf.: He maintained his kitchen at Chateau-de-la-Fort, near Villers-sur-Pass, France, on July 28-29, 1918, during a bombardment so intense as to drive all other kitchens out of the village.

WHEN IN ROME

The French people have always been extremely forgiving towards us for our national shortcomings. They do not expect us to grow Frenchified by living and fighting with them. We do some things differently, both of us. But we, as Americans, could journey nowhere over the globe and find national traits so nearly alike.

No one asks us to become French, even to act French while we are here. But there is one French custom which, as a mark of common respect, we ought to adopt. It is one on which the French feel strongly, one which high and low, rich and poor, honor alike.

WHAT IT MEANS

The President is speaking. He has just signed the new man-power bill calling into the draft all Americans between the ages of 18 and 45. We solemnly purpose a decisive victory of arms and deliberately devote the larger part of the military man power of the nation to the accomplishment of that purpose.

It is a statement that rings round the world. It means death to the hopes of the pacifists, death to the schemes after an inconclusive peace, death to German autocracy.

It means that America and her Allies will fight on until victory for world liberty is won. It means that America has set her hand to a task from which recall will not be sounded until the Allied flags of Right have triumphed over the banners of Teutonic Darkness.

STAY WITH IT, OLD MAN

The Crown Prince seems to be struggling with a man-size idea. It is, apparently, too big for him to assimilate all at once, but the wherewithal to aid this mental digestion is at hand and there is hope that he will grasp it in the not too distant future. The Crown Prince has confirmed the suspicion which has been gaining evidence lately—that Germany is fighting on the defensive.

The fact that the Crown Prince is able to review the disaster of his personally conducted July 15 offensive, look at the map of recent Allied gains, receive the news of the now daily German retreat, and make the deduction that Germany is on the defensive is a triumph of reasoning of which the whole Hohenzollern family should be proud.

The prince qualifies his conclusion with the statement that the German situation isn't precarious. He still sees victory ahead. He talks like a 35-year-old pugilist has-been who still thinks he can lick the world's champion.

If the prince is cautious, though, and doesn't go too fast to overtax his imperial brain, he may follow the train of reasoning to a logical end and attain the conclusion—also gaining credence lately—that Germany's situation is precarious—and extremely likely to get worse.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

The casualty list is the nation's roll of honor. It is not a "feature" designed to boom newspaper circulation. We feel constrained to state this perfectly obvious fact because in a current newspaper trade journal we find Mr. Frank S. Newell, circulation manager of the Cincinnati Post, quoted as saying that as the casualty list "has a certain

news value which in turn produces a certain circulation increasing value, I think every circulation manager should insist upon having a definite place for the list every day.

Every American newspaper worth the name prints the casualty list of course as part of its duty toward the nation it serves. Any newspaper which looks at the casualty list merely as a revenue-getter had better shut up shop, for it is not American, nor human, but merely sordid to the point of shamelessness.

THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS

Except to those who had been following the progress of the gallant Czecho-Slovaks in Siberia as they battled for their common cause against German and Bolshevik, the news that the United States had formally recognized the Czecho-Slovak nation meant but little.

Forced against their will to take up arms for the hated tyrant, Austria, the Czechs and Slovaks made prisoners by the Russians saw in the revolution of last year a chance to take their part in the struggle for world liberty. Today they constitute an important factor in the shaping of our campaign in the Far East.

Deprived of their independence since the Battle of the White Mountain in 1620—the very year when the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth—the Czecho-Slovaks of the provinces of Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia and Silesia, though hedged in by Germans and Magyars who hated and oppressed them, have never ceased to keep before their eyes the vision of a nation once again its own master, worthy of the glorious past when it held all Europe at bay for 20 years—when its beautiful capital, "Golden Prague," with its famed university, was the shining light of middle Europe.

The nation had the liberal aspirations of its own John Huss, renowned as a champion of political as well as of religious freedom. This vision was before them when, during the present war, at a time when things looked dark for the Allied cause, they made their great declaration in the face of Austrian persecution.

"We take," said the Czecho-Slovaks, "the side of the fighting Slav nations and their Allies, without regard to victory or defeat, because right is on our side." As comrades we welcome them into the great and goodly partnership of those who fight for the right of all nations, great and small, to decide their own destinies, to shape their own futures.

UNION

A woman of the North who has spent many years in the South has this to say in a personal letter that has just come to France: "I am glad that I was here when the war broke. You see, a Yankee still had a cloven hoof and a spiked tail, down here in Arkansas. But the war has done what years had failed to do and done it in a matter of months. This country is just one flame of loyalty. Here and there is a draft dodger or a slacker or a disloyal utterance, but his shrift is short. 'Our flag, our country!'—this from women whose fathers and grandfathers fought for the stars and bars.

Arkansas farmers went to Ohio, to Iowa, to Illinois and Wisconsin this summer on better farming trips. They wrote to the papers about it afterwards. Not only splendid farmers, but most hospitable. Treated us royally. Agreeably surprised. Want to go again.

"And now the women don't want to call our soldiers Sammies. 'The boys just hate it,' said one the other day, secretary of the local U.D.C. 'It is such a sissy name! They're YANKS, that's what they are. That sounds like a man. We're all YANKS, everyone of us today.'

"The Arkansas Gazette, the most influential paper in the State, uses that formerly hated word in the headlines, adopts it, glories in it. Yes, we've got a country now."

LISTEN TO THE BAND

The decision that the Army's bandmen are not to be used as stretcher bearers, except in cases of extreme urgency, was not made at the bandsmen's request. It does not mean that conductors, clarinetists and bass drummers are too good to carry their wounded comrades off the field. Nobody is too good for that.

It must be remembered that these musicians came into the Army as musicians. If everyone in O.D. were used only in his peace time occupation, there would be no one to bear arms. The musicians, however, are in the service designedly to make music, because music has a definite military value, because music is an essential part of the Army's spiritual equipment, and it is so recognized by those whose business it is to build up a fighting force to the maximum of effectiveness.

OVERCHARGING

The A.E.F. knows and appreciates the fact that authorities of the French Government, as well as local officials in centers where many American troops are stationed, are doing all in their power to prevent exorbitant charges for goods sold to soldiers.

It is a condition to which the soldier is peculiarly sensitive, not so much because he objects to the extra sons or francs, but because they hate to be played for a sucker. For the sake of France, it is only fair to say that it is a condition that is not peculiar to any one country.

Overcharging in towns and cities near the great cantonments in the States has grown to the proportions of a nation-wide scandal. A camp paper in the Middle West, a copy of which has just reached this side, devotes its front page to an account of a running fight between its editor, a lieutenant, and the local chamber of commerce, which denied the figures used in comparing town prices with those that prevailed at the post exchange and Q.M. stores. The town figures were secured by two privates who visited the town and entered every store catering to soldiers with a payday look on their faces.

The great god Greed is not a national divinity.

The Army's Poets

THE MACHINE GUN

Anywhere and everywhere, It's me the soldier's love, Underneath a parapet, Or perched on a machine, Backing up the barrage fire, And always wanting more; Chewing up a dozen disks To blast an enemy corps; Cracking, splittin', demon-like, Bent-riven through and through— Pussy, mussy Lewis gun— Three heroes for a crew!

Advocate of peace am I, Which same some won't admit; Say! I'd like to see the crowd Come out and do their bit! Out to where the boys have died, That peace on earth might come Sooner than if He above Had bused His hopes on some! Whimper not, my friends, when men Have holy work to do, Tuning up the Victrola gun— Three heroes for a crew!

Anywhere and everywhere, From Laos to Ispahan, Yankee, Poltu, Tommy's Been with me to a man. Pacifist and fighter, too, I care not where I go, Crashing, sunning at the lines That shield the common foe. Anywhere and everywhere, Bent-riven through and through— Pussy, mussy Browning gun— Three heroes for a crew!

Corp. Albert Jay Cook.

OUR ANSWER

They jeered at us in bitter, scornful rage, They thought their flaunted strength would make us yield, Forgetting that we won our heritage With brave men's blood on many a battle-field.

They said our craven sons would not face death, They did not know our latent, untamed power; They held us lightly as a feeble breath— That comes and goes, forgotten in an hour. They did not know how rightfully we prize The liberty for which our fathers bled; But now they see with anxious, fearful eyes, A wretched manhood, that was never dead; Our cannons' roar gives answer to their jeers, The only answer that the vandals fears.

Pvt. Geo. E. Parker, Inf.

FOR BACK-HOME LEGISLATORS

If the States go prohibition ere the year that we go home, And from Oakland to Hoboken are honeydew, I will hide my time till muster out; then once again I'll roam And across the blooming ocean I will lie, But I won't have any revellé aboard the blooming ship.

Nor will I be boat drill whenever there's a squall, For by that time all the submarines will sure have got the pip, And I won't mind being seasick—not at all! There's a farm not far from Somewhere, where we used to see our boys, And I know that I can buy it for a song; There are pigs and geese aplenty, and the village church's chime Rings the hours and the quarters all day long.

