

FIRST ARMY, A. E. F., NIPS OFF SALIENT IN OPENING DRIVE

Swift, Successful Blow at St. Mihiel Nets Over 15,000 Prisoners

GERMAN PLAN KNOCKED IN

Sector "Northwest of Toul," First French Home of Yanks, Comes to Life With Bang

The First American Army, commanded in the field by General John J. Pershing, struck its first blow last week. It was a blow sudden, swift and beyond all show of doubt successful.

The Late Lamented Salient

If this was a withdrawal "according to plan," something must have gone slightly amiss with the plan. The St. Mihiel salient was an ungainly snout projecting from the German line, an area of some 150 square miles, almost half the size of the great Verdun salient.

Surely the advancing host was stimulated to high endeavor by the fact that behind them now lay Verdun, Selchepey and Apremont Forest, that behind them, too, lay their shrine of Domremy, whose Joan of Arc was born and who died here.

Liberty Comes Again

It was fine to witness the greeting which met them in each liberated village, the old folks creeping out of the cellars, fingering their beads and falling to their knees in prayers and tears of incoherent thanksgiving, the young girls flinging their arms around the embarrased but highly gratified doughboys and kissing them again and again in the name of Liberty, Egalité and Fraternité.

It was fine to see the small children gazing curiously at these soldiers, so different in looks and manner from the gray-clad troops who were the only soldiers they had ever beheld. It was fine to see the pathetic little tricolors that had been sewn in stealth against the dawn of the great day, brave, badly-made French flags, suddenly emerge from their hiding places and flutter joyously from many a shattered window.

Thursday, September 12, 1918

The battle began in the first hours of Thursday, September 12, 1918. Had one guessed what was coming and on Wednesday at midnight made his way to one of the crests that look out over the rolling, little-wooded countryside behind St. Mihiel, he would have been in position to behold one of the great spectacles of this war.

HANDSHAKE LINKS PATROLS' MEETING IN SALIENT'S CORE

Sergeant Tells Story of Historic Junction of Advancing Yank Forces

PRISONERS MADE EN ROUTE

East and West Join After March Through Darkest of Nights and Thickest of Woods

The first proof that the St. Mihiel salient had been wiped off the war map was provided in the meeting of advance American patrols in Hattonville. This is the town as Sergeant Herd, who was one of the advance patrols, tells it. He was the first man to reach the place where the Yankee line was welded together.

On Toward Hattonville

Then we began to push along. It was tough going that night, as it was raining and bitter dark, and the woods through that part of the country are as thick as underbrush. But with the aid of a small compass we held our direction, worked our way carefully along, and reached each objective in time.

From the Other Direction

Just at the edge of the town I saw two Yanks coming in from the other direction. Then I knew that we had the salient right, that our lines had been joined up. It was a wonderful sight to see these two men, for I understood what it meant. They had come from another outfit and were even more tired than we were, as they had been marching with full equipment. We both probably thought the others were Boches at first, but it didn't take us long to find out the difference.

Back With the Austrians

After meeting the first patrol, I started back with my Austrian outfit. It was then I met the other patrol, for there were three sets working, and that was complete evidence that all of us had reached our final objectives and that the entire salient was in American hands.

NEW CHIEFS ON STAFF

A Chief of Infantry and a Chief of Cavalry have been established as members of the staff of the Commanding General. They will act as advisors on their respective branches. The new officers, under G.O. 150, are charged with inspecting all infantry and cavalry, with respect to organization, training, material and equipment, methods, and all other phases affecting efficiency. They will be responsible for preparation of all details in instruction and training of their respective branches, and will inspect training schools and make recommendations to the Chief of Staff. They will also prepare drafts of infantry and cavalry manuals and other literature on their services. Their supervision of infantry and cavalry units will continue until these units have been assigned to tactical units.

AIRMEN IN FIGHT WHOLE DAY AHEAD, HARASS RETREAT

American and French Flyers Have All the Best of Sky Warfare

THREE HUNS IN 10 MINUTES

Yankee Major Lands in Convoy of German Prisoners—Lieut. Putnam, Ace of Aces, Killed

The air activity in the fighting which centered in the St. Mihiel salient befitting the force of the action. American airmen were in the air in force and, in co-operation with the French, were as spectacularly successful in their element as the Infantry and other branches of the service were in theirs.

Statistics Not Complete

The statistics are not yet complete. An aviator is not credited with a victory until it is confirmed from another source, and it is too early for all these verifications to come in, but, as an indication, it can be stated that one large unit of combat flyers, which does not, however, include other important formations, had, at the close of the fourth day after the opening of the battle, asked for confirmation on nearly 30 Boche planes believed destroyed.

En Arduous Way Out

The enemy's principal line of retreat, the only one after the first few hours of the battle not swept by constant artillery fire, was the road near the center of the base of the salient leading eastward from Vignacelles to St. Benoit. Over this six kilometer stretch of road passed practically all the men and all the guns which the Germans saved from the collapse of the salient, and this road, on the first day of the battle, was under

Roads While You Sleep

As for material, what better could you ask than the crumbling stone of those poor ruined villages that marked what used to be the St. Mihiel battlefield, villages whose tragic silhouettes against the sunset could be seen through Yankee field glasses all spring and summer, villages whose utter demolition makes such half destroyed places as Vaux and Serlinges and Sergy look like model towns by comparison.

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PICK AND SHOVEL COME INTO OWN AS SALIENT GOES

Battle of Dreadful Roads Won by More Than Ammunition

EVERY ONE HELPS ON JOB

Doughboys, Prisoners, Even Master Engineers Make Highways Passable for Advance

Every battle has some mark which distinguishes it from all others, and the offensive which redeemed France the long enslaved villages of the St. Mihiel salient will linger always in the memories of those who had a part in it as the Battle of Dreadful Roads. Of course, they were dreadful. Traffic conditions were, as the doughboys say, "Fah Boin," through no mismanagement and to no one's surprise. If every MP had known every twist and turn of the countryside as well as he knew his own home town, if never a shell had searched and found a promising cross roads, it would still have been a staggering task to send the supply and ammunition trains, the side-cars and ambulances and ration carts, the kitchens and on-moving artillery over the roads that converged on the new and much shortened battlefield.

Trap Doors in Country Lanes

For parts of those roads, never perfect in their prime, had not known the turn of a wheel in four long years. All through those years they had been scraped and torn and upheaved by exploding shells. From the early months of the war they had been broken and silted by the network of French and German trenches.

Souvenirs for Everyone

In another town the Cavalrymen overtook a squad of Germans with a whole pushcart full of German pistols. There was a souvenir revolver for every American present. Probably the most exciting episode of the Cavalry's advance was a fight with a Boche ammunition and supply train. The Americans had brought with them, strapped to their saddles, several light machine guns, and these, when the train was encountered in a wood, were unslung and set up. The Germans replied with machine guns hastily mounted on their wagons.

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YANKEE SPURS, TOO, WHERE TANKS AND DOUGHBOYS SPEED

Cavalry Band Leads Way Ahead of Infantry Up Past St. Mihiel

SILENCES MACHINE GUNS

Running Fight With Boche Ammunition Train—Pushcart Has Trophies for All

A band of American Cavalry, riding as if to uphold the traditions of the service made when it used to number among its officers Captain John J. Pershing, had its share of honor in the redemption of the St. Mihiel salient. There were many reports circulating about the exploits of the Cavalry after the fall of the salient. The most common was that "the Cavalry took 1,700 prisoners and lost one man." The total of prisoners may be correct, but it is not confirmed by the Cavalry. The horsemen didn't stop to compute their captures, but turned them over to the Infantry to be added to the general total of prisoners without distinction.

Machine Guns Met With Pistols

The principal resistance the Cavalrymen met was from isolated German machine gun nests. These were usually encircled and put out of commission with pistol fire. On one occasion Cavalrymen came upon two Germans holding forth in a shell hole with a machine gun. One was accounted for with a pistol bullet in the head. The second crouched out of sight in the hole. The Cavalrymen took shelter and waited to see whether he would show fight or surrender.

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LIBERATED TOWNS WELCOME ADVANCE OF YANK VICTORS

Even Greater Ovation from Salient's Prisoners for First Poilu

THIAUCOURT AGAIN FRENCH

Population, Fed on Four Years' Lies, Finds Own Soldiers Do Not Wear Paper Suits

Thiaucourt is only one of the many French towns which were liberated by American troops in wiping out the St. Mihiel salient. And the incidents of the liberation of Thiaucourt are only parts in the story of countless other places. For four years the French inhabitants of Thiaucourt lived under German rule. Men, women and children, old and young, they had all become accustomed to German newspapers, German money, German domination in full. These French citizens had been led to believe for months that Germany had already won the war to all practical purposes; that America had sent over no troops; that the French Army was in rags and badly starved and that it was just a question of a few more weeks or months until the final triumph. They had given up all hope, in the main, of anything but a German victory.

News of American Successes

Then, streak by streak, the light began to dawn again. First, there was the Selchepey affair last spring. The Germans brought their American prisoners through Thiaucourt, the first time the inhabitants had ever seen any American soldiers. They knew then that America was in the war.

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'BOYS HAVE DONE WHAT WE EXPECTED,' WIRES PRESIDENT

Leaders of Allied Armies Felicitate Americans on St. Mihiel Victory

AND SO DOES ELSIE JANIS

"We are With You to a Finish, to a Man," Bethlehem Shell Leaders Cable

From every corner of the Allied world messages are pouring in to General Pershing, to be transmitted by him to the men of the First American Army, congratulating them for their performance in the St. Mihiel sector last week. The President of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, the chiefs of Britain's, France's, Italy's forces in the field, the generals commanding the several French Armies, the directors of and workers in important war industries at home, the President of Cuba, the editors of Cuba, women's clubs in America, Liberty Loan committees, organizations of all kinds in the United States, individuals living everywhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific have listened to send greetings, full of praise for the First Army's performance. Some of the messages follow: From President Wilson: "Accept my warmest congratulations on the brilliant achievement of the Army under your command. The boys have done what we expected of them and have done it in the way we most admire. We are deeply proud of them and of their feat. Please convey to all concerned my grateful and affectionate thanks."

From the Allied Armies' Chief

From Marshal Foch: "My dear General: The First American Army under your command on this first day has won a magnificent victory, as skillfully prepared as it was valiantly executed. I extend to you as well as to the gratulations of the Army under your command my warmest compliments."

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ST. MIHIEL SALIENT FOUR YEARS OLD Great Dent in Allied Line Made After Battle of Marne

The St. Mihiel salient, popularly and universally known as "the Berlin of St. Mihiel," has for almost exactly four years persisted as the most noticeable protuberance in the whole Allied line. The salient was created September 23, 1914, by the armies of Gen. von Strantz, after the German forces, sent reeling back from the Marne, had reached the line of the Alsne. Von Strantz's army was a new one. It had not been in action in any part of the Marne battle. Four South German corps, mostly Württembergers, constituted the new army, which had several reserve divisions. The French line from Verdun to below St. Mihiel, held by General Sarrail, the defender of Verdun in the battle of the Marne, was defended by three corps, increased before the St. Mihiel attack by the arrival of the larger part of another army corps from Toul. Advance from Thiaucourt Opposed to Sarrail's line were the commands of the German Crown Prince and of von Strantz—at least seven corps. Von Strantz advanced September 20 from the region of Thiaucourt upon Troyon, one of the string of forts between Verdun and Toul, about eight miles north of St. Mihiel. The fort was virtually destroyed, but the French garrison held out and repulsed the strong effort to take it. On September 23 came the main attack. It was directed straight at St. Mihiel. The Germans gained a footing at Hattonchateau, the spur of the plateau east of Troyon, brought up their heavy guns, silenced the fort of Paroche across the Meuse, and soon afterwards, the guns of the Camp des Bonnes just south of St. Mihiel. These successes led to the capture of St. Mihiel itself and its bridgehead across the Marne. French cavalry here spoiled von Strantz's ambitious plan, which aimed at pushing on straight west to Revin, thus getting south of Sarrail's army and putting it between the forces of von Strantz and the Crown Prince. Sarrail's hopelessly outnumbered force then withstood every effort at its destruction, and managed to contain the Germans in the St. Mihiel salient, a position which the enemy has since held, despite the poor quality of the communications, as a threat against the French defense system in the east. Immediately afterward both sides dug in virtually on the line that existed until a week ago Thursday. The trenches of the St. Mihiel salient, therefore, dated from the very beginning of the 1914-1918 style of trench warfare.

