





# THE STORY OF THE BELEAGUED BATTALION

It is part of the shining record of the American battalion which was surrounded for five interminable days in the Forest of Argonne, as narrated in these columns last week, that, on the fifth day, when hope was at its faintest, there came to the weak and famished garrison of that wild ravine a beguiling offer to surrender. The offer was contemptuously ignored.

It came at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of October 7, came when the strength of the besieged garrison was almost spent. Since the night of October second this battalion, drawn from a regiment that likes to call itself "New York's Own" and commanded by Major Charles Whittlesey, had held its position against daily attacks. Since then they had watched the vain efforts of the aircraft to reach them with instructions and rations, heard the vain but unremitting efforts of companion regiments to fight a way through the strong force of encircling Germans.

**Little Hope Left**  
Now, late on the fifth day, there was no reason to suppose that help was any nearer. And there was every reason to suppose that they could not hold out many hours longer—hold out, that is, against death from hunger and exposure. The stocks of food were no longer in any condition to fight off another such attack in force as had been made at the end of the first day. Then a formidable enemy detachment had been thrown against the isolated battalion only to recoil in the face of such a blast from our machine guns, such a shower of hand grenades, such a cool, keep-cool fire from the automatics that they never tried it again, but settled down to starve the stubborn Yankees out.

Another such attack on the last day would have carried the ravine. By that time the munitions were almost gone. The stock of hand grenades had dwindled to a few. Of the two gallant machine gun detachments that had sustained the flanks the commanders had been killed. Of the eleven machine guns themselves, all but three had been put out of business. Of the boxes of machine gun ammunition, only five were left.

**One Day's Iron Rations**  
But it was the weakness of the men themselves that had so reduced the force of that last garrison. To begin with, they had brought with them only enough iron rations to see them meagerly through the first day. Many had not eaten them, so willingly and so thirstily they were husbanding the food supply for the wounded. Then all the bread and chocolate dropped from the airplanes had fallen within reach of the Germans.

Now, on October 7, they were chewing leaves and washing them down with water brought at night from the little spring at the bottom of the ravine.

Lack of food, and the long days and nights spent in the damp, chill forest without coats or blankets, had so told on them that the outposts could not keep awake, and on the 6th and 7th the dead had to lie unburied at their side. There was no finding a burial squad with enough strength left to do the work.

**Had to Surrender**  
It was to such a battalion that the bid for a surrender was made. It was brought to the major by the German command who had been taken prisoner. This soldier was one of nine who, without orders and with out telling any officer of their intention, had gone forth on an independent effort to break through to the main American force in the forest below. Of this luckless nine, five were killed outright. The other four were wounded.

The least seriously wounded was embraced by the Germans, stuffed with warm food, cheered with beer and cigarettes and sent back to the ravine as an envoy. He was led there blindfolded, led by a circuitous route and pushed toward his own lines with a white flag in one hand and a letter in the other.

This letter, composed in English and neatly typewritten on a sheet of good paper, was addressed to the commanding officer of the isolated battalion. It read: "Sir: The bearer of the present has been taken prisoner on October 7, 1918, and has returned to the German intelligence officer over answer to his questions and is quite an honorable fellow, doing honor to his Fatherland in the strictest sense of the word. He has been charged against his will, believing it doing wrong to his country in



This used to be a grove in the great forest of Argonne. Doughboys rest in the mopping-up process

carrying forward this present letter to the officer in charge of the second battalion—infantry, with the purpose to recommend this commander to surrender with his force, as would be quite useless to resist any more in view of the present situation.

The suffering of your wounded men can be heard in the German lines and we are appealing to your human sentiments. A white flag shown by one of your men will tell us that you agree with these conditions. Please treat us as an honorable man. He is quite a soldier. We envy you.

**The Legend of the Argonne**  
This is pure legend. He sent no such answer. He sent no answer at all. What he did do was to send some one out, to take immediately in from their place on the hillside the white cloth panels which served to signal to the friendly aircraft the exact location of the battalion. The American commander did this lest the German commander should mistake them for a white flag of surrender and think for one moment that his proposition had been accepted.