But my banker for the simple life is not because of these, But because of thirst—the means which thirst to quell I shall find upon my petite ferme as easy as And you bet that I won't find it in the well! For the farm has vine-clad hillsides, and its luscious fruit I'll tend Till the time is ripe for pressing into vin, And if I can be patient for a dozen years, I can pull off quite some party there—oh, man!

Let the others marry Daisy, and the rest sing "Home, Sweet Home," An oasis 'neath the palm I happily remain If the States go dry and dreary—and be quite prepared to show 'em On my vineyard-covered acres in Lorraine!

THE ARDITI

O I ain't a poet or a soldier, 'Tain't 'I've forgot my rhyme or two, And when I'm a wee bit older, I'll be packin' a gun with you. But I seen yer bits in the paper 'bout all them heroes in France, And, say, side of the guys I've seen down here, Your heroes ain't got a chance! I'm talkin' 'bout a real hero—hunch— And I'll be what they're called, And they're the reason I gotta hunch, That the Austrian drive has stalled, They ain't the nobles of great renown, Like youse read about in books, They're the guys from the roughest part of France.

If a feller can judge from looks, But it's not where they're from or who they are That matters a damn just now; They're helms a lot toward winnin' the war, And they're showin' the Austrians how, When the Fritzies see the Arditi come, They run like hell for their lives, For though these daggers carry no gun, They have three devilish knives.

With one in his mortar and one in each hand, I'll be at the top, And there isn't a Boche in all Deutschland Who ain't scared stiff of this wop. So sing o' your heroes who fight for France: Sing loud, for your success is mine, But don't be you get the chance, Make room for this song o' mine, Herbert Henry Darling, Jr., A.R.C. Amb. Ser., Milan, Italy.

THE GIRL OF GIRLS

When the war god reached out his talons And showed me the way to the fray, My sweethearts shed tears by the gallons— There was weeping and gnashing that day. Don't blame them for crying 'til babies; I'm surprised they recovered at all, 'Cause sure I made a hit with the ladies, Just one look at me and they'd fall. Take Evelyn or Peggy or Jennie— They surely were there with the looks, And I've never regretted a penny I blew in on flowers and books.

And Mildred—that kid was a thriller, A complexion like peaches and cream; She was sweeter than Marilyn Miller, And Phyllis—oh, boy, what a dream! And now that I'm over the ocean, I remember them each by their smile; But there's one who gets all my devotion, And I'm thinking of her all the while. When my clothes need mending and scrubbing, And only one sock I can find, And my knickerbockers swollen with rubbing, Why Phyllis, you're in my mind.

My thoughts are for one who is dearer Than Phyllis or Reggy or Mae; Each day she seems nearer— And she's the people, but smiling and gay, Corp. Howard A. Herty, Co. B, 1st Army Hq.

ODE TO OUR MESS

Do you mind the hard times we were wont to endure, If wife served up a tough steak; How shocking we were, said nasty things— Sure, At the least "overweight" in ma's cake? Disgusted were we with Tony, the Greek, If his menu lacked aught of variety; "Same old steak," we would say, week after week, For we were fed up to satiety. But the times, they have changed, opportunities, too, And today we could do with some lamb, And a stew would sniff good, to me and to you.

You bet, we would all "give a damn!" He's not a good sport who would set up a squeal, We don't want to discourage Fred Kniffin, In the c's, he said, the most of us feel, Old man, your meals they are "spiffin." But when we get back and we hit the old town, 'Twill sure be a hulluva-fuss— At meal time, when we are getting things down, Ma will have to be careful of us, John K. Smyth, A.F.C.



"—to make the peoples of the world secure against every such power as German autocracy represents!" —Woodrow Wilson Washington, D.C., Sept. 1, '18.

AT A BASE HOSPITAL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: A few remarks heard at one of our new Base Hospitals:

Patient: "Nurse, tell me what these pills 'll do; that salmon we had yesterday's 'goner poison us all." Nurse: "Huh! I had salmon too. I got up at 6 a. m. and I'm feeling fine; get up out of bed and you'll feel better."

Patient No. 2: "I'm gonner see the C.O. about the grub they dish out here and we're supposed to be sick men too. I ain't ate nothin' in three days now; if they'd gimme my clothes back, I'd get out of here."

Patient who is able to go for his chow: "There wuz four files in the plate handed to me, and when I tried to wash it the mess sergeant said 'Whaddye means by holdin' up the line? What that guy needs is promotion nearer the front.'"

Patient No. 4: "What's that the Cap'n said? No patient allowed to go fifteen feet from the ward? I see 'm keepin' 'm tied up in this place!"

Sick Soldier: "Yep, it's the only place God made complete—New York." Nurse from near Chi: "You've never been to Chicago; I can see that." (and then they rag one another for the next 'steeen minutes.)

Patient: "I'm gonner ask for a transfer to the brig. I might have a little freedom there." Patient No. 7: "If they keep us here much longer, they'll have to send us to a hospital." (Cheers.)

Patient No. 8: "Nurse, what's good for pans in the heart?" Nurse: "A furlough home." Patient No. 8: "You win." Patient No. 9: "I know a doctor who would make a fine horseshoer."

Patient minus some toes: "I'd like to see 'em try to dress it without givin' me a shot. I ain't gonner stand for that." Patient No. 10: "The first three nights I was here I couldn't sleep. I kept beggin' 'em to give me a shot, but nothing doing. The fourth night I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and fifteen minutes later the wardmaster wakes me up and says, 'Here's a sumphin' that'll put yer to sleep!' And some folks say 'Don't fuss; be the man your mother thinks you are.'"

Nurse: "Who'll help me carry this mattress outside?" Patient minus leg: "I will." Another person in pajamas: "Nurse, what class 'm I in, D. C. B. or A?" Nurse: "What are you trying to do, gold-brick it?"

A blue patient: "Here I am dyin', and I'll bet that Jane of mine is doli'n Broadway with some slacker! I don't wish him any hard luck, but—"

Patient No. 20: "Here comes that sweepin' detail again!" Bugle sounds in the distance. "And listen at the bugle calls. I thought we had graduated from that kind of war."

Still another patient: "I see they're gettin' 'em from 18 to 45 now; they ought to send them over too sweet; learnin' squads east and west ain't gonner do 'em a damn bit of good."

Patient minus arm, in severe pain most of the time: "Nothing. We've been through benzedon hell, and now we're spendin' a short vacation in heaven; get a soldier must grumble. He always longs to be where he ain't, and when he gets there, it's 'Where do we go from here, boys?'" The gift edition was received yesterday. We thank you, all of us. Sgt. SOLL MOSESKY, M.G. Co., — Inf.

LIBERTY BONDS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have been hearing recently of soldiers who wanted to go on leave and who were trying to sell their Liberty Bonds at bargain counter prices, some of them offering \$50 bonds for \$40. The purpose of the Liberty Bonds is to furnish our Uncle Samuel with the money necessary to win the war. A man could put a million dollars into second-hand Liberty Bonds at 20 per cent discount, and he would not have furnished one cent to help win the war, for the simple reason that Uncle Samuel had already received the money for those bonds, and it is a foregone conclusion that the man who has sold them at a loss of \$10 on each bond is not going to take the money and buy more bonds at par from the Government.

Back home the man who charges two cents a pound too much for sugar is called a profiteer, and held up to the scorn of the whole community for having his shop closed and huge placards tacked up announcing why. Wouldn't the man, then, who has money to put into Liberty Bonds, but instead of buying them in the right way, takes advantage of another man's temporary need for money to cheat him out of \$10 and the Government out of \$50 be a profiteer, and more?

STILL ON THE JOB

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: It seems proper that your paper should bring to the attention of members of the American I.L.P. the advisability of warning their friends back in the States not to swallow anything and everything in the shape of disquieting rumors and to avoid writing to Americans in France letters which will be likely to depress them. Warning might also be given against repeating "line tips," rumors of the "ain't it awf'ul" type, etc.

Not only adults but school-children should be given to understand that when the circulation of such matter comes to their notice, they should trace it to its source, or as near there as practicable, and if the offending party does not promise to quit, or a stranger or known enemy sympathizer is involved, the matter should be reported to the nearest United States attorney, or to the Department of Justice at Washington. While the bulk of the country is without a doubt enthusiastically back of the Allied cause, the German propagandists are still on the job, and unrelied vigilance is the duty of everyone.

A few days ago I received a letter from a village in the center of the hunting grounds of a certain organization in the Northwest which shows the result of local neglect in such matters. Absolutely no question of German ancestry or intentional disloyalty is involved in this case. In addition to purely personal matter, and in a total of less than 600 words, the following points were covered:

- 1. Regret at my coming to France. 2. Belief that my wife misses me more than I realize or she will admit. 3. Inability of women to understand "man's delight" in war. 4. Statement that "over 6,000 have now died in training camps in the United States." 5. Mention of the funeral of one of the first boys to leave the village for camp. 6. Fear that my brother-in-law will fall an easy prey to pneumonia. 7. "Saw in a paper" that a writer in China announced the pneumonia cases in the camps to be "in form of the old black death that they had in the 15th century." 8. Our being in the war indicates deficient civilization and lack of Christianity. 9. Inability to comprehend that good may come from the present war. 10. Argument against barring German language from the public schools.

