

IDEAL CHRISTMAS PACKAGE WANTED; FOLKS ARE TOLD

Suggestions from Whole Army Will Be Used in Cabled Reply

DON'T FORGET DIMENSIONS

Stars and Stripes Asks Aid of A.E.F. in Getting Real Needs Supplied Up to Three Pounds

Dimensions: Nine by four by three inches—108 cubic inches. Weight: Three pounds—0.2777777777 (and as many more sevens as you care to add) pounds to the cubic inch.

Debates Sure to Follow

You can hear the debates around the family council fire. Shall Aunt Susie's waffles be ruled out in favor of Aunt Hattie's fruit cake—that is, if fruit cake isn't perishable? Shall Cousin George's sporty suggestion of three packs of cards (including one pinochle deck) and a set of poker dice be allowed?

We Have Been Here Anywhere from One Day to 17 Months

We know, by this time, what we can get and what we can't, what we need and what we don't. What, then, should be in the contents of the ideal 9x4x3 Christmas package?

The STARS AND STRIPES will cable home, in plenty of time for the folks to act on it, if they want to, the best suggestions for such a package that it receives from the members of the A.E.F.

Don't Forget the Size

There will probably be many ideal suggestions. A member of a Field Signal Battalion in the line may not want the same three pounds of practical good cheer that an assistant provost marshal at a port of entry would like. A man stationed in a good-sized S.O.S. camp might conceivably be able to buy something that a doughboy, wondering when the rations carts are going to catch up, would give his soul to have sent to him from the very heart of the salt fields of Utah.

We shall, so far as is possible and practical, take all these considerations into account. All we ask the American soldier to do is to remember that every package is to be smaller than a piano box and larger than a watch case—that it must be, to be exact once more, nine inches by four inches by three inches in size, and that it must weigh no more than three pounds.

The folks will be waiting to hear your suggestions. The great news services have already carried word back to them that your suggestions are coming. Send them along. The best ones will reach America in plenty of time.

BALLOON OBSERVER REJOINS HIS OUTFIT

Lieutenant Finds Old Battery, but Not in Orthodox Way

Lieut. Herbert Hudnut, late of Princeton and New York, has rejoined his old outfit. He came over in May as an Artillery officer, but in August he shook hands all around and went off to become a balloon observer.

For himself, he was ordered to a battery in the Argonne, and from that elevation he was studying the landscape on the German side of the battle line when a Boche plane emerged suddenly from a low-hanging cloud and made a dive for him.

Lieutenant Hudnut and his balloonist grabbed the parachutes and jumped. The great balloon was soon nothing but a slowly sinking torch, and the lieutenant a much rattled observer collecting his wits in the high branches of a tree to which the wind had wafted him.

From the lowest crotch of it, Lieutenant Hudnut paused and surveyed the outfit below. He had landed in his old battery.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY TO THE GERMAN PEACE PROPOSAL

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, OCTOBER 8, 1918.

Before replying to the Imperial German Government, and in order that the reply may be as candid and as direct as the formidable interests at stake require, the President of the United States considers it necessary to assure himself of the exact significance of the note of the Imperial Chancellor.

Does the Imperial Chancellor mean that the Imperial German Government accepts the conditions set by the President in his address to Congress the eighth of January last, and in his subsequent addresses, and that its aim in opening discussion would only be to come to an agreement upon the practical details and their application? The President finds himself obliged to say, in respect to the suggestion of an armistice, that he does not see any possibility of proposing a cessation of hostilities to the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated against the Central Powers as long as the armies of the latter Powers are upon the soil of the associated Governments. The good faith of any discussion would manifestly depend upon the consent of the Central Powers to withdraw immediately everywhere their forces from the invaded territory.

The President also considers himself justified in asking whether the Imperial Chancellor makes inquiry simply in the name of the constituted authorities of the Empire who have up to the present carried on the war. He considers that the reply to these questions is vital from all points of view.

(Signed)

ROBERT LANSING.

88 ORPHANS TAKEN IN BEST WEEK OF WHOLE CAMPAIGN

Total of 125 Christmas Gift Adoptions on Road to 500 Total

YOUNGEST PARRAIN FOUND

But If You Use the Best French, You Will Have to Call Miss Taft a Marraine

Eighty-eight French Christmas Gift War Orphans adopted and guaranteed, come what may, food, clothing, comfort, a home, schooling—a Christmas present which lasts a whole year!

Such was the week's response of the A.E.F. to the appeal of THE STARS AND STRIPES for Christmas-all-the-year-round aid for half a thousand little French children whose fathers gave their lives for the same glorious cause which brought us all to Europe. Eighty-eight this week and 37 last week, making a total of 125 in the fortnight which has elapsed since the first call for assistance was issued.

Answers came this week from units in all parts of the A.E.F. and from all branches of the service, with a liberal sprinkling of adoptions by individual soldiers from almost every rank from private to colonel, answers which showed the will and the generosity of the A.E.F. to help these 500 children into whose lives have come so early the harsh realities and sufferings of war.

Proper Spirit Here

"If I cannot engage this year in the ancient and honorable custom of giving Christmas presents to those who do not need them very badly, I can, at least, give a present to some one who does need one by adopting a little orphan," wrote one new grandfather in the letter accompanying his 500 franc contribution.

The receipt of 88 contributions for the fathering and Christmas cheer of 88 children breaks all previous weekly records for the adoption of war orphans by the A.E.F., surpassing by more than a score the previous high water mark set last summer, when our regiment of Infantry from Ohio swelled the total by becoming parrains to 54 children at one time.

It is a fatal reverse for old General Want, and his chief of staff, General Despair, whose troops, until the generous A.E.F. have in sight, were getting a pretty firm foothold in some fatherless French homes.

One of the week's adoptions was by a young lady, a granddaughter of an ancestor of the United States, who, despite the youth of the French orphan which has been assigned to her, is somewhat the junior of her ward. We are not just exactly certain of the age of this young lady, but it is a matter of weeks. She is Miss Eleanor Kellogg, daughter of Rosa Hill, Waterbury, Conn., U.S.A., and her intermediary in the adoption was her father, Lieut. Charles P. Taft, Jr.

"Address All Communications"

"Please find enclosed a money order that ought to yield 500 francs," wrote Lieut. Taft. "This, as you might suspect, is for the adoption of one war orphan. I am not particular about the race, color or previous conditions of servitude of this young sir or madame. In explanation, I may say that the news of the arrival of a brand new and healthy daughter some weeks ago called for some kind of a celebration. So all communications on the part of the orphan will be addressed to Miss Eleanor Kellogg Taft, as well as any credit for this contribution."

And so Miss Eleanor Kellogg Taft becomes a marraine, the youngest on the rolls of the A.E.F.

Lieut. Taft was not the only one to adopt a child in another's name. One Yank—and here's a tip for all of the lovers in the A.E.F.—sent in his contribution in the name of his best girl back in the States. Pretty clever, eh? We call it. Just sign up a child and give it to your best girl as a Christmas present—and you're made for life. Fatherly sentiment—mainly generosity—shucks, it's a cinch.

Don't Let This Get Very Far

Even the official letter readers of the A.E.F. turned their eyes from the fine envelopes and came out from behind their screen of anonymity at the mention of Christmas Gift War Orphans. The detachment of the Base Censor's office became a parrain.

A major in the Medical Department adopted a child to celebrate the first anniversary of his arrival in France. "I don't know how I could more fitly help me out one than no one else wants. I had been looking for presents for my wife and boy for Christmas when I saw your appeal. I shall make this my Christmas present to them."

Co. K.—Inf., wrote:

"Co. K comes across for two of your

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THE BEST CHRISTMAS BOX OF ALL



S.O.S. SETS RECORD IN BANNER MONTH, 767,648 TON TOTAL

Soldier Landed Every 8 1/2 Seconds, 433 an Hour, in September

Figures for September, just made available, show the attaining of a new high record in the handling of business by the S.O.S.

The American base ports handled 767,648 tons, a daily average of 25,588 tons, which represents a daily increase of nearly 10 per cent over the August figures, themselves a record. As previously announced at Washington, troops disembarked numbered 311,969, an increase over August of 10,443. This means that throughout September 10,398 American soldiers landed every day, or 433 every hour—one soldier every 8 1/2 seconds night and day during the whole month.

On the same reckoning, nearly a quarter of a ton of material was being handled every second by soldiers toiling at the ports. Tonnage figures also show that each man working on a 10-hour shift handled an average of two and six-tenths tons during September.

10,000 Cars in Service

Rolling stock added to American equipment in France showed another considerable increase, raising the number of American locomotives in service to well over a thousand and the number of cars to well over 10,000. All of these are operating in the chain of transportation that is taking men and supplies forward. One of the largest ports handled 271,796 tons of supplies in the 30-day period.

Engineers working in one car construction shop broke all previous records in a day when they turned out 125 American standard freight cars—more than enough to handle a day's supplies for an entire division. A locomotive erection shop also exceeded all old marks by putting into service an average of eight big locomotives every day.

SHOE PRICES FIXED

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 10.—The War Industries Board has brought about an agreement with the shoe industry, fixing maximum prices for shoes after October 15. There are three grades of qualities and prices. The first grade is \$9 to \$12, the next grade \$6 to \$8.50, and the third grade from \$3 to \$5.50.

JOIN THE S.O.L. CLUB

Statistics show that a lot of the Army is S.O.L. on something most of the time. It may be second, it may be mussed shoes, it may be anything. To be S.O.L. is to be in an unenviable position.

THE STARS AND STRIPES intends to make that position, in at least one particular, a highly enviable one.

Five hundred and twenty-five copies of the Fourth Liberty Loan Special Extra of THE STARS AND STRIPES, a million and a half copies of which were printed and distributed in New York City at the opening of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, have reached France. They are better souvenirs of the war than Boche helmets. They will be sold at five francs a copy.

We expect at least 3,250 answers. That means that only one man in ten can get a copy. We intend, if the nine S.O.L. men will let us, to keep the whole 20-mile front from Cambrai to St. Quentin blazed again into battle, the Yanks—men of the 30th Division, made up of Tennessee, North Carolina and South Carolina troops—with their backs to the ground upon which they had won their hard-fought conquest nine days earlier, went over the top again.

Following tanks and a rolling barrage, they kept abreast of the Allies on both flanks and, without pause, captured the towns of Braucourt and Preaumont and fought their way further toward Bohain, taking more than 3,000 prisoners and capturing, among other booty, two complete batteries of German 105's, which were promptly turned against the enemy.

PAY BOOKS OCTOBER 31

The new army pay books will be in the possession of every enlisted man in the A.E.F. by October 31, and not October 1, as was originally planned. Difficulties encountered in the issuing of the 4,000,000 books and envelopes are responsible for the delay.

The large numbers of books needed made the problem of paper, labor and transportation one that took weeks in the solving. The big French bindery house that had the work in hand lacked sufficient men, and 40 American soldiers were put on the job to help out.

It needed a wide search to locate the 10,000 rolls of molskein required for the covers. The book paper consumed 550 reams of paper and the cover 300 reams, the cover paper being used to strengthen the molskein.

On October 7 the shipments of the books to every unit were completed, and the individual distribution will take place between now and the end of the month.

Men in hospital are already being cared for by the Q.M.

HINDENBURG LINE NOW WELL BEHIND ADVANCING YANKS

Gains Along British Front Made in Face of Bitter Resistance

With the Hindenburg line definitely broken from below St. Quentin to above Le Cateau and no longer an obstacle to the Allied advance in Picardy, the American soldiers who, in the last week of September, played one of the leading and most valorous roles in piercing and rending asunder this formidable German defense system are continuing to batter their way eastward against no less redoubtable positions beyond.

Last Thursday morning, when the whole 20-mile front from Cambrai to St. Quentin blazed again into battle, the Yanks—men of the 30th Division, made up of Tennessee, North Carolina and South Carolina troops—with their backs to the ground upon which they had won their hard-fought conquest nine days earlier, went over the top again.

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Weather Clears in Time

All during the night that preceded the attack the Americans stood in a cold, piercing rain. The signal to start came with the first light of dawn, and with it came a clearing of the weather, leaving the ground fairly hard.

The attack was met with light artillery resistance, as some of the Boche gunners, taking time by the forelock, hunched up and hustled rearward, and by rearguard action which was exceedingly stern in patches.

Many machine gunners fought as valiantly as ever, yielding only after fierce hand to hand fighting. On the other hand, many Germans showed an eagerness to surrender which was totally absent in the fighting of the previous days when the Boche soldiers had the strong defenses of the Hindenburg line to bolster their fading hopes.

One German captain, wearing on his bosom an iron cross, first class, surrendered with 20 men of his command to three doughboys, armed only with revolvers, who strayed into his dugout.

Many are the stories of the American gallantry.

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WHOLE BATTALION, BOCHE ENCIRCLED, RELIEVED AT LAST

Troops Caught in Argonne Rescued After Six Foodless Days

NO THOUGHT OF SURRENDER

Major Who Shaved Regularly Pases Grub Around When Bearded Yanks Come Out

One of the great adventures of this war reached a happy ending in the early hours of Monday evening when relief came through rain and darkness to a battalion of American soldiers that for six unforgettable nights had been surrounded by German forces in that blighted jungle which is known as the Forest of the Argonne.

The story of that siege, the story of the dreadful suffering borne with a high and undaunted spirit, the story of the defense and rescue when it can be told in full, will take its place in history alongside the relief of Lucknow and other ancient American heartbeats for centuries to come.

From the night of Wednesday, October 2, to the night of Monday, October 7, that battalion was isolated on the northern slope of a bleak, unsheltered ravine with the German army of the center above them with a powerful German detachment deeply entrenched on the other side of the ravine, so close that the doughboys burrowed into the hillsides could hear the calls and orders of their enemy, could be reached by German machine guns and German rifles if they showed themselves in the open.

When night settled over the forest on Monday last their situation was desperate. What little food they had had with them was spent on the second day. For three days they had been eating plums of tobacco and chewing on leaves of the dogwood. For water they had to depend on a muddy stream at the bottom of the ravine and on one clear, grateful spring that bubbled there invitingly; but each trip to it meant exposure to snipers. More than one doughboy fell in fetching water. What few blankets and overcoats had been left behind in the first, one rush which carried the ravine had long since gone to wrap around the wounded. For their dead and wounded lay with them on the hillsides.

Three Attacks Fought Off They were drenched to the skin and weak from hunger and long exposure to the chill October wind. They had fought off three savage attacks—fought them off with their own machine guns, their own rifles and bayonets, their own hand grenades—but by the sixth night their store had so dwindled that there was little chance of their resisting successfully another attack.