That was at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of October 7. At 7 that evening while the exhausted men lay crouched in waiting for an attack they knew in the bottom of their hearts would finish them, the word flashed from dugout to dugout like electric sparks leaping in the darkness, that a brother regiment had fought its way to their side; that this time the attack, which had been faintly heard in the gathering dusk, had succeeded; that relief had come at last to New York's Own.

A few moments later the men of that brother regiment were stripping the iron rations from their own backs and rushing them along by jubilant, grinning runners to the men of Major Whittlesey's command.

**Could Have Cut Way Back**  
The full beauty of this chapter in American history cannot be felt till it is realized that when, on the morning of October 3, the tidings from the runners showed that he was surrounded, Major Whittlesey could easily have cut his way back. It is probable that at any time during the first two days he could have cut his way back, though each hour the task would have become more difficult, so steadily was the surrounding past reinforced. He had, however, Major Whittlesey was far too weak to have attempted such a move. But, while it was still quite feasible, the idea, never seriously considered, was rejected for two reasons.

In the first place, the commander of the battalion had been ordered to advance rapidly and at whatever cost through more than a mile of treacherous jungle; to station himself in that ravine by the Charlevoix Mill, not far from Binerville, and to hold it until the division line until such time as elements could come abreast of him on either side.

**Met With Heavy Resistance**  
It did not matter that these elements had obviously met with unexpectedly heavy resistance. It did not matter that later and possibly contradictory instructions had failed to reach him. There he was on the northern slope of a ravine that protected him from the German artillery and that kept the greater part of his position shielded from an industrious trench mortar which had opened up at the side.

From there, and so reporting, he had sent up all the pigeons he had brought, and he had not let a day go by without making vain efforts to send runners through the German lines. No word from the division or regiment had reached him, no word of any kind, though he knew by the message cylinders seen falling from the airplanes, only to be lost like needles in a haystack, that an effort was being made to send instructions to him. So he had by his original orders. By those he must abide.

That was the first reason. The second reason, the one that appealed to all the men and hushed every dissenting voice, was the fact that in the advance 30 men had been wounded. To fight their way back would have meant deserting the 80. It was unthinkable. Then each hour added fresh names to the list of wounded, each name a fresh reason why the battalion must hold the ravine at all costs.

**Brotherhood of the Besieged**  
Among the men who came alive out of that ravine was visible a fraternity that had not, and could not have, existed when they went in, the brotherhood of the besieged. Approach any one of them today and their first and last word on their experience is always a word in devoted praise of "our major," the officer around whom they rallied and whose steady, dauntless spirit saw them through.

"Our major"—he is Lieutenant Colonel Whittlesey now—is a product of Plattsburg, a Williams College man, who, in the days forgotten days before April, 1917, lived at 135 East Forty-fourth Street, New York, and practiced law down at 2 Rector Street, where the Sixth Avenue L thunders by on its way to the Battery.

It is of the stamina of the men that Colonel Whittlesey speaks—speaks in wonder and admiration. He had known them first at Camp Upton, an unpromising miscellany of youngsters, going forth to war from Fifth Avenue and from the lower East Side, truck drivers, collegians, dressmakers, sweatshop workers, actors, clerks, idlers, all the

stuff of which New York is made. How one and all they proved true, steadfast, honorable American soldiers—that is their commander's story.

And, Godhamite though he is, you may be sure he does not fall to withhold some of the praise from New York, but insists fiercely that it be shared with certain rangy replacements from Oregon who leavened the lump.

He speaks particularly of a New York broker who was in command of one detachment. Though wounded slightly in the leg the first day, and though later so outstanding a target that a German potato masher crumpled off his shoulder before exploding, this officer was always up and at them every time the German hand grenade throwers came stealing down over the crest through the underbrush nor did he collapse till long after the relief had come and he had been able to see every last one of his men attended to.