It is almost entirely by the vigilance of individuals in their everyday conversation and correspondence that the efforts of enemy agents to undermine the morale of the nation can be neutralized. Members of the American I.L.P. who are at loss to find something censor-proof to write in their letters cannot put this matter up to their home folks any too strongly.

T. J. MEAN, Office Chief Engineer.

HE LIKES "AMEX"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: The other day I received a letter from a French girl who had asked me what name I preferred in place of the much condemned "Sammy." I told her I preferred "Amex," and very prettily she pointed out that "Amex" is so much like the French word "amis," meaning friends.

Let us adopt "Amex"; it stands for all America has sent forth to win her battles. "Yank" is virile enough, but as the French girl put it, before the war it was used in a sort of contempt, "as rough as a Yankee." Do you get the point?

Pvt. MEYER AGES, M.D., — Engrs. ["Amex" failed to get over, probably because it was so obviously a manufactured word, even more so than "Sammy." Yank is not only virile, but it has stuck. The simile, "as rough as a Yankee," which very likely was a pretty well-deserved rebuke to the rapacious tourist whose absence from France is now so happily noticeable—did not gain general currency, perhaps for the reason that it, too, was manufactured. It is interesting in this connection to note that the French-Canadians have a verb, *se yankifier*, which means "to become a Yankee." Thus, *il s'est yankifié* would be translated, "He has gone to live in the United States."—Editor.

IMPERISHABLE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: While occupying a quiet sector a young officer and I were wandering about the trenches and thinking of far off home. Presently we came to a spot where we could look out into No Man's Land and not be seen, and there were growing there some beautiful blue flowers, ignorant of war and apparently happy and contented.

We decided to have them, and so crawled out and picked them, and later in letters we sent them home with our own little story. Mine went to Pennsylvania, and the other officer's flowers went to far off Texas.

The following little poem came back from Texas to the other officer from his dear mother. It is no other than a loving mother who could place these words together, and if they mean anything to you, you are privileged to publish them.

Blue columbine from far-off France, Sent me, my son, by you; It takes me overseas, lad This bit of blooming blue. I see you now 'mid battle scenes— My heart keeps close to you. It forms another link between— This bit of blooming blue. And now when skies are downcast, With clouds gray through and through, I'll still have this from out the past— A bit of blooming blue. Lt. L. N. D. MITCHELL, — M.G. Bn.

FROM SAN ANTONIO

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: It is with the greatest pleasure that I send you a few words of greetings from San Antonio, the town that loves all soldiers. Having a dear son in France makes THE STARS AND STRIPES doubly dear to me. He sends it to me each week.

PACKAGES FROM HOME

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: The express purpose of this letter is to set forth a proposition which seems to be heartily favored by the big majority of officers and enlisted men of this detachment.

The proposition is this: That the forwarding of newspapers from the United States to troops in France be discontinued and that in place of the newspapers, the people at home be permitted to send packages with a limit of, say, three pounds. Nothing to be allowed to be sent unless written for by the soldiers and approved by their company commander. Also that magazines be included.

Our argument is that when the papers arrive here they are from one to two months old and that we get the biggest part of the news in the Paris editions of the papers printed over here. Also that if there is any special piece in the papers that one folk wish us to see they can clip it out and send it in a letter.

There is very little interest shown in the arrival of newspapers, of which we receive from one to four sacks with nearly every mail. The space taken up by the packages would not nearly equal that taken up by newspapers and would thereby save considerable tonnage.

The magazines of course are fully appreciated, in as much as if they are a month or two old when they reach us, the stories and articles are still new to us.

As quite often happens, our folks at home have little things that they would like to send the boys as presents on birthdays, and also there are things that one folk wish us to see although he can get them over here, he either hasn't the money or cannot get the quality he wishes.

We would be greatly pleased if you see fit to back this matter, if you would do all you could to help.

R. D. DALL, Corp., — Inf.

HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

From feeding the fires on one of those freight hogs which go pounding past the snow lines over the divide...

Roger Bowers was the first American soldier to drive a locomotive in France, and today, after one year on his 48-hour run between a base and the interior...

The men in the fields and the women in the farmhouses know the time when his big engine will come rolling along and they wave their hands to him...

At Transportation Department Headquarters they tell of the day an American engineer took an American locomotive and American freight cars equipped with air brakes out on the line...

The engineer had a glimpse of them dancing and waving their arms frantically as he put on the air and brought the train to the usual stop in front of the block.

For some time thereafter that engineer had the reputation of a medicine man, until the Frenchmen found out it was only mechanism that had stopped the train so quickly.

A prince of Prussia—genuineness guaranteed—who had raptured his way through Munich or Heidelberg, bullied poor old cobblers and kept up generally the standing of his house...

An American captain, an engineering designer, who had been born in Switzerland and spoke German perfectly, was trying to extract military information from the line of prisoners when at last the light in the rear lieutenant.

The Prussian made a noise deep down in his throat, and his lips shook with a rolling, guttural exclamation of disgust.

The Q.M.C. is shaking hands with itself again on this cargo-saving stunt. They're leaving the soup bones behind in the United States now, and refrigerator vessels are bringing tons of boneless beef to France.

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The people who know just how "we" did it, just what officer was "a bum to do like he done," just what officer or man "had it" when the pinch came, just how the plan of attack could have been bettered and what a shame it was "we" had to die in where we did when we had 'em on the run and could have pushed 'em right on to Sauekrantland, etc., etc., are the hospital orderlies and nurses.

They hear nothing else from morning to night, and they're always coming back for more.

The three of them were going on leave, and anxious to save as much as possible of their three-days' going-down time. They were traveling on an accommodation train which didn't go very fast anyway and which, on this particular day, was continually being shunted and shoved aside to allow other trains to pass.

"Bell fire and damnation!" stormed the grumpest of the three. "I don't mind being considered inferior to a horse, or a field kitchen, or a bunch of shels, or a load o' hay, or even a mule. But, by the jumping Judas, when they put you down as lower than via rouge, I call that laying it on a bit too thick!"

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

SHOWING THAT YOU ARE CONSIDERED GUILTY OF MATRIMONY UNTIL YOU ARE PROVED INNOCENT



"Some guy had put a sign up over my dugout"

Dear pal Henry: Well Henry if the colonel took all the top sergeants of this regt. out here somewhere and auctioned them off I wouldn't give dees soons for the best one he has got.

Henry since I come back from the casual camp I been insulted a dozen times I bet. Henry I'm a married man and I got 2 kids and I ain't been sending my wife any allotment and I didn't take no insurance out for her and she owes a grocery bill and a milk bill which she can't pay because of that.

Now Henry if I ever married anybody it would be Maggie and I guess I ain't got no show there anymore since that old snacker heck lawyer Timmons is taking her to dances and everything since I been over here in France.

Yesterday Henry the top calls me into his dugout and says Hey what you trying to pull off anyhow. Ain't you ever going to send that poor little wife of ours anything to live on.

Well Henry I nearly fell over dead. I ain't got no wife I says.

Don't lie to me the top says. You cough up your money and I'll take about ten years growth out of you.

Well Henry can you imagine that dam bully making me sign away a lot of money to some woman who ain't my wife and whose kids ain't mine.

Well Henry he took me over to the skipper and says to the skipper here's a bum who has got a wife and 2 kids and don't want to give her a red cent.

What's all this fuss about the skipper says.

It ain't about me I says I ain't got no wife and 2 kids.

Well how many kids have you got then the skipper says one or ten.

Well Henry that was a hell of a way for the skipper himself to talk to me.

MOTORCYCLES AID IN SPEEDING D.S.C.

Division Commanders May Bestow Cross on Seriously Wounded

Division commanders whose troops are in the line will be given a supply of Distinguished Service Crosses as one step in the plan announced in G.O. 144 to expedite the award and presentation of the decoration.

More than that, immediately after any considerable action, recommendations in the most worthy and well-attested cases deserving the cross will be sent to G.H.Q. by motorcycle message, addressed to the Personnel Bureau direct.

Arrived at G.H.Q., the recommendations will be acted on immediately, and a reply will be sent division commanders either stating that the C-in-C will himself present the crosses at a specified time within five days or authorizing division commanders to present them at once.

In all cases a certificate will be sent to G.H.Q., signed by the divisional chief of staff or adjutant general, stating that the cross has been presented and giving the name of each recipient and the number of his cross.

CONTROL POSTS AT WORK

To minimize the misuse of motor vehicles and to assist the Provost Marshal in the enforcement of the orders regarding travel and the use of motor cars for official purposes only, control posts have been established in the Advance Section, S.O.S., and other places.

A FEAT OF CENSORING

Sergeant David Proctor, of New York, actor and song writer, at present an M.P. in London, has just written a hymn entitled "The Kingdom of God," the words of which are by an aunt.