They knew in their hearts and knew by their senses that the rest of the Americans, not more than 1,200 meters below them in the forest, were trying to reach them. They had seen planes come looking for them in the dawn and in the effort to reach them; they had heard from time to time the sound of heavy firing nearby. They knew that the effort to reach them had been and would be unremitting; but there had come to the stoutest heart in the doubtful hope that they would be rescued in time. Yet in all that besieged battalion there was none who thought for one moment of surrendering to the encircling enemy.

The battalion waited its fourth attack without much hope, for its stock of ammunition was low and the men were men who could hardly drag themselves to their feet. Some had written little letters of farewell to their folks and in these last hours each was entrusting his to some pal on the chance that the pal might get through alive. There were some thanks whispered shyly to the unheeded deeds of kindness the week had witnessed. Here and there men promised to kill each other if it came a question of capture.

Rations for the Boys Then suddenly out of the darkness voices were heard calling. "Major Whittlesey!"

The boys along the line could hear him answering from his hole in the ground. "Major, we've got here!" The whistles were exultant. "We're up on your right. We're here!" Then a pause. "And—live brought some rations for the boys."

There was a moment of absolute silence, and then all along the side of the ravine could be heard gusts of hysterical laughter. Relief had come. The besieged battalion had gone forward on the night of the 2d and taken up its position with orders to hold it. Into some strongly fortified German trenches just to the rear there filtered a powerful German force, how powerful can be guessed from that fact that when that trench was finally carried, a colonel, two majors, and their entire staffs were among the prisoners.

Major Whittlesey, when the dawn of October 3 showed that he was cut off, sent back runners with a report on his position. The runners fell in their courses. He sent up pigeons, and it was

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ARGONNE BATTLE IN SECOND PHASE, HARDEST JOB YET

Germany's Best Thrown in to Check Advance on Vital Points

NEARER KRIEMHILDE LINE

Single Yank Division, Pitted Against Four of Foe, Goes Four Kilometers in 48 Hours

The battle of Argonne, which was launched on September 26, entered upon its second phase on the morning of Friday, October 4.

By that time, the Artillery, straining forward through a waterless, shelterless, trackless wilderness, had caught up at last with the Infantry, which, in the first savage shove, had fought, slushed, chafed and torn its way to a depth, in some places, as great as 12 kilometers. By that time the guns had all caught up with the doughboys and so, under shelter of the heavy, almost impenetrable mist which overlay all that tortured countryside on Friday morning, the doughboys went forward.

With during enemy planes swooping suddenly down on them out of the ominous, low-hanging, clouds, with the enemy guns spraying and ripping up their path, with enemy machine guns opening up on them not by scores nor hundreds but by thousands, the doughboys went forward. Before the sun had gone down on the second day, they had moved ahead all along the line and in some places wrested another four kilometers of withered France from the German grip.

By the 14th day of the battle, the force of the American pressure was increasing rather than slackening. A converging movement was in full progress and the advance towards Romagne in the center was continuing, attended by as heavy and sustained a pounding of guns as has ever been known in the history of American artillery.

Mennville, on Tuesday, to the obvious surprise of the enemy, the attack suddenly extended across the Meuse to what had previously been its peaceful eastern bank.

There at dawn, French and American troops started a fight that moved the line for some six kilometers, reclaiming several more villages, and roped in a tidy group of German and Austrian soldiers, of which 1,400 were credited by sundown of the first day to the American troops, engaged.

Resistance Never More Bitter

The Argonne advance is by far the hardest job that has been assigned to the American soldier since he sailed from his far-away home. Never in this war has the American Army, or any part of it, made its way over a battlefield so difficult, struck at the German power in a point so vital for the American cause, and met such a desperate, not at St. Mihiel, not on the Cote, nor on the Vesle was the opposition so grim.

Hurried from the four corners of the battlefield, the best the Germans can boast have been thrown in one after another to buy for the American advance to the west of the winding Meuse.

One dogged, self-possessed American division, whose magnificent history can never be fully told till this war is done, was met, in the course of the 48 hours which opened the second stage of the battle, by four of the fiercest divisions of the German army, and yet that division, heaving its way northward just to the east of the Argonne Forest, managed somehow to move forward four kilometers during these two days.

As in Primitive America

Big German guns boomed away at them. Ahead of them, hidden in every nook and cranny of that blighted country, were machine guns manned by men under orders not to yield a meter of it, not to yield an inch of it—hundreds upon hundreds of those great man-killers of the war which had to be rushed blindly or to be overhauled by tanks or, more often, to be stalked warily, cunningly, craftily as the Redskins stalked their foe in primitive America.

It seemed not to dismay these battalions to meet such opposition. Rather they went forward exultant in the knowledge that such resistance there in Argonne meant just much less resistance to the victorious sweep of the Allied Armies over by Rheims and all along the western front to Flanders.

They fought on in the knowledge that just ahead of them lay a defensive line that could be broken only by a steady, year after year before Hindenburg did, a line of wooded crests which the little town of Romagne-sous-Montfaucon as their focal point.

The Kriemhilde Line

This line, named after Kriemhilde, is somewhat reinforced by long-standing trenches on which, during the past fortnight, the enemy has been hard at work. But to look there for any such complete system of artificial defense as Hindenburg reared against the British to the north and named after himself would be like looking for barbed wire on Gibraltar.

With fighting, savage, bitter fighting in progress every hour of the day and night along the whole 20 miles that stretch westward from the Meuse, it is difficult to get down here many of the facts to report, while it is still being wrought, the epic of such assaults as those made on the hills near Exermont and Montville, the cleaning out of the Bois de La Morin, the taking of Gesnes, or the amazing battle which has been waged for a bloody fortnight in the Forest of Argonne by troops from New York, fighting none the less grimly because they have learned the trenchery of the men opposing them—learned it, for instance, by such a sorry episode as that which attended the taking of the Abris of St. Louis, which a hundred Germans, running out with cries of "Kamerad!" and all the now-familiar yelps of surrender, proved at closer range to be troops armed with hand grenades which they hurled at the still too trustful Americans.

When the veil of the censorship is

YANKS LEAVE HINDENBURG LINE FAR BEHIND

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Infantry shown during the advance in the Bellefleur sector, lying roughly half way between Cambrai and St. Quentin—the most desolate, most battle-scarred area, perhaps, in all that war-stricken plain. It was this reach of desolation which the Americans unflinchingly crossed in the face of the sternest resistance the Hun was able to put up, and with the number of defenders being constantly replenished by men coming on to the field to dispute progress through an intricate system of underground tunnels and dugouts, all of which radiated, apparently, from the greater tunnel of the St. Quentin canal.

Through Hun Outpost Zone

It is related of several small detachments, numbering, in all, 200-odd soldiers, that in the fighting during the day which preceded the actual attack upon the line itself, they found their way through the German outpost zone and advanced so far toward the main defense line that they were cut off from the rear by all communication except by runners, who crept back and forth at night, running a gauntlet of Boche machine guns and snipers.

Without food or water, these detachments remained in their advanced positions two or three days, fighting off occasional attacks by Boche patrols which sought to capture or encircle them.

When, on the following morning, the main American attack began, these little detachments were found and released from their precarious positions, and almost to a man these men, instead of going rearward and allowing fresher soldiers to carry on, went forward and fought two or three days more.

The main advance itself was hand to hand fighting most of the way, the

greatest resistance coming from Boche machine gunners who waited in tunnels and dugouts until the barrage had passed and then came to the surface. These machine guns were taken by the dozens after they had either been rushed or encircled and hauled.

Single-Handed Work

One private, an Italian from New York, is credited with the single-handed capture of two machine guns and their crews of four men each. He was a member of a platoon which, as the two machine guns opened upon them, dropped into a nearby trench.

The private volunteered to clear the path for his platoon, and, even before he gained the permission of the lieutenant, he slipped out of one end of the trench, and ten minutes later reappeared with the eight Germans marching before him. He had adopted the simple expedient of crawling around behind and surprising them, and they surrendered without resistance.

Another man, of a detachment similarly held up by a machine gun out of shelter, crawling on his stomach from shell hole to shell hole, killed the four Boches who manned the gun with five shots from his rifle.

On another occasion a group of Boche machine gunners were found ensconced in a concrete pill box impervious to rifle fire. Three Yanks volunteered to take it and crept around it, each with a handful of grenades. They threw grenades at the pill box until one passed through the narrow porthole to the inside.

Then, as it exploded, they dashed forward and dropped half a dozen more through the same opening. They found that what was left of more than a dozen Boches inside.

A lieutenant, leading his platoon along

down a Boche airplane with machine gun fire. Not the least spectacular of the exploits during the attack was that of a Catholic priest from New York. Three times this chaplain threatened his way back and forth across the battlefield, after going over the top with his battalion when the attack started with nothing but a prayer book in his hand. Then, on the following day, after tending the wounded all night, he and other chaplains worked under shell fire from daybreak until sunset burying dead.

The Missing Three Hundred

Even after the Americans' part in the program of attack was finished, after they had gained their objectives and the Australians had telescoped through them to continue the gains, some of the Americans did not stop.

For several days there were, roughly, 300 Americans who could not be accounted for. It was ascertained that they had not been killed, that they were not wounded; they could not have been taken prisoner. They were simply missing.

An American captain who had come out of the line two days previously sought information from an Australian who arrived at a dressing station in an ambulance.

"Seen any Americans?" repeated the Aussie. "Seen 'em! I should say I have. And you ought to see 'em, too. They've been up there fighting for three days and they'll never get enough of it. If you're looking for them, you had better wait around until we come out of the line. They won't be back before then."

Not the least important result of the fighting around Bellefleur is the admiration and approval the Yanks have won from those veterans of European warfare, the Australians, and the sealing of friendship between them of which history will be bound to take note.

Four in Burning Tank

Then he learned that they were from a burning tank and that there were four more men in the tank. He went out alone to their aid, refusing to allow any of his platoon to accompany him, he saw four wounded men crawling toward the American lines from shell hole to shell hole. With two other men from his platoon, he went out and carried them in.

88 ORPHANS ADOPTED IN BEST WEEK

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orphans or, rather, for two children of crippled French soldiers. We are not so 'darn partickler' about who we get, but, if you permit us a choice, let's say one boy and one girl.

The other day our company cartoonist put up on the bulletin board a row of possibilities, i. e., French kids of every description, size and classification of beauty and lack of it. Do what you can for us. We don't believe cartoonists, anyhow."

Marble Hearts Melt

Even the marble heart of an M.P. was softened by the Christmas spirit. Actually! A lieutenant sent in 500 francs for a "young scrapper," adding, "It is the best catch I have made in a year of military policing."

There were, in fact, two adoptions to the credit of the M.P.'s. The second came from a divisional company of M.P.'s, most of whom used to be New York policemen, but who have got a beat just now along Shellhole Road instead of Fifth Avenue or the Bowery.

The request called for two children and, not only that, it contained the information that the whereabouts for the adoption of two more children would be coming after—yes, you've guessed it—payday.

The shattering of the weekly total by the adoption of 88 Christmas Gift War Orphans was not the only record that went by the board. Company C—Enges, adopted seven orphans and sent in \$109.47 in American money orders (3,500 francs). It is a new mark for generous giving in a single company.

More a Little Later

What is more, Company C said, with the simplicity that bespeaks all true philanthropists, "We expect to add to this a little later." At the same time History E, — F.A., a regiment represented last week by the adoption of two orphans, telegraphed their request for four children.

The allotment of Christmas Gift War Orphans to their adopting units is already under way by the Red Cross committee in charge of the work and the actual payment of money to the children will begin within a few days—for, so acute is the need, we are not going to wait until Christmas to start the O.D. Santa Claus of the A.E.F. on his first rounds. There are winter clothes to be bought, for one thing, and the days are growing constantly colder.

If the record of 125 Christmas Gift War Orphans adopted in two weeks is a trustworthy sign, it looks as if the A.E.F. will have this entire family of a half thousand little boys and girls, who by the way, are all photographed, listed and ready for adoption, living in the comfort and cheer of a home by the time the first snow falls.

How to Be a Santa Claus

Any company, platoon, detachment, office staff—in short, any unit of individual—can adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan simply by contributing 500 francs for its support for one year.

The money is sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES, and by it turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. The Red Cross itself stands all expenses incurred in administering the War Orphan funds. Thus, every cent contributed to take care of a Christmas War Orphan is spent on the actual care and comfort of the child.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised to adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan. But the sooner it is raised, the better.

The Dentist from Oklahoma

The dentist from Oklahoma—his name is Lieut. Otto L. Hine—wrote his name into the history of his regiment when he took charge in a crisis of one regimental aid station.

It was being shelled. Several of the wounded had been killed; several of the litter boys had fallen at their tasks. Then, quite suddenly, because they were being swept by an enfilading fire, the regiment had to draw back two kilometers in the sway of the battle-line, and the aid station, with its colony of helpless wounded, was destined to stand for a time in No Man's Land.

Then it was that Captain Randall Wilson took a detachment of 75 men and went out to stand guard over that stranded hospital and that Lieutenant Hine buckled down to the task of evacuating the wounded to a place of safety behind the lines. From the middle of that afternoon till 10 the next morning they stuck to that job. In all, they covered the dressing and evacuation of 225 men.

That guard did not cease fighting nor that dentist his work till the last litter had disappeared in the direction of American lines.

Fourth Liberty Loan

Subscriptions may be forwarded by members of the AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES Through AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY Banking Departments

11 Rue Scribe, PARIS
BORDEAUX TOURS LONDON LIVERPOOL MARSEILLES

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

Minute Tapioca Company

Orange, Mass.

From the Minute Man of '76 to the Minute Men of 1918 in France

COMRADES:

You wouldn't know the best looking public building in New York these days. You wouldn't expect the Public Library, set at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, where the best looking and the best dressed girls in the world glide by, would ever get careless about its appearance, would you?

The other day its stately steps were transformed by the erection of a small billboard that set their feet that made passersby wonder. The next morning at 8 a. m. a painter-man roosting on a scaffold, got busy smearing that billboard with some sort of poster, and people wondered still more.

You see, they didn't know that General Pershing had cable-tic the sends you something no one else in the wide, wide world would have any use for. Well, a couple of these nuts at large hopped into this friendly gathering. One sent a complete file of the "Undertaker's Review," to give away which must have cost him twice as much and another rebuked his eager heirs by sending a series of reports of Greenwood Cemetery.

But the most amusing gift of the campaign was furnished by a world-famous stage-woman, who is—or, well, just a trifle vain about her looks. She sent only one book. It bore her name on the cover as author. And its title was, "The Secret of My Beauty."