"Many Happy Returns"

From Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo: "Congratulations to you and your glorious Army. Wish you many happy returns of your birthday and many recurrences of yesterday's victory." From Commissioner André Tardieu: "I am wholeheartedly with you on the occasion of your splendid success." From Count Zamoyski, Acting President, Polish National Committee: "The brilliant success which the valiant American troops have won under your command is only the continuation of the glorious exploits of the gallant troops of the great Republic in its gigantic struggle for the triumph of justice, right and liberty. We Poles look upon this struggle with the greatest emotion, for it will return to our country her long-sought-for liberty. Permit me, sir, in the name of the Polish National Committee, to express to you and the American Army the most ardent felicitations as well as the homage of our deepest admiration." From the Jewish Welfare Board: "On the eve of the New Year, the Jewish Welfare Board, United States Army and Navy, representing three million citizens of Jewish faith, send greetings to you and your comrades in arms regardless of race or creed. You are fighting in a holy cause that justice may prevail and lasting peace come to the entire human family; therefore, through the righteousness of our country's aims and those of our Allies, you are granted the privilege of establishing a world of democracy which shall endure and become a blessing to all future generations. Our ardent prayer is that God may speed your victory and bless the work of your comrades, who are planting American ideals and traditions to preserve the noblest efforts of civilization."

She'll Join the Company

From Elsie Janis, London: "Congratulations on your big show. Sorry not to be in the east. Hope to join the company in Berlin. Our regards." From the Shell House Bethlehem Loading Co., May's Landing, N.J.: "Most honorable sir: Congratulations. We are with you to a finish, to a man."

SAVED FOR HOSPITALS

A dozen articles of subsistence that have previously been on sale in sales commissaries are now on sale there no more. They are required in the preparation of diets for the sick in hospitals, and the immediate supply is limited. "They will, therefore," says Bulletin 67, G.I.C., "be sold only to hospitals." The articles are: Canned apricots, canned cherries, plain chocolate, breakfast cocoa, soda crackers, graham crackers, relatin, canned peaches, canned pears, canned plumpicks, maple syrup, corn starch.



HALF A THOUSAND MASCOTS IN A.E.F., SIX MONTHS' WORK

Ten Adoptions Received During Week Bring Total Up to 506

THREE MORE TO INFANTRY Engineers Take Couple, Postal Service Men Another, Captain and Lieutenant One Each

This week the adoption of French war orphans by soldiers of the A.E.F. under THE STARS AND STRIPES war orphan plan passes the 500 mark. This plan, which has brought so much happiness to little children in dire need whose fathers had given their all for France, was the idea of an American private—Harold W. Ross, Engrs. (Ry.), detailed to the editorial staff of the Army newspaper. It is under his direction that the plan has been so successfully worked out.—OFFICER IN CHARGE.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Count. Includes M.P.E.S., L.L.E.R., Co. E, Co. C, Y.M.C.A., Co. F, Capt. H. W. Banks, W. W. Constock, and Previously adopted.

When the polls closed last week in the A.E.F. orphan vote, four more mascots were needed to bring the total up to the half thousand mark. Ten more came in during the week. The total therefore stands at 506. It represents the achievement of the American Army, its auxiliaries in France and its friends at home—but mostly of the American Army—in less than six months of THE STARS AND STRIPES campaign.

A company of Infantry and a company of Engineers each adopted two mascots this week, the former stating that "our preference is for a boy and a girl, but it does not make a great deal of difference." The latter requesting twins "if available." They probably won't be, as the plan of the campaign is to permit only one adoption in a family.

The officers and enlisted personnel in the Military Postal Express Service at A.P.O. 702 have bid for a girl about six years old, and announce that they "expect to adopt a boy next month."

"Whatever Is Best" Company C—Infantry, wants "a baby, girl preferred, but a boy is just as good." Give us whatever is best for THE STARS AND STRIPES to come across with.

The Y.M.C.A. secretaries in Base Section No. 1 have adopted their fourth mascot, requesting a girl.

Capt. H. W. Banks, Corps Artillery Park, who doesn't specify any kind of mascot in particular (in fact he calls it plain "it," because he wants to know where it lives so he can write to it), is in some doubt as to where he stands.

"Your notice," he writes, "speaks of a company, detachment or group, but I presume there is no objection to my having one for myself." Sir, the detail is correct.

Two other individual adoptions were made during the week, one by Lieut. E. R. Wiebersar, Infantry, and the other by W. W. Constock, of the American Red Cross.

The Jewish soldiers at a big Air Service camp, in the first Jewish services ever held there, at the start of their recent holidays, took a collection and garnered \$670 francs, which a sergeant present suggested be handed over to the miscellaneous fund of the orphan campaign. The money has accordingly been added to this fund. Ten more collections like that will adopt an orphan.

EMPLOYER, WORKER, GET EQUAL JUSTICE

Strikers at One Plant, Heads of Another, See the Light

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Sept. 19.—The Bridgeport machinists and engineers who struck and refused to abide by the decision of the War Labor Board were notified by President Wilson that they must return to work and abide by the Board's decision or be barred for one year from all employment over which the Government exercises control and lose all claims for draft exemption on occupational grounds. The effect was almost immediate, and the strike has collapsed.

At the same time the Government took over the works of the Smith and Wesson Company because the firm, as employers, had refused to abide by the decision of the War Labor Board. Thus, even-handed justice, chastising into partiality, has eliminated class feeling and maintained Uncle Sam in peaceful control of the situation.

These two cases are the first important ones since the War Labor Board began its work, and it seems most fortunate for illustration of the Board's complete impartiality that it happened that these two rulings came at the same time, for it establishes that the War Labor Board is not an instrument to be distrusted by the workmen and that the Board has power and uses it.

"Scraps of Paper" The President's letter to the strikers contained these passages: "Is such disregard of the solemn adjudication of the tribunal to which both sides submitted their claims be temporized with, agreements become mere scraps of paper, if errors creep into awards, the proper remedy is submission to a tribunal for a rehearing. But to strike against the award is disloyalty and dishonor."

"Having exercised a drastic remedy with recalcitrant employers, it is my duty to use means equally well adapted to the end with lawless and faithless employees." Ninety per cent of the Bridgeport workers had accepted the award. Only ten per cent were concerned in the strike against it.

"Hasn't been in France long, has he?" "Long? Why, he still thinks 'Sortie' is the name of a station."

TO QUIT WHEN WE DO CABLEGRAM Bloomfield, N.J., Sept. 9, 1918. General Pershing, Amex Force: We will not quit working on munitions here in America until our boys quit fighting in France. We are one of six thousand five hundred women munition workers in this plant to back you. Please publish this in THE STARS AND STRIPES so that every American will get our message. WOMEN WORKERS, INTERNATIONAL ARMS AND FUZE CO., INC.

CABLEGRAM France, September 11, 1918. Women Workers, International Arms and Fuze Co., Inc., Bloomfield, N.J.: Your stirring cablegram has been received and will be published in THE STARS AND STRIPES, where it will reach and give courage to the men of the American Expeditionary Forces. Many thanks. PERSHING.

PICK AND SHOVEL COME INTO OWN AS SALIENT GOES

Continued from Page 1 the laboriously prepared pits nullified. Then, in a twinkling, new roads, wonderful roads, came into being. Caught in a traffic jam and looking wistfully over the rolling countryside, you might say to yourself, "If only there were a short cut cross country through all that wire and trench tangle, and joggling that way again next morning, you would find a road cut through, a well-trod road already black with patient, slow-moving traffic."

There was more than one prolonged jam that first day, more than one trying tie-up of precious trains, but utterly and strikingly absent was the note of anxious impatience, the nightmarish note of frenzied nerves and exhaustion which marked the historic traffic confusion that those endured who moved or tried to move on the roads below Soissons on the night of July 17.

It was all the difference between confidence and wild hope, between perfected plans and improvised action. Here was none of the fearful strain and tension which marked those critical July hours, hours memorable for all time, when Marshal Foch was reaching out to seize the initiative in the midst of the greatest of all German offensives.

Tie-ups, But No Tears Here, instead was an enormous good humor, and it was worth getting tied up for a few hours just for the overwhelming evidence that the Yankee is that most terrible offensive weapon, the soldier who fights with a grin.

Take a tie-up which during the first day, stopped every wheel on one wretched road for more than three hours. Exasperated majors would climb on to the seats of their cars and sweep the landscape with their field glasses. Trucks, trucks, trucks as far ahead and as far behind as the world sees.

The rain was beginning again. Up went the side curtains, out came the tarpaulins, on went the chains. Trucks, trucks, trucks and not a wheel turning. An ambulance bringing wounded from the front would try to make a break for it across the field and would get stuck in the mud.

"All right in there?" "Hell, yes." This, in spite of all the joggling, from the wounded quartet within.

A truck driver would forsake his seat and founder through the mud on the ambulance side. A search in his pockets would unearth at last a forlorn package of Camels. "Here you are, soldier. Guess I'd better light it for you." And once again the brotherhood of the front had been attested.

One Way to Get There Some litter bearers, in ambulances bound for the front, decided it might be too long a wait, and, shouldering their stretchers, started out on foot.

Under the tarpaulins, under the seat hoods, could be heard the gentle music of the dice. "Oh, you Big Dick! Can't play with a one showin', Buddy!—What's 'at? What's 'at? Ah, there, seven! Ah, there!"

The night before, one stalled supply train had kept the dice going all night on the ground alongside, despite the pan-demonium of the guns and despite theinky blackness. You don't need light. One flare of a match will show whether it's crap or Phoebe. A lean cook confided to all within a mile that he had lost 400 francs in one kilometer.

But even the dice pall when there's a chance to watch an air fight. The most numerous casualties of the St. Mihiel solient were probably from crick in the neck, caused by the continuous and delighted survey of the heavens where all day long the Allied planes showed which side was the stronger.

The end of this particular tie-up was enlivened by one of the most spectacular air battles imaginable, a wary fight which came to a close when the defeated Boche went crashing to earth. The congratulatory cheer went up from a mile off, stalled trucks, and drivers who had been seizing the occasion to have a bit of dinner by the roadside, beat on their mess tins with their forks and swore those dizzy aviators could bank in their trucks any time they wanted to.

The Convoy Sings But it was getting dark, and the runners tolling rearwards brought the news that the shells which had been visibly exploding just over the next crest had been reaching the road and finding victims there. Two more Boche planes were in sight and headed their way. And the only effect of these depressing factors was to stimulate the excitement and move the whole winding convoy to song. They didn't sing for bravado, they didn't sing to keep up their courage. They didn't sing in the spirit of those who lift up the National Anthem as a ship goes down, and just sing because they were having a darned good time. "They sang because they felt that way."

"I want to go back." "I want to go back." The song was caught up from truck to truck till the whole train was shouting, amid gusts of laughter, when it came to the refrain: "I want to go back to the farm. FAR AWAY FROM HERE!" And so it went till the blockade lifted and the trucks crept forward into the gathering darkness.

MARK TWAIN'S HOME OFFERED [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Sept. 19.—Mark Twain's famous home at Redding, Conn., has been offered by his daughter, Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitch, as a convalescent home for wounded artist soldiers.

LIBERATED TOWNS WELCOME ADVANCE OF YANK VICTORS

Continued from Page 1 so, even when the bombardment started, they were very few in Thiaucourt who knew just what it all meant.

As the barrage was extended beyond the advancing Yankee infantry, its first wave reached the village. It is hard to say which were surprised the most, the Germans or the inhabitants. The former immediately began to leave in a rush. German officers left their side arms and field glasses; they left German gin, wines, cigars and money. One officer left a new, almost unworn overcoat upon which an iron cross was pinned.

The approaching barrage brought rout to the German troops, but untold joy to the civilians. When it had first arrived the civilians sought their cellars for protection from the series of thunderbolts that were exploding up and down the streets. When it had passed on and they emerged they heard the steady tramp of many men, and peering out of windows and doors, they saw a column of American Infantry marching among them.

It was then that these American troops realized in full what they had done. For old and young, women and men, the released civilians rushed from their homes to bestow one of the greatest welcomes ever known to soldier liberators.

Many of them, weeping with joy, bestowed kisses and hand shakes, flowers and flags, until the bewildered Yanks were overwhelmed. They had never known a reception like this. The town was theirs, and the hearts of the natives went with the town. America had come to them—had come just back of a mighty barrage—and come with liberating bayonets to set them free from their four year term of captivity. And their captors were dead in the street, seized as prisoners or in wild flight over the hills beyond.

Enter the Pollu As the first long line of Americans passed and the happy welcome given, some one in the crowd that lined the way caught sight of the first French soldier swinging around a distant corner. It was the climax.

The welcome this first pollu received even surpassed the warmth of the reception given the Yanks. Here was one of their own people—and now at last they knew that France also had come to their aid.

They were surprised, too, to see that this Frenchman and the others that followed were all wearing good uniforms and were apparently well fed. They had been told by the Germans that the French army was in rags, wearing paper suits, and starved.

The story of Thiaucourt is merely the story of dozens of other villages and towns in the old St. Mihiel salient. Yanks were soon busy everywhere, helping the old and young, bringing back refugees by scores and hundreds in trucks and wagons. And when the Boche, holding on for just a breathing spell, began to shell these towns, neither Yank nor native seemed to bother in the slightest. They both knew that the Hun's reign as captor was over.