AERIAL OBSERVERS KEEP OLD RATINGS

Placed on Equal Footing With Other Air Service Officers

Aerial observers, upon successfully completing their training in Air Service schools, are to receive official rating as observers and be recommended in the Air Service in the same grades that they held in their own branches of the service, according to Bulletin 63.

This means that observers are placed on a footing of absolute equality with other officers of the Air Service as regards command, promotion and pay.

The observer personnel now attached to the Air Service will be given an opportunity to transfer to the Air Service. Those, however, who prefer to remain in their original arms will continue to serve with the Air Service until they can be replaced by Air Service personnel.

Officers promoted to grades in their arms above that of captain will be returned to their original organizations or given positions of responsibility in the Air Service suitable to their grades.

Officers in any branch of the Service who desire to be trained as aerial observers are asked to submit applications through proper channels, stating preference for airplane or balloon observation.

Commanding officers are asked to endorse on these applications their estimates of the applicants' qualifications.

KEEPING UP WITH MARINES

U.S. Marines in France who are in hospitals or on detached duty should furnish their names, rank, and state latest organizations to which attached, together with present addresses, to the Chief Paymaster, U.S. Marines, A.P.O. 702, in order that they may receive their pay and mail promptly.

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10 frs. (Postage 0fr. 25). This disc is supplied engraved to your order with name, Regimental No. and regiment. To obtain, please send P.O. value Frs. 10.25, with particulars very plainly written, to the above address.

SUNDAY PAPERS ECONOMIZE SPACE

News Concerns Only Facts of War, With Figures in Millions

AMERICA, Sept. 12.—The newspapers cut down their space Sunday, causing disaster to apartment house janitors, who thereby lose heavily on their opulent Monday revenue from the tons of waste paper, but there was no violent suffering otherwise.

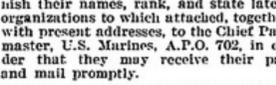
The Sunday papers still had space enough left to print full society items from France, and your charming entertainment of the visiting Germauns enables us to miss without a pang the romantic household hints and other thrilling Sunday features.

The newspapers haven't been needing much space anyway. During the past few months this country, except for war work, appears to have become as placid as a cow pasture. There has been almost a total dearth of murders, divorces and engaging swindlers.

The greater part of the newspapers reads like statistical Government reports on ships, coal, steel, money, men, everything in millions, encouraging but bewildering.

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HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C. 1.

HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

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You're Lucky to Be Able to Get

Lowney's Chocolates

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AT ALL ARMY AND Y.M.C.A. CANTEENS

They Supply that Bit of Sweet which no Mess can give. A Box of them will Take You Back Home.

BEST AT HOME

BEST IN FRANCE

WITH THE YANK EN PERM AT AIX-LES-BAINS

The American soldier at leisure has proved himself about as much of a success as the American soldier at the front.

Since the first American leave center was established and opened at Aix-les-Bains, on the edge of the French Alps, about last February, just one man of the thousands who have come, had their stay, and gone, has committed a breach of department regulations serious enough to warrant his being returned to his company.

And this man (an ambulance driver) after returning, abandoned his ambulance in No Man's Land, walked back to headquarters and announced that he was a fish, and is now under observation that his mental condition may be determined. So he, probably, shouldn't be counted.

The behavior of the men who have spent their leaves at Aix has been the most remarkable feature of the rather remarkable plan the American Army decided upon by which to provide rest places. For nearly half a year how the average run of the American Army has been passing through Aix—largely men fresh from strenuous weeks of hardship and mental strain at the front—and they not only have kept out of punishment, but they have joined the more or less exclusive circles of civilian guests on a basis of equality.

It is not because the where-withal isn't present. The cafes at Aix are as inviting—maybe a little more so—than the cafes in most other parts of France. They keep open a little later, and they are well patronized by visitors, including soldiers, but it hasn't resulted in a wave of drunkenness. The Y.M.C.A. has taken over the famous Aix Casino, and among other privileges, it sells lemonade at the canteen. Lemonade and beer are obtainable with equal facility, and the sales of lemonade average 3,000 glasses a day, something over one per man. Statistics on the beer and light wine consumption aren't available.

They are telling a story at Aix of two gentlemen who arrived a few weeks ago. They were there, they explained, to investigate social conditions. They had a series of blanks for recording statistics on the social shortcomings of the soldiers. They left with one entry—one drunk, believed insane.

Every soldier arrives at Aix with a grouch. Psychologists might supply a scientific explanation, but it seems to lay its hand on the all-night train ride which precedes arrival, a general suspicion that there must be a joker somewhere in the leave scheme, and the fact that Aix does not make its best impression from the depot.

Incoming soldiers are marched from the depot to the A.P.M. office, where they pass through a line, present their orders and receive their assignment to a hotel. The room assignment business renews the suspicion. The fact is that it is deemed necessary to avoid confusion, and there isn't supposed to be any difference in the rooms anyhow.

After that, the soldiers are expected to get the same treatment at the hotels as the guests. They get three meals a day (French breakfast—eggs extra), and eat 'em right off a china plate. By the morning of the second day in Aix the grouch disappears and doesn't return.

To a man just from the field, a bed

with sheets and an "up to your ears" French mattress is sometimes a thing not to be adapted too suddenly.

One scandalized landlady entered a soldier-guest's room one morning and found him sleeping on the floor wrapped up in the window curtain. It is doubtful if she comprehends his explanation yet.

Another soldier woke up, saw the sun coming in the window, dressed in two minutes, shaved in one, and rushed downstairs so as not to miss his breakfast. It was 4 p.m.

A third was discovered about the same

time of day propped up in bed smoking a pipe and reading a book.

"Why the flowery beds of ease—or are you sick," he was asked.

"I'm not getting up today," he said. "I had breakfast and dinner in bed and I gave the gargon a franc to bring up my supper. I wish the top could see me now."

Ordinarily a soldier doesn't appear at the leave center with any more baggage than the law allows. One man arrived with a pair of extra socks and a rifle. Why the rifle? This was his explanation:

"It's a souvenir. Oh, it still shoots all right, and I'm going to use it for the rest of the war, and after that—well, this is one rifle no supply sergeant is ever going to get a hold of."

He exhibited the stock. There was a nick in the inch deep at the top.

"Machine gun near Soissons. Shows how near a bullet can come without getting you."

Private Sharp was in the train, starting back to his unit. The train was running beside the River Rhone, broad, placid and beautiful.

"I know how to end this war quick," he said to his buddy. "Change the 0 in Rhone to an I, and get out and capture it."

"Oh, piffle!" said Buddy. "I've got a better idea than that. Go back to the States, capture Berlin, Conn., hang the stationmaster, and call the war off."

as Aix had seen since the beginning of the war, and when, one dismal day, they finally left, there was a delegation of several hundred at the depot to see them off. Civilian guests at the resort presented the band leader with a loving cup and other admirers were in attendance with other presents.

Just before the train started one dusky trombonist was seen in great mental distress. Openly and unabashed, he wept.

"You know," he said. "I've been cryin' since 6 o'clock this mornin'! Ah! don't ever want to leave here. Ah want to remain and do dis Christian Endeavor work."

Dances are held in the Casino every Saturday and Monday evenings. The male guests are soldiers and the female guests are made up of the Y.M.C.A. girls and women living in or visiting the town, who, to comply with Y.M.C.A. rules, put on Y.M.C.A. brassards and become, in effect, Y.M.C.A. workers for the evening. Introductions are considered superfluous.

Among the female dancers, during the last few weeks, have been many titled women—duchesses, countesses, and at least two princesses.

Many a doughboy the last few months has tripped the light fantastic (usually, on account of humiliated trench shoes, more fantastic than light) with a princess—and didn't know it.

By the way, here's an Aix breakfast

The regimental band of the Infantry (colored) arrived at Aix for a week's stay a couple of months ago, and was such a success that, on petition of the Y.M.C.A., the townspeople and the commandant of the leave area, their stay was continued a fortnight. The musicians gave concerts in the Plaza on Sunday and other afternoons, sang coon songs in the Casino in the evenings, played for dances, and split into jazz orchestras for all kinds of functions at all sorts of places.

It was about as big a social sensation

problem: When you come down in the morning and are served by a waiter in a full dress suit, do you call him a gargon or monsieur?

The new pay system which provides a paybook for every soldier is looked upon as the remedy which will solve most of the financial problems at Aix. The fractional pay feature will make it possible for a soldier to collect pay to date as soon as he arrives. It means, at the discretion of the leave area C.O., a payday for each incoming group, if need be.

Early in the history of Americans in Aix permissionnaires got into difficulties, and they borrowed money from a fund raised by Mrs. J. T. Anderson, of the Y.M.C.A., and wealthy American residents. This fund is exhausted now, and the treasurer asks that a gentle hint be passed to the borrowers that the quicker they make repayment the sooner will the touch fund be able to do business again.