Hope you enjoy hearing how things are going on this side, I salute you.

THE MINUTE MAN OF '76.

Telephone Central 96 16

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Prophylactic Tooth Brush

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The Société Générale pour favoriser etc., & its Branches throughout France will act as our correspondents for the transactions for Members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

Greetings!

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

Loggia Muratellesca

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty, as we understand it.

Abraham Lincoln



THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

Makers of Civilian and Military Apparel

CHICAGO

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

Subscriptions may be forwarded by members of the AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES Through AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY Banking Departments

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THE MINUTE MAN OF '76.

IOWA FIRST OVER AS NATION SPEEDS TO TAKE UP LOAN

Oregon Second State to Subscribe Quota, Both on First Day

CUBA AND PANAMA BUYING

South Dakota of German Descent Takes Town's Whole Allotment to Aid Son at Front

BY J. W. MULLER
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]
AMERICA, Oct. 10.—Iowa was first for the top, subscribing for quota of the Fourth Liberty Loan on the first day of the drive, collecting \$148,920,500 against a quota of \$147,100,000. Oregon clamored by wire to Washington, demanding to know how Iowa stood, and came in almost neck and neck, but missed by the mere margin of a few hundred dollars.

The first day of the loan Hawaii whooped it up with a subscription of \$3,461,800. Fifty California communities grabbed honor flags before sunset. Admiral Cowie, director of the loan campaign in the Pacific, reports that \$2,000,000 was subscribed right off the reel.

In Wheeling, W. Va., all but one of 1,000 coal mine employees bought in bonds in the first five minutes of the drive. In Great Falls, Mont., men, women and children filed past bond boxes to register their subscriptions, and the town's quota was oversubscribed in the first 30 minutes.

Good old Bourbon County, Ky., forgiving the national ban on its famous tipple, oversubscribed its quota in the first few hours. Kern County, Cal., nearly beat Bourbon to it, though. The theater audiences in New York, on the first evening of the drive, subscribed \$500,000.

On the drive's second day, New England came along strong with \$67,128,000, and Massachusetts alone raised \$45,000,000. The New York Federal Reserve District reported \$87,601,250, raised in the first two days of the campaign.

War Exhibit Trains Help
The 24 war exhibit trains, moving through the country, kept filching business. The one in Cleveland collected over \$2,000,000. A South Dakota farmer of German descent subscribed his town's whole allotment—\$12,000—all by himself, declaring that he wants his boy in the trenches to know that he backs him to the hilt.

On the third day gave a total of \$111,142,000 for the whole country. The Boston district came through with \$100,000,000. Massachusetts alone reached \$62,000,000. Arkansas reported half her quota collected, with less than half her counties heard from. The Mare Island Navy Yard irritated the other navy yards by raising \$715,000, all out of its own pocket.

On the fourth day Iowa was still plunging ahead, kicking dust in the other States' eyes. The Minneapolis district reported that all the States in its jurisdiction were fast approaching their quotas. Forty-seven communities in the Cleveland Reserve District and 22 communities in New England hoisted honor flags, and ten cities and five counties in Michigan went over the top.

Half Billion Mark Passed
The subscriptions among the Detroit factory workers were four times heavier than at the same stage of the last loan. At the close of business Boston reported \$24,000,000 from the Bean City alone, and more coming. Ashville and Buncombe Counties, N. C., oversubscribed their quotas, and Admiral Cowie reported a \$4,500,000 mark for the Navy.

The fifth day saw the country pass the half billion mark, with a total of \$226,506,000. Toledo reached its quota with 72,000 people subscribing \$10,000,000.

On the sixth day Oregon reached a 30 per cent oversubscription, and reported more individual subscribers than during the last loan campaign. Montana went over the top with a good oversubscription, and more coming fast. Northern Michigan reached its quota, and the whole nation had subscribed with a total of \$855,133,000.

The St. Louis district led all the others in the percentage of its quota subscribed by the sixth day, having sold 42 per cent of its \$260,000,000 allotment. Boston was second in the race; San Francisco, third; Minneapolis, fourth; Chicago, fifth; New York, sixth; Philadelphia, seventh; Richmond, eighth; Dallas, ninth; Cleveland, tenth; Atlanta, eleventh and the Kansas City District yet to be heard from.

Over the Billion Mark
New York's percentage is the only thing it is low in. The actual amount raised in the district in the first four days of the drive was \$183,346,750, and the district wants its fellow citizens to take notice that New York's quota this time is \$1,500,000,000, within \$200,000,000 of the whole amount of the first Liberty Loan for the whole country.

On the seventh day the nation broke over the billion mark, with \$1,007,611,650 subscribed. The St. Louis district passing half its quota, Boston reaching one-third of its allotment, Minneapolis close to one-third, San Francisco about one-quarter, and Kansas City collecting quietly but with the subscriptions not officially started until next week.

Boston reported that 145,136 people had bought bonds up to the seventh day in the Federal Reserve District. Ninety New England communities reached their quotas, Massachusetts still led the New England States with \$92,507,000 subscribed. Cincinnati was two days ahead of its scheduled daily quotas on that same memorable seventh day. Connecticut, Ohio, had sold to 4,112 people out of a total 11,000 population.

Honor Flags Everywhere
The names of the New York City firms and trades that have signed up 100 per cent of their employees fill columns in the newspapers. Fifty-seven towns in the New York district have won honor flags, and 12 have won stars for 50 per cent oversubscription.

On the eighth day, the National Assembly of Panama suspended its session while two senators successfully touched each newspaper. Fifty-seven towns in the New York district have won honor flags, and 12 have won stars for 50 per cent oversubscription.

RAINBOW GLEAMS AS YANKS THRUST EAST OF RHEIMS

Blanc Mont Falls to Americans Who Attack With French

FOE USES MIXED TROOPS

Battalion Captures 273 Huns and 75 Machine Guns Without a Single Casualty

American troops helped General Gouraud's French Army shatter the German menace to Rheims when they stormed and captured Blanc Mont, a fortified ridge northeast of the city. The Americans took this ridge in two hours, charging up a half mile of cratered chalk hillside strewn with blasted trees.

Late Tuesday, while the Americans were still going forward against stiff resistance and the 2,500 prisoners they had taken were being augmented by dribbles of German guard and jaggers, a rainbow broke against the clouds away from the setting sun, and the battle was fought on between the rainbow and a western sky that was brazen and red.

Aided by French and American artillery, the Yanks fought their way to the foot slopes of the height. Then white guns big and little were still playing on the crest, they leaped over trunks of trees freshly blasted, clambered over pits dug by shells in the soft chalk gravel, hopped through brambles of barb wire, skirted a ravine full of enemy machine guns, and charged straight at the crest defended by machine guns and underlain by a tunnel system.

At the end of that charge, the tide of German prisoners ebbed from the roads at the backs of the Americans. Scarcely pausing, the Americans pressed on, a kilometer at a time, day after day, until Tuesday they were firmly holding St. Etienne.

General Gouraud Visits P.C.

General Gouraud himself visited the American post of command and paid a tribute to the ability of the American soldiers. General Foch, too, wired an appreciation of the "audacious advance."

It was estimated that six German divisions opposed to the Americans in their six days' fighting. At any rate, the prisoners represented such a scattering of regiments that the French were terming the captives "the salad." The Prussian Guards were there, some of them known as Wilhelm's Own. The German lizards were there, too, many of them—jagers in their green uniforms.

Illustrative of the swiftness of the American advance was the capture west of Blanc Mont by one American battalion, commanded by Capt. George K. Schuler, of 209 German soldiers, four officers and 75 machine guns. As the American battalion did this without a single casualty of its own, a happening said to be almost unprecedented in this war.

The capture was accomplished by an enveloping movement close upon the flanks, and the Germans found themselves trapped in holes, with American rifles and machine guns around them. There was still another unprecedented happening. A French officer came back into Souain marveling—he had seen an American soldier herding together a German artillery staff which he had captured single-handed, one major, one captain, seven lieutenants and 22 privates. Corporal Fred D. Hubbell, of Toledo, Ohio, gets the official credit for this feat, which happened on the morning of October 3.

What Corporal Hubbell Did

Corporal Hubbell's company had run across a series of dugouts of German artillery officers and had taken a few prisoners who said there were no more Germans underground. A half hour later, while Corporal Hubbell's company was mounding machine gun resistance and expecting a counter-attack, the Ohio boy was crouching in a dugout entrance. He tells what happened.

"I saw a German private stick his head out of the door behind me," he said. "I told him to put up his hands, but he jumped on me. I heard him speaking to me in English, and finally I persuaded him to come out. He said there were 30 others in the dugout. I told him there were plenty of Americans all around me, and the Germans all might as well surrender. He said he'd go down and talk to them.

"He went down, but didn't come back. After a short time I yelled down I was going to throw a hand grenade. I waited, but nobody came up. There were several dugout entrances near, and I was afraid they might catch me from behind, so I moved to the left where I could see all the entrances.

"In a minute another Heine stuck his head out and ducked back. I was getting real leary. Just then an officer appeared at another dugout steps with a pistol in his hand, apparently looking for me. I was lucky I had moved. When he saw me he was so surprised he tumbled over backwards down the steps.

"Then I ran to the steps and yelled again I was going to throw down hand grenades if they didn't come out. The private who spoke English finally came up and stood at the entrance and passed on my orders. Pretty soon they began to come out with their hands in the air.

"When I had them all lined up and the other boys arrived, the English-speaking private told me that when he'd gone down the first time and told the officers there was only one American outside they were furious. They weren't going to surrender to one American private. They ordered the private to sneak out and shoot me, but he refused.

"All the Germans had been caught in their dugouts by our barrage, they said."

ADOPT A CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHAN!

This is the slogan of a campaign which THE STARS AND STRIPES has inaugurated to accomplish, between now and Christmas, the adoption of at least 500 children mascot by the A.E.F. units and members—a campaign to secure food, clothing, comfort, schooling for 500 little French children whose fathers have paid the supreme price for liberty.

We are out to give at least 500 little French boys and girls a CHRISTMAS PRESENT WHICH WILL LAST A WHOLE YEAR. We have these children listed, photographed, investigated by the American Red Cross—all ready for adoption. And we offer them to the O.D. Santa Clauses from overseas—FIVE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHANS AT 500 FRANCS EACH.

One hundred and twenty-five Christmas Gift War Orphans have now been adopted. There remain 375 little boys and girls all in dire need of even the barest comforts, to be provided for. Not one has sufficient warm clothing for the winter months—and Christmas only ten weeks away.

An average of at least 37 children a week must be taken by the A.E.F. in that time. What is going to be our answer to these little orphans whose only source of help and happiness we are?

ALLIES ADVANCE IN MANY ATTACKS

Germans Withdraw from Sectors Flanked in Victorious Drives

On the flaming battle front in the West the week has seen a continuous succession of Allied attacks and advances, with three German withdrawals in sectors which were not being attacked frontally and plans made for another withdrawal.

The great bulge west of Lille, rendered precarious by the advance of Belgians and British in the north and by the British advance in the south, has been evacuated to a depth that has brought the British to within four miles of the greatest city in Northern France.

North of the Vesle the Germans have also recoiled, followed closely by the French. The French attack in Champagne, which has progressed well during the week, has also compelled the evacuation of the famous Monts de Champagne, east and northeast of Reims, and that stricken city is now entirely freed after four years of encirclement.

The Germans are also without question preparing to withdraw along some of the Belgian coast. They are reported to have removed their heavy guns from Ostend, one of the two great bases for naval, particularly submarine, operations.

The Americans, continuing their attacks east of the Argonne, have made progress in the forest that has been cast, and on Wednesday attacked and gained ground east of the Meuse, directly north of Verdun. Americans have also fought with the French in western Champagne and in the tremendous and successful British attacks between Cambrai and St. Quentin, both recaptured.

TO SPEND 24 BILLIONS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]
AMERICA, Oct. 10.—Whip and spur are in action to hurry the great \$8,000,000,000 revenue bill through the Senate, and every effort will be made to pass it before election.

Secretary McAdoo says in a letter to the Senate urging hurry that the Government expenditures during the fiscal year to come will be at least \$24,000,000,000, and other estimates, based on the new Army, Navy and shipbuilding estimates, suggests that our expenditures may reach \$38,000,000,000.

New Arrival—Learnin' any French, Jim? Jim (also new arrival)—Well, I ain't had any trouble readin' the time on their clocks.

HOTEL PLAZA-ATHENE

25 Avenue Montaigne, PARIS

AMERICAN RED CROSS HOME SERVICE FOR SOLDIERS

This Free Service is at your disposal

Are You Worried?
About not hearing from home—
About Family Matters—
About Business Affairs—
About Allotments and Allowances—
About Anything at home you cannot care for yourself—

Home Service has representatives in Your Home Town who will help you. Tell your troubles to the Home Service and stop worrying. The Red Cross will act confidentially and report to you promptly. Talk to the nearest A.R.C. Home Service man, or write to

Home Service Division American Red Cross, 4 Place de la Concorde, Paris, France.

WHOLE BATTALION, BOCHE ENCIRCLED, RELIEVED AT LAST

Continued from Page 1

these carriers of the air who carried the tidings to the other Yanks in the forest. Attack after attack was then made by companion regiments. Relief and instructions were rushed through the air. Airplanes went over again and again to drop munitions, bandages and, that best of all iron rations, chocolate.

Such was the lay of the wooded ravine, such was the fog that the airman had to work as though blindfolded. One great package of supplies did come near its mark, but the doughboys who tried to crawl out and get it were killed by watching snipers from across the ravine. Several planes were brought down, one pilot was killed and two observers were wounded in the effort to get the supplies through the air to the surrounded battalion.

Obedience to Orders
Not once did that battalion try to fight its way back. It had been ordered to take the position and hold it. The battalion obeyed orders.

Afterwards, when the men had been relieved and had come out white, emaciated, unrecognizable in their black growths of beard, the talk among them was all of Major Whittlesey. Sixty-nine officers and men had been left dead on a hillside and the 32 soldiers left to leave the ravine alive, 156 were wounded. Those too badly hurt or too weak were carried eventually to a sorting station on the edge of the forest, a beautiful abbey reared by pious hands 900 years ago.

There, huddled in blankets under a candle-lit statue of Jesus of the Sacred Heart, they looked like figures in some immemorial pageant of suffering. But their proud talk was all of their Major. How he had kept up their spirits by his hourly message of "Keep cool, men," and still more by his own unflinching serenity. How the very sight of him shaving himself regularly each day was a calming spectacle. How, though it was perilous to move along the ravine, he managed somehow to see each man each day. That was the story the wounded told. One doughboy, lying in a bandaged arm, put it this way: "We held out because he did. We was all right if we could see him once a day."