SEVEN BILLIONS ARMY ESTIMATES

Revenue Bill Speeded Up, Fourth Liberty Loan Drive Is On

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Sept. 19.—Announcement is made that the next Army estimates will ask Congress for \$7,000,000,000.

Without a dissenting vote the House has passed a law to help the Fourth Liberty Loan by exempting from additional income taxes, excess profits and war profits taxes the interest on Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds up to \$30,000 by any one holder and the interest on First, Second and Third Loan Liberty Bonds up to \$45,000 worth. The law will also permit one person to buy more than \$1,000 worth of War Savings Stamps.

The New York City police swear they will raise \$50,000,000 in the present Liberty Loan drive. They raised \$50,000,000 during the last drive and didn't have to club any citizens to do it.

TRY SCOTT'S DRUG STORE FOR ALL CHEMISTS' GOODS. AGENT FOR AMERICAN & ENGLISH PROPRIETARY MEDICINES. STOCK, PRICES AND SERVICES RIGHT. 38 RUE DU MONT THABOR, PARIS. Phone: Gutenberg 52-66. Telegrams: Pharmaceut.

MILLIONS OF ACRES WAIT FOR SOLDIERS BACK FROM FRANCE

Secretary Lane Asks Survey of Three Classes of Unused Land

FORTY YEAR PAYMENT PLAN Settlement Would Speed Up Payment of Huge Debt—Lesson of Civil War Cited

BY J. W. MULLER American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Sept. 19.—Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, is working away like a good one at plans for obtaining land for returned soldiers, and now that we see this war is getting quite a move on towards Wilhelmshand, there is readiness to concentrate on the subject of what to do for our khaki foreign representatives when their explosive diplomacy has panned Pan-Germanism.

Mr. Lane says, in refined language, that we must not welcome you with grubby hands to inhospitable jobs, but must be ready to offer things worth while, with a good eye for a prospective future. He has asked Congress for \$1,000,000 to survey three classes of unused lands, arid lands, cutover lands and swamp lands.

Fifteen million acres of irrigable lands are now in the Government's possession according to an official estimate. One hundred and fifty million acres of cut-over lands are practically all in private hands, which demands that a policy of development be worked out between the owners, the States and the Federal Government. There are 50,000,000 acres of swamp lands, much of which promises excellent results if reclaimed. Fifteen million acres of it is already reclaimed, and now furnishes profitable farming, mostly in the Mississippi River valley.

Business, Not Charity Secretary Lane hopes, after a survey, to induce Congress to take up the proposition of what to do for our khaki foreign representatives when their explosive diplomacy has panned Pan-Germanism.

The Lane idea is that the returning soldier should have 40 years in which to pay back his debt with interest and thus earn and possess his own place for himself and his children. To those old enough to remember what the opening of the great West meant to the armies returning from the Civil War, this plan is not only singularly inspiring, but present vast practical possibilities. It enabled us to pay our Civil War debt with ease, though its size at that time appalled the world.

There still remains a mighty domain of scattered, unused lands. The Department of Agriculture calculates that one half of the tillable land east of the Missouri river is out of use.

4,000 MILE WIRELESS [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Sept. 19.—The new naval radio studio at Annapolis, the most powerful in the world, has begun operation. It was completed in four months, the cost was \$1,500,000, and it can send messages for 4,000 miles. The Chicago-New York air mail service has begun.

VIRGINIA Alumni of the University of Virginia will hold a dinner in Paris on the night of Saturday, October 5. All Virginia men who expect to be in Paris on that date are requested to communicate with Lewis D. Crosshaw, Director of the Virginia Bureau, 1 Rue Richelieu, Paris. Details will be announced later.

FARQUHARSON CANDY Surprise the Folks at Home. Fifty-Cents a Pound. Post Paid per Pound—7 cents New England—12 cents East Miss. River—12 cents West Miss. River. FARQUHARSON CANDY SHOP. 1566 Beacon Street. BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS.

YANKS WITH R.A.F. Recent figures on the work of American airmen with the Royal Air Force show that between April 1 and August 25, Yankee flyers with the British brought down 65 enemy planes and 11 balloons. The ace of the list has eight planes and one balloon to his credit. Another flyer has five planes, another three planes and two balloons, and four have four planes each.

AT A BASE PORT "Who's that nervous man with the European war ribbon who hangs around the docks all day long?" "He spent two years in the S.O.S. watching French fishermen, and one day he saw one catch a fish. The doctors say he'll be all right after a long rest."

THE STOLL THEATRES In LONDON THE ALHAMBRA Facing the famous Leicester Square EVERY EVENING 7.40 Matinee Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2 LONDON'S BIGGEST SUCCESS! THE BING BOYS ON BROADWAY GEORGE ROBEY (England's Greatest Comedian) VIOLET LORRAINE and Star Cast High-Class Refreshments. "ONE OF THE WONDERS" OF LONDON. THE LONDON COLISEUM CHARIING CROSS Facing Trafalgar Square Europe's Principal Variety Theatre CHANGE OF PROGRAMME WEEKLY The Original Russian Ballet and Star Varieties TWICE DAILY 2.50 & 7.48 TEA ROOMS AND CAFES.

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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE WAR RELIEF COMMITTEE. Has opened reading, writing and rest rooms at 3 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. These rooms are open daily from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. and all Soldiers and Sailors of the Allied Forces are cordially welcome at all times. The Christian Science Monitor, other publications of the Society, the Bible and the Text Book of Christian Science, "Science and Health" with "Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, will be furnished free by the Committee to any Soldier or Sailor of the Allied Armies upon request. 3 AVENUE DE L'OPERA.

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SHAVE WITH A SMILE BY USING DURHAM DUPLEX SAFETY RAZOR. The DURHAM DUPLEX Razor Set either in leather case, or in khaki cloth kit including a razor, with white handle, package of three blades, guard and stropping attachment can be obtained at all A.E.F. and Y.M.C.A. canteens.

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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.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: The Dordland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Subscription price to civilians, 10 francs for six months; to soldiers, 10 francs for six months; to civilians, 10 francs for six months; to soldiers, 6s. 6d. for six months; to civilians, 8s. Civilian subscriptions from the United States \$2 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2.A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12,955. London Office, Goring Hotel, London, S.W.1.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1918.

PEACE BY THE SWORD, NOT BY TALK

Austria, tool of Germany, on Saturday addressed a note to the Allied Governments proposing "a meeting of delegates in a neutral country in order to begin confidential and unobligatory conversations on the fundamental principles of the conclusion of peace."

"The fundamental principles." There are no "fundamental principles." There is just one fundamental principle of the conclusion of peace, and it was never more clearly stated than when President Wilson, on signing the new man power bill, said:

"We solemnly purpose a decisive victory of arms."

Until that victory comes—until Germany and her chief partner in crime meet their Waterloo, their Appomattox, the Yorktown—their must be no peace, nor talk of peace. And the peace that then will come will not be a talked out peace with the criminal nations, but a peace of justice given them by the sword.

It is only by beating the bullying Teuton to his knees and making him impotent to repeat his rape of law and right that peace can come to the world.

Onward, then, to that decisive victory we solemnly purpose, be it a matter of months or years away. And he who talks or whispers, thinks or dreams peace meantime is a Benedict Arnold both to that great host which has died to keep men free, and to that other great host which today as freely offers its life to the same glorious cause, on the battlefields of France.

ST. MIHEL

The reduction of the St. Mihiel salient is a great feat of American arms. We can frankly say so because our Allies have frankly said so before us.

But, more than that, it is significant because it is the answer to wearying months of preparation, of training, of endless toiling in base ports and throughout the reaches of the S.O.S., of interminable weeks in quiet sectors, of sharp clashes with a foe swollen with success, not willing to be checked, but checked just the same—of all that goes to make a great army ready for the greatest job its country has ever undertaken.

It is not a case of "all over but the shouting." There will be bitter days before the time for shouting comes. But St. Mihiel is a lying start. It is proof that America is in the war, heart and soul—and muscle. It is America's finest answer—ahead of time—to Austria's German inspired bid for peace.

NAPOLEON WAS RIGHT

Of Sergeant Gerald P. Landry, D.S.C., of the Machine Gun Battalion, it is written:

When his platoon commander was incapacitated by wounds received in a day of incessant initiative, effectively took command of his platoon and directed its movements with marked ability and courage during the remainder of the advance.

Of Sergeant James Lewis, D.S.C., of the Machine Gun Battalion, it is written: Between Berry-les-Bains and Sissonnes he took charge of his platoon after his commander was killed. Soon afterward he himself was wounded, but he dressed his own wound and continued forward in a later advance directed by him. He was severely wounded, but placed his gun in position, looked after the security of his men and reported those facts to his commanding officer before permitting himself to be taken to a dressing station.

"Instant initiative" — "effectively took command" — "looked after the security of his men." Napoleon was right when he made his remark about the baton of leadership in every soldier's knapsack.

WHEN THE OLD MAN SIGNS UP

They're taking them up to 45 now. Let's see, the old man was only 41 his last birthday—say, wouldn't it be a joke if they got him over here, too?

There wasn't a prouder person in the whole U.S.A. when Victor Melchizadek, Jr., got his commission something over a year ago. But what will Victor Melchizadek, Jr., think about it when, looking over the latest bunch of replacements, and wondering what in hell they've sent him now to make soldiers out of, he sees the old man there, trying to look the part of the middle-aged Napoleon he isn't?

They're taking them up to 45 now. Let's see, was the old man only 41 on his last birthday—or was it 47?

You try to remember whether he was born in '73 or '74. And one minute you're rather wishing it was '74, and the next you hope it was, after all, '73.

Still, even if he's three times as old as Methusalem, he hasn't seen such a show as this in all his 2,907 years of existence. Why not let him in on it?

THE WAR IN NEW JERSEY

Railways running along or within a few miles of the Atlantic coast will be utilized to carry anti-aircraft guns in the event of a German airplane raid. This plan of protecting even the small hamlets that dot the long reaches of the coast has been discussed by New York and Federal officials. One of the former said:

"The proposed new balloon and seaplane stations to guard against submarine and air attacks can be utilized nicely as storage points for mobile anti-aircraft guns which are intended to be transferred quickly from one point to another to meet threatened attacks. For the sake of illustration, say there is

created one zone from New York to the Jersey Highlands. Word comes of a possible attack on Albany Park, say. Within a few seconds the railway cars containing the anti-aircraft guns would be on their way and the German aces would meet with the surprise of their lives with guns belching at them from unexpected points."

The quotation is from Aerial Age, normally rational. It adds that the cars could be "thoroughly protected and camouflaged, also."

Sunday supplement editors have been having quite a time lately about possible air raids on New York. The subject has given the imaginative space writers and illustrators a big opportunity—at five dollars a column. Let them keep it up. A darkened New York saves fuel, which is precious, and it won't do any damage to let the people back home suffer a little distant apprehension. It might be good thing, for example, for every city in the United States to observe a "war night."

They could shut off all the lights, send the fire department through the streets sounding a siren, shoot off some firecrackers for a barrage, duck into the cellars, and come up after a couple of hours and sigh, "Well, now we know what London and Paris go through."

The air scare, if it has any effect at all, will do more good than harm. But they can't blame us for smiling when they talk about dashing up the Atlantic coast with a 40-mile-an-hour camouflaged freight train to give a 120-mile-an-hour airplane "the surprise of its life."

"FOR THE GOOD OF BASEBALL"

It is hoped that the 30-odd trim, athletic young gentlemen who played or warmed a bench through the 1918 world's baseball championship will, by the time this appears in print, have salted their season's profits, and have joined the Army or, at least, have gone to work—not ball playing—in a shell factory or a shipyard.

"For the good of baseball, we will play," said these 30-odd young gentlemen the other day after they had held a crowd of 25,000 waiting in the bleachers for an hour while they and their owners wrangled over the division of the proceeds—after they had wasted 25,000 man hours, made trebly precious by war needs, not counting their own.

Before the 1918 world's baseball series was finished another world's series started up on the Lorraine front—a world's series where there weren't any 25,000 people sitting in the grandstand to cheer the players on, a world's series where the split-up was considerably under \$800 per man, a world's series where the stake was human life and the reward the knowledge of an American's duty done. In this second world's series were some of the baseball players who didn't wait around to share in the money and the glory of the first.

Might we suggest that, when this old world is running again on an even keel—when the clerks have gone back to clerking and the brokers back to brokering and the baseball players back to baseball—these men who today are throwing grenades instead of baseballs, who are wielding bayonets instead of bats, will be adjudged the men who played the game "for the good of baseball"?

TWO CANTEENS

In a certain railroad junction town in the S.O.S. there is a canteen, run by Americans for American soldiers of all grades, trades and conditions. Every man who comes in there is treated as one of the family, whether he be belted or unbelted, white or black, grammatical or ungrammatical.

This canteen is always crowded, and its praises are sung by appreciative Yanks up and down many a weary mile of S.O.S. trackage.