Colonel Whittlesey likes to tell, too, of one cheery lieutenant who, until he was killed, displayed always an infectious cheerfulness, always smiling, always until the very last, as bright and shining as if he had just prepared for inspection.

**Caring for the Wounded**  
Above all, he likes to tell how the little food stock was scraped and hoarded for the wounded and how cheerfully the few coats and blankets that had been carried forward through the forest were heaped on those who lay hurt on the hillside.

He has a warm place in his heart for three runners, one a little stenographer from New York who was killed in his course on the fifth night, and two others who, in the last hours, though the forest was as black as midnight, did somehow manage to work their way through to the relieving force. They were Clifford E. Brown, of Asheville, New York, and Stanislaw Rozikowski, of Mazzyph, L. I.

But perhaps the warmest place of all is for two young privates of the Medical Department, who, in the absence of any surgeon, took charge of the wounded, working with them night and day so faithfully that when the relief came at last they dropped feebly in their tracks and had to be carried out on stretchers.

To name these few is just to give in

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stances from a heroic chapter in the story of the fight which made the Argonne Forest part of America, a fight which began at dawn on September 26 and did not end until October 11, when the last living German had been pushed out of the forest. By then, under steady fire from the German guns, Yankee engineers were pushing bridges across the swift waters of the Aire, which runs along the northern fringe of the woods. The Americans had moved 17 kilometers through an almost impassible jungle, a bewildering succession of steep hills and deep ravines covered with heavy underbrush, above which rises here and there the skeleton of a dead tree, stray remnants of an earlier forest which, when even in its prime, along the successive crests, look like teeth in a broken and shattered comb.

**In the Glory of Autumn**  
Through mile after mile of this jungle the Americans worked their way through the interlacing strands of barbed wire, and despite the snare of machine guns, some of them so planted that the advancing platoons would come within a few feet of them before they were discovered.

It was still the old Forest of Argonne which has played so big a part in the story of France, the same dismaying forest which a century and a quarter ago, proved the undoing of a proud Prussian host which marched against the untired soldiers of the newborn French revolution, marched to defeat at the Battle of Valmy.

Quite suddenly the other day it flung forth its autumn colors. Indeed, to those watching from the nearby hillside, it seemed as if it was on that historic October 7 that the Forest of Argonne blazed all at once into russets and golds and purples, and here and there a scarlet tree, as though its roots had drunk deep of young American blood spent freely for an eternal cause once more defended on those hills.

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## XMAS LABELS GO OUT

Christmas package labels are now in the hands of virtually every one in the A.E.F. This conclusion is based on the fact that the week saw their delivery to organizations quarters more or less permanently in certain civilized centers—so far as permanency goes in this or any other army's location—and also to units recently arrived in some of the most out-of-the-way corners of the Western front, including the American troops fighting with the British on the war-worn stretches beyond the Hindenburg line.

The package plan, has not, however, been received with unqualified approval. A cook in a certain Artillery outfit says of the way he thinks the idea will work out: "In a nutshell, the way it's going to be is punk." The punk, says Cooke, consists in the fact that he supposes "whoever made the order didn't stop to think that sending home these said labels is like asking for a gift."

**A French Girl's Suggestion**  
Exactly. That's the whole idea. But this is war, and the only alternatives to the one-man-one-package plan are (1) as many packages as your friends care to send, which would mean a she or so to a man and the holding-up of several boatloads of ammunition for the guns of the cook's Artillery regiment, or (2) no packages at all.

"A French girl" has this suggestion: "Reading your paper of Friday last, I saw that a soldier in the A.E.F. was to receive a package from home for Christmas, and that those who had no family would receive their packages from the A.R.C."  
"Why should not French people take the place of the A.R.C. and send packages to these soldiers? Those unlucky boys having no folks at home would mind their packages being sent from America or from France, and they have done so much for us, and we can do so little for them."