At Aix, incidentally, the Government pays all hotel bills, including an allowance for tips. All a soldier has to spend money for is for extra—bicycle hire, a trip up Mount Revard, boat across the lake, a black necktie (houses aren't being worn), etc. Fifty francs will do it all for a moderately conservative spender.

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At the baths they put him in a tub which looks like the electric chair at Sing Sing and turned a hose on him. Then they put him into a steam room, into a cold room, back into the steam

LIBRAIRIE VIVienne
12 Rue Vivienne, PARIS
ALL FRENCH AND ENGLISH BOOKS

HOTEL BRIGHTON
PARIS
218 Rue de Rivoli
PLEASANT ROOMS WITH BATH
MODERATE PRICES

Established 1837 Incorporated 1858
BRISTOL Mfg. Co.
BRISTOL, Conn., U.S.A.

Knit Underwear
Shirts and Drawers
for the Army
Union Suits for the Civilian
"Sandman" Sleeping Garments
for the Children

Guaranty Trust Company of New York
announces the opening on
SEPTEMBER 16, 1918
of an Agency at
7 Rue Etienne Pallu, TOURS
for the Convenience of Members of the
American Expeditionary forces
Affords Americans the Services of an
American bank with American Methods
U. S. GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY

Capital and Surplus - - - - - \$50,000,000
Resources more than - - - - - \$600,000,000
NEW YORK PARIS LONDON
1 & 3 Rue des Italiens

ALFRED NELSON CO.
261 Fifth Avenue,
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Cable Address: 'ALFREDARE', NEW YORK
PARIS: MEYER & MORTIMER,
10 Rue de la Paix
LONDON: MEYER & MORTIMER,
36 Conduit St., W.
LIVERPOOL: WM. BAND & SON,
34 Lord St.

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

with sheets and an "up to your ears" French mattress is sometimes a thing not to be adapted too suddenly.

One scandalized landlady entered a soldier-guest's room one morning and found him sleeping on the floor wrapped up in the window curtain. It is doubtful if she comprehends his explanation yet.

Another soldier woke up, saw the sun coming in the window, dressed in two minutes, shaved in one, and rushed downstairs so as not to miss his breakfast. It was 4 p.m.

A third was discovered about the same

time of day propped up in bed smoking a pipe and reading a book.

"Why the flowery beds of ease—or are you sick," he was asked.

"I'm not getting up today," he said. "I had breakfast and dinner in bed and I gave the gargon a franc to bring up my supper. I wish the top could see me now."

Ordinarily a soldier doesn't appear at the leave center with any more baggage than the law allows. One man arrived with a pair of extra socks and a rifle. Why the rifle? This was his explanation:

"It's a souvenir. Oh, it still shoots all right, and I'm going to use it for the rest of the war, and after that—well, this is one rifle no supply sergeant is ever going to get a hold of."

He exhibited the stock. There was a nick in the inch deep at the top.

"Machine gun near Soissons. Shows how near a bullet can come without getting you."

Private Sharp was in the train, starting back to his unit. The train was running beside the River Rhone, broad, placid and beautiful.

"I know how to end this war quick," he said to his buddy. "Change the 0 in Rhone to an I, and get out and capture it."

"Oh, piffle!" said Buddy. "I've got a better idea than that. Go back to the States, capture Berlin, Conn., hang the stationmaster, and call the war off."

as Aix had seen since the beginning of the war, and when, one dismal day, they finally left, there was a delegation of several hundred at the depot to see them off. Civilian guests at the resort presented the band leader with a loving cup and other admirers were in attendance with other presents.

Among the female dancers, during the last few weeks, have been many titled women—duchesses, countesses, and at least two princesses.

Many a doughboy the last few months has tripped the light fantastic (usually, on account of humiliated trench shoes, more fantastic than light) with a princess—and didn't know it.

By the way, here's an Aix breakfast

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The new pay system which provides a paybook for every soldier is looked upon as the remedy which will solve most of the financial problems at Aix. The fractional pay feature will make it possible for a soldier to collect pay to date as soon as he arrives. It means, at the discretion of the leave area C.O., a payday for each incoming group, if need be.

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You buy endurance when purchasing "TOUSPORTS" PUTTEES
Four years' war experience has proved them. The most extensible, strongest and easy fastening. Holds the leg without slipping or compressing. One pair will be sent free of charge on receipt of postal order of Frs. 9.90 addressed to S. S. CHOMIER, Manufactureur at SAINT-ETIENNE (Loire).

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AMERICAN and ALLIED MILITARY UNIFORMS
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Twist Articles—Clothing and All Men's Furnishings
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HEAD OFFICE: 5 THREADNEEDLE ST., LONDON, E.C.2.
OVERSEAS BRANCH: 65 & 66 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.
Subscribed Capital - - - - - \$124,601,160
Paid-up Capital - - - - - 25,958,575
Reserve Fund - - - - - 21,726,205
2nd May, 1918
Deposits - - - - - \$1,150,152,925
Cash in hand and Balances at Bank of England 375,060,145
Money at Call and Short Notice - - - - - 41,402,610
Bills of Exchange - - - - - 116,526,615
Over 1000 Offices in the United Kingdom
SIR EDWARD H. HOLDEN, Bart., Chairman

Minute Tapioca Company
Orange, Mass.
From the Minute Man of '76 to the Minute Men of 1918 in France

COMRADES:
"No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me," is, I believe, the proper way for a man who has never written to a soldier before to begin his letter to him.

I know you will be surprised to hear from me but I am going to take the privilege of the old soldier and talk to the young ones. I am not going to give any advice though, and I am not going to tell you how much more stormy were the times of '76 than are the times of 1918. In the first place because you wouldn't agree with me, and in the second place, because you might be right after all.

So I will tell you a story of something that happened nearly one hundred and ten years ago, that may be kind of interesting to you.

In those days there weren't many newspapers and there weren't any railroads and it took a long time to make a trip and it took a long time for news to get from one place to another.

Along about the first of the year 1809, a man who lived in Boston, decided he would visit his brother who had gone to Kentucky many years before as a pioneer. It took him many weeks to make the trip by stage coach and horseback, and he arrived on his brother's farm, near Hodgenville, Kentucky, about the end of the second week in February.

Naturally, a man who had come all the way from Boston was a very interesting visitor to this little backwoods place, and they asked him a great many questions about what was going on in the world. "Well," he says, "about all the talk we hear back home is about a man named Napoleon who seems to be musing things up pretty bad over in Europe. This fellow Napoleon appears to be about the most important person in the world just now, and nobody talks about much of anything else. What's the news in your little town?"

"Oh," the natives told him, "nothing, such ever happens around here worth speaking of." Mrs. Tom Lincoln had a baby boy born yesterday. They are thinking of calling it Abraham, but that don't amount to nothing. Let's talk about this fellow Napoleon."

I don't know whether there is any moral to this story or not; unless it is that in the kind of democracy you boys are fighting for, the baby born in the backwoods cabin has the chance to grow into the greatest man in the world if he's got the stuff in him.

There's no telling how many of you who read this may some day be addressed as General. There's a mighty good chance that one of the boys who reads this will some day live in the White House; and maybe more of the boys than one. It's a great country, boys, and it gives men a chance to be great. I salute you.

THE MINUTE MAN OF '76

MARSHAL GREET'S
YANKS ON LEAVE
Y.M. Man and Sergeant
Lead Party of 60 Per-
missionnaires

For all of the stories of the unexpected and unusual which this war has produced, there haven't been many more unique military episodes than the one which took place in the Savoie leave area a few days ago.

Sixty American soldiers were quartered in the hotels of the little town of Challes-les-Eaux not concerned in anything more strenuous than chasing shade spots around during the day when General Joffre, Marshal of France, arrived there for a rest.

What the etiquette of the situation required was doubtful. None of the soldiers had ever seen the general, all were extremely anxious to, and all were keenly desirous of paying the homage that they, and the rest of the American Army, feel for the Marshal of France. Even the Army old timers couldn't quote a precedent in Philippine campaigns or on the Mexican border. A series of luscious conferences were held which disclosed these facts:

There wasn't a commissioned officer in the town.

Not one of the 60 spoke French.

The Y.M.C.A. man did.

Marshal Would Be Pleased
Would the Y.M.C.A. man help them out? He would. He brushed his hair, shifted his glasses, and called on the Marshal. He came back half an hour later. Marshal Joffre would be extremely pleased to review the American troops in front of his hotel.

A sergeant was chosen as C.O. The 60—and they were from every branch of the service—fell in, adjusted themselves according to height, counted off, did squads right for 15 minutes to get back into form and, headed by the sergeant and the Y.M.C.A. man-interpreter, presented themselves.

Marshal Joffre expressed a genuine pleasure at meeting them, spoke of the gratitude of France and the exploits of the American soldiers. At the conclusion he gave the Y.M.C.A. man 40 autographed briar pipes which were subsequently distributed as prizes at O.D. amateur nights in the Casino.