In another junction town of the S.O.S. not many miles away there is another canteen, run by the same general organization. It sells a greater variety of articles than the other, and has more room and a larger personnel. But the average buck private, returning from his trip to the counter, has much the same feeling of utter smallness that he used to have when he came out of the principal's office in school back home.

This canteen is never crowded, and you never hear it spoken of up and down the line.

THE RAINBOW

It is a good thing that there is no difference between salutes. If there were—if a General Staff officer were entitled to one kind and an Artillery officer to another—we should be due for a long course of study in the new overseas cap piping system.

As it is, all we have got to do is to remember that if the piping is dark blue, gray, yellow with scarlet threads, anything like that, the wearer is entitled to a salute.

Incidentally, in all this new color scheme, we mourn the absence of that staunch old American favorite—silver threads among the gold.

HERE AND THERE

It almost always surprises our French friends to learn that New Mexico and New Jersey are about as far apart as Carriacou and the Model License League. Some of them, educated by the movies, imagine that cowboys roam through the canyons adjacent to Wall Street, New York, and that buffaloes wool and snort and paw the earth on Boston common.

For our own part, most of us are in turn hazy as to the location of French places. It comes as a sort of shock to learn that Nice is not on the Atlantic coast, or that Lyon is not one of the base ports the names of which we can't use in our letters. And it is little short of slandering when the truth finally comes home to us that the province of Maine, France, is as inland as Iowa.

Something tells us that, as a result of our sojourn here, the little Willies of the future will pay even more attention to the contents of their joggeries than the little Willies of the past paid to the copies of Diamond Dick and Frank Merriwell that they used to smuggle behind those bulky books. Something tells us, too, that the little Pierres of the future will be able to bound Oklahoma and defuse Kansas with the best of us.

THE ARMY'S POETS

JACKIE'S BIT

It's black as the gates of sheol, there's never a glint of light. And the crow's nest ways and the wind's in the stays as we buck through a dirty sea. The deck is a pitching platform, the hold is a heaving sink. While the phosphor sparks wash by in the dark like nebulae, Jackie lies. It's a rotten time for a murder by a Hun and a U-boat crew. But never you fret that you'll wake up wet, for the Navy'll see you through.

With two keen, clean guns to starboard and a fancy pair to port. And a five to stern and good ammo to burn, we are primed for a bit of sport. There's a wind blown gun crew Jackie to left and right. Who will nudge the shield of a piece full heeled till we raise the coast we're for. Not a deck but is cleared for action, not a post a bit. So if Fritz should lurk for his blackguard work, he'd a damnsight well take care.

When the hold is tiered with khaki, by raider and storm and mine. It's the sailors' show, up aloft and below, to get us over the top of the brine. No trace of a fall or flurry, they handle the whole parade. And steer the jaunty past the sabbies' haunt, still like the moon, Jackie lies.

All the run of the foam-fringed sea trail as the trouphop toys with fate. Let the soldier sleep on the snare-net deep while the Jackie lies his mate. At Sea. Stewart M. Emery, A.E.F.

ON LEARNING FRENCH

Like silver bells heard in a mist. Or moonstone echoes from some brook. Where silver birches wall a nook. Or like sea ripples moon-lit kissed. Or like a lake of silver ledges. Where iris water-lilies lave. Or like some other iridescent wave. Of song above white Hawthorn hedges.

The maiden ripples French to me; But I am like some argonaut. In some mute agony of thought, Lost in sound's sweet tranquillity. Alfred J. Fritchey, Camp Hosp., 20.

THE LITTLE DREAMS

Now, France is a pleasant land to know. You're back in a jiffy. And a lone for the human mole. Where the trenches burrow down; But where doughtiness be in their own O.D., Whatever their daily grinds. There's a little dream, this sort of theme In the background of their minds:

"Oh, gee whiz, I'd give my mess kit And the barrel off my gat Just to take a stroll up Main Street In a new Ford car; Just to hit the Best Drug Store For an ice-cream soda steve. And not a doggone officer To tell me what to do."

Here's a youngster sprawled in an old shell hole. With a Chaucer at his eye; There's some wide I.E. on the next O.P. And a Fokker in the sky. It's a hundred yards to his jump-off trench. And ten to the German wire. But what does he hear, more loud and clear Than the crack of harassing fire?

Echoed footsteps on the marble; Thrills of a revolving door. And the start of the four signal—"C" Express here—four signal—"C" Click of coins on the cigar stand; Two stout parties passing by—"I said short and to the point; Lackwanna's too damned high."

Here's a C.O. down in his dugout deep Who once was a poor N.G. The field-phone rings and someone sings "Red Gulch, sir, 12-3-3. It's spilling rain on Harry Black; Have Jane retell it. Two minutes more and he hears Jane roar. While he thinks this hymn of hate:

"That north forty must look pretty. Head-high, now, and ears all set; And the hands and the feet, too. Wonder if they've mowed it yet? Crickets eliciting in the stubble; Apples reddening on the trees— Oh, good Lord, I've got a song double: That's not gas that made me sneeze!"

Here's a Q.M. warehouse, locked and still. At the end of a village street; The sunset red on the woods ahead And a sentry on his beat. The howl of wind on the ancient spire. A child laughs out below. And the sentry's eyes, on the western skies. Behold, in the afterglow.

Row on row of smoking chimneys. Long steel roofs and swaying cranes. Muzes of trucks and puffing engines. Creeping strings of shunted trains. Asphalt streets and stuccoed houses. Lots, with brick and lush piled high. Whines of trolleys clanking on curbs. Yellow trolleys clanking by.

These are tawdry thoughts in an epic time For martial souls to own? They are thoughts, my friend, that we would not mend; That are bred of our blood and bone. A mustard shell, it is very well. And an egg grenade's O.K. But we get our steam from our little dream Of the good old U.S.

Cotton fields along the river. Night lights streaming from a mill; Corn, with curling leaves a-quiver. Dump-cars, lining out a fill; Presses roaring in a barnment. Woods, with waters gleaming through— Kaiser Bill, we'll up and go there. When we've rid the world of you! Joseph Mills Hanson, Capt., U.S.A.

FAITH

I have no faith of howling winds. Nor of the surging, billowy sea; My love, I know, will vigils keep. O'er stormy paths that wait for me. And so with song I greet the dawn. With hope I meet life's heavy hours. For the stormy paths that wait for me My love will change to rose-strewn boulevards. Fra Guido, — P.A.

THE R.T.O.

O hear the song of the R.T.O. With his "40 Hommes" or "8 Chevaux." He works in the day and he works at night. For the men must go or the men can't fight. They call him here and they call him there. They ask him why and they ask him where. O his cars don't come, but his cars must go. Be it wet or dry or rain or snow. If they call for Hommes or they want Chevaux. Thus goes the song of the R.T.O. O it. "How we love you, R.T.O. With your '40 Hommes' or '8 Chevaux.' Say, whadda do before the war? Work in a packin' house? O Lor! We got an army in here now. And we ain't got room for our packs and chow. They's '40 Hommes aboard, you KNOW. So come ahead with your '8 Chevaux. And shout Allez and away will go. O how we LOVE you, R.T.O."

Heaven help the R.T.O. With his "40 Hommes" or "8 Chevaux." He's got five hundred men to load On a few small cars on a narrow road. O the war won't end if he don't make good. 'Cause he's got to send 'em the men and food. Be it wet or dry or rain or snow. And they call for Hommes or they want Chevaux— There's hell to pay if the stuff don't go. So Heaven help the R.T.O. Sgt. A. P. Bowen, R.T.O.

THEN WE'LL COME BACK TO YOU

Some day, when screaming shells are but a boom. That vanished with the dawn of better days. When Love and Faith are really what they seem. And victory is lost in fleeting haze; When each sweet day recalls a noble deed. Wherein a blinding flash plays not a part. And Truth at last has sown the godly seed That springs to Trust and Joy in every heart; Some day, though it be farther west the years Than ever mortal gazed or planned ahead. When we have made them pay for all your tears.

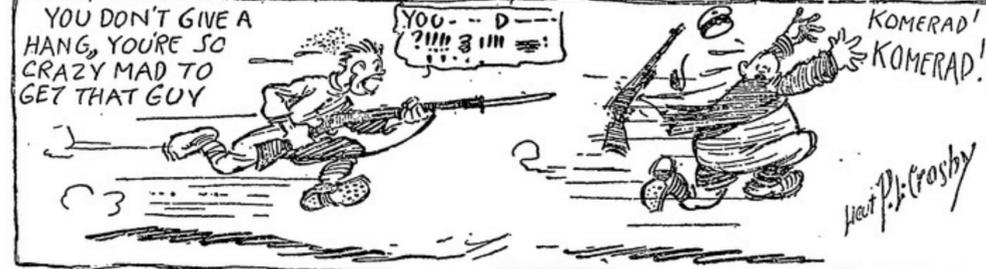
And squared accounts for comrades who have died. When we can feel that storms of Greed and Lust will nevermore engulf our skies of blue; When you can live and know each sacred trust— And not all then—will we come back to you. Corp. Howard H. Herty, 1st Army, Hq. Reg.

IT'S EASY IF YOU GET SORE

YOU ARE UNDER DIRECT OBSERVATION OF THE BOOCH SNIPERS YOU WANT TO GET A LINE ON A CERTAIN GUY WITH A MACHINE GUN SO— YOU RAISE YOUR HEAD SLOWLY—VERY SLOWLY—AND TAKE A LONG LOOK—A BIRD FLITS PLAYFULLY FROM LIMB TO LIMB—YOU ARE ABOUT TO GET SENTIMENTAL— WHEN A SUDDENLY-CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! YOU GRASP THE EARTH AND FEVERISHLY PRESSE YOUR BOSOM AND—HOPE!!—

AGAIN— THAT CLICK-ICK! ICK! ICK! MEETS YOUR SENSITIVE EARS— WITH YOUR LAST FLICKER OF WIT— YOU DECIDE TO LAY DOWN— ALL WINTER IF NECESSARY— THERE'S A SUSPICIOUS ODOR OF SNEEZING— GA— PERMEATING THROUGH THE HAY— AND YOU ENDEAVOR TO STIFLE A SNEEZE— BUT TRY AS YOU MIGHT, YOUR WHOLE FRAME SHAKES WITH THE EXPLOSION—

YOUR BODY FAIRLY OZZES IN THE NEW DIRECTION— YOU WONDER WHY YOU DIDN'T THINK OF THIS BEFORE— YOU RECKLESSLY FOLLOW WITH A FEW MORE, THEN—



A REDHEAD

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Are you really in earnest in your search for a red-headed, freckle-faced French girl who can throw a baseball, or was it just a color story born of the lonesome dreamings of one of your staff who has a sweetheart of that complexion and color at home?

In a recent edition you mention several girls of that blaze, but found none that would suit and none who could qualify for adoption. As a newspaperman, you'll pardon me if I say that your staff is falling down on you in not being able to discover an honest-to-goodness bit of color like that. It was the first thing I spotted in this hamlet, and probably the only thing I've found in France that resembles something I can find back in the States.

She's red-headed, brilliantly so, freckled and blotched—but they're beautiful freckles and glorious blotches—pug-nosed and wears a short scrubby pig tail tied tight. Back home you could run across her in every street of every city, from Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Pittsfield, Albany, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Paul, Denver and Salt Lake to San Francisco, including way stations. She's got wicker, laughing eyes of blue—just like our American sisters and others who used to bother us so much at home with their devilish glances, but whose power has vanished, now that Mr. Burleson stands between us.

She's a war orphan, too, one of four whom a little woman in black—the neighbors call her the petite dame—is trying to keep alive and happy in some sort of way. God knows how. Her father, through the picture net, fame carries a pocket when she comes out in her few fine clothes of a Sunday or fête day, was killed two years ago.

He wasn't a typical polli, for his huge, powerful head, with a chin like a Pennsylvania coal-miner's, was crowned with long curls of coal-black hair. His broad shoulders would have smashed through the metal line of any gridiron. And, judging from the neighbors' accounts, he was a big, jolly, happy-go-lucky French boy of 26 who slipped away from here in the night time four years ago after kissing each of his three babies goodnight and hugging tight the petite dame and kneeling down with her head to the ground, he canopied bed— tons les deus praying that all would be well before it was time for the next little baby to come.

La tête rouge was only six then, and there were only three. She's ten now, and has another little sister. The polli's prayer was answered, and the petite dame seems happy.

As for the little dame, this non-ferrous mess she showed me something that looked like a grammar school diploma which read that Miss Harriet Sheridan of Cheyenne, Wyoming, Etats-Unis, had adopted Gilberte Lalonde for one year. The petite dame thinks Miss Harriet Sheridan must be très gentille, and then she looks at the picture and says, "The women in l'Amérique are like Miss Sheridan."

Now it would be asking too much of France to find two red-headed, freckle-faced kids in the same family, but there are three more babies who are sisters of that red-headed, freckle-faced, pug-nosed, pig-tailed kid—that's not to mention the side-hand American girlhood. Comprenez-vous? P.T. RAY T. TUCKER, Inf.