The inference is—and a very kind inference, too—that "a French girl" would be glad to send a package if she knew whom to send it to, and that there are many more like her. Unfortunately, she does not sign the letter or give any clue to her address.

**Ideal Suggestions Come In**  
Suggestions as to the ideal Christmas package, requested from the whole Army last week by THE STARS AND STRIPES, have come with a swiftness which indicates that the A.E.F. is thinking deeply about the package situation, or, rather, the package contents, before it commits itself.  
Food is so far the headliner on all the

lists. Food—including candy, if Dr. Wiley and Mr. Hoover don't object—appears to be the Army's great standby. The great demand for food from the Army's Christmas package recipients is not, however, a slur on the Cooks' and Mess Sergeants' Union. The food desired is of a sort which that organization, no matter how skilled and generous its members, cannot supply.

Cake, with special emphasis on the fruit variety, will occupy every air-space in many a 9x13 package, if the folks back home live up to specifications. Candy, particularly the kind that lasts longest, such as the well-known chocolate-coated caramel, will be crammed into the three-pound limit in many more.

There is a consistent demand for wrist watches, but whether a wrist watch will be included in the ideal package suggestions which THE STARS AND STRIPES is going to cable home in three or four weeks depends on how unanimous that demand becomes in the interval.

**Many Want Surprises**  
Many soldiers, of course, are simply sending their coupons home with the request that the resultant bundle be strictly a surprise affair. This proves that even a rowdy Army has not forgotten its fireplace and stocking days. Photographs of the family and friends, as groups or individuals, have a large place in many suggestions. Writes one officer to his wife:

"Please send a box full of tooth paste (a lot of it), two or three sticks of—s shaving soap, and a triple lot of our family doctor's celebrated cold capsules. And a new picture of each one of you." Some enterprising photographers—a whole lot of him, in fact—should be able to reap a harvest anywhere and everywhere in the U.S.A. by getting out a mount that will fit conveniently in a 9x13 package. Millions of photographs are certain to be included in those Christmas bundles.

The plan of THE STARS AND STRIPES, as announced last week, is simply to make up, from the lists sent in by members of the A.E.F., several ideal packages to guide home selection. These suggestions are to be cabled home for publication in time to be acted on before the closing date for delivery to local postmasters—November 20.

"What's on for tonight?"  
"I'm going to call on the wife of a Dutch general."  
"Whosit?"  
"Madame Van Blank."

# The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1918.

THE STARS AND STRIPES now is printed at the plant of *Le Journal* in Paris, one of the most completely equipped newspaper printing plants in the world. Through the courtesy of the secretary general, M. Le Page, the presses of *Le Journal* were made available to us at a time when the problem of printing this paper (300,000 this week, and still going up) had become serious. This connection insures uniform, first quality printing of the entire issue.

The typographical work of THE STARS AND STRIPES will continue to be done in the composing room of the Paris office of the *London Daily Mail*, which was the first of our journalistic friends to extend a helping hand in the days of our recent infancy.

It is to the courtesy of these two papers, the one French, the other British, actuated by the same idea of helpfulness and cooperation which exists between the Allied nations as a whole, that this American paper on foreign soil owes a share of the modest success which it has achieved.

### ONCE AND FOR ALL

Germany wants peace, with her armies in the field still intact. As we interpret the expressions on the subject of peace being received by this newspaper, the American doughboy in France wants no peace until the German armies have been crushed by the decisive Allied victory which the German leaders know is remorselessly ahead, and which, once received, will make it impossible for them ever to try again (as is now in their minds) for world conquest. The American soldier in France wants the job of literally and figuratively "beating hell" out of Germany completed once and for all, now.

### WHICH SALUTE?

Many expert photographers have tried to take successful pictures of the American salute. It is no fault of the photographers, but no two of the pictures are alike. The reason is that no two of the salutes are alike.

Most American soldiers, however, agree in one detail of the salute. They duck their heads. "The result is a semi-bow, semi-stoop, semi-anything."