Somebody to See the Major

There was more food at 10 o'clock Monday night, and corned beef never tasted so wonderful.

The next morning the Major's orderly—
—he was in the dressmaking business on Fifth Avenue before the war—was trying with his wounded hand to comb the mud out of a newly acquired beard when he heard a gruff voice demanding, "Major!"

"Everybody wants him; who is it now?" he answered wearily, and then scrambled to his feet when he saw that the inquirer wore two stars on his shoulders.

"Oh, sir, he's down the line handing out food with his own hands. I'll bring him to you."

"Bring him nothing," said the general. "I'll go to him."

"What's the idea of all this camouflage along the road?"

"Don't you know? It's to keep the cooties from knowin' when we move camp."

K.P. TRAILS CHIEF WHILE SHELLS BURST

Boy Who Toted General's Chow Proves Faithful Unto Death

There is little glory in carrying chow across a shell swept battle field, but the chow was for the general and his divisional staff, and of course a general and his staff must eat. That is why Private Dempsey paid no heed to the bursting shells and walked straight across the field, morning, noon and night, to the advanced divisional P.C.

For two days the general never missed a meal. He ate at his usual meal time, and always Private Dempsey insisted on the general's telling him what he wanted for the following meal.

At noon on the second day the general was away at meal time and could not give his order. That afternoon Private Dempsey walked across the field amid bursting shells to find out what the general wanted for supper. A shell burst so near him that it knocked him down, but he got up and went on.

At the door of the general's headquarters the K.P. stood at salute, waiting for a recognition from the general, when a shell struck near the P.C. and Private Dempsey fell dead.

"I know the Kaiser's a heilion, and all that, but I could almost forgive him if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's the one?"

"He's the Crown Prince's father."

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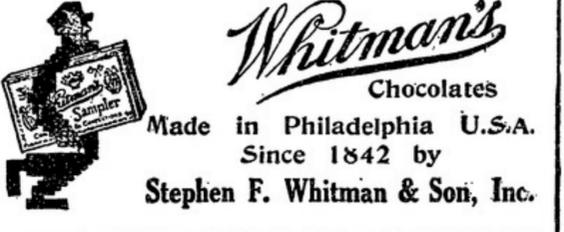
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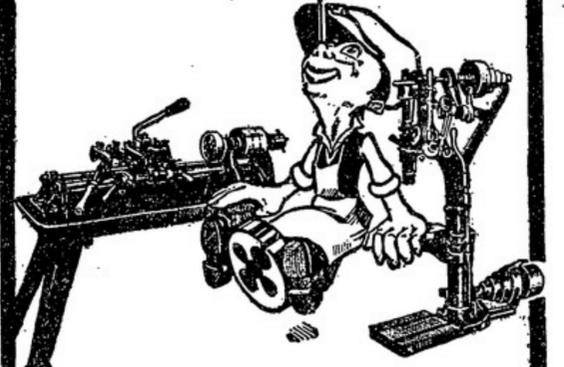
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In peace times a pleasant luxury
In war times a fighting food-



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Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Saving for you fighters
WHEN we think of you men in England, France and Italy who are doing the big stirring things, this job of keeping business going seems pretty prosaic for us fellows at home.

But there are many things we can do for you men; one of them is to save the resources you need—wool for clothes, labor for war work.

So in all our national advertising we are asking men to buy clothes only when they need them and when they do buy, to get only those that last a long time and are guaranteed to satisfy.

We're making clothes that saves many of you men wore them in civil life so you know what we mean.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Chicago U. S. A. New York

The Stars and Stripes

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

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1918.

9 x 4 x 3

Come The Powers That Be now, the same powers which, to save ship space, invented holeless macaroni and square molasses cans, and rule that we are to have sizeless Christmas packages.

Well, it's war, and there isn't much else to be said on the subject. Calculated in seven figures, the parcels aren't so sizeless as they seem.

Whether we would each rather have a Christmas package or a half interest in a three-inch shell going forward to help shorten the war is a toss-up.

So if the folks at home will just supplement that Christmas shipload with nine shiploads of shells—and we know they are going to do that and a whole lot more—we will count all ten as Christmas ships and, with befitting sentiment, exult in the occasion when, for the first time in history, 2,000,000 men, from millionaire to bootblack, were so unprecedentedly democratic that Santa Claus brought each of them the same sized package.

WRITE

The last words that most of us heard when the family's tearful goodbyes were said—there really isn't any reason why we should conceal any longer the fact that they were tearful—were probably these: "Don't forget to write."

Nobody has forgotten altogether. But lots of us have done the next best—or next worse—thing: Put off writing time and again until the days grew to weeks and the weeks to months.

America is in the war now as it never was before. The A.E.F. is fighting a tension here and at home is keyed to the highest pitch.

A letter home today, though it contain but a single sentence, may forestall a month of worry. It is as good as a Liberty Bond, and it accomplishes the same purpose—it helps to win the war.

BELGIUM

Had you asked any one, two weeks ago, where and what the Belgian front was, he would have told you that it was in that little corner of Belgium which Germany's massed legions have never been able to overrun, and that, what with the flooded Yser and the desolate sand dunes fronting the North Sea, you would go far to find such another bleak and inhospitable spot in all the line that stretches away to Switzerland.

Two days after the Franco-American attack on both sides of the Argonne had lighted the flame of battle that spread far and wide in the west, the Belgian Army, under the command of that gallant king without a country, Albert I, struck in a fierce and sudden lull, shattered resistance, captured many towns—and, more important than towns, redoubtable German positions—and, with a British Army on its right, dented in the great bulge in the north that now hangs like a cloud of impending doom over the greater bulge at whose core is Lille, the fourth city in France.

The Belgians now hold more of their country than they have held since 1914. The soil that is now theirs is still a pitifully small corner of the kingdom—perhaps a fortieth. But they have always held a quarter of the Belgian coast, and the German tenure of the rest is no longer so secure as it was.

The Belgian victory is, therefore, not altogether a victory of sentiment. Ask Ludendorff. Nobody ever accused him of being a sentimentalist.

OCTOBER 12

The hardy and far-sighted mariner from Genoa who, on October 12, 1492, sighted the coast of the little island of San Salvador, to his own immense satisfaction and the great delight of his water-wearied crew, would certainly rub his eyes in amazement if he should come back to earth on this approaching Columbus Day. Where his little peanut-shell fleet of caravels made their halting way across the uncharted ocean there now rido day after day great ships filled with fighting men and the stores to keep them fit, unerringly making for the coast of the Old Continent from which he set out to blunder into the outskirts of a New.

Columbus would see all this, and marvel, but when told that the ships came from a "mighty and puissant nation" to the north and west of the places of his discovery, a free nation of 100,000,000 souls bent on doing its part to the utmost to heal the ills of the Old World that he left, he would marvel even more at the fulfillment of the work which he unwittingly began.

tingly began. For he started out only hoping to find a short route to India; he helped countless oppressed thousands thereby to find a short route to freedom. However much the newly arrived members of the A.E.F. may curse the memory of Columbus for having proved that the seaway, seascy Atlantic could be crossed, however much they may say that they wish he had stayed at home and juggled with his eggs, the only nation that really harbors any grudge against him is Germany. That is the one great and cheering thought of this Columbus Day. To the Huns, Columbus will always stand out as the one, only and original trouble-borrower of all time.

THINGS AT HOME

Things at home are all right, despite the contrary impression that an insidious German propaganda is trying to create. The voluntary rationing that our people took upon themselves last year has produced such good results that the meatless and wheatless days are going to be done away with in part. Sugar may be a bit scarce, but the old molasses jar is doing its duty like the good patriot that it is, while the maple trees of Vermont and points adjacent have dripped most loyally this year.

So much for the grub the home folks are getting. We needn't worry about them; they're not worrying about themselves. True, the old man may be a bit sore because Dr. Garfield has requested him not to crank up the fliv on Sundays and take Ma and Aunt Bessie over to call on the relatives at Scott's Swamp, but it will do him good to walk for a change, or to plant the tulip bulbs for next spring. Besides, it will save gasoline for the very necessary business of bringing extra ammunition up to the line.

What with the country clubs closed up and other conserving measures taken, there will be coal enough to go 'round this winter, and none of us need worry for fear that the folks may freeze. And as for the way they feel about this here war—Jeeroh! just watch how they're eating up the six billions of the Fourth Liberty Loan.

CANNING THE RAH-RAH

In the midst of these days when friendships between American men are being cemented by the comradeship of arms and being founded on mutual respect instead of birth or environment it makes most of us marvel to see a small group of people trying to keep, rather noisily, alive the ties of colleges, college fraternities and grown-up secret societies, as if they really mattered now. It makes us marvel even more when we learn that at home the colleges are turning themselves over lock, stock and barrel to the work of winning the war, and that the college fraternities, in many instances, are cutting out their activities altogether or at least greatly curtailing them.

College spirit is a fine thing, and the way in which it was fostered helped to build up in the men now in the Army and Navy that intense spirit of group loyalty without which no Army or Navy could hope to succeed. Fraternity spirit, too, is a fine thing, when it isn't carried to undemocratic excess. The same may be said of the grown-up secret societies. But, as some of our readers may have noticed, there is a large, healthy, vigorous and rather absorbing war going on not very far from here, and the chances are that in the years to come a man will prefer to be known as one of those who busted the Hindenburg line than as the man who set fire to dear old Prexy's woodshed or brought the cow into morning chapel.

It is high time that all of us, the young ones particularly, left our frat pins in our bedding rolls, our sheepskins and pass words in our trunks and forgot them. There will be plenty of time to rush freshmen, initiate Lawyer Stebbins and play tricks on old Doc Goophus after we have gotten through rushing Fritzies, initiating young Bill Hohenzollern and playing tricks on old Doe Ludendorff. So, for the sake of all of us, let's lay off the rah-rah and the lush stuff for the duration of the war.

OUR MONEY

There are many solicitous people back home who ask, now and then, what we do with our money.

While we can't, of course, account for every sou received and every sou expended, we can give them a fair sample of what the Army does with its spare cash, taking our figures from those compiled for a certain division, served by five canteens, during the month of August.

In four out of the five huts patronized the men sent home more money than they spent on themselves for canteen supplies. In the fifth hut the amount of merchandise sales was only a small percentage larger than the amount of remittances sent home.

Taking the five huts as a whole, 125,000 more more francs were sent home than were spent at the counter.

One of the huts, whose business in all departments was the biggest of the five, reported that its patrons sent to America almost three times as much money as it received for sales.

These figures are typical of the sound common sense of the American soldier. Neither tight-fisted nor ultra-lavish, he doesn't stint himself on necessities, and yet he manages to remember generously his folks at home.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

Moreover, if the German Government should carry out its threat [to execute American prisoners of war captured with shotguns in their possession] in a single instance, it will be the right and duty of the United States to make such reprisal as will best protect the United States forces, and notice is hereby given of the intention of the United States Government to make such reprisal.

Thus is another German bluff called. The eye for an eye, man for a man doctrine invoked in this reply of our government to the Hun is not to be enforced for its own sake. It is a preventive measure, but it will be put into effect if it has to be. We are in a position to put it into effect. Our captures of Germans are vastly larger than Germany's captures of Americans. If Germany wants her thousands well cared for, she must care equally well for our dozens.

The Army's Poets

"HOMMES 40, CHEVAUX 8" Roll, roll, roll, over the rails of France, See the world and its map unfurled, five continents in your pants.

What a noble trip, jolt and jog and jar, Forty we, with equipment C, in one flat-wheeled box-car.

We are packed by hand, From the laborer to the boss, Four a little oil on us And we would be sardines.

Rations? Oo-la-la! and how we love the man Who learned how to intern our chow in a cold and clammy can.

Beans and beef and beans, beef and beans and beef, Will he win the war, take in your belt a reef.

Mess kits frown the coop, Cups gone up the spout; Use your thumbs for issue forks And pass the bull about.

Hit the floor for bunk, six hommes to one homme's place; It's no fair to the bottom layer to kick 'em in the face.

Move the corporal's feet out of my left ear; Lay 'em out, you are much too large; I'm not a bedspread, dear.

Lift my head up, please, From this bag of bread, Put it on somebody's chest, Then I'll sleep like the dead.

Roll, roll, roll, yammer and snore and fight, Traveling zoo the whole day through and bed-lam all the night.

Four days in the cage, going from hither hence, Ain't it great to ride by freight at good old Uncle's expense?

Stuart M. Emery, A.E.F.

TO THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE I wish you, children, playing round On this too-rudely trampled ground, Only the good I would send To all the children I befriended.

But one wish circles all: To know Little of what your elders do And somehow into the sunlight grow Out of the mists they stumble blindly through.

Pvt. R. R. Kirk, G-2, S.O.S.

AS THE TRUCKS GO ROLLIN' BY There's a rumble an' a jumble an' a bumpin' an' a thud,

As I wakens from my restless sleep here in my bed o' mud, 'N' I pull my blankets tighter underneath my shetley fly,

An' I listen to the thunder o' the trucks rollin' by.

They're jumpin' an' they're humpin' through the linky gloom o' night, 'N' I wonder how them drivers see without a glim o' light;

I c'n hear the clutches roarin' as they throw the gears, 'N' the radiator bollin' as the trucks go rollin' by.

There's some a-draggin' cannons, you c'n spot the sound all right—The rumblin' ones is heavies, an' the rattly ones is light;

The clinkin' shells is pointin' up their noses at the sky—Oh, you c'n tell what's passin' as the trucks go rollin' by.

But most of 'em is packin' loads o' human Yankee freight That'll slam the o' soft pedal ontub Heine's Hymn o' Hate;

You c'n hear 'em singin' "Dixie," and the "Sweet Bye 'N' Bye," 'N' "Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?" as the trucks go rollin' by.

Some's singin' songs as, when I left, they wasn't even ripe (A-showin' 'at they's rookies wet ain't got a service stripe).

But 'n' the same they're good ole Yanks, and that's the reason why I likes the jazz 'n' barber shop o' the trucks a-rollin' by.

Just God and Gen'ral Pershing knows where these here birds' light, Where them bumpin' trucks is bound for under camouflage o' night,

When they c'n see no pitchers with their 'Fokkers in the sky Of our changes o' location by the trucks a-rollin' by.

So, altho' my bed is puddles, an' I'm soaked through to the hide, My heart's out with them doughboys on their bouncin', singin' ride,

They're bound for paths o' glory, or, p'raps, to fight 'n' die—God bless that Yankee cargo in the trucks a-rollin' by.