HE LIKES M. P.'S

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:— I am enclosing copy of a letter which was received by one of the officers of my command from a member of his company who had been pretty badly wounded in the recent fighting, and who was in the hospital at the time of writing.

In my opinion the fighting spirit of the American soldier in France and his attitude towards persons suffering and in need are splendidly exemplified in his letter, and it is requested that it be published in your columns for the edification of our Army and our people at home. Brig-Gen., U.S.A.

ONE VERSION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:— After reading your graphic account of the first battle of the Marne in the issue of September 6, it seems to me that the situation was about this:

Marshall Joffre was playing quarterback, directing the French team. It was Germany's ball on France's five-yard line, drawing the Crown Prince, or somebody, fumbled, and it was France's ball again.

Then Marshal Joffre gave his famous "Hold 'em!" order, and the line stiffened. He shouted a string of numbers, and Generals Manoury and Castellan, left right ends respectively, dug out toward the side lines, drawing the German ends and tackles out with them, and forcing the German guards to play out from the center so as to try to cover the French tackles too. "Look out for a kick!" bellowed the German quarter, running back a bit. And then Marshall Joffre sent General Foch, his great plunging full-back right, drawing the German center for a 35-yard line. Result: France's ball on her own 40-yard line, on the Alsne.

As far as I can figure out, the ball has been since then in France's territory, and Germany didn't get within kicking distance of the goal— which was and is Paris—until this last spring, and then only because she had a long-range dropkicker in the person of Krupp, a new man from the Essex Prep school. Even

MUSIC FOR A. E. F.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

You will no doubt be interested to learn that in addition to my regular distribution of popular music for band, orchestra and sheet music for piano and voice, I am now sending to music lovers in the A.E.F. an Army and Navy song book which I have succeeded in getting some help to such lowbrows as myself who have to get things in terms of football.

Respectfully yours, EX-FAN.

FROM IOWA

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

I have received copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES from our dear Daddy in France. How jolly well our brave boys must appreciate reading this paper. It seems so like them and we at home feel that we are nearer them when we can read the same paper. My copies have been worn to shreds from so many readers. Everyone is so anxious to see them.

Wishing THE STARS AND STRIPES success. Ottumwa, Iowa. GRACE B. STROCKBERGER.

SAVING

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Having been in a position to see the vast amount of waste material in the A.E.F. throughout the different camps and depots, I would like to make the suggestion of forming a waste department, or what we used to call the bonnyard.

In civil life I was employed by one of the largest manufacturing firms in the States, looking after all their waste and inspecting it. We formed what we called "bonnyard," everything, before it was thrown away, had to go through this department. I don't see why they could not have such a department in the A.E.F. in each and every camp. It would save the Government thousands of dollars and much tonnage.

In the following paragraphs I will cite a few cases of material destroyed which could have been utilized.

In the uncrating of material the boards are invariably removed in such a manner as to make them useless for any other purpose than firewood. If nails pullers were used and care taken, these boards could all be saved and used to some good purpose. The same with boxes, which are in most cases destroyed and burnt up. I don't think there is a nail puller in the A.E.F.

I notice all around the camp I am in at least 100 large galvanized cans each the size of a barrel. They take up a lot of tonnage space, as in shipping these are covered with wire and all that space lost. There must be thousands of such cans all over France. They are used for waste paper and garbage cans. A wooden box perhaps wouldn't do for reasons of fire: I know of no other reason why the cans are used. The Q.M. is destroying tin lined boxes every day that could be used for that purpose and save a lot of shipping space.

Speaking of waste paper, all could be used for fire pulp and save a lot of coal and wood. I have seen in the Q.M. sales department large tin boxes that tobacco is shipped in thrown out on the trash heap. These could be used for many purposes, as they are two feet square and have three feet high sides. A tin-smith would cut them up and use them for a good many things.

Burlap bags are cut open with a knife instead of undoing the top. I have seen men, in using cement, simply cut the bag.

One other thing I would like to speak about is the unloading of hay from cars. The men simply untie the ropes, holding the tarpaulins on one side of the car, letting the tarpaulins fall on the opposite side of the car. Now the point is this: The men switching the cars around the yards never look after these things, so when the engine hooks on the tarpaulin drags on the ground and is run over by the wheels and are seen as many as five cut in one string of cars, and it is safe to say that there are five a day cut all over France. Five tarpaulins a day at \$20 each makes \$30,500 a year, not to mention the tonnage.

THE GOLD STAR

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Having received copies of your paper through my brother, Sergeant Carl Thoet, Co. D, — Engrs., who was recently killed in action, I have wanted so often to express my appreciation for the keen enjoyment I have received from reading THE STARS AND STRIPES. Perhaps it will be of interest to you, as a little experience which has recently happened regarding the distribution of the paper for the big cause which we are all co-workers in.

Several days past I was in the company of several other men active in war work, when THE STARS AND STRIPES was mentioned by one of them who had seen a copy. As I was receiving the copies quite regularly and also recalled full well how we were exerting every bit of energy for our boys, I decided that I could have my copies of your paper, and whatever amount they might realize on their sale would be turned into the war fund, for enabling us to increase our subscriptions for purchasing wool for the knitted garments which are so appreciated by all in the service. Four copies have already raised the wool fund several dollars more.

ANOTHER SLOGAN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Allow me to suggest as a better slogan than "going over the top," "going pig-sticking." THE TERRIBLE DANE, — Engrs.

Those of us who have our gold starred service flags realize all the more that there is so much we can do to carry on. Though I cannot take Brother's place in the trenches, I can do what I can to help him. There is such perfect unity and co-operation everywhere about us. LEONA OTT, Santa Barbara, California.

AMERICA IN FRANCE

IX—St. Mihiel

One of the first towns that Americans traveling in France after the war will insist on seeing because of its historic association with the work of the A.E.F. will be St. Mihiel, on the right bank of the Meuse.

This little city—in peace time it boasted 10,000 inhabitants—besides giving its name to the salient reduced and recaptured by the Yanks on September 12 and 13, 1918, had already no small place in the history of France and of Europe before those eventful days. It has given to France many illustrious sons famed in the arts and sciences, and it owes its very existence to its proximity to a seat of learning which kept the torch of culture burning during the so-called dark ages.

It was in 706 that Saint Mihiel, otherwise known as Saint Michel (but not to be confused with the patron saint of Paris, who is none other than Saint Michael the Archangel himself), established, at about six kilometers' distance from the town which now bears his name, a great abbey for the Benedictine monks, of whose order he was an influential member. A little more than a century later, this abbey was brought nearer the banks of the Meuse under the direction of the celebrated abbot Imarage, counselor to no less a prince than Charlemagne.

Capital of a Duchy

The school of the abbey, under the direction of the Benedictines, flourished during the centuries that followed, and the town prospered in proportion. In 1301 St. Mihiel became the capital of the independent province of Bar, called a duchy, which later became one of the fiefs of the Duke of Lorraine.

In those days the Samuelliens were a race of noted weavers, and may were the habits roses and satins brocades that their dexterous hands turned out for the adornment of the great ladies of the royal and ducal courts of the period. The gold workers of the town also added to the richness of its cloth products with their ornaments, and to be dressed in the cloth and gold of St. Mihiel was the height of ambition for many a lord and lady of high degree in France and across the Rhine.

In the sixteenth century, St. Mihiel became an artistic center, and the school of art which bore its name continued to spread its influence over France and beyond in the great days of the Renaissance.

Chief among the exponents of the Samuelliens school was its founder, Ligier Richier, born in St. Mihiel in 1506. He was a pupil of Michael Angelo in Italy, and wrought much of his sculpture in the stone of his native region. The stone of St. Mihiel, when soaked in wax and oil, has much of the appearance and the durability of marble, as the works of Ligier, of his son, Gerard, and of Jean, Joseph and Jacob Richier, who followed amply attest.

St. Mihiel's Churches

The old church of Saint Etienne in the town boasts a depiction of the Holy Sepulchre by Ligier Richier, considered the sculptor's masterpiece, as one of its most highly prized possessions. In the group an angle is seen bearing the Saviour's Cross and the nails and addressing condolences to Mary. St. Veronica stands alongside, holding the crown of thorns; below, Mary Magdalene is seen kissing the feet of the dead Christ, and Salome is preparing the winding-sheet in the tomb.

In the church of Saint Michel, which is part of the abbey group of buildings, is another of Ligier's works, this time in wood, representing St. John the Beloved in the act of comforting the weeping Mary.

The church of Saint Michel has one example of the work of Jean Richier, grandson of Ligier, in its baptistry—a statue of a child playing with two skulls.

The more somber subjects seem to have appealed particularly to the art of the Richiers.

That the people of St. Mihiel have not been forgetful of their most famous townsman is attested by the Place Ligier Richier, at the head of the Rue de l'Église. There, in 1909, was erected a bronze statue of the sculptor, executed by a latter-day artist of St. Mihiel, named Vadel.

Other Famous Inhabitants

But the Richiers have had no monopoly of the work of bringing fame to the town of their birth.

Nicolas Cordier, born at St. Mihiel in 1507, was a sculptor who decorated the city of Rome with his works. Jean Béran, born there in 1640, was called the greatest designer of his century, and strove mightily to add to the brilliance of the reign of his monarch, Louis XIV, the "Sun-King." His brother Claude and his two sons, Jean-Baptiste and Jean, distinguished themselves in the decorative art. With the exception of Jean, all were natives of the little city by the Meuse.

In yet another line St. Mihiel has been known. Albert Girard, the mathematician, first saw the light of day there in 1588. It was who made possible the further developments of mathematics and metaphysics by such men as Descartes and Sir Isaac Newton, who followed in his footsteps.

Before the fall of 1914, when the German army gobbled up the town in its advance and then held it for four years, St. Mihiel had known capture and siege.

In the course of the struggle between the duke of Lorraine and Bar with his liege-lord, Louis XIII, and Louis's great manager, Richelieu, it was captured and taken by the royal troops in 1635, but only after an heroic resistance by the garrison, loyal to the duke to the last. French strategical authorities of later times have not failed to recognize its importance, and during the last century it has always quartered a garrison of considerable size, particularly since 1870, when the Germans secured Metz.

A Descendant of Lafayette

The Roman invaders and conquerors of Gaul were not unaware of the strategic value of the spot, for to the south of St. Mihiel can be found the Fort du Camp des Romains, deriving its name from the Caesar's warriors. The modern fort, held by the Germans up to the eventful close of last week, was built on the side of the old Roman encampment, which in turn took over the site of a still earlier Gallic "oppidum" or fortified town.

Of particular interest to Americans, outside of the outstanding recent events, is the fact that near St. Mihiel is the chateau of the Comte de Chambrun, a direct lineal descendant of the Marquis de Lafayette. The count, in company with Marshal Joffre and former Premier Viviani, was one of the first Frenchmen to welcome the United States into the war as a sister-ally, being a member of the official French mission that visited the States in April and May, 1917.

He re-entered his abode in company with American and French troops for the first time in four years, following the recapture of the old town last week.

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

INDICATING THAT IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW YOU HAD BETTER ADMIT IT BEFORE YOU'RE SHOWN UP



I ran smack into the mayor and knocked him kookoo

France, Sept. 19, 1918.

Dear Henry, Well Henry if some bird tries to tell you that driving a truck in a conveyer is a easy job you can figure he has been a hod carrier or a lumber jack something or other and don't know what a easy job is like.

The other day some guy from the Q.M. dept. come over and says that he is looking for volunteers to go to a place down in the S.O.S. and drive some ford trucks up here. I never drove a ford truck and neither did Buck but we said we'd go anyway.

This guy wanted to know if we could drive one up here without busting a wind shield or something and Buck said he had never busted one yet. Of course he hadn't Henry because he never had a chance. And aint saying anything about my car either.

Well there was 24 of us guys went down on the train and there was 24 fords all lined up and waiting for us. This bird in charge of us, who I bet couldn't herd a bunch of hby buggies down a straight street without getting several of them lost in all of our something, lined us up and assigned us to a truck.

Right off the bat Henry I got little old no. 13 and Buck got no. 23. They all had numbers on them from 1 up to 24 and that's the numbers we got.

Right away Henry I told Buck there would be something terrible happen.

Well this guy had a truck full of gasoline come up and told us to fill up our gas and etc. I never gassed up a ford of course but I watched another cink and got the dope pretty strait.

I did it like he did and of course it was all right. Then I went down to where Buck was and he had filled up the water tank with gasoline and so we had to drain it all out and do it over.

I like to wear out my right arm cranking my old liz up but I got her started and then helped Buck get his going.

Well Henry this bird in charge of us got up in front and blew his whistle 3 times for us to start and we was off. I busted a lamp first crack out of the box when this guy in front of me didn't get started with the rest of us.

What in hell's the matter with you anyway this bird in front say, don't you know how to drive a ford. Well I says if I don't I ain't got much on you, stopping in front of me like that.