HOME FOR LOST BAGGAGE
The Q.M.O. has established a home for unclaimed baggage. Members of the A.E.F. who have lost baggage should make inquiry of the Depot Quartermaster, Salvage Division, Glévres, giving an accurate description and pertinent facts.

A central storage depot has been established at Glévres. Private property of officers and men which cannot accompany its owners to the field is to be packed and labeled with name, rank and organization and turned over to the division salvage squad for shipment to Glévres.

Personal property of officers and men who are absent in hospital more than two weeks also will be sent to Glévres, under Bulletin 18, H.Q. S.O.S.

The order also directs that barracks bags and other Government property which cannot be delivered by the Transportation Department will be sent to Salvage Depot Intermediate No. 8, St. Pierre des Corps, near Tours.

"DON'T FORGET ME,"
ELSIE'S ORDERS
Doughgirl Hints at Return
and Mother Sends
Love

She's gone away, but not very far, and she's coming back. Here's her letter:—
"My dear boys,—Each and every one, Hello! and an revoir for the present. I'm in London about to make some money. You all know how difficult it is to find over there, and I have not found any for seven months. I shall be thinking about you and pulling for you. To those that I have met and had the honor of singing for I say, keep the pep that you had when I saw you. To those I did not see I say, I'm sorry, but I will get you yet.

"Don't forget me. Good luck to you all. Get a Hun for me, and if you want anything that I can get for you, write to me, Palace Theater, London. You see, I shall not be very far away from you all and the big show.

"However, my friend, "ELSIE JANIS.
"P.S.—Love from Mother."

ADDRESS CARDS
TO SPEED UP MAIL

A.P.O.'s Will Forward In-
formation to Central
Records Office

If you are going to be transferred from your present unit to another, or have however a casual, remember to go to the post office and have your address changed.

No matter what post office you happen to be near, just walk in and ask for a change-of-address card, fill it out as it is prescribed on the card, hand it back to the postmaster and your job is done. The card will then be sent to the Central Post Office at Tours and your letters will not go astray.

This card will be available at any American post office and at base and camp hospitals. It will be filled out by the soldier transferred from company to company, or from one unit to another. In hospitals, or where it is impracticable for the soldier to fill out a card, it will be made out by unit mail orderlies or other suitable authority.

PARIS TAXI FARES UP
If you are in Paris and, as all Americans do, take a taxi rather than try out your French on a gendarme to ask the direction, don't get sore if the driver charges you 25 centimes more than shows up on the meter. The fare of all taxis in the city has been shored up, but the meters haven't been marked up to correspond.

Memorandum 66 from Headquarters, District of Paris, says that the 25 centimes is a just charge and must in all cases be met.

However, the extra 5 sous is the most that the taxi-propeller has a right to charge you over and above the stated price. If he tries to stick you 10 francs for a two block ride don't pay it.

SUNDAY, JR., IN SERVICE
A son of the man who said that the Kaiser is so low he would have to make an altitude flight in an airplane to reach hell is now in the A.E.F. service in London.

"Billy" Sunday said the mouthful, His boy, 1st Lieut. George Sunday, S.C. is in the purchasing department of the Signal Corps at the London S.O.S. base section.

J. COQUILLOT
BOOT MAKER
Trench Boots, Riding Boots,
Puttees and Aviators' Needs
FURNISHES TO SAUMUR,
75 Ave. des Champs-Élysées, PARIS.

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THE BAND INSTRUMENT AND MUSIC
HOUSE, LONDON.
Instruments and Music supplied for:
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Jazz Bands, etc., etc.
THE HAWKES PATENT
used by BRITISH GUARDS, THE STAFF
BANDS, and the majority of the Bands
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Longines
Watches
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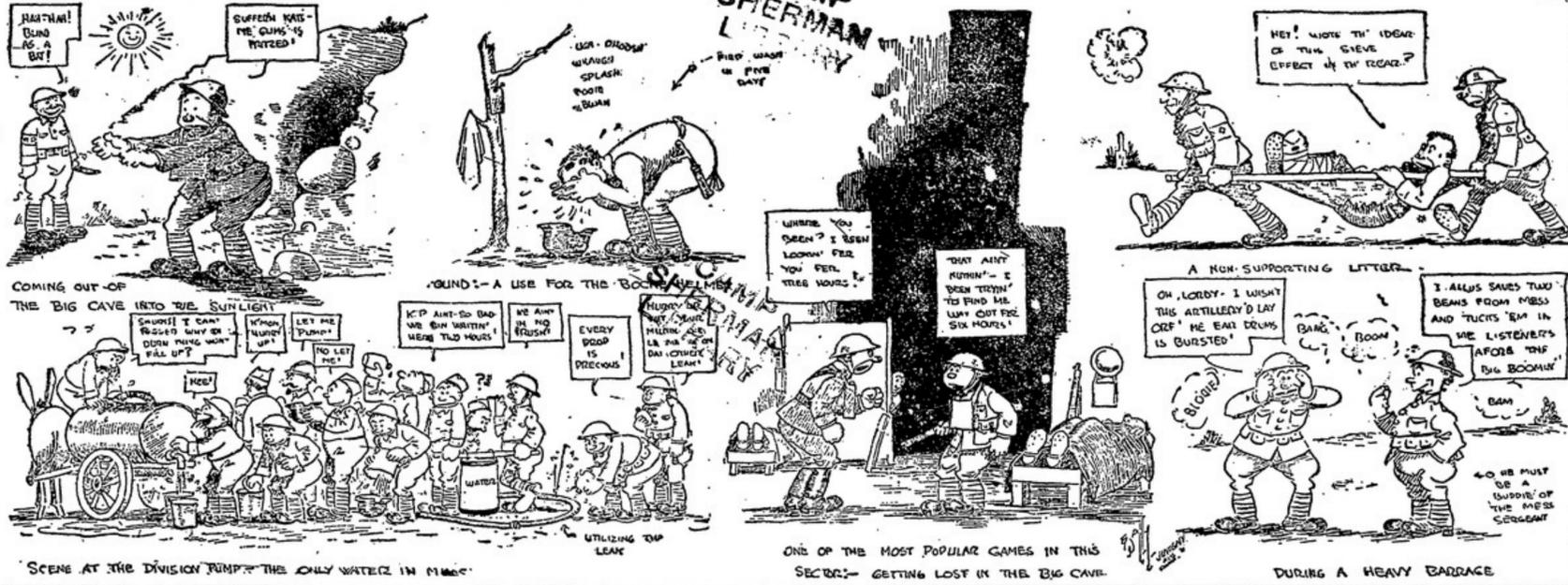
ANOTHER ALLY
The "J.B." Wrist-Watch
Luminous dial, visible at night.
Precise movement, 10 rubies.
— Guaranteed 15 years. —
Made in Nickel or Gun-metal.
Price: 30'
With unbreakable Glass.
Regulated by the craftsmen of
Besançon, the centre of the
French watchmaking industry.
THE "PRATIQUE"
wrist-watch, with cover closing automatically
In nickel: 39' In metal: 40'
When ordering, enclose money order plus 50 centimes for carriage.
JEAN BENOIT FILS & C^{ie}
Manufacture Principale d'Horlogerie
BESANCON
ESTABLISHED 1721



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SNAPPED AT JUVIGNY

—By WALLGREN



HELPFUL HINTS.

HOW TO ACQUIRE A BOCHE HELMET.

WELL, IF YOU WANT A CHANCE OF A ESCAPE, YOU MUST BE A HAT MAN! GIMME THAT HELMET!

THEY ARE FOUND GROWING EXTENSIVELY ON THE HINDENBERG LINE IN THE DIRECTION OF BERLIN. ASK THE BOCH (WHICH IS DIRECTLY BEHIND THE HELMET) IN FRENCH. IF HE IS A GERMAN, IF IT REPLIES IN THE VULGARISM DIRECT YOU WIN A SOUVENIR HAT. INVITE THE OCCUPANT TO VISIT YOUR GARD FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR, AND PLAY HIM PINOCCHIO FOR HIS HAT CHECK.

ALLOTMENT WORRIES TO BE INVESTIGATED

C.O.'s Will Collect Duplicates If Men Report Difficulty

FAULTY ADDRESSES HELP

War Risk Bureau Gives Them as Reason for Return of Thousands of Checks

In an effort to secure prompt payments of all War Risk allotments and allowances, the A.E.F. who have received complaints from allottees of the non-payment or slow payment of allowances due are asked to execute duplicates of Form 1-B, giving all the facts. For this purpose, it is explained in G.A. 137, detachment and various other commanders will instruct such soldiers in the procedure to be followed in making out the duplicates. They will also examine the service records of the men making complaints and supplement in every way possible the information required on Form 1-B.

Incorrect Addresses Aid Delay

The Bureau of War Risk Insurance at Washington announced recently that many thousand allotment and allowance checks mailed to dependents of soldiers had been returned because of incorrect address, which does its bit in delaying payments. In case the allottee changes his or her address, the Bureau to be addressed at the Treasury Department, Washington, D.C., should at once be notified by the allottee, who is requested to give both old and new addresses. Officers who execute the duplicates for members of the A.E.F. will prepare reports addressed to the Chief of the War Risk Section, U.S. stating that they have interviewed the entire enlisted personnel of their organizations and that there were no complaints "except as follows." The names only of the men who reported difficulty with their allotments will then be listed.