L. W. Suckert, 1st Lt., A.S., U.S.A.

UNTIL—Rain and mud with a spray of blood, A moaning wind through the shattered trees; Rain and mud and the endless thud And crash that comes from the big H.E.'s.

It isn't for fun and the fun for fame We plunge to the big advance; But it's all in the game—it's all in the game 'Till the Hun gets out of France.

A rain soaked night and a bitter fight, Where the dripping trees sing a dismal song; Where the flash of guns give the only light The Yank can use as he drives along;

It isn't the light that the man might claim, Over the bloody soil, But it's all in the game—it's all in the game 'Till the final "Kamerad."

Yet, though I like my 'lectric light, And lounge and spacious hall, The billet that I like the best 'Doled out in the days of old.

The billet that I like the best 'Nor window has nor door, And yet it brings more welcome warmth Than 'lectric bulbs galore.

The billet that I like the best! What thoughts and memories dear! It brings to mind the cheerf'ul warmth, 'Mid hours bleak and drear!

The billet that I like, O love, Brings warming cheer from you, Because his born with this cheerf'ul warmth—The simple Billet Doux. Fra Guido, F.A.

THE RETURN OF THE REFUGEES They pick their way o'er the shell-pocked road As the evening shadows fall, A man and woman, their eyes a-gleam With awe at war's black pall.

The straggling strands of her snowy hair Are tossed in the wind's rude breath; His frail form shakes as the whistling gusts Sweep o'er the fields of death.

With straining eyes, hearts beating fast, They seek to gaze ahead To where they, their little home, When from the Hun they fled.

'Neath the heights of a hill o'erlooking the vale, Half-hid in a purple shade, The dim outline of the town comes to view, And they hasten down the glade.

At last the town, the street and home! But God! Can it be this? This pile of stones, this hideous hulk, This gaping orifice?

The sun has set. The evening star Sends down its soothing light, Gone are the days when their hearts are strong—'For God, for France, and Right!' Sgt. Frederick W. Kurth, M.T.D.

COLD COMFORT



All-highest: "Cheer up, my good fellow, I will never desert you!"

A PATIENT'S PRAISE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The doughboys have a pretty rank sort of an existence at times, don't you think? When they're going right over open country into the face of machine gun fire and when they're down in shell craters, ducking the chance of another one hitting the same spot, or when they've received orders to move just as their old pedal extremities were about all in and they needed a rest, or when they are bombed from above and when they see their bunkies carried from vigorous life to eternity in less time than the telling takes, and all the rest of it—ain't it hell?

But there's another bunch of fellows, and their job's no cinch, and there's mighty little relief for them. Sometimes they meet with all the fuss of an attack or an advance, but get any majority of them. And the boys I mean are those who are keeping the hospitals of the S.O.S. going, and at many times they go rather keenly.

Life up front is a very unstable sort of affair, at best, and death is so common that it loses some of its sting through familiarity, and when a bunkie falls, doesn't it make the survivor more set in his purpose, and isn't there that ever-present feature of adventure and action to help pacify the appetites of the men which the insufficient supply of bully beef and spuds failed to appease? Many of our hospitals have no women nurses in them, and there a man lacks that motherly tenderness found in women and that being patient and attentive to the wants of others which has been very much a part of his life.

Just now I'm in such a hospital, and my ward is run by a sergeant and about six orderlies. There are beds for 27, and these men keep things going and frictionless day and night, and it's no piker's job.

There's only one ward in any hospital which is a meager place to work in than the place filled with patients suffering from dysentery. And here these big, healthy men are diligently, carefully and patiently making it easier for the men who have become so weak that they cannot control the action of their organs.

From early morning till late at night the same faces may be seen moving about the ward washing men, changing foul bandaging, emptying refuse cans, taking temperatures and pulses, passing out medicine, bringing in food for the men on liquid, light and regular diets, and hearing them all ask for more, cleaning the dishes, heating water, tidying the ward or filling some fellow's water glass.

Why, there's one poor devil a few beds from mine who is just about a skeleton and is in need of constant attention, and the sergeant spends most of his time with him, and is on the spot when the fellow calls his half-hearted and strengthless "Sergeant, Sergeant!" and he's as well treated as he could be by his own folks, and so it is with the other fellows.

Nothing seems to be too much trouble for them, and I've never heard one of them growl at the rankiest, rottenest job a man can picture. They seldom smile, but they never frown.

And some day, when this game has been played, and we're all back home applauding the movies of our advance over Jerry's lines, I hope they'll find some way of cheering these fellows who cure men to make room for another, who work harder than most of the rest of us, and who are men to their backbones, but are seldom lauded.

Sgt. ARTHUR H. LYNN, A.S.

A WAY TO HELP

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

A few days ago I went into a store and found two Americans and a shopkeeper trying to arrive at an understanding across the counter. They were most certainly not arriving, in fact, both sides of the counter were in a state of exasperation at the imbecility of the other. It was a matter easily made understood to the ultimate satisfaction of all concerned.

In the A.E.F., especially, in our service with the French Army, there are men who speak a fair conversational French. Why would it not be possible to recognize these officers, as unofficial interpreters? They could wear a small Sphinx head, for instance, on the right breast of their coat as indicative of their ability to help out.

As the numbers of the A.E.F. increase, we find ourselves in this service in contact with American units. To be sure, we act the interpreter often, but there are also times when one hesitates to but in. With an obvious token visible, one could be called on when needed. It is merely a question of service for the facilitating of efficiency and understanding, and I rest the question.

RICHARD W. WESTWOOD, Pvt. 1st Cl. S.S.U., U.S.A.A.S.

THE SINS OF BASEBALL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

If baseball is to continue to be the national game in America, there must be a thorough housecleaning which shall remove those who aroused a patriotic prejudice against it by asking for the exemption of players and those who have avoided service by becoming shipbuilders and in other ways showing themselves unworthy of being called Americans.

I have found among the Americans in service in France a prejudice against the national game that was started when President Bun Johnson of the American League asked for the exemption of major league players, a prejudice which is steadily growing.

There are plenty of grounds for such feeling. It would have been just as reasonable for the billiard hall owners to have asked for exemption for pool players or for the National Tennis Association to have asked for exemption for tennis players.

Baseball will never be the national game again as it was before this war until those who have been the cause of the prejudice that caused THE STARS AND STRIPES to drop its sporting page have been removed from the conduct of the game. The minor leagues will not again consent to a governing body's being composed of any body of men who brought about such prejudice.

When Provost Marshal General Crowder issued his "work or fight" order, the minor leagues decided to suspend play, so that not one man might be kept out of the service who might be helping to win the war. The major leagues continued to play.

For the benefit of those who may not be familiar with the workings of professional baseball, I will explain that the minor leagues have an association of their own that acts as the governing body, known as the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues.

The two major leagues have a governing body known as the National Commission. The commission acts as the final court of appeal, and thus dominates both the majors and the minors.

The minor leagues have suspended play until after the close of the war and have sent hundreds of players into service who otherwise perhaps might have continued playing until called by draft. The major leagues have

shows no such disposition, and the minors do not feel that any organization showing such an unpatriotic disposition should hereafter govern them to the extent they have in the past.

When the millions of young men who are now wearing khaki and helping to win the war that is being waged to make this a decent world to live in return to America, they are going to carry prejudices with them that will make baseball an altogether different business proposition than it was before they left. Unless their sentiments change, very few, if any, leagues will be able to operate at a profit. It is for this reason that the minor leagues propose the following drastic measures:

A boycott on all players who quit baseball to go into some other occupation simply to escape service.

A refusal to accept as the final court of appeal any board which continues on its membership one who asked for the exemption of players or traded upon patriotic sentiment to the extent of declaring through the public press the intention of entering in government service without thereafter showing the least disposition to live up to the promise.

The National League is without a head at the present time. The minor leagues feel that it should, for the good of the game, select a successor to John K. Tener, a man whose attitude has reflected patriotism of the highest order, and who has not allowed himself to be dominated by the American League, as National League leaders have allowed themselves to be dominated.

The minor leagues propose a housecleaning that will remove from their councils men who have shown lack of sportsmanship, for those seem to have been the men who also have by their attitude stood in the way of progressive measures which have been along patriotic lines.

THE STARS AND STRIPES deserves praise for its stand in regard to baseball, and I present these conditions to place the minor leagues in the position they deserve to be placed so that the boys may understand.

E. W. Dickerson, President, Western League, and Member National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues.

MR. BAKER LOOKS IN With a gasoline can as a rostrum, Secretary of War Baker, in the course of his recent inspection tour of the S.O.S., addressed an audience of some 2,000 negro Stevedores during their lunch hour. The speech, as well as the entire stage setting, was highly informal.

Part of his audience lay sprawled upon the roof of a half-finished warehouse overlooking the focal gasoline can, and nearly all of them went on munching the contents of their mess kits, as it was intended they should do.

The Secretary told them how proud the people at home all were of them and of their work—both their own people and the whole rest of the nation at large. He gave them a couple of good short stories that quickly surrounded him with an amphitheater of shining white teeth all set in a huge grin. And when he wound up by saying that he was going to meet the folks at home, how well they had been doing, and how glad they all would be to have first hand news of them and the shove they were giving to the Army's supplies, he got such a hand as only strong and honestly calloused palms can give a speaker.

Both before and after the speech the Secretary visited with the men in the warehouses, asking questions right and left and getting much first hand information as to how the jobs were swung. In similar manner he covered another one of the ports and gave a brief talk to a group of white Stevedores there.

Perhaps the most impressive feature of his trip was that on his visit to the classification camp at Blois. There a battalion of Class B and C men, all of whom had been wounded in action and many of whom bore the ribbons of the Croix de Guerre or the D.S.C., was lined up for his inspection, together with their band, also formed of B and C men. The Secretary wouldn't hear of their being introduced to him; as he put it, he felt it an honor to be introduced to them.

From the middle of the boxing ring and handstand combined, that is the glory and pride of the Blois camp, Mr. Baker told them how much their efforts had been appreciated by the nation, how greatly the nation stood in their debt, and how they would be marked men in their communities throughout all the next generation. In after years, he said, men would come home to their families and tell with pride and with a glow on their faces how they had met men who had fought at Belleau Wood, at Chateau-Thierry, at Soissons and

PACKAGES AGAIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I am writing to you about a very much argued subject; and that is "Packages from Home." Please tell me why it is necessary for Mr. American Soldier to go through such a formality whenever he wants a package of goodies or tobacco of any kind, or anything that is within reason, that it is an impossibility to buy on this side of the water? Why is it necessary for us to hear better was only at ease and not at rest, there was only one logical outcome for the occasion. That was three rousing cheers. And at ease or not at ease, attention or no attention, the Secretary, obviously moved by the tribute, had those three rousing cheers pealed at him as he drove away in his automobile with the officers who were conducting him.

Do you not firmly believe that the company C.O.'s can handle the matter? I believe they would gladly do it for the boys in their own companies.

Please make an inquiry into this matter and publish it in your paper, as I know it is a very vital subject to all the A.E.F. fellows, especially the boys up here in the line.

Henry M. Secor, Pvt., Inf.

[The primary object of the regulations requiring the approval of regimental or higher commander on packages from home was to conserve space in our transports. The decision was taken at a vital time when the question of rousing men, food and munitions to France was paramount. There is much to be said in support of your contention, but don't forget that our first duty is to whip the Boche, and the packages can come after.—Ehron.]

AMERICA IN FRANCE

XI—Domremy

Domremy is a wee mite of a town, boasting in times of peace but some 300 inhabitants and in war-time even fewer than that.

Yet there is not a single American soldier, Catholic or Protestant or Jew or what not, who, learning that chance has placed him for a while in the region about Domremy, does not bend every effort to visit it, even though the visit may entail a long overland hike after a week of hard hiking.

For Domremy — Domremy-la-Pucelle, as the guidebooks call it — is the birthplace, the shrine of Jeanne d'Arc; and being that, it is the one shrine above all in France for all Americans to honor.

Over the road leading to the south, the very road by which Jeanne and her family fled Neufchâteau to escape the marauding band of Antoine de Vermy, the governor of Champagne, who espoused the English cause, you can see the Americans trudging of a Sunday. Over the road from the north, the road by which the Maid of France set out for Voucouleurs to beg the aid of the Sire de Baudricourt for her high adventure, you can them tramping in amain.

The Mission of Jeanne

Holy ground it is indeed, as holy in the eyes of long suffering France as the tombs of Mt. Vernon and of Springfield, Illinois, are in the eyes of America. Here, in this obscure little hamlet of the Lorraine marshes, was born she who was to lead her country, sore oppressed by foreign rule, sore beset by internal strife, to liberation and unity.

Though her work was later set at naught, though her striving had to be repeated, over and over again, by men less worthy, less earnest than she, yet she it was who gave to the French the vision of a united and restored nation, free from foreign domination, a nation wholly French. As she put it, "It is my Lord's will that the Dauphin should be king and receive the kingdom in trust," meaning in trust for the King of Kings.

Everently the Americans enter the village and proceed to the little church, successor to the edifice in which Jeanne was baptized and in which, for long hours, she used to implore the aid of her saintly trio, the great St. Michael and Sts. Marguerite and Catherine, the martyrs who sent her forth on the quest that ended in her own martyrdom.

There in the garishly new but none the less inspiring windows of stained glass, they read her history, from the time when, under the great beech tree on the hill beyond, she heard the voices calling her to the time when, reviled and discredited, she was led to the stake at Rouen.

Pilgrims, Not Sightseers

Perhaps they enter the little church during service, and hear the choir of children singing "Sur ton front, o noble heroine," the hymn especially dedicated to the Maid of Domremy. Perhaps, too, as on one occasion, they retire abashed before the eloquent welcome of M. le Curé, uttered from the pulpit itself.

The good man has been exceedingly touched to see the Americans, strangers from more than 1000 miles, come trooping by twos and threes, Sunday after Sunday, into his famous little parish, and coming frankly as pilgrims, not as mere sightseers. In consequence, his greeting is warm, and it loses none of its warmth because of the fact that, perhaps, not one in four of his khaki auditors can comprehend it all. Certainly, on their part, their appreciation is just as great as if they understood every word of it; they are content at being able to divine the spirit behind it.

Then, of course, there is the shrine of Jeanne d'Arc, the little house close by the church in which, on January 6, 1412, Jeanne was born, with the white marble statue of her that was sent from England, the model of the bronze statue wrought in her memory by Princess Marie of Orleans, and the earlier one given by King Louis XI, adorning the room on the ground floor in which the family of Jacques d'Arc, all unmindful of the fame that was to come to them because of the youngest daughter sat during the long cold evenings—colder and bleaker in old Lorraine than in any other part of France.