Well I waited till this guy pulled out then I socked him into low and got a good start. Everything was going all right when the radiator or something began to suck air and she died on me like she had quick nemonia.

I got out and cranked her Henry and first thing I knowed she walked right up my stummick and knocked me down and then she started to go over the side.

Well Henry you should of seen that loot came back there and tip me up the back. I can't tell you all he said to me Henry but it was enogh to convince me that I was an expert when it come to driving a ford.

Well I backed her off the telephone pole and got her started again. For about a mile Henry I wasn't sure whether I was going to kill some guy or just cripple him.

I guess everybody along the road look at me like I had some bird on the side about the time I come along and it was pretty lucky for one guy that he run when he did or his folks might be going to his funeral or something today.

I kind of scraped one guys fender who passed me and nearly run into an old cherris tree that some bird was riding.

We was going down a long hill and I had to put the brakes on all the time to keep from running into this bird ahead of me.

I was thinking about Buck and how he was coming etc. when I heard a hell of a noise and everybody got over to the right of the road for some bird to pass and pretty soon he passed at about 70 miles an hour and when I saw that little old no. 23 daunging on the car I know that Buck would either be in the hospital soon or I would have an extra pair of binets on my bunk. He was sure rumbeling Henry.

Well when we got to the bottom of the hill Buck was alright but his car had to be toed in. He hit something which disconnected the dudat that connects up the dudinkus on the steering wheel with the gas tank or something.

But little old no. 13 was through yet Henry. This loot in charge says Buck is too inkompetent to drive a ford so he steered it and Buck got in the car with me.

Right then I had a hush that Buck would bring me a lot of hard luck or something. I had my old liz running as smooth as a alarm clock.

We was coming through a French town when I run smack into the mayor of the place and knocked him kookoo. And the more I think about it the more I think this gink ought to be hen hit.

He started across the street when I was in the middle of it and I hear my horn tooting all the way down the street because that was Buck's job.

Well Henry everybody stopped and got out and it took about 5 minutes to bring the mayor to. All the time they was working on him the loot was looking at me like he was going to court-marshal me or something.

Then after he come to the loot made a speech to him about how sorry he was and how unfortunate he was in having with him a guy who was wished on him by accident and who didn't know the first principals of driving a car etc.

And all that time Henry I was standing there while everybody looked at me and grinned. Buck was the only one who didn't look at me like I was a German or something who had come along just for the purpose of killing of the French population and smashing up cars that was being used in the war etc.

Well the loot says to the sergeant Take this guy out here in the street and show him how to drive a ford so's he won't kill somebody. And then the sergeant got in the seat with me and made me drive out into the big square where I wouldn't have a chance to hit for camp and started to learn me how to drive.

Henry I bet there was everybody in town come down to the square to watch me drive. Everybody that wasn't there when we come was there 2 minutes later and they was lined up on all sides of the square.

They kept hollerin at me in French and even the Americans kept telling me what to do to. One guy said for me to put her in high and make tracks like Barney Oldfield etc. and one asked me if the radiator had plenty of gas in it etc.

Well Henry I got so I could drive her all right and then we started for camp again. The mayor come around and shook hands with me and said it was all right. I guess he meant his stummick was getting all right or something because he had his hand on it.

Anyway Henry after I learned to drive we went along all right. When we hit the foot of the hill on the last lap my old liz started to coking and I had to shove her into low to get her up.

It stopped about 10 ft. from the top and so rather than to start it again Buck and I pushed her up and coasted clean into camp.

I guess it was pretty lucky for me that there was a hill there or maybe I would of been toed in because she wasn't working very good when it died on me the last time.

Anyway I'm here Henry and I guess it's a good lesson for Buck and I. You never want to try to do something in this army that you can't Henry. It don't pay. I might of been charged with murder of a mayor or something.

So long Henry. S. T. B.

P.S.—The loot just come in and wanted to know what in hell I did with the karburator out of my ford. I ain't seen it Henry and I hope I never do.

HOTEL BRIGHTON, PARIS

218 Rue de Rivoli (Tuileries)

17 State Street New York

172 Quai de Jemmapes PARIS

ROSEY IS ABDUCTED, 50 FRANCS OFFERED

Villain in Motor Car Sought by Engineer Hawkshaws After Deed

Somebody has abducted Rosey, and Company E of the — Engrs. is hot up about it.

What's more, that somebody was seen to alight from an American car on or about July 15, near the Camp of Company E, — Engrs., if you know where that is. Company E's alert guard gave chase to the end of his post, but couldn't chase any further without violating G.O. No. 5 — set down in the M.G.D. The car started up too quick anyway, and the seutry was so flabbergasted at the spectacle of the dastardly act that he saw red, and consequently couldn't lump the number.

Company E says, right out bold in writing, that it will collectively pay 50 francs for Rosey's return or for information leading to her recovery, and hereby makes the offer through this newspaper. Company E doesn't furnish Rosey's descriptive list or service record, but it does send a picture. It is a little bit blurred and perhaps not flattering, so we won't use it, but here is a description compiled from it:

Rosey, pronounced long; hair, stiff and bristly; eyes, narrow and set well into the head; ears, sharply pointed and laid back along her hairy neck; hands and feet, small, well-calloused and cloven.

"Hold on," says some one about now, "who'll is this Rosey, you're getting intimate in describing?"

A fair question and a just one. Rosey is the five months' old wild bear mascot of Company 1. — Engrs., and they love her like a buddy.

THINK OF VLADIVOSTOK

"Bet this is going to be an awfully tough winter." "Cheer up. We might have been in that outfit they sent to Siberia."

HOTEL CONTINENTAL

3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

M.P.'S RED NECKS BY NEW COLLAR MARKING

Scarlet Cloth Will Be Worn Under Metal Ornaments — School to Open

American military police—officers and enlisted men—are going to rival British staff officers in their collar decorations.

They are going to wear patches of scarlet cloth right under their collar ornaments. The patches will be 2 inches long and 1 1/4 inches wide, rounded at the corners. They will be worn on both sides, sewn lengthwise, 1 inch from each end and midway between the upper and lower edges, according to G.O. 152.

Officers will wear the bronze metal letters "U.S." and enlisted men the regulation button insignia "U.S." in the center of the scarlet pieces.

The M.P.'s will have a school of their own at Autun, under the direct supervision of the Provost Marshal General.

ARMY EAR-DRUM PROTECTOR

"Prevents Injuries from Shock of Gun Fire. Does Not Interfere with Hearing of Commands."

Made by SAFETY EAR-DRUM PROTECTOR CO. 10 Cortlandt Street, New York.

<

UTE WAR WHOOP SIGNALS TRIUMPH OVER CRAFTY HUN

Chief Ross, Who Saluted Once and Says, "Ugh," Shines as Scout

CARRIES GERMAN PISTOL

Field Glasses Appear Mysteriously When Officer Admits He'd Like to Have a Pair

The Ute war cry rang through a French town the other day when Chief Ross, otherwise Private Ross, battalion scout of the Infantry, during a moment of triumph over his German enemy, forgot himself and uttered the ancient totem of his race.

A year ago, when Private Ross had farwelled to his native state—Arizona—and shed his buckskin riding trousers for a uniform, he immediately became a chief. Not a chief with the same executive powers as the chiefs that ruled over his race years ago, but a plain buck private chief. His white brethren insisted on calling him Chief the first day he arrived in camp, although he peeled potatoes for the mess sergeant that day, and great chiefs are not supposed to do K.P.

Chief Ross is not what you would call a model soldier. He has been known to salute an officer only once, and that was when he had gone to his captain for the third time to request a pass. He says "Ugh," for "ugh" and shakes his head for "No, sir." He never talks much, although he has a fair knowledge of English. He had smiled up to the other day only once since he has been in the Army, and that, his comrades say, was when his scout commander promised him a certain something if he could accomplish a certain errand which the officer was about to send him upon.

It was at a training camp in America that a scout captain first noted the scouting abilities of Chief Ross. One day the regiment was manuevering, and it was necessary to send out scouts. Chief Ross was selected. A detachment, commanded by the captain, was to act as the enemy, and it was Chief Ross' duty to scout ahead of the advance guard, locate the enemy and report his location to the colonel.

Enemy Is Located

An hour later the Indian reported the exact location of the "enemy" and then disappeared. When the captain and his detachment had been captured Chief Ross brought up the rear. He had crept to the rear position and hid behind a log to avoid a mistake in case the "enemy" changed its location. During his going and coming the scout had been unobserved, and the captain was much surprised on learning that his position in a thick berry patch had been under observation by Ross from the time he entered it until his capture.

When the regiment arrived in France, Chief Ross, with 40 others, was chosen as a battalion scout. Then it was that his real work began.

The first day the regiment went into battle, Chief Ross was very active. By night, he knew every shell hole in No. Man's Land, the location of every machine gun nest and sniper's post.

It was during that first day of battle that the Indian scout relapsed into a state of profound reverie for him. He spoke to no one except on matters of serious import. When directed to perform a certain errand, he merely grunted and then faded away into the forest or underbrush. The errand performed and he has never failed to perform one since, when a machine gun nest that needs silencing or only a subject would return to his own lines without even so much as making a report to his commander.

Admired by Poilus

His actions were noticed by the French officers and poilus. When they regarded him as at first they were too polite to tell, but soon they began to understand and admire him.

There came the night at Fismes when the scout officer and patrol found themselves lost in a dark wood. They did not go one way or another without first obtaining proper information as to their location for fear of walking into the German lines. They were discussing their problem when a dark form crawled out from under a shelter and approached the lieutenant.

It was Chief Ross. He walked over to the officer, pulled at his coat sleeve and laid him follow, uttering one of his grunts. Fifteen minutes later the party walked back into its own lines.

Chief Ross developed a certain paternal affection for a German hunter pistol that he had captured one night in the enemy trenches. He carries it with him wherever he goes for fear that one of his white brothers will amox it in his absence if he leaves it lying around. He has been known to sleep with it strapped to his belt.

It is with this automatic pistol that he accomplishes his various tasks as a battalion scout. He seldom carries anything else except hand grenades. His supply of ammunition is always low, but he manages to visit the German trenches often enough to keep it supplied, and this German-made weapon has killed many Boches.

Job for the Chief

The scout commander expressed his desire to acquire a pair of German field glasses. He made the remark to another officer in the presence of Chief Ross. That night a scouting party went out, and Chief Ross was of it. Next morning the Indian approached the scout commander and presented him with a pair of field glasses. "I got him dug out," he explained, pointing towards the German lines.

It was last week, during the American advance beyond Fismes across the Vesle, that the greatest test of all came. A machine gun was holding up the advance with a harassing fire.

It was broad daylight—three o'clock in the afternoon. The task of silencing the machine gun was left to the scout commander. A picked patrol was to go out and accomplish the job. The work fell on Chief Ross and three companions, the three being picked because they are almost as clever as Ross himself.

The patrol disappeared into the underbrush with the Indian leading, his luger pistol ready and two grenades bulging in his hip pocket.

The machine gun emplacement, it was discovered, was in the high window of a building but 200 yards from the American line. Two men were left out front to draw its fire, and Chief Ross and the fourth man advanced on the position from two sides.

It was Ross who got within range first. He crawled up to within a few yards of

TO A DOUGHBOY

I watched you slog down a dusty pike,
One of many, so much alike,
With a spirit keep as a breath of flame,
Ready to rise and read to strike;
Whenever the fitting moment came;
Just a kid with a boyish grin,
Waiting the order to hustle in
And feel your soul to the battle thrill,
Unafraid of the battle din
Or the guns that crashed from a hidden hill.

I watched you leap to the big advance,
With a smile for Fate and its fighting chance,
Sweeping on till the charge was done,
I saw your grave on a slope of France
Where you fell asleep when the fight was won;
Just a kid, who had earned his rest
With a rifle and helmet above his breast,
Who proved, in answer to German jeers,
That a kid can charge a machine gun nest
Without the training of forty years.

I watched the shadows drifting by
As gray dusk came from a summer's sky,
And lost winds came from beyond the fight,
And I seemed to hear them croon and sigh:
"Sleep, little dreamer, sleep tonight;
Sleep tonight, for I'm bringing you
Somebody else's dream from the home you know;
And I'll take them word of the big advance,
And how you fought till the game was through
And you fell asleep in the dust of France."

HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

Worn shoes washed in big steamroller into the same as your collars are washed back home, and punctured and badly wounded rubber boots patched and vulcanized by the methods the tire man uses in the garage—these are two of the hurry-up ways in which the Army salvage plant at Rhois is cutting time and labor in making old shoes and boots into new.

No other shoe plant in the world washes shoes in a laundry machine, the salvage men say. Soaking hardened shoes in oil cuts is another new feature.

In repairing rubber boots, big-scale operations have produced more novel methods. For instance, there's the drying of boots after they have been placed, soles down, over hollow tubes out of which rush continuous blasts of hot air.