It is not the fault of the men who salute or the officers who answer it. It is the fault of the salute itself.

Turn, now, to the French. The French salute keeps the head up for the simple physiological reason that the natural flexing of the shoulder muscles makes it easier for the head to stay up. To let the head drop is an effort—not a very hard one, but an effort, none the less. In our salute it is an effort to keep the head up.

Which salute is the finer, the more dignified, the more military?

### THE DAY OF REDEMPTION

St. Quentin, Lens, Armentières delivered, Cambrai purged of the Hun's four years' presence, Rheims freed from the threat of a grip that has vainly sought to close its bloody fingers about it—one by one the cities of France are being restored to her.

Not for months and years will they be the populous places they once were, but already their ruin-littered streets re-echo to the friendly tread of figures in khaki and horizon blue. For each of them the day of redemption has come. Behind the receding German line the flames of other cities reddened the night sky with the most portentous distress signal that the forces of covering militarism have ever sent up.

It is not only the cities that are being redeemed. Between them lie stretches of once blooming countryside, dotted in years gone with the red-tiled roofs of clustering farm villages. It is land that is being redeemed. It is France.

We are warned not to estimate the success of a military operation by the territory which it recovers; we know that a war may be won anywhere the victorious blow happens to be struck; that Napoleon was beaten in Belgium; that the crucial battle of our own Revolution was fought some miles north of Albany, N. Y.; that Bulgaria was beaten in Serbia.

We know all this, and yet the certitude of victory grows more certain to us as the Hun yields up mile after mile, village after village, city after city, yields it up with such anguish of heart as we, on our side, can but very dimly imagine.

### THE IMPOSSIBLE

Statistics seldom tell a finer story than those published in this paper last week on the arrival of American troops in France, the receipt of war material of all sorts at the base ports, and the record which the S.O.S. is making in handling that material.

More than 768,000 tons of freight discharged from steamers and stored or sent forward by train, a daily average of 25,588 tons of food, clothing, shells, powder, guns, medical supplies; 311,969 men, 10,398 every day, a soldier every eight and one-half seconds; 125 standard gauge freight cars put in service in one day, a total of more than 10,000 U.S.A. freight cars now in service; eight locomotives assembled and commissioned every day for the month, making a total of over 1,000 American locomotives hauling troops and supplies in France.

Ponder these figures. They are an epitome of one of the most remarkable indus-

trial and military achievements in history. They are an indication of the extent to which America has "gone to war"—an extent which the Germans said, and perhaps believed, was impossible. In these figures of the impossible accomplished the Germans can read their certain end, the end which a few at least of the calmer minds in Germany already see.

### SALUTING THE WOUNDED

When a Marine on service in the United States encounters a brother Marine who has been wounded in France and sent home, he snaps him a salute. Officers in that way salute plain buck privates, for the custom has spread, so the report runs, to all ranks of the Marines now in America.

The wounded man does not return the salute; often he cannot. He simply smiles or nods his recognition of it, just as it pleases him to do.

The other day, in France, two wounded doughboys, their saluting arms in slings and their heads swathed in bandages, were out on pass, taking the air in the hospital town. Along the street came a French colonel, an elderly, dignified gentleman, in full uniform, whose decorations betokened hard and daring fighting in previous wars and whose left arm bore the chevrons denoting four years' service at the front in this war.

He took one look at the two battered Yanks. Then he raised his right hand to the salute.

### ONE OF THE 500

"I was born at Pont-a-Mousson, a pretty town on the Moselle, and I was very happy there until 1914," writes little Yvonne Lorange, aged 11. "Father was a plasterer and made good wages. Mother kept the house, and my two brothers and I went to school, where we worked our best."

"On Sundays Father worked in the garden the whole morning; it was so pretty, that garden, with the squares of nice vegetables and the beautiful flowers. In the afternoon everybody went out for a walk. We used to go up to the Bois-le-Prêtre, and Father and Mother used to sit at the Pèrre Hilarion's fountain and we children played about and gathered flowers under the big trees that now are gone."