The Room with the Double Window

From this room the pilgrims may proceed, with hats off and with reverent step, through the low door that leads into the bare little room known as Jeanne d'Arc's own, with its double window looking out on the garden beyond. Above, on the second floor, they may see a collection of arms, of pictures, books and other relics of the days when the peasant girl led the *four-deux* to victory.

Interesting as the house and the church are, the Americans do not stop with them. High up on the neighboring hill, in the Bois-Chenu, on the very spot where the wailing maid heard those miraculous voices urging her to go forth and save France, stands the Basilique de Jeanne d'Arc. There, in the beautiful crypt, they may see the frescoes by Monchablon, to the honor of the French Army and Navy; the statues of St. Martin and St. George, the banners presented by the proud cities of Toulouse and Cambrai, and other things recalling the progress of the great work which the maid set on foot.

And from the basilica there is to be had such a view of the valley of the Meuse as is hardly to be obtained anywhere else throughout the entire length of that famous stream. Local legend has it that the fairies used to play about the knoll on which the basilica is situated, and the great beech tree thereon was called in consequence *L'Arbre des Fées*. There it was, too, that the young folk of Domremy, and the neighboring village of Groux, used to foregather every May to play their rustic games, and to dance in a ring—Jeanne, in her childhood, danced there, too.

The Descent—and Souvenirs

Reluctantly, the Americans made the descent from the hill down the road to the town again. They buy picture postcards, little gold Lorraine crosses, little medals—any and all fit to make glad the heart of an American mother. But it is violating no secret to say that many of those little medals of the Maid themselves attached, sooner or later, to the sweaty cords on which the identification tags of the Americans are strung; for if they had not considered themselves, in part at least, the knights of Jeanne d'Arc, the followers of her white and gold banner, the co-deliverers with her of the fair land which she loved so well and for which she laid down her fair young life—why, they would not have made their pilgrimage to Domremy.

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY PROVING YOU CANT DODGE OLD ACQUAINTANCES EVEN IN A STRANGE CORNER OF A STRANGE LAND



He says to the janes Meet loot Brown who captured Chato Thierry

Aixlesbains, France, Sept. 29, 1918.

Dear old pal Henry: Well Henry if you could see I and Buck now you would maybe think we both had papas who had bookoo jack or something and that we didn't have nothing else to do but spend some of it for our health or something.

When we got here a M.P. steered us over to a place where John D. Morgan and J. Pierpont Rockefeller staid for a couple of months onse and which is all fixed up for a couple of highbrows and which is being occupied by only a couple of buck privs. at present, which is I and Buck.

Last nite when we went to bed Buck laid his pants on a chair that Morgan maybe used onse to put his pants on and then Buck and I pretended like he had as much money in his pants as Morgan had in his and pretty soon he kept talking so much I had to get up and put a chair against the door so a burglar couldn't get in and lift our wad.

Well Henry I guess if a burglar took a notion to come in he could do it all rite but he could cuss like hell after he found how hard he'd worked for nothing. Anyway Henry it is a whole lot of fun to hang round where some rich bird has been and just pretend you are him. I'll bet by just staying here we can cop off any janes in town when we want to. It is a great advertisement for a couple of buck privs. who has never had any real hance in the world Henry.

Well so long Henry, S. T. B.

Aix, France, Sept. 30, 1918.

Friend Henry: Well Henry things are sure developing round here which is all in our favor. Yesterday Buck got up early and went swimming and about a hour later I got up and went down to the lake to where he was. I saw a guy sitting up on the beach with a couple of pretty dolls and of course I figured it was Buck and so I started up there.

When I got in about 50 yds. of them Buck came running to meet me and shook hands with me like he hadn't seen me since the war started and then he whispered to me and says for me to saloot him and call him a captain as he has gone and told the janes that he is a captain etc. and that he is making a big hit. Sure I says to him, "Why wouldn't I Henry when you can get away with something like that back here."

Well Henry you can't guess what he pulled next. He says to the janes Meet lootenant Brown who is my 1st loot and who captured Chato Thierry. Well Henry these janes was both English or American and it nearly knocked them down. (One which was the prettiest one Henry got up and says I am so glad to meet you lootenant etc. She says The captain has told me all about your wonderful work at Chato Thierry etc.)

Well Henry about that time Buck nudged me with his elbow which of course was a sign for me to carry on like our loot says. And I guess I carried on too. Oh I says that nothing there's many a plain old buck priv. who has done that much I says to her.

Well Henry they were both all togged up in a 1 piece bathing suit and which was kind of cut low at the top etc. and I guess that was enough to make anybody want to be a captain or a loot. We sure had everything all our own way Henry until the janes got inquisitive and ask Buck why it was we didn't wear Sam Brown belts etc. Bucks face got redder than a verilyte or something that bursts high up when there ain't no moon and he was about to say something that would spoil the deal when I says Oh we officers don't make a practise of wearing them on the line because the enemy would take a crack at us first thing off the bat.

Well Henry everything was going all rite for us when some sekund loot from the Q.M. Corps came along and passed us. Of course if I had of salooted him it would look like we was only privs. so I didn't saloot and neither did Buck.

Henry this loot hadn't took 6 steps when he turned round and come back to where we was. "Don't you ever saloot an officer he says to us and of course we both stood up and saluted and then he walked on.

The idea of him talking to a captain like that this girl of Bucks says. Why didn't you tell him you was a captain she says to Buck. Well of course I says we both look like privs, dressed up like this and I can't blame him none. If we would of told him we were officers from the front I says He would of only been jealous anyway and I don't feel none like talking to him much anyway while you are here because he would of wanted to ask us a lot of questions about the front and would of talked a lung out of us if we would of told him. Then she says Oh how impudent.

So I saved our lives onse more Henry and I guess I did it pretty well to didn't I. I'll bet Buck would of got all balled up and wouldn't of gone over with two waves like I did Henry.

Well after that I went in swimming and dove across the lake a couple of times which made a big hit with them. Then we made a date with them for 10 nite, and when we left them Henry this one of mine says It is sure a privilege to go out with you fighting men. Just think of the things you have done and of how you have led your men so bravely through the fight.

And then she says And to think of it how you dress as mere privs. and have to saloot sekund lootnents because they don't know you are above them.

Well Henry I will write more to this letter this evening and tell you how we come out.

S. T. B.

4 p.m. Buck was just looking out of the window and he says he thought he saw our top sergt. cross the street down a couple of blocks. I bet maybe it is him all rite because he was talking about coming to Aix too for his vacation. I

wish he was here Henry. Buck and I would sure show him some high stepping. We are going out and dine now Henry.

7 p.m. Well we been to supper Henry and while we was eating those two girls of ours come in and set down at the same table. I bet they was watching us all the time so they could get to set with us Henry because one of them says I see you are stopping at the same place where Morgan onse staid. It must cost you a lot of money she says.

Oh yes it does Buck says. But we don't mind that none. We are used to expenses. Then she says Don't the gov. pay for your hotel bill etc. and Buck says Not for officers. We have to pay for our own you see. But we don't mind none he says.

Now Henry can you imagine Buck spilling the beans like that. When we go out with them they will want us to spend a lot of money on them, etc. Well just as we was leaving the restaurant Henry this janes of Bucks ask him if he wouldn't please dress all up in our officers uniforms this evening with our Sam Brown belts etc. so she could see what we looked like. I do like those Sam Brown belts so she says. They add such a mark of distinction.

And I guess if it hadn't been for me Buck would of spoiled the whole show again. But I says Oh that's quite impossible as we both left our baggage with the outfit.

Well Henry we got a date with them at 9 p.m. We are going to the show. So long Henry old pal. S. T. B.

Aix, Oct. 1, 1918.

Dear Henry. Well Henry we went to the show last nite and there was a picture that showed a lot of officers at the front just before the battle of Chato Thierry and Buck and I picked out a couple of good looking loots who was so far away in the picture that you couldn't tell who they was and Buck says Yes that's me on the left and there is lootenant Brown on the rite.

Oh how wonderful to see ones self in the movies like that this girl of mine says and about that time Henry a bird who was sitting rite behind us leaned his damned head over rite between me and my girl and says Say when you get back to camp tell the skipper to fix up Bucks service record so his wife will get his allotment all rite and you two guys remember it is your turn on K.P. because you missed your turn last time. This guy was the Top hissist Henry.

So long for this time Henry, S. T. B.

P.S. My girl just called up Henry and wanted to know if Pvt. Brown (and to take a walk. Maybe it will refresh you she says.

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WAR WORK SPEEDS AS LOAN POURS IN

Shipyards Set Records, City Gardens Aid in Food Conservation

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Oct. 10.—In spite of the preoccupation of the whole country with the Liberty Loan campaign, the other business of America is not in the least suspended.

Thirteen ships of all types, totalling 55,000 deadweight tons, were completed and delivered to the Emergency Fleet Corporation during the week ending September 20. Launchings reached a total of 17, with a deadweight tonnage of 72,000.

During the year ending September 27, the United States had placed in service 1,956,000 gross tons of shipping, breaking the world's best record for any year anywhere. The total production for the Allied nations in about this same period was 3,469,000 gross tons, which is another world's record.

Everywhere, everybody is doing something worth while. A miner in Pennsylvania got out 991 tons of coal in a month, for example. He earned \$450 for it, by the way, but you may bet that money alone would not have produced that month's record.

New York City doubled its Asiatic imports in the month of August, with a total of \$52,000,000. That is just another sample.

Even New York City's back yards and vacant lots have made a decided contribution toward the war efforts. Six hundred back yards and 1,550 city lots, turned into gardens, have raised produce valued at \$22,000.

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THOSE SILVER BARRED DOCS

He was reading the latest issue of his home paper—meaning a copy that was two months old.

Suddenly he sighed dolefully. "Well," said his bunkie, "what's eatin' your heart out now? Prohibition mayor elected? Girl marry some one else? Casey's poolroom gone into bankruptcy?"

"Worse'n that," he explained. "They've given a doc I know a commission." "Not so bad," said his bunkie. "Soft for you if you meet him. Week in quarters for a cold in the head."

"Soft nothing," he contradicted. "I owe him two dollars."

MADE THE ROUND TRIP

"What's that yaller ribbon on your chest mean?" "Means I went into Mexico." "Then what's that green one?" "Means I came out."

TAILOR A. BUND

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TENDER HANDS CARE FOR GRAVES OF A.E.F.

Frenchwomen at Suresnes Cemetery Are Jealous Guardians

WORD SENT TO FAMILIES

Bodies of Seven Hundred American Soldiers Lie in Quiet God's Acre Near Paris

On the wooded slope of a steep hill that rises high over a great bend in the river Seine lies a little plot of earth that is as much American as is the National Cemetery at Arlington...

It is a quiet and peaceful spot, for although Paris is so near—the slender pinnacle of the Eiffel tower is in plain view over the trees—the city is separated from the American cemetery at Suresnes by the green expanse of the Bois de Boulogne...

Further up the slope from the ramparts of the fort of Mont Valerien, one Paris Overhead Allied planes fly from field to field, the droned of their motors never so clear as in this quiet countryside. And more warlike still, an occasional cannon shot echoes from a testing ground in the neighborhood.

Graves Still Afloat The little cemetery itself, with its well aligned rows of white wooden crosses, will some day be as green and fair a God's acre as any in France. It is becoming so fast as the loving hands of the living can convert it into one. Even in these fresh fall days, the graves are all afloat, and hardy shrubs add a touch of somber beauty to the little corners and round points.

The round point in the center of the cemetery can tell a story of its own that represents the forging of one more indissoluble link of the new American friendship. It is the work of an elderly Frenchman of means who insisted on doing it with his own hands. The sergeant in charge of the cemetery, a lawyer in civil life, was equally insistent that help be provided, and the Frenchman finally compromised on letting two privates help him in his labor of love.

This same Frenchman, not content with the round point, also adopted 15 graves, which he is caring for himself. Most of the graves have been thus adopted, the rest soon will be. The majority of the caretakers are Frenchwomen of high and low degree. One such Frenchwoman, wanting to adopt a grave, wrote her husband at the front, asking his advice.

Triangles in Blossom "Do just as you choose," he answered. "But if you adopt one, send me less money. It must be cared for properly." At the end of some of the rows a small triangle of earth has been left, made necessary by the curving paths. The little triangles are afloat with a border of red-tinged yellow flowers that resemble our own marigolds, and the space within is richly blue with a multitude of little-like blossoms. It is a harmony of floral color that one would go far to match. All of these little triangles are the care of a single Frenchwoman.

If you visit that cemetery, a Frenchwoman, possibly with one or two sober-faced children with her, perhaps in mourning, will very likely come up to you and ask you how she can get word to the family of the soldier whose grave is in her dependable stewardship, and whose name she will invariably have carefully copied on a slip of paper. You have simply to tell her to address the Graves Registration Service at Tours, and in a few weeks the family of a fallen comrade will know that the resting place of its hero is entrusted to tender and loving hands.

Brook No Interference These Frenchwomen are jealous guardians, and will not let the interference of an outsider as they go about their self-appointed task. Recently a Frenchman, attending to the grave of an American major, left the mound a moment to throw away some withered flowers before she laid fresh ones there. In the interval another woman, obviously an American, obviously someone to whom the dead officer had been near and dear, knelt over the grave to lay upon it her own offering. The Frenchwoman came back. At first she did not understand, and the barrier of language did not ease the tension. It was a situation calling for considerable diplomacy on the part of any third party who was willing to risk interfering.

Perhaps that is why they picked for the sergeant in charge a man who used to be a lawyer. He walked over to the pair and, in the best French he could command, explained the situation. Then he turned away. There are scenes at which even an ex-lawyer knows he has no right to be a spectator.

Little Groups Look On Always at the gate of the cemetery, you will find a little group of the recently curious—French grown-ups, children, soldiers. Little knots of them gather in the tree-lined highway which, ever since the first American soldier was laid away in Suresnes, has been called Boulevard Washington.

They bare their heads, make the sign of the cross or salute every time a flag-draped coffin is taken through the gate and laid on the cindered pathway—considered because the wife of a French commandant has been shipping two truck loads of cinders to the cemetery every day—before the plain reads the simple ceremony. The bugler, farther up the hill, sounds the final requiem.

WOMEN FARMERS MAKE GOOD [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 10.—The Women's Land Army has made a great drive to provide thousands of women workers to gather the present remaining crops and prepare for a mighty farming war next season.

They have demonstrated their success. Hardened old farmers doff their hats and admit that civilized women can work like accomplished farm hands.

DOUAI, 1918

"The enemy is burning Douai."—British communiqué.