To Watch Recent Amendment

In addition to learning the number of complaints in their units, officers will also see that the War Risk act amendment which became effective July 1 is being adhered to and explain it if necessary. This amendment, which was outlined in detail in this newspaper in the issue of July 5, fixes the compulsory allotment at \$15 a month and stipulates other changes in the working of the act. G.O. 127 is to be read to all A.E.F. organizations at the first assembly after its receipt. Members of the A.E.F. who wish to inquire regarding allotment or insurance are asked to communicate with the War Risk Section, Hqs. S.O.S., A.P.O. 717, direct, without going through the usual military channels. It is asked, however, that separate letters be sent if a soldier seeks information on both questions.

G.H.Q. VISITORS MUST HAVE REAL BUSINESS

Unbidden Guests Will Also Steer Clear of S.O.S. Capital

Officers who wish to visit G.H.Q. or Headquarters, S.O.S., must have the best of military reasons for the visit. They will be allowed in either place only on official business and by appointment previously made according to G.O. 140. Requests for appointments are to be made by wire or mail through the Information Officer at the place it is desired to visit. The request will state the subject to be discussed, the official with whom it is desired to confer and the length of time sought for the conference. G.O.'s are asked to grant subordinate permissions to visit either of these two places only when it is necessary to keep an appointment made as stated. Chiefs of services and their assistants may visit their deputies at G.H.Q. or Hqs. S.O.S. on official business without previous appointment. Officers visiting either headquarters will register at the office of the Adjutant General, showing date of arrival, date of expected departure, and authority for visit.

JUVIGNY AND OTHER HIGH SPOTS ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONT

Among the prisoners who have fallen to the Americans lately was a youth who had lived in the United States, who has a mother in New York and a sister in South Dakota. He had been sent to the school in Germany about the time the war started and he was impressed into the army two years ago. When he found himself opposite the Americans he surrendered. He was in a cave with 40 other Germans and he persuaded them to come out.

"The best thing you can do is give up," he told them. "These guys opposite you are fighters—they'll get you." When this had come before an examining officer with a long string of prisoners to be listed he announced that he could talk English.

"Can you say, 'To hell with the Kaiser?'" asked the officer. "To hell with the Kaiser," said the prisoner.

The old tin Kelly, heavy and uncomfortable as it may be, has justified itself many a time during the last few months. Hardly a field hospital in the whole American Army which cannot cite instances where the helmet has saved lives.

A soldier was brought into a field dressing station with a crease in the brim of his helmet directly over his nose. He had been struck by a machine gun bullet, evidently fired from a tree. The steel derby had turned the missile, and although it put the wearer to sleep for half an hour, it left no permanent injuries.

An hour later another soldier came in with a similar crease in the brim of his helmet almost in the same place. It was shrapnel this time, and it had been turned just as effectively, the fragment claiming only a little skin and flesh from the tip of the wearer's nose which, the doctor opined, would grow again.

In one action a soldier got a machine gun bullet through the arm. As he was walking to the rear, a shell burst near and a couple of pieces of shrapnel struck him. As he was going back in an ambulance a second shell overturned the vehicle and he sustained more hurts. He was still able to be up and about at the dressing station, however, and was patched from one end to the other.

"There, now," said the doctor, finishing his seventh bandage. "Is that all?" "I believe it is," said the soldier, as he ambled off the dressing table. In about ten minutes he came back. "These reports," he said, "are in my shoulder I didn't find until just now."

Somewhere, rumbling about in the German soldier's think box, is the idea that the American soldiers are a species of wild Indian fighter that kills, tortures, or at least abuses his prisoners. Sometimes it amounts to belief and sometimes it is only a suspicion, but there can be no doubt that the notion has been more or less systematically passed out through the German army. It was only coincidence that 50 captured Boches, before being taken further on their journey to the S.O.S., were lined up recently in front of some newly dug graves. It is the Boches didn't know it. They thought they were going to be shot and shoved in the holes, and the Kaiser, if he could have witnessed it, would undoubtedly have been deeply pained at the pesty expression which came over the countenances of this bunch of his would-be world hatters in the face of their imagined end. One German soldier, quaking in terror, held out an iron cross and a pocket-book full of pennies as the price of his life and made an impassioned, if somewhat excited, plea on behalf of his wife and family.

toward the German bridge. The Germans boarded the barge as it neared the bridge and began stamping the burning tarred straw.

German officers and non-coms have frequently been detailed to line up prisoner detachments and, under the chaperonage of M.P.'s, march them to the rear. An incident which happened when one Boche non-com was instructed to form his company caused one sage American private to declare that a sergeant is a sergeant no matter what army he is in.

The German sergeant gave the command to fall in, and most of the prisoners obeyed with a clinking of heels that is the pride of the German army. One Boche was late, however, and brought forth audible expression of the non-com's wrath which, when translated, means about this:

"What are you doing there, you bone-headed recruit? Come to attention! What are you trying to do, spoil our reputation before these Americans?"

An ambulance drew up at one of the advanced dressing stations at Juvigny during the Americans' advance in front of that town to receive its load of wounded.

An American private, his head bandaged in many wraps of white gauze, stood by waiting his turn to climb aboard.

"Come on," said the sergeant in charge of the ambulance work, "climb on and let's go before that big baby gets our range."

"The wounded man hesitated. 'What for do I have to get on there?' he demanded.

"Well, ain't you wounded?" The private shook his head. "I ain't hurt bad."

"Well, what you doin' with all that bandage on your dome if you ain't wounded?" "Wounded—hell!" he exploded. "That's all it is—bandages."

That's all—plain bandage. The wound was slight—a shrapnel gash in his forehead. Still, he had been unconscious for two hours in a shell hole.

An American lieutenant was found unconscious in a shell hole by a brother officer. The latter started to the rear with his charge, but while en route received eight machine gun bullet wounds. He, too, dropped, unconscious.

An hour later the first officer came to, sent the wounded officer to the rear, went back and took over his command.

An American private had right leg shattered at Juvigny by an exploding shell.

For three hours he lay in the shell hole waiting for help. None came. An hour later he presented himself to the medical officer in charge of the dressing station at the regimental P.C. He had come all the way on one leg and a stick that he used as a crutch.

A machine gun nest was holding up the advance of one lieutenant's company in front of Juvigny.

Crawling up unobserved to within a few yards of the emplacement, the lieutenant covered the crew of five men with his automatic. On discovering that they had been outdone, the Germans threw up their hands and shouted "Kamerad!"

The lieutenant lowered his pistol and started forward to collect his prisoners. The German manning the machine gun took advantage of this act and shot him twice in the left shoulder. From where he fell, the lieutenant killed three of the Germans with his automatic.

Then one of the remaining Germans in the pit shot his comrade who had fired upon the American officer, saying afterward that he did so because the American had spared their lives and that he had done a just act.

"Poor old Boche!" That was the battery of the Americans as they went forward at Juvigny.

A Prussian officer was being questioned at a regimental headquarters just back of Juvigny.

"Wouldn't your men rather surrender than undergo another barrage like the one we just put over?" the American officer asked.

"Never," was the answer. "My men will not surrender to the Americans. Just then five M.P.'s came in with nearly a hundred German prisoners. They were "my men."

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OFFICER BALL NINE CAUGHT WITH RINGER

Line Men Try to Get Away With Sergeant in Box

BUT COLONEL SAYS NAY

Army School Provided One Form of Training Not Down on the Book at G.H.Q.

There is one thing about the Army School of Line at G.H.Q. that isn't mapped out at G.H.Q. and that is its ball team.

This team hasn't got all of Spaulding's strategy mastered, but at least it conforms to the tables of organization of a ball team. The majors and lieutenants on it might make a few laurel wreaths look like a bunch of dried corn husks, but they will never shirk Ty Cobb off the shelf.

They just play at the game, and about all the practice they get is passing Cheval Rouge at the Line school mess and running from their bunk rooms to classes to maintain liaison between Mess and Marquee. This team was born on a bluff and has thrived on the accidents of fortune.

An Intelligence school was started recently and after they painted some new signs for the doors, they challenged the Line school to a game. The Line school adjutant called for volunteers and a regular Valley Forgearrison responded. There were colleagues who barnstormed the northwest and a few sparrows who helped Spaulding write the book and some who were honest and admitted they would have to learn. And so everybody drew ordnance property from the Y.M.C.A. and the game was fixed for a plateau where the Romans once camped when they fought the original Huns, and the Intelligence school thought they were ready too, and they began to seek an umpire.

Hard Umpire Found

A high ranking officer was needed for an umpire, somebody who was hard and could call the strikes without swaying the referee. The umpire was a white-brown and a low, loud voice. So the personnel bureau at G.H.Q. sent a colonel named Johnson, who is so hard he uses a cactus plant for a powder puff after shaving. He is the only man extant who has umpired games in the Texas league, and anybody who can umpire a Texas league game without getting a wound chevron or a pension for his widow is quebecque umpire.