"Unfortunately, the war broke out. Father started the very first evening to join his regiment, the 226th Infantry. He was grave, grave, and kissed us, saying: 'Be good, listen to your Mother, work well at school and think about your Papa who is going to defend France.' For a year Mother received letters regularly, and then nothing more."

"After many investigations, Mother heard that he had been reported 'missing' since the fight of Givenchy-en-Goelle, during the third battle of Artois in September, 1915. I heard that sad news in Algiers, where the children of Pont-a-Mousson had been taken in May, 1915, when the bombardment was frightful, and we could not live night and day in the cellars."

"I am very glad to know that, not only are you pleased to help the French orphans, you will also give us soldiers to drive the Huns away. It will be easy work for you! I love you already, but I shall love you still more when you have given Mother her home again."

### SAME OLD DAME

If there were no Essen, there would be no German army. The people of Essen must be kept in better humor, perhaps, than even the people of Berlin. If a wild rumor gets started at Essen, it has to be killed more quickly than it would anywhere else in all Germany. Here are a few of the rumors which the commandant of Essen has recently been kept busy suppressing:

Hindenburg has committed suicide.

The German armies have joined the Anglo-French forces.

Whole regiments have refused to obey orders.

The British fleet has attacked and destroyed Heligoland.

These rumors are reported here, not that you who read may sit back and laugh at the discomfiture of the people who make Germany's guns, but to show that old Dame Rumor is the most neutral of all neutrals.

Stories as extravagant as these, though of a more optimistic color, have been running more or less riot throughout the A.E.F., particularly in recent weeks. Here is one:

A distinguished visitor arrived at an important A.E.F. center very early in the morning—before reveille, in fact. Word that something big was in the wind got into one barracks, and, without resort to a bagle, everybody began hurriedly to dress.

What was going on? Nobody knew, but within a few seconds the story that peace had been declared was sweeping through that barracks—and being believed.

Don't laugh at Essen.

### REACTIONS

Whence does an army draw its morale, that victory in itself which leads to other victories and in the end accomplishes the final victory?

What, in particular, is the source of the American Army's morale?

Do the men at the ports and through the S.O.S. toil the harder for the knowledge that Montfaucon and Consenvoye and Cernay have fallen?

Do the men on the advancing Argonne line fight the harder for the knowledge that a united nation is lending its government billions of dollars as a practical proof of its devotion?

Are the people at home heartened by the thought that the armies of Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, a wall against which the German tide has dashed for four years, are now a moving wall, moving inexorably eastward? Are they heartened by the spectacle of Serbia, wholly overrun by her neighbors, rising and striking, with the aid of her Allies, so fiercely that one of those neighbors makes up his mind straightaway that this is a good war to get out of?

The answer to each and all of these questions is simply yes. You may turn the terms around any way you choose—the result will be the same. Encouragement thrives on encouragement; success leads to success. Everything that inspires morale reacts to inspire more of it. There is no end; there is no beginning.

## The Army's Poets

### LAD O' MINE

It's thinking of ye  
That I am,  
Me darlin',  
Thinkin' of ye  
As ye used to be  
Wid yer little curls  
A-fallin',  
And yeasif  
A-climbin' up my  
knee  
Ye would scooch  
And scrunt amazin'  
And clap yer flats  
In glee  
When it's yeasif  
Yer dad was praisin'  
For bein' so  
The like o' me.

But it's worryin'  
And weepin'—  
Are ye hurt?  
And is it bad?  
Are ye sound?  
Or are ye sleepin'?  
Sure, I'm thinkin' of  
ye, lad!

It's thinkin' of ye,  
That I am,  
Me darlin',  
Thinkin' of yer letter  
in glee  
Thinkin' of the  
Look of ye,  
And thankin' God  
above  
That it's spared  
Ye are, me darlin',  
For yet a longer  
while—  
Sure, I'm thinkin' of  
ye, darlin',  
And yer blarney,  
And yer smile.