The light that came from Douai in days of long ago. When monks of Douai labored Their Master's trust to show into a darkened Europe. Now shines with brighter glow.

The monks who then translated The Bible of Douai. Look down, we may be certain, With horror and dismay Upon the German savagery That blights their home today.

The Prince of Peace and Freedom Those good men served; and now The Prince of Sin and Darkness With torch comes in to cow. The helpless ones who naughtless Before him will not bow.

They wrought in words of glory, Of gentleness and peace; The Hun works devastation O'er the peaceful scene; O, may the righteous armies To Douai soon bring peace!

Q.M. CHEVRONS GIVE WAY TO MEDICOS'

And They Don't Speak Now, All Because of Stolen Mascot

MARCEL CHANGES COLORS

Sadder and Wiser Little Frenchman Promises That It Won't Ever Happen Again

Members of a certain truck company and a medical detachment stationed at S.O.S. headquarters just nod coldly to one another as they pass nowadays. And all because the medics allowed Marcel to wear out the seat of his breeches sliding down an upturned mess hall bench and lose his wrist watch in the bath house, and, worst of all, because they ripped off Marcel's quartermaster sergeant's chevrons and sewed on a medical corps caduceus while the truck company was off to the front with a convoy of motor trucks.

Marcel Duplisse is the truck company's mascot. He was the proudest of all the mascots around S.O.S. headquarters because of his 500 franc outfit of tailor made uniform, leather puttees, wrist watch and general haberdashery. In fact, he was so proud of his uniform that if he was out for a stroll of a Sunday with the first sergeant, and a kindly French lady tried to warm up to him and give him the French equivalent of "What's your name, little boy?" Marcel would absolutely refuse to understand and reply, "American, speak English."

Occasionally he would leave the company headquarters long enough to go over to the French canteen where his mother works and let her feast her eyes on the magnificent apparel of her nine year old son. He liked to have her tell him that he looked just as brave and proud as his father, "mort pour la patrie," when he departed for the front four long years ago.

Wrist Watch on Exhibition His numerous brothers and sisters were even allowed a good look at his wrist watch on such occasions. At reveille he was always the first in line, and if the sergeant in calling the roll by any chance forgot to call out his name, he was very much distressed until he was assured that it wouldn't happen again.

Things were going along beautifully for Marcel until one dark day his company got a hurry order to move out to the front with a truck convoy which was badly needed up behind the front at St. Mihiel. The trip would be too dangerous for Marcel, the first sergeant thought, so he turned him over to the medics for safe keeping until the company's return. But the medics were busy, and Marcel was only a casual mascot, so he did just about as he pleased. Now a nine year old French kid is just the same as any other kid of the same age, even if he is a mascot. First he tore the seat out of his breeches. Then the medic's dog chewed his service hat, making it lose that snappy, ironed appearance. His wrist watch disappeared from the window sill of the bath house, and worst of all, he was weak enough to allow a pill-pusher to exchange his Quartermaster chevrons for that of the Medical Corps.

That was what his patrons were sorest about when they returned, that changing of chevrons. But Marcel has talked himself back into his old time place in their affections. He has been measured for a new pair of breeches, his hat has been ironed, and come payday, he will have another wrist watch. But he has been warned against any association in the future with the gay Medical men.

FORD WON'T SPEND ONE CENT TO WIN

Senatorial Candidate Defies All Time Honored Political Conventions

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 10.—Henry Ford has made the calamitous announcement, in accepting the Democratic nomination for United States Senator from Michigan, that he will not spend one cent to win.

He also announces that he wants the people to understand that he is not a party man, that he will not accept the nomination with any specific obligation or pledge, and that he does not bind himself to vote for any measure because it is labeled Democratic or Republican, but will vote according to his judgment for the best interests of all the people. The Democratic convention adopted resolutions pledging complete support of his candidacy, despite all these shocking slams at all political rules. Thus Ford goes before the Michigan electorate with no other pledge than to support the President.

Governor Edge has won the Republican nomination for United States Senator from New Jersey. Tired Soldier: How far to the front line, Bud? M.P.: Four kilometers as the airplanes fly. Soldier: Yes, but airplanes don't have corns.

KRONPRINZ'S DOUBLE TERRIBLY SHOCKED

Monocled German Officer Marvels at Fuss Over Mere Civilian

M.P. OFFERS FREE SMOKES

Hun Who Disapproves of American Military Methods Gets Chance to Study Them

There is one imposing young officer, recently attached to the American Army as a prisoner of war, who finds it quite impossible to conceal from his new hosts his utter disapproval of their military methods, and particularly of their military manners.

His little thought when, as a youngster, he was sent off to the Grosslichterfelde school for officers, that there would come an inglorious day in September, 1918, when he would be captured whole by a shockingly trained army from America. On that greatest day in his life—the day the first person noticed his quite striking resemblance to the German Crown Prince—his contentment was unclouded by the shadow of any prophecy that he would live to be marched along a shell-torn French highway in front of the watchful rifle of a Yankee M.P.

Cane and Monocle This long, zig hike through the mud and rain from Malancourt was extremely fatiguing, but he managed to swing his cane jauntily enough and his monocle never once fell from his eye, though it gave a convulsive start when his nonchalant, not to say jocular, guard ventured to offer him a cigarette.

He simply could not understand the air of informal jollity that enlivened the ramshackle bar where he was first questioned and where, he noted with pained surprise, a whole truck load of German non-coms was engaged in affable conversation with a group of Yankees swarming around them.

But his most confounding experience awaited him at that fortunately spacious pen at corps headquarters where, though the first day of the battle northwest of Verdun was not yet spent, more than a thousand prisoners were already assembled.

Assisting the Officers

The German officers lounged on the grass, while the equivalent of several German companies shifted in uneasy groups within the pen. Suddenly the M.P.'s in charge shouted: "Achtung! Still stehen." Every prisoner there, except the officers, snapped automatically to attention. The officers were assisted to that posture by the M.P.'s.

The ringer for the Crown Prince, who had been moved to inner laughter by the lackadaisical manners of his captors, assumed that all this fuss must portend the arrival of General Pershing at least. He could hardly believe his senses when he found that it heralded the approach of a mere civilian, a little civilian in a derby hat.

He jumped to the conclusion, then, that President Wilson had come to visit the cage, but, if this were true, how was he to explain the way the M.P.'s all crowded around their visitor, a sociable group from which there issued from time to time a burst of laughter? Finally his curiosity was too strong for him, and he asked an examining officer what it was all about. Did they allow civilians to drop in at prison cages? Who was this civilian, anyway? "That," the officer replied, "is the Secretary of War."

Then the monocle fell.

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At all times and under all conditions 3-in-One is first, foremost and best for Army use. In peace times you should use it. In war times you must use it.

You'll find a dozen uses for 3-in-One in billets and at the front.

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HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

Art in the S.O.S. has just received a terrible setback. Not that art or any form of artistic expression—except camouflage—has anything to do with winning the war, but when a colored sergeant who has put in hard day's work with his labor company chooses to while away his idle hours carving various things out of native stone for the beautification of company headquarters, it would seem as though he ought to be allowed to get away with it. But no, a certain party thought the sergeant's subjects were a little too profane, and so the two pillars, topped by perfectly good cooked dice about to fall into an equally good natural (if you know what is meant) had to be taken down.

The rest of the sergeant's work, a statue of liberty, a 75, a lighthouse and a tank, still stand outside company headquarters, but the reminders of the good old game that used to start off with two bits or maybe only a thin dime and wind up with the week's pay are permanently taboo. But the odds still remain the same, and payday, however distant, is perhaps a better memory refresher than anything carved out of stone could ever be.

It was before the new order about clothes had come out, and the young aviator was very much dolled up. His major looked him over and remarked: "Say, what are you, anyway? The lost Duke of Brebant who turns up in the fourth act, or what?" The young aviator blushed. Later he changed.

There is a brig in the S.O.S. that is far-famed and fearsome to soldiers A.W.O.L. who have gone down into a certain city and fallen among M.P.'s. This guardhouse makes a specialty of

PARIS THEATERS

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IF ALL OF US VOTED THIS YEAR

-By WALLGREN



HELPFUL HINTS.

HOW TO MARK YOUR BALLOT.

GOSH DURNIT, I'VE MADE SO MANY CROSSSES, IM CROSS EYED!

ALWAYS VOTE FOR PERSONS OF STERLING AND UPRIGHT CHARACTER, UNLESS HE IS YOUR UNCLE. MOST PERSONS DISLIKE VOTING FOR PEOPLE THEY DON'T KNOW, AND WHILE NATURALLY MODEST, DO THEIR BEST TO ELECT AN HONEST CANDIDATE. IF YOU ARE A GOOD POLITICIAN YOU MIGHT BE ELECTED AND THINK WHAT THAT MEANS - A CORRUPTOR! WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE NOTHIN' ON YOU. IT IS ALSO SUGGESTED THAT YOU CANVASS VOTES FOR PERSONS WHO PUT YOU ON IT.

MUSICAL PARROT FINE BIRD UNTIL...

Barracks Tragedy Almost Ends in Murder, but Not Quite

UNLUCKY CANTEN DID IT

Feathered Battleship Sails Smoothly as Long as Seas Remain Calm—Then Comes Trouble

"I went down town last night," said the man who had just come over, "and as I was having a glass of coffee in—" "Glass of what?" interrupted the two stripe man.

"Coffee," continued the man who had just come over, "in that little cafe with 'Au Bon Sergeant' on the window—I don't see why they have to go around naming their cafes after sergeants—I saw the funniest parrot I ever saw."

"Must have been Henry," said the two stripe man. "Battleship gray kind of a bird, with no color except his tail feathers, which were red? Yep, that was Henry."

"Henry?" inquired the man who had just come over. "Hever is he called Henry? You mean Ongri, don't you?"

"I do not," said the two stripe man. "I mean Henry. Nobody ever told you the story of Henry, then?"

"Never in all my years in France," said the man who had just come over. "Shoot."

Not Strictly a Parrot

"Henry," began the two stripe man, "is not strictly a parrot. He is what they call in France a parrotkey. He has all the earmarks and bad habits of a parrot except his uniform, which isn't quite so gaudy as that of the well-known Iceland variety of parrot, which is the kind you see at home.

"What he lacks in feathers, though, he makes up for in voice. He can say anything, in any language you give him a chance in, and he can whistle like a locomotive.

"I never did know just how we acquired Henry. I think somebody bought him for a souvenir and then found he couldn't be sent home.

"Anyhow, Henry first entered my young life when the company clerk adopted him and began to teach him English and a few other things. Henry progressed rapidly, and in a few days was able to call the roll. For a time he would wake up in the middle of the night and call 'Orderly!', but we gave him a week's K.P. and that cured him.

"Then the bugler got a bright idea.

"Why couldn't Henry sound the calls?" he said. "He's got a natural whistle that beats anything I can do, and the boys would be so anxious to see him in action that they'd all be in formation for reveille five minutes ahead of time. Besides, I could sleep longer."

"So he started to teach Henry all there was to know about bugle calls. Say, maybe Henry wasn't some bright pupil! He was terrible keen for sick call, and sounded it instead of mess for a couple of days, but by that time the bugler had him kidded out of his mistake.

"The bugler was having an easy time of it. C Company's promptness in answering every call on the book made us famous throughout the regiment. There was a move on foot to get Henry on the company roll and have him make an allotment in favor of the family he must have left behind him in Madagascar, or wherever he came from, when something happened.

"The bugler went down town to a cafe—just like you did last night. He must have had a stand in, because they sold him cognac, a whole cantenful of it. He brought it back to the barracks—it was nearly midnight, long after Henry had blown taps and tucked his head under his wing till morning.

"Cold Feet at Last

"Somebody that bugler got by all the guards and reached the barracks without being challenged. The man's feet got cold. He didn't dare take the canten inside. You see, the pump's quite a way off, and the boys just borrow one another's cantens without asking if there's anything thinking inside. And if they ever found that canten—

"I'll give it to Henry," said the bugler to himself. So over to Henry's perch he went, woke him up, filled his mess cup full of the stuff, and let him go to it.

"Henry didn't have to be asked twice. He made funny noises in his throat, and in two minutes his beak was denting the bottom of the cup. So the bugler filled 'em up again.

"It took three cups to empty the canten. Henry was still coming back for more and threatening to make a row if he didn't get it, so the bugler scratched his head—what is, Henry's—and made him feel so good that he finally had him kidded into falling asleep.

"Henry must have slept it off quick, or else something was worrying him;

WEEKLY NEWS REEL TO BRING HOME OVER

Battle Line, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin Also Booked

State Street, Chicago; Market Street, San Francisco; Canal Street, New Orleans; Broad Street, Philadelphia, and Fifth Avenue, New York, with all their denizens, are now being shown on the screen to as much of the Army as they can possibly be shown to, in France and England and Italy, through the medium of the Overseas Weekly, a news film being gotten out over here by the Community Motion Picture Bureau for distribution through the huts of the Y.M.C.A.

In addition to live news scenes from American cities, the weekly includes views of wheat harvesting in the Middle West, salmon runs in Washington, and lumbering in Maine. It aims to bring home to the A.E.F. through the medium of the movies.

Supplementing the scenes from the States, the bureau's service includes news pictures taken with the French, British and Australian forces, and it also has the pick of the United States Army Signal Corps films, including many scenes of actual combat filmed in the forward areas.

From Monday to Saturday

These war views are gotten out and around in the minimum time required to develop and edit them, and it is therefore quite possible for Lieutenant Snookums, Inf., to lead a charge on Monday and on Saturday evening, in a rest area but, to see himself leading the charge, thus giving him valuable opportunity to note professional defects in charge leading.

At present the bureau has three separate shows running every evening, multiplied by duplicate films to cover not only the A.E.F., but the movie-loving populace of the British, French and Italian forces. With 300 film projectors here in France now and in working order, there should not a week pass by without every man's having a chance to see what home looks like, what the front looks like, if he hasn't been to the front, or what other people's fronts look like.

The last includes the famous front of Mary Pickford and that of Charlie Chaplin, for, with the single exception of one big film, the Community Motion Picture Bureau has been given the refusal of every picture made in the States.

CITY OF BAR-LE-DUC CONGRATULATES A.E.F.

Old Home Department Is Stage for Two American Victories

Bar-le-Duc, chef-lieu or capital of the department of Meuse, has sent to General Pershing, with the simple signature of "The Mayor," the following message:

Bar-le-Duc, capital of the department in which the A.E.F. held their first cantonments, and where they have just gained a victory which opens in this great war the final era of the triumph of the Allied nations over the barbarians, begs to convey to General Pershing and his superb troops its heartiest congratulations.