After all the torn parts have been cut away and the edges cleaned—perhaps the whole heel and half of the sole must be taken off—the boot is shod on a wooden shoe of the same size. Expert tire repair men then build up new fabric in the holes, using strips of raw rubber, and a mottled heel if necessary. Then the boot is clamped in a steam-frame and baked until the new parts are as solid as the old.

Shoes that can't be repaired are not wasted. French girls strew their uppers into leather shoe strings, each shoe making seven or more strings.

There are machines, acting on the player-piano principle, in the hospital records department of the Chief Surgeon's office that tabulate and classify, in a brain that tell infallibly just how many soldiers are in hospitals with mumps and influenza, or gunshot wounds of the arms and legs—tell just how many men are suffering from each disease, and how many have been wounded in each part of the anatomy.

Not only that, but the machines sort the names of the sick and wounded alphabetically, record changes in diagnosis and complications, tell the dates of admission and discharge from hospital, the total number of days in hospital, and whether or not the patient is out in line of duty. They tell a lot of other things, too.

The basis of the system is a record card printed something like a meal ticket or street car transfer. When the lists of the sick and wounded come to headquarters, the card is made out for each man. French girls run the cards through machines which punch little holes in all the ruled divisions of the card, the location of each hole definitely marking the number assigned to a disease or wound, dates, names by the first initials, and all the other data to be recorded.

The card contains 35 or more holes when finished. They look like a section of a player-piano roll. The punctured cards go to the electric tabulating machines, through which they run at great speed, the machine's stylus and electrometer dial clicking up the figures sought.

After being tabulated the cards are run through machines which sort them alphabetically by name or according to any other information desired. For instance, this machine will sort out at one time the cards of all men with fractures of the arms or legs, wounds of the head, face, abdomen and chest, and a dozen other parts of the anatomy if desired.

Lieutenants who need to drive cream-colored underling cavers, and drivers in the habit of telling confidentially how "she'd make over 70 any time you stepped on her," won't have much chance to travel along French roads so fast that the popular trees look like a wall.

The Stambouls and Packards and Winstons of the A.E.F. have got to be mighty circumspet in the open roads and in the towns of the S.O.S. from now on. For the word has been passed round that M.P.'s on motor-cycles are flitting around the headquarters towns, and they're going to be just as rough as the township constable who used to hold a new porch to his house out of one week's justice court fees.

The building and could see the muzzle of the machine gun protruding through the window.

An instant later, a well aimed grenade hurled from the Chief's right hand burst inside the compartment, killing one of the two Germans and demolishing the gun. The surviving German retreated through a back window and slid to the ground directly behind the building, where he would be protected by German machine gun fire from the rear.

It was certain death to attempt to reach the retreating Hun from either side of the building, as machine guns were then pouring forth a hailstorm of bullets.

The German was cunning, but not nearly so cunning as the Ute. Chief Ross swung himself up to the roof, and, catlike, approached its ridge, where he had a commanding view of his fleeing enemy.

Three shots did the job. It was then that Chief Ross released his tribe's ancient war whoop. It was his moment of triumph, and if the other members of the patrol could have seen the Indian's face at that moment, they might have seen him smile for the second time since he has been in the Army.

MEDICAL OFFICERS ON EQUAL FOOTING

Those Entering Service With Guard Units in Line for Promotion

Medical officers who came into the A.E.F. with former National Guard units are under the same rules for promotion as government medical officers originally belonging to the Medical Reserve Corps, the Deputy Chief Surgeon, A.E.F., has just announced.

This is in accordance with the general order recently issued by the President abolishing the distinction of Regular Army, National Army, Reserve Corps and National Guard, and specifying that there is but one Army, the United States Army, and providing that commissions in it may be regarded as permanent, provisional or temporary.

The Chief Surgeon recently announced that medical officers would be placed in grades for promotion, based on these factors: Age and length of professional experience, length of service in Army, and character of Army service with reference to hardships undergone and deeds of gallantry. It was specified also that officers under 31 would not be promoted, except where they had rendered especially distinguished service or had been more than one year on active duty.

'SHELL SHOCK' LABEL NO LONGER IN USE

Diagnosis Must Be More Specific, Says Chief Surgeon's Bulletin

The term "shell shock" will not be accepted as a diagnosis or disability or death, according to a bulletin from the office of the Chief Surgeon, A.E.F. "It is not a medical term, but a piece of military slang," adds the bulletin. "If the medical officer thinks the man has been 'concussed' or is physically exhausted he should say so," it continues, "and if he thinks the soldier is suffering more from nervousness than from concussion or exhaustion, he should say so by using the terms provided in the nomenclature of diseases of the mind, N.Y.D., followed by 'nervous' in parentheses."

The term "shell shock" is explained in the bulletin, is not permitted in the British or French armies nor in the armies of the enemy.

"The chow was swell today—the best we've had up here yet."
"Hell it was! Where was you when the shell come over?"

AMERICAN WAR STAMPS

REMEMBER IT! STAMPA GREAT STAMPS
ONE DOLLAR (\$1)
Per Hundred Sold by
MR. F. FAJETA, 75, Rue Charlot, PARIS.

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United States Army Regulations, etc.
FINE COLLECTION OF WAR POSTERS

CITIZENSHIP OPEN TO A.E.F. SOLDIERS

Naturalization Process Reduced to Mere Signing of Paper

ENEMY NATIONS INCLUDED

Subjects of Germany and Austria Considered Loyal May Renounce Allegiance to Kaisers

Unnaturalized soldiers in the A.E.F. are to become citizens of the United States by simply signing a paper.

They may become citizens even if they had lived in the United States but a few days before they enlisted.

Subjects of enemy nations, too, who are considered loyal to the United States may by the one simple procedure renounce their allegiance to William II or Charles I—which sovereign the accident of birth gave them—and become as real citizens as if they were born in Pittsburgh in 1885.

All this is provided for in G.O. 151, directing that company commanders immediately carry out the provisions of the act Congress passed last May to permit naturalization of aliens fighting in Uncle Sam's armies.

The procedure has been made purposely simple. The one paper, to be signed in duplicate, combines all the requirements of the usual naturalization process which takes five years. It combines the petition for Naturalization, the Affidavit of Witnesses and the Oath of Allegiance. After an alien-born soldier signs the paper, he is to be regarded as an American citizen, with no "ifs" or "ands." The notation will be made on his service record.

Must Understand Step

But—before he signs, his commander must have assured himself that the candidate has fully understood the terms of the step he is taking and that he is sincere in his intention to return to the United States to live after the war. His character must be good, also.

The alien-born must be told that they are not compelled to take out the citizenship papers. The Government wishes the right to be given purely on a voluntary basis.

The Government will see that the granting of citizenship rights by the paper signed is made a part of the court records of the nearest naturalization court to the place of the registrant's former residence. It will see also that he eventually receives a final certificate of naturalization when he returns to the States. Final certificates will not be sent to soldiers abroad, because the papers might fall into the hands of the enemy.

An alien may change his name also at the same time he signs the paper, he simply making a notation on the margin.

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Equipment's the same —a matter for Experts

Naturally with such a vast upheaval in Europe uniforms and equipment can be bought at almost every street corner. With civilian clothing out of fashion, it is only to be expected that tailors should turn to whatever clothing is popular, but sincere desire to render honest service does not make a military tailor.

are true experts in all that appertains to military supplies. With regard to UNIFORMS, for instance, some of our Master Cutters have never cut a civilian suit in their lives. Our Expert Military Tailors turn out uniforms that *Fit* perfectly and are accurate in every detail. The cloth in every uniform is British War Office standard, made expressly to withstand Active Service Conditions.

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TO THE COMMITTEE ON UNIFORMS

—By WALLGREN



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THE FLAG—IF THEY INSIST ON HAVING THE FLAG, LET'S HAVE 'EM



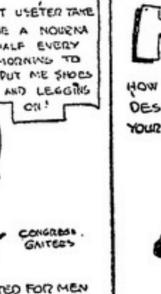
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ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR THE MAN WHO WOULD RATHER SHAVE



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A SILK WAY AND WHITE SHIRT FRONT MIGHT DO MUCH TO LEAD ABOUT DIGNITY



IF ITS PROPER TO WEAR A COLLAR LIKE THIS ALL SUMMER



A WINTER OUTFIT LIKE THIS WOULD BE JUST ABOUT AS APPROPRIATE



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STYLE IS MOST ESSENTIAL; COMFORT NEGLIGIBLE. GET YOUR IDEAS FROM ANY ZIPPY MUSICAL COMEDY AND ELABORATE WITH VARIOUS BRIGHT AND FETTERING COLORS PICKED OFFHAND BY A BLIND SEAMSTRESS. SCATTER PROUDLY WITH GOLD BUTTONS AND BRAID, ALSO A FEW HETEROGENEOUS MEDALS. NEVER WORRY ABOUT THE COST—THE TAILOR WILL DO THAT. AFTER WEARING YOUR CREATION IN PUBLIC ONCE; SHIP FROM YOUR PLACE OF CONFINEMENT TO YOUR UNCLE IN THE HOME GUARDS AND CONSULT A U. S. STYLE BOOK CAREFULLY. ISSUE RECOMMENDED.

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HEART BAD, BUT IT BEATS TRUE AT TOUL

Doctors Rejected Johnny, Who Goes Over and Returns a Hero

Johnny Salmon, who hails from Lowell, Mass., went to Camp Devens last fall along with a lot of other lads. Once there, the doctors looked him over and shook their collective heads.

"Heart," they said. "First shock'd send him bloomer. Sorry; can't keep him; let 'm go home."

Regretfully Johnny Salmon left the Army, its work and its ways—but not for long. The call of the wild O.D. proved irresistible. He was enrolled and shipped overseas as a K. of C. field worker.

Just a little while ago Johnny, who was helping to care for the inner and other wants of a certain outfit up on the Toul front, heard that there was a maid about to be pulled off. He heard furthermore that the chaplain was going to trail along to help bring any of the boys back who might need such bringing. And then Johnny just marched right up to the commander of the raiding party and said his little say.

"If you're going to let the padre go over, you might just as well let me go," he pleaded. "I'm just as much of a civilian as he is. I'll promise not to use a gun or play rough or do any of the things a civilian ought not to do, but if I can be of any help like the Reverend here, I'd like to be. What's more, I'm darned if I won't be!"

"Follow the crowd," said the officer. Then the barrage started.

When the gang came back, flushed with success, some little time later, Johnny Salmon, ex-Devens-reject, came galumphing back with them. On his shoulders he bore a wounded comrade, whom he brought to comfort and safety.

And now all that Johnny is living for is to run into, over here, those doctors who told him nearly a year ago that his heart wasn't any good, that he couldn't stand noise and shells, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth.

USE FOR CYLINDER OIL

One resourceful sanitarian in the A.E.F. has made this discovery: Cylinder oil, after being removed from automobiles that have been cleaned, if mixed with kerosene, is very efficacious and suitable for sanitary purposes, especially for latrines and manure piles.

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Hospitals of the second class, including those which serve school areas, are under the control of the commanding generals of the sections in which they are located, that control being exercised through the surgeon on the staff of the section commander.

A SPOT TO BE AVOIDED

It happened in Paris. He was black, a Yank soldier, and from New Orleans. He was heading toward the Seine, when an on-coming comrade, same color, halted him. Said the comrade: "I'd be advisin' you, Lesah, not to go too near that river; they're likely to be lookin' foh a molasses detail."

"Americans entirely too rough," say German prisoners. Who opened this pot, anyway?

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INSIDE THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT

The Yankees had scarcely finished sorting and swapping their German helmets and other stuff captured between the Marne and the Vesle and packing it off to the folks when they gathered in a whole depot of trophies from the rich regions behind St. Mihiel.

Every doughboy bustling through a village in that salient last week had one eye open for lurking Boches and mines and the other eye, the twinkling eye, open for a souvenir for the girl he's fighting for.

Two privates were jogging through one town on the seat of a ration cart last Friday morning when one of them spied a gray-green, handsomely braided overcoat hanging out to air in front of what had been a German P.C. a few hours before.

"I saw it first," said the large one, sternly. "Now, Buddy, while I keep my hand on these marcs, you hike over there and cut off them sleeves for me. I'll bet Eliza Jane can make something pretty doggone nifty out of them."

The other, nothing loath, got out his pen knife and had just hacked off the second sleeve when out of the house swarmed a staff of junior officers. He felt his legs give way beneath him. He knew by their faces what he had done. He had ruined the overcoat which had been tailored and adorned in America to shelter the general commanding the brigade then in possession of the town.

The general was asleep below. His lieutenants, with ill-concealed relish woke him up so that the show might start at once. The general said several things about the vandalism evidently taught in the rival brigade. He spoke of firing squads, years and year in Fort Leavenworth, pay detained for the duration of the war and so on. Then, after a struggle, he burst out laughing, and that's all there is to that story.

On the eve of such an attack as was launched on the St. Mihiel salient, if you lack any of your equipment, you must improvise on the spot.