M. G.

### OCTOBER IN THE LINES

'Tis seldom that the guns are silent where we are  
And yet, sometimes, they seem to pause for rest,  
And when they do, my fancies wander just as far  
As if it were October in our nest;  
As if the nest were built as we had planned it  
then.

As if I shrugged my shoulders in the crowd,  
Brushed off the dying leaf and hustled in  
To find you humming, singing half aloud  
And weaving whips of dreams before the fire,  
And waiting in our land of Heart's Desire.

Few are the evenings of the red October sun  
That, dying out beyond a hill in France,  
Can yield the beauties of another one  
When love and lips and autumn met by chance;  
Few are the golden glows within the dreamer's  
eye.

Not marred by splinters of the bursting shell,  
Where wild hyenas of the air shriek through  
the sky  
So close they hiss one's name, and nearer, tell  
One's buried sins of long ago, and then—  
Explode beyond—and miss—and leave us—men!

Ah, Love, tonight the red October leaf is down,  
A garb of fancy, withered in the sun,  
As if the soul within the oak had shed her gown  
To cloak her figure with a sterner one:  
So does your soldier throw aside the dreamer's  
skin.

To be re woven in some duak with you,  
For fancy will be sweeter when it comes again  
And love will know a cost to hold it true;  
And thus he goes, as one who knows he will  
Emerge a victor—yet your dreamer still.  
J. P. C.

### DER TAG

(In answer to the German toast, "Der Tag," in which the German war lords toasted the time when Deutschland would be "uber alles.")

Here's to the day when the whole thing is won!  
Here's to the day when the Kaiser is done!  
Here's to the day when we break his swelled  
dome!

Here's to the day that we go marching home!

Long restless nights  
With cursed cootie bites  
Things of the past!  
Hot baths at last  
Real dollar bills!  
'No more O.D. pits!

Chicken instead of our canned willy chow!  
All of the ice cream the law will allow!  
Mess in the way we want to be messed!  
Dress in the way we like to be dressed!

### THE LOST TOWNS

Beneath the new moon sleeping  
The little lost towns lie;  
Their streets are very white and hushed,  
Their black spires tilt the sky.

Across the darkened meadows  
A plaintive night bird calls;  
The sea of fog that clouds the fields  
Rolls softly to their walls.

Within their shuttered houses  
No midnight glances  
Their womenfolk are all abed,  
Their menfolk fight for France.

They dream, the little lost towns  
Of Absace and Lorraine,  
The vision of the patient years,  
The old frontier again.

Sleep on, nor cease your dreaming,  
Who pitted men and crowns  
We'll bring you back, we'll bring you back,  
Oh, little, long lost towns.

Pvt. STEPHEN M. EMERY.

### GETTIN' LETTERS

When you're far away from home an' you're  
feelin' kind o' blue,  
When the world is topsy turvy, nothin' sees  
jest right for you,  
Yuh can sneer at yer troubles, an' yer career  
yuh never mind.

When you've really had a letter from the Girl  
yuh left behind.

When the cook is downright nutty, an' his  
biskits never raise,  
When he feeds yuh canned tomatoes for Jes'  
seventeen straight days,  
You can lift yer chin an' whistle, an' that's  
him fairin' kind.

If you've really had a letter from the Girl  
yuh left behind.

When the Captain's got a grouch on, an' has  
bawled yuh out for fair,  
When some peaky lieutenant has sassed yuh  
which to home he wouldn't dare,  
Yuh can lift yer chin an' whistle, an' that's  
easy, yuh will find.

If you've really had a letter from the girl  
yuh left behind.

When a letter comes yuh grab it right before  
An' yuh sit a little vision of the light that's in  
Her eyes.

Yuh can see Her smiles an' dimples, an' fer  
other girls' chattered sermons.

When you've really had a letter from the Girl  
yuh left behind.

Just a sheet or two of paper with a purple  
stamp of two.

But it means the whole creation to the heart an'  
soul o' you.

An' yuh git to feelin' pious, an' yuh pray a bit,  
yuh mind.

For the great Almighty's Necessin' on the Girl  
yuh left behind.

E. C. D., Field Hospital.

### AFTER THE WAR

Along the granite passes  
Ye will find me, ye seek—  
In the ranges where the prisoned ages frown:  
Beside the tumbling waters  
Fed from out a distant peak,  
Where an avalanche of sky is pouring down!

Along the mirrored fringes,  
Where the shore line Norway stands,  
By the silent pools that dot the northern trails:  
Where God has chiselled sermons  
In his own and mighty hand,  
And the loon, a jeering unbeliever, wails.

The wind that courses wildly  
Down the scented forest lanes,  
I shall breathe until fairly drunken with its wines:  
(Like ardent, fiery liquor  
To me, jaded, slugging wines,  
Is the bonny, balsam odor of the pines).

And then, surfeit with nature,  
I shall lay me down to rest  
In a languid, dreamlike, woodland sort of way,  
As the sun is hanging pendant  
In the airways of the West  
Like a medal pinned upon the breast of day!  
ALBERT JAY COOK.

# THEN WE WILL HAVE PEACE



### SEEING HER SON

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
I live on the top of a hill, in downtown Los Angeles. Beneath me, all day the north and southbound traffic roars through the Hill Street tunnel. Across the street from me, all day, a comedy movie bunch makes uproarious pictures, to the tune of cracking crows and crescendo curses from a leather-tunged director. And all around me children, brown and white and yellow, shriek their various tongues. But today I have been oblivious. I have not been here, but in France.

For many weary moons I have read and re-read my few and scanty letters from over there, seeking, by patient application, to find in them a picture of life as it is lived by our boys. (I have only one of my very own in France, but others have sat "at the hearthstone of my heart" and gone away those many miles, leaving their place warm.) And I have read column after column of the work of the correspondents, seeking the simple knowledge of simple things, and the atmosphere of every day. Once in a while some illuminating touch would lift the curtain for a moment, and then it would fall again.

But today a magician arrived. He was dressed as a postman, but that must have been camouflage. And he cried, as I was leaving the house, "Wait! See what I've brought ye! An' I wonder could I buy one of 'em offen ye." What he brought me was a huge bundle of THE STARS AND STRIPES, numbered one to twenty-five, and neither he nor any other can buy one of 'em offen me, but I would expect to be pursued by a Nemesis of sorts if I failed to give him 'two or three that should be generally where it looks as if they would do the most good. Only the first four and the last one I mean to keep forever and forever and forever.

All day I have been reading with chokes and chuckles, heedless alike of din or dinner. And it is evening now and I have to go out to make a talk to a W.S.S. society. This morning I was empty-headed. Now I am em-barrassed with riches. And, best of all, the gray mist, which swallowed so much I cared about, has lifted, and thanks to you, I can visualize the boys—all of them. I don't pretend to say I have carefully read all twenty-five closely packed papers in the seven hours I have been at it, but I do claim to have gleaned enough to keep me from starvation while I go over them more slowly, one by one.

Just now the last impression on my mind comes from the issue of July 25. The story is under the caption, "One Man and a Battle Sixty Miles Long." I wish, in passing, to extend some sort of laurel to the writer. I think I know a classic when I see one. One does not need a de luxe binding to aid in the recognition of that writer's genius, who can put with such gripping force so simple, undressed a tale before the world, I wish I could learn I shall send you my subscription. In the meantime, allow me, with congratulations, to sign myself,

MARGARET B. WELDON,  
407 Court Street, Los Angeles.

### LIBERTY MEASLES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
In line with the housecleaning of the world now well under way, the American Red Cross Military Hospital, No. 9 (Skin Hospital), begs to