Both of the First Army's recent major operations have been fought chiefly in the Meuse department. The easternmost points in the St. Mihiel fight were in the department of Meuse and Moselle. The new advance east of the Argonne and northwest of Verdun, which began on the soil of Meuse, has been carried into the Ardennes department.

With the recovery of ground in the latter department which had been held by the enemy for more than four years, there is now no department in all France which the Germans hold in its entirety.

Intelligence Officer: You say you were very well treated in the line. Did you have plenty to eat?

German Prisoner: No, but they issued each of us an extra suit of clothes.

\$18,000,000 SAVING ON EAST'S RAILROADS

July Figures Show Best Earnings Yet Under Nation's Control

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 10.—The Regional Director of Railroads has published a statement to the effect that through consolidation and co-ordination of the railway facilities in the East a saving of more than \$18,000,000 has been accomplished.

Most of these changes are already in force or are to take effect at an early date.

Complete figures for July, recently announced, show the best earnings yet under government control.

We are now assembling shipments in solid trains and so routing them as to make highly efficient movement from the shipping points to the steamers. These great train movements are apportioned for certain specific days over the roads best fitted for handling them.

The interchange of railroad labor as needed and the quick transfers of power and surplus equipment as a need appears are part of the new system, with standardization of railroad purchases, repair facilities and other operative tasks.

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PIGEONS FROM TANKS AND AIRPLANES, TOO

Quartet That Strayed from Boche Is Ostracized by Yankee Brood

Sending pigeons back as messengers from tanks is a new wrinkle in the gentle art of liaison that has already been tried out with success by the American forces. The sending of the birds down from airplanes, though not so new, has been perfected in practice, and at present one lot of at least 100 birds is working on that interesting problem.

The pigeon more than proved his worth as a runner in the operations preceding the recent drives. At 5:10 one morning one of the brood was let loose at the very front to fly back with a message to a fort loft. The bird flew eight miles in 20 minutes through a heavy fog, a drizzling rain and against a strong headwind, bearing back the news of a successful raid on the now-no-more Touf front. As a reward not the D.S.C., but an extra mess of hardtack crumbs, awaited him.

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ever, a game that both sides can play at, as some wary pigeon fanciers of the A.E.F. found out not long ago. During a raid four birds that didn't seem quite sure of their bearings came flopping into a trench basket on our front. Although they did not bear the Maltese cross marking employed by their latter-day rivals, the German airplanes, they were quickly discovered to be German, and as such discreetly ostracized by the other inmates of the loft they had blundered into.

About the same time, another bird of suspicious actions was seen hovering around one of the A.E.F.'s mobile lofts in the forward zone. A Yankee pigeon spied him, didn't like his looks, picked up a rifle and shot him on sight. Sure enough, when he came down he was found to have a German message, all in code, tied to his leg. And the code message made interesting reading for the intelligence officers when they received it from the claws of a loyal pigeon soon after.

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KEEPING THE HUN ON HIS TOES IN THE ARGONNE

ALMOST 20 years ago, in a little village in Kansas, Wesley R. Childs looked with sorrow upon the closed shutters of a little brown house just across the street. He called his wife to his side and consulted her about adopting the Dillon children—a boy and a girl, the elder scarcely five years old. Mrs. Dillon had died that morning, and the two children were to be sent away to an orphan's home.

"Yes," said Mrs. Childs, "we can take them. And we must raise them as though they were of our own flesh and blood."

So the Dillon children were adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Childs.

One day last week on a hillside near Very, France, a gray haired man was seen wandering about from shell hole to shell hole, crawling over the barbed wire entanglements as he made his way from one object to another.

The man continued to walk about. Shells were exploding on the hillside, and the machine guns rattled not far away.

Presently the searcher stopped and knelt down beside a still object. Wesley R. Childs of Kansas, a Y.M.C.A. worker in the A.E.F., had found the body of Sergeant Joseph A. Dillon, his adopted son.

To a sheltered spot over which whining shells passed at irregular intervals, to a graveyard on the hillside where several crosses were stuck in the ground, the father, although he had been severely gassed while conducting the search, summoned the aid of a chaplain and two men and buried his son.

At a crossroads in the Argonne there is a sign which reads: "American barber shop in first dugout to right. Shave, with German razor, 50 centimes. Hair cut, with the Crown Prince's scissors, 1 rank. Hot German towels in daytime only. We use our own soap. Don't bring your kamorades."

The first American division that landed in France brought with it a Spanish noodle from Dallas, Texas. Dallas has earned many things since he came to France. Besides saluting the colonel of his regiment, he has learned to wear a gas mask and to hug the earth when he hears shells whistling overhead.

Dallas slept in a German dugout last week and got cooties for the twentieth time since he has been in the Army.

An American private, astride a water barrel that was being drawn on a cart by a mule, was telling the mule what he thought about the animal's balking in the middle of a road that was being constantly shelled by the Germans when a direct hit was made on the mule. The mule vanished from sight save his head, which was thrown several yards up the road, and a couple of legs, which were left hitched to the cart. The driver was thrown from his seat, unhurt. He got up on his feet, wiped the mule from his face and said to a much shaken comrade who hugged the earth nearby, "That's what the damned cuss gets for balking!"

Private Elmer Little of Kansas was rounding up Boches at Vauquois Farm the first morning of the battle when he ran across a short, stock German who ran when he got sight of the Americans.

Private Little wanted very much to capture for himself a Boche, so he ran after the fleeing enemy, who ran into a dugout. The Yank trailed in after him and found himself face to face with 25 other Boches, including two officers. He made them all prisoner.

Mail has been delivered to many of the regiments in the front line. Mail orderlies have been constantly under fire, and one bag of letters was pierced several times by machine gun fire as it was being carried up to the men.

A cook in a certain California unit found a German machine gun near his kitchen at Very. An American balloon which afforded great attraction for German airplanes was anchored only a few hundred yards away. The cook set up the machine gun near the kitchen, and several times the past week the slum has burned while he has manned the machine gun at a low flying airplane.

Once the hum of a German airplane was heard above the din of the artillery barrage. The cook deserted his frying pan and ran to the machine gun. A few moments later the German airman succeeded in setting the balloon on fire, and a few moments after that the plane paused in midair, dipped and then nosed down to the ground near the burning balloon.

Officially, the fall of the German air-

man is credited to shrapnel and machine gun fire, but the cook tells his comrades on the Q.T. how it really happened.

An American major lay in a shell hole 13 hours while two wounded snipers from his battalion kept off the Boches. Every time a German patrol would start out to capture the wounded officer the two snipers, although one was shot through the thigh and the other had a nasty wound in the left foot, would open up. Aid came after 13 hours when the regiment forced the Germans back.

The boys from the Coast are wondering what to do with a mule that was assigned to their division. Some one has suggested shooting him, but it is against the rules to shoot a perfectly able-bodied mule. They have pastured him in an open field a number of times where German shells explode night and day. They have heard the shells explode at night and dreamed of finding the mule blasted to bits on awakening, but always the mule is feeding peacefully on the short grass.

The main trouble is that the mule makes a noise like a gas alarm. Several times the gas guard was accused of giving false alerts during the night, and each time the guard faced his accusing comrades with a denial.

Private Mathews was a battalion runner. He carried a message to divisional headquarters and was told to remain there for a few minutes until he was wanted again. He took off his cap, hung it up with some other caps in the dugout, and waited.

Presently the general called the runner and gave him a message to carry back. As he passed out of the dugout the runner hurriedly snatched a cap—Private Mathews never wears a helmet when he is carrying messages—and started back across the field. He passed a French colonel on the road who stood aside, smiled and saluted. Mathews drew up and returned the salute, wondering the while what it was all about.

It was not until after he had reached battalion headquarters that he found he had taken the general's cap instead of his own.

A shell landed in the exact spot where a platoon sergeant had told Private Lewis to go and pick off a German sniper who was holding up the advance.

"Got him, all right," said one of the doughboys.

But their fears vanished when two more shots were heard from the hill top.

A few moments later the sergeant himself went up to see what had been done with the sniper. Private Lewis was still lying in firing position and was watching a mound of earth two hundred yards away for the appearance of a Boche helmet.

"I nearly got him that last time," said Lewis. "I'll get him next shot or know the reason why."

The shell burst had shot away Private Lewis' right foot and had wounded him severely in the hip, but he was still after his Boche.

A Q.M. sergeant who could not resist the temptation to leave his task of sorting out overcoats to go off chasing Huns entered a dugout containing 35 Germans. He had no rifle, but his hip pockets bulged with hand grenades. With three grenades he killed 15 of the Germans. With his fourth and last grenade he forced the remaining 20 to surrender and marched them back to his regimental P.O.

When the commander of one regiment was killed, the major general in command of that division took command of the regiment, leaving his chief of staff in command of the division. Men who saw him on the field noted with astonishment that he wore an issue uniform, hip boots and a souwester.

One group of 18 disconsolate Boches had a hard time persuading any one to lock them up.

This little knot of 18 decided that, so far as they were concerned, the time had come for a separate peace, so they slipped through their own lines the other night and headed for America.

They rather expected that their arrival would cause something of a stir, but they found everybody busy as bees, and, anyway, the sight of a line of Boches filing to the rear of our lines is such a common sight these days that no one would give them a second glance.

So, considerably bewildered, the 18 got as far back as the headquarters of a division in support before they could induce any one to listen to their

story. A division which is not even in the line feels scarcely called upon to be bothered with prisoners. The division telephoned the corps. Would the corps please send up right away and rid them of these annoying guests? Certainly not, said corps orderly. Corps was too busy. Corps would consent to receive the prisoners, but division would have to deliver them at the corps cage.

In despair, the officer on whose neck the 18 were hanging rushed out to the crossroads and intimidated an M.P. into going without his lunch so that he might escort the captives into captivity.

Hermann Schmidt, late of Forty-second Street, New York, where he tended bar, and more recently of Yonkers, where he ran a little café of his own, has been taken prisoner. He is now in duration not noticeably vile, and doesn't seem to mind. It should be explained at this point that Hermann was taken prisoner by the Americans, not by the Germans.

For, just before the war broke loose, Hermann, who had an old sweetheart of his in Germany, went back to get her, and, though he had taken out his second naturalization papers in New York, he was grabbed and clapped into the German Army.

For four years he has served the Kaiser's purposes, and when it came his turn to be captured, it was just his luck that the opposing troops were from his old home town and numbered among them, without doubt, some of his thirteenth customers. Hermann's status has not yet been decided.

A colored unit was moving up to take its place in the line of battle. It was early morning, and daylight had not yet begun to break.

"Hey, sergeant," came a voice from over in the brush to the left; "when we all go in to find them Boches?"

"Never you mind, child; you all gonna find plenty of them things 'fore long."

"Well, I sho hope so, sergeant," came the voice. "If I don't get rid of dis mean feelin' 'fore long I'se gwine to carve up on the mess sergeant, sho!"

Two colored doughboys were resting in a shell hole when a Boche shell few overhead and exploded a few yards away.

"You hear dat baby sing, Buddy?" queried one.

"Sho did," the other said. "But you all gwine ter hear de angels sing if you don't get dat black noodle o' yourn down."

A certain Artillery regiment had been studying and firing artillery problems for over eight months. These problems were worked out and fired at sham trenches on practice ranges. As the firing ceased the announcement would follow, "End of problem."

The regiment went into action in the Champagne attack. For over two hours

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ALONG THE BRITISH FRONT

THERE is one subject which the Americans who are fighting with the British Army and have had the distinction of helping to break the Hindenburg line north of St. Quentin will talk about at length. This is the intrepidity and general fighting ability of the Australians.

Behind the barrage which preceded the Yanks in their attack went some Australian officers. The barrage was a tremendous and fearful thing. It was by far the most deafening, most prolonged noise those Yanks had ever heard. But if there were any flutters toward confusion, they were still by the mere sight of the Australians. One Aussie officer strolled behind the line of bursting shells leading a little fox terrier, who seemed to be as accustomed to the barrage as her master and to enjoy it. Another walked slowly with his hands in his pockets, his rifle slung under his arm and a cigarette in his mouth.

"The safest spot on the battlefield is just behind your own barrage," he told the Americans, "and that means it's a whole lot safer than crossing Fifth Avenue on a Saturday afternoon."

Yanks and Aussies got along together like old time friends who haven't seen each other for ten years, and, after each had had the opportunity to see the other in action, vied in passing compliments around.

"If you fellows don't look out," said one beaming Aussie, "you'll ruin this blamed war."

An Aussie who wound up at an American hospital with a shrapnel wound in the arm still had his rifle with him.

"Leave that in the safe place, please," said an American medical officer.

Said the Aussie, by way of explanation: "I've carried this gun three years. It's been in seven battles and it has gone to the hospital with me twice. I've got it nicked, you see. Every time I get a Jerry I nick it once. I only put 'em on when I'm sure. I've got 11 nicks," he concluded, and exhibited them on the under side of the stock.

"Oh," said the medical officer.

The Yanks with the British show the effects of their environment. They have acquired all the British slang, colloqu-

alisms, and military terminology. They will tell you a certain place is near the R.E.D. and when you ask what the deuce the R.E.D. is, they will explain, paternally, that it is a Royal Engineers' Dump. They talk a lot in initials, say "right-o" with a persistency and consistency which convinces you that it is natural and habitual, and they call Fritz Jerry.

General Sir Douglas Haig, British commander in chief, called at an American headquarters, and around this headquarters they still talk much of his visit. They like him.

The headquarters was in the edge of a wood. It had been raining. A sergeant found the General trying to keep his footing on slippery duckboards while he endeavored to ascertain the whereabouts of the American commander's hat from the signboards. The sergeant led him to the place he sought, but the American commander and most of his staff, following his troops, had left for a more advanced P.C. Two second lieutenants and two sergeants were holding down the recently vacated office.

"In Haig," said the General in such an "I'm Bill Jones" tone of voice that the Americans didn't realize who their visitor was for a full half minute. When they did they explained that their commander had gone up ahead.

"Just wanted to wish him luck," said the General. Then he shook hands with the two lieutenants and the two sergeants and left.

Bad news may travel quicker than good in some places, but it doesn't along the German front. Maybe it's because the German officers see that it does not.

Many of the Germans captured by the Americans north of St. Quentin had maps in their possession, printed maps of the whole battle line which they evidently kept for their own information and use. None of their maps showed the German retreat from the St. Mihiel salient.

The retreat was into France, recently effected by the Americans, was outlined as prominently as of old. Questioned, none of these Germans had heard of the St. Mihiel defeat. All of them, however, knew of the British victories between St. Quentin and Arras, probably because most of them had participated in the retreat out of the Picardy salient.

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