A field hospital was setting up its tents on the top of a hill not far distant from the battlefield when it was discovered that there was no whitewash at hand to paint the giant white cross on the ground which serves to notify the Boche bombers that a hospital is there in operation, the cross which is supposed to protect the hospital, though it has been known to fail. Yet when darkness came, a huge and supremely visible cross lay in the charmed circle. It had been fashioned by stretching out two latrine cloths.

"Our lot has been hard," said the old lady of Thiaucourt when a passing Yankee stopped to give her a drink from his canteen, "but something tells me the lot of the people in Germany has been harder. You should see the German bread, black, heavy, unpalatable bread. Yet the hungry soldier will deny himself half of his so that he may mail some of it home to his folks."

"Think what the want must be in those homes when they have to ask their boys at the front to send them back part of their rations—and such rations."

You may measure the instant success of the attack on the St. Mihiel salient by the fact that by sunset of the third day Jewish soldiers were leaving the line for the observance of Yom Kippur. One of them went off to the celebration in particularly uplifted mood. His breeches, 1 pr. wool O.D.'s had been scandalously dirty and, noting that fact, his captain had cheerfully lent him his own very best.

A Slovak butcher, working at some German headquarters in the St. Mihiel salient and blissfully unconscious of impending doom, had breezed into Thiaucourt, where he was the equivalent of a depot quartermaster, to buy him some supplies when he found himself gazing upon three Yankee sharpshooters.

"I was mighty scared at first," he said, "but they had no sooner spoken than I found they were Slovaks, too. You must have all nationalities in your Army. Well, they gave me any orange, they gave me a piece of chocolate, they gave me a cigarette and here I am."

The examining officers at the prisoner pens talk German like natives, but often the prisoners don't and that leads to complications.

One inquisitor, who had just used his best German vocabulary on an uncomprehending Hungarian, turned him over to a special questioner and took on five strangely clad and somewhat bewildered prisoners who, after a great deal of shouting and arm-waving, managed to convey the fact that they were neither Germans nor Austrians nor Hungarians nor Slovaks. They were Italians—five Italians taken prisoner last fall and set to mending roads behind the German lines.

They were much pleased when it slowly dawned on them what had happened, and they wanted to kiss General Pershing or somebody right away.

The Poles and the Alsatians captured are received with extra cordiality at the prison pens, where they are kept apart from the other prisoners. There is a really heart-warming scene when the Alsatian-born Yankee sergeant at one of the pens opens his arms to a brother Alsatian caught in a Yankee dragnet.

One observer at the front on September 12 traversed the roads for six hours. During that time he passed, all told, four wounded Yankees and, in many detachments, about 2,000 German prisoners. This proportion cheered him immensely, and while the ratio was probably not quite so good as all that, his sample of the results was not so very misleading.

Every big American gun has a name of its own, bestowed upon it by the men of the battery. One of the big ones that pounded away at the German communications behind St. Mihiel was named "Wilson's Auswer."

You could hear Wilson's answer all over Lorraine.

Of course in every army the telephone stations have odd and frequently changed code names. For example, Parsnips may be Vladivostok tomorrow. It might be a boy's name one day or a flower's name the next.

In one P.C. that played a big part in the St. Mihiel battle, a skilful but rather effeminate young captain had to endure the titillations of the dugout when he went to the telephone and was there obliged to say:

"Yes, this is Annabelle."

"America in Europe," which is described at its masthead as "A paper published in the interests of good fellowship among nations," is the highly entertaining journal, printed at Frankfurt and delivered by airplane to the American trenches in the St. Mihiel sector, for the general purpose of demoralizing the American Army.

It is not meant to be a funny paper, but the Yanks who read it shake with laughter that would enrage and bewilder the German sages who compose these periodic masterpieces.

A recent issue had a two-column cartoon entitled "A Pillory for Liars," which exhibited many delighted persons gazing upon an old-fashioned pillory, in which was imprisoned a dark and somewhat cadaverous being who was carefully labeled "The Editor of the Stars and Stripes." According to the information conveyed by this cartoon, the editor of the STARS AND STRIPES must be a long-haired, underfed civilian of unquestionably mendacious countenance.

in the woods, and each, coming suddenly upon the officer still making threatening motions toward his pistol-hip, surrendered in turn.

By the time a sergeant and five Yankee privates came along, the lieutenant had a bag of 19 German prisoners to turn over to them.

As the Americans and French advanced up through the St. Mihiel salient, French detachments followed each regiment, all ready to supplant the German signs that had adorned buildings and street corners for four years.

So eager were the French to get these signs up that one French officer came near being 30 minutes too soon. He was advancing up the road towards Apremont when, less than a kilometer from the village, he almost stumbled over troops lying in the road, rifles at the shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer in charge of the troops.

"I'm on my way to Apremont," replied the Frenchman, "to post these signs."

"Then you'd better wait about 80 minutes until we take it," came the reply. "It's still full of Germans."

"Yet," remarked the Frenchman, "they say we are a deliberate race and never in a hurry."

The proudest Yank in the whole advancing army was one who had an empty truck going forward. On his way up he began picking up refugees along the road, old men, women, children, cradles and dolls. But the proudest moment of his trip came when he saw a little girl, not over four years old, sitting by the side of a road with a wee doll in her arms. The Yank stopped the truck, jumped down and gave the pair, baby and doll, the seat of honor at his left. And from that point on he watched his charge as carefully as he did the jammed and crowded road ahead.

There is one Yankee sergeant who is still uncertain as to whether he gets a wound stripe or not. He had gone forward in the charge against machine gun nests and shrapnel without a mark. Then the time came to halt and dig in. While at this place he attempted to open a can of condensed meat and the same exploded, injuring his right hand.

Quite a number of Germans are not so keen at standing by their machine guns to the death as they used to be. One rear guard machine gun detachment hidden in a woods began firing rapidly. But when the Yanks arrived they found each machine gun pointing directly upward, with German hands extended in the same general direction.

There was one Yank private in Thiaucourt who took a chance, but he couldn't resist the temptation. When his mates first saw him they were uncertain whether he was the Kaiser or the Crown Prince as they rushed forward to make the capture.

For he was riding a German officer's horse, he had on a German officer's helmet and on his chest was pinned the iron cross, all left by German officers in their rush to safety. The Yank squinted upon making an important capture were a trifle disgusted to find that it was only Private Jones of the Infantry.

Among the spoils of the St. Mihiel salient were many Boche ambulances which supplied striking evidence of the scarcity of rubber in Germany.

The front wheels of the ambulances were equipped with steel tires—an ingenious affair with an outer rim like that of a wagon tire separated from the wheel by steel spiral springs. The rear tires were pneumatic and of rubber like ours, but they were encased in a leather cover to reduce wear.

Some of the ambulances were doing business in the American ambulance service before their engines had been stilled many hours. They are rougher to ride in than ours, harder to steer and much noisier.

There are few braver, more hopeless deeds in the annals of this war than that of one 48-year-old German soldier who, deserted by his comrades and without food and water, stuck to his machine gun post in the tower of a shell-gutted church for three days after the Americans entered and took possession of one little town northeast of St. Mihiel.

The German, with a non-com and another soldier, had been stationed in the tower and told to stick to the last by a lieutenant who immediately left for the north. When the American artillery got too hot, the non-com and the second private sought shelter in a cellar, and here they were found when the Americans entered the town.

The Boche shelled the same town a few hours after the Americans got through and continued his shelling intermittently during the next three days, but undeterred, the grizzled German stuck to his sniping post.

He fired only when an airplane was in sight overhead, and the spasmodic sputterings of his gun were put down to airplane fire.

Fortunately for the Americans, his post did not command any important points. A headquarters had been established in the shadow of the church tower, but the pitch was too great for him to negotiate with his gun.

At the end of the third day he was seen by a doughboy, who climbed up and captured him. He was feeble from lack of nourishment and thirst, or he might not have surrendered so easily.

"For Germany and the Kaiser," was his explanation as to why he had stuck it out.

"The master ill befits the servant," said the officer who examined him. "Give him a big feed and a package of cigarettes."

The sign painter and poster got busy before the dust had settled in the wake of the Infantry. Sometimes new signs were put up, and sometimes a German sign was merely reversed and the desired American inscription painted upon its back.

There were signs telling which way the roads led—some of them—and signs that the headquarters of the — Engl-

neers was there and the P.C. of the Division here. But there was one sign, of the rest, that always attracted attention. It was just on the line from which the Americans started their advance. With an arrow pointing vaguely forward it read merely:

"U.S."

In the German army, as in the American, garden patches supplement the food ration. German military gardens in the reclaimed salient, however, were so numerous and of such size that the impression the Americans got was that the German soldiers in this sector depended largely for food upon what they themselves produced and upon what was grown by the French natives forced to work in the fields for three sous an hour.

Our captures include several thousand acres of gardens, and although it is rather late in the season, the pickings will be far from poor for many resourceful mess sergeants.

Residents of the freed towns got a real example of the American soldier's buying power. Stores and shops which had full stocks, enough to last for weeks or months with the desultory buying of the civilian population and the modestly paid German soldiers, were all sold out within two or three hours after the Americans arrived.

The heavy evacuation of certain towns by the Germans resulted in many curious finds by policing, mopping-up and salvage parties. One German brigadier who had departed with more speed than grace had apparently kept a complete file of all orders from German general headquarters and a thorough file of all confidential data and correspondence. An intelligence officer, called to the scene, started to go through it, but the task was too much for him. He shipped all the papers off to headquarters.

The collection exactly filled one Quartermaster's truck.

The main trench of resistance at certain places, at least, around the salient was about as stiff and scientifically engineered a line as most of the doughboys who took it had ever had an opportunity to examine. Behind numerous outer trenches and machine gun and picket posts this main line ran, usually along high ground commanding a sweep of all the space for many yards in front.

It was for the most part about 10 feet deep and four or five feet wide at the top, with steps leading up to machine gun and lookout posts at the top and stairways leading to deep dugouts below. It was reinforced at doubtful points by stone or concrete walls. At points particularly likely to be attacked—concrete pill boxes and block houses had been installed.

The communication trenches to the rear were deep and well drained. Signs gave such information as the number of each section, the way to the officers' dugouts, and the way to the company P.C.'s.

But withal this line fell to the Americans with practically no resistance, and the deep gas in the earth was only an incident for the tanks.

The entrances to the dugouts had, in places, been choked up with banked earth, suggesting that possibly the officers had sought to prevent the men in the front line from seeking shelter in them during times of stress.

The Boche left the St. Mihiel salient so abruptly that he didn't have time to destroy the bridges, plant his usual number of booby traps, or render railroads, military and otherwise, temporarily useless, so the work of the Engineers wasn't as varied, on the whole, as it has been in some actions.

But many Engineer detachments distinguished themselves by going over the top with the doughboys for wire-cutting and the like, and some of these remained with the Infantry and romped on to the finish.

In one case two Engineers and an Infantryman pushed down a road, rounded a hill at the edge of a sizeable town, fired upon a quartet of Germans, who hastily departed, and then marched into the town and proclaimed to the joyful, enthusiastic natives that they took the village in the name of President Wilson. They announced that the town would be turned back to the natives as soon as an officer arrived to take charge of the ceremony.

The Engineers were particularly quick in getting some of the Boche rolling stock to rolling again. One unit was operating a German narrow gauge railroad 12 hours after the Boche left it. Little locomotives were running about, their German manipulators effaced, rechristened in chalk.

"Madaline — Company E, — Engineers," read the inscription on one. One Engineer sergeant's best girl back in the States had been honored, even if she wasn't there to know about it.

"Can anybody run this?" asked an Engineer captain of his company, pointing to one diminutive engine with a flywheel like a threshing machine.

"Sure, I can, sir," said one husky private from his company. "I've fired on 27 railroads. I've been fired from seven. I've worked on every kind of locomotive the Baldwin Works ever thought of, and I can run anything with four wheels that Fritz can build. I'll have this baby talking English in an hour."

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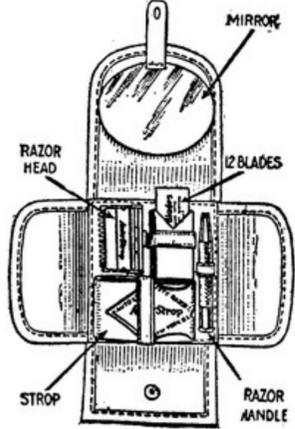
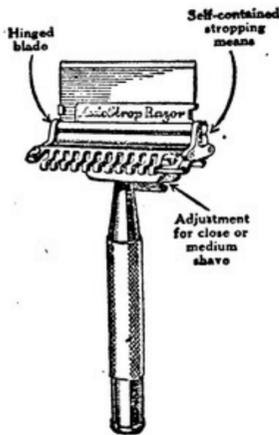
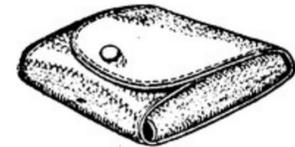
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