So they had an umpire and two teams and everything but pop and peanuts and programs, and the Intelligence team came up to bat. A chap named Sheehan mounted the mound for the Line and Colonel Johnson swept off the home plate and adjusted his gas mask and an Intelligence captain was in the batter's box doing Butt's Manual with the willow.

The colonel leaned over the pitcher's shoulder with his hands behind his back holding an umpire's adding machine and Sheehan drew up into an Olympic pose and then unrolled and fired a round past the batter. The colonel bawled "strike," and the Intelligence observer on the first-base line told him to lower his sights, and then the colonel sent the mouthy observer to the S.O.S. and Sheehan wound into another pose.

When he came out of it again, it looked as though the batter was going to get a wound chevron in his ribs, but the ball ricocheted and cut the plate. The umpire knew all about horseshoe ballistics and signalled a strike.

Ringer Is Discovered

Then the Intelligence discovered that Sheehan wasn't wearing a Sam Browne belt and they all assembled around the umpire as though he was a Hun prisoner and they were going to heckle him about the morale of the German army. They said if the Line school was going to use any non-commissioned ringers, they would postpone the game until after the big tennis season when they could use some of the dummy stars.

So the Line put in a new pitcher and everything was conducted along amateur lines except the umpiring. The Intelligence had plenty of liaison and the batters recognized the whole ringer chasing runners and flies.

The sixth inning was a rout. The Line got a few patrols out in the Intelligence infield that fattened out all the infielders. The Liners circled the bases like stevedore privates in a show line. Everybody was excited except the umpire, who got disgusted with the Hungarians and called them out one, two, three, in the last inning. The Line school bulletin board had it, Line 20, Intelligence 6.

Tank Outfit Sucked in

Then the Line challenged the General Staff college, which promptly developed a tank outfit, which promptly went to the Tanks, and the Tank outfit, which ranks itself fairly high, moved.

They played on a tank field with barbed wire fences and abandoned wells and artificial shell holes for a field and there were male tanks and female tanks until it would remind you of a banquet by the Milwaukee Commercial club to the Brewers for not finishing the season in the last place. The Line school bulletin board said Line 5, Tanks 1.

Then the Engineers challenged the Line, but the Engineers are a hard lot with concrete emplacements and corrugations under the collar and the Line decided to get more practice and picked the Heavy French Artillery school. They should have picked the Light Trench Mortars first. They bumped into a regular T.N.T. dump and the Line school bulletin board said nothing.

The adjutant said if they had played the Trench Artillery outfit in their own field, they would have won with a different umpire and team. They could also say you maybe if the Trench Artillery had been gassed with phosgene instead of Line school pulmonary diseases.

S.O.S. FATIGUES SUITS

Cooks, bakery men, hospital orderlies, and other troops are going to get new suits soon.

Allowance of fatigue clothing for S.O.S. troops, under G.O. 37, Hq. S.O.S., will be as follows: Three suits for every bakery company enlisted man; two suits for each private and private first class on duty in hospitals; two suits for each cook and assistant cook, except at hospitals, where cooks will be provided white clothing; two suits for each enlisted man or shop and stevedore troops, and engineers when engaged in outside construction work; one suit each for 50 per cent of strength of all organizations.

WHAT IF HE IS A LIEUT?



WAR AS THE AIRMAN SEES IT

An airman is always on the lookout against a surprise from the enemy, but to guard against a surprise by one of his friends is also a part of the game.

Just before daybreak one morning Lieut. Ned Buford decided to go out and round up another Boche plane to add to his growing list. He had been in the air only a short time when he located a Boche photographic machine well beyond him preparing to carry out his dawn campaign. He immediately swooped towards his aerial objective, maneuvered for position and, with the enemy in direct range, prepared to open fire.

Much to Lieut. Buford's astonishment, a machine gun opened fire from a new position and the Boche plane, curling into a nose spin, started downward at terrific speed. Lieut. Buford followed the downward rush of the enemy plane until he saw it crash into flames as it struck the ground. It was only then that, looking up, he saw one of his best friends, Lieut. David Putnam, also swooping down after the wrecked machine. Up to this moment neither American flyer had seen the other nor had known that another Yankee plane was in the neighborhood.

"You can't waste any time getting your Boche if Putnam is around," was Lieut. Buford's tribute to his friend.

"The most exciting work in the way of flying," remarked a well known American aviator, "is not always in battle with a German plane. The job of flying only 50 or 60 feet above enemy infantry and machine guns in an offensive is the most nerve-racking of them all, unless your motor stops when you are back of German lines. I had that happen to me once, and once is enough."

"I was well back in German territory when I saw my machine was in trouble and it was a matter of luck whether I could drift back again to safe ground."

THREE CONTINENTS AT S.O.S. FUNERAL

Annamite Is Buried from French Church While Yanks Blow Taps

Down in the S.O.S. the other day they held one of the strangest funerals that any war has ever seen. An Annamite—one of the little yellow people who have come from far Cathay to help win the war—was laid to rest in French soil, after a ceremony in a little village church, while American buglers sounded taps over his grave and soldiers from three continents stood at silent attention.

An odd little people, these Annamites, judged by our Western standards. But they display, among other characteristics, a desire to learn, to know more, that might shame a lot of us. A Y.M. man who has developed a particular interest in them has whole flocks of them in his French classes, and many at his English class. (He used to be a missionary in China, so he compares them and they him.) They are apt pupils—probably more apt than the handful of Americans who are bravely devoting their spare time to studying Chinese under the same ex-missionary.

If you have any sorrow, landrymen or proprietors of chop suey restaurants in the States, you will recall their devotion to Sunday School, partly because they are quite as upright as the rest of us and enjoy it, partly from the more ulterior motive of learning English.

The S.O.S. Chinese have their Sunday School fare too. They come to the services and run through the dozen or so familiar hymns with scarcely an accent. But that's all the English they know.

WHERE'S THE UMPH? ASK THESE PEOPLE

Several Offices Can Tell If You Want to Get There

"You are directed to proceed to Umph Division Headquarters —"

But what are you going to do when you haven't an idea in the world where the Umph Division is, when you can't find its headquarters on any known map, when public opinion in your particular bailiwick is divided as to whether it is due west of Zoolbrugge or in a suburb of Kamehaha.

In that case, before beginning your journey, you will, says G.O. 133, ascertain the organization's location through your C.O. from the nearest of the following offices: Regulating Stations, Hq. S.O.S.; Advance Section, S.O.S.; Headquarters Intelligence Section, S.O.S.; any Base Section; Headquarters U.S. Troops, Paris; American Statistical Section, Rouen; or French G.H.Q.—or, as they call it, G.G.G.—or yet again, at the headquarters of a corps or school.

In order to prevent the necessity for issuing additional orders confirming indirect travel, the authority issuing a travel order will, in cases where the travel cannot be by the "shortest usually traveled route," state in the order "via the particular point through which the destination may be reached."

MOTOR BRANCH MEN WILL GO TO SCHOOL

Officers, Drivers, Mechanics to Get Training Under G.H.Q. Order

Courses for drivers, non-commissioned officers of the Motor Transport Corps, mechanics and officers of motor trains will be offered at a school for the M.T.C. established, according to G.O. 134, "for the instruction of officer and soldier personnel of the A.E.F. in the maintenance and operation of motor vehicles and motor trains." The school will be directed under G.H.Q. direction.

The Director of the M.T.C. is assigned as commandant of the school, with power to appoint a major as assistant commandant, a captain as secretary, a captain as supply officer, and two captains as senior instructors, plus many lieutenants as instructors and non-commissioned officers as assistant instructors as he may direct. He will also decide on the number of clerks, janitors and orderlies needed, and give directions for their selection.

Individuals or detachments not belonging to the M.T.C. may be sent to the school for instruction without the necessity of being transferred to the Corps, and on completion of their instruction, they will be returned to their organizations.

Application for the admission of such personnel to the school will be made directly to the Director of the M.T.C.

NEW JOB FOR M. P.'S

The M.P.'s have got another job. Hereafter, in addition to their present duties—which are possibly too well known to demand minute exposition here—they will turn in to the nearest quartermaster all lost Government property that comes into their possession. Bulletin 64 says so.

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NATION'S MIND ON ALL-ELECTRIC PLAN

Industrial Revolution Like One Caused by Steam Is Predicted

[By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Sept. 12.—There is growing talk over the possible electrification of the whole country by building huge power plants at the mines and developing all water powers enormously.

The project is unformulated, but the discussion is expanding daily and familiarizing the public mind with the colossal idea, whose execution would revolutionize America industrially and probably socially.

It would be a revolution only comparable to the industrial revolution caused by steam, and the vast vision appeals to American temperament and ambition.

The great power bill now before Congress gives food to the discussion, although its provisions only indicate the possibilities of future development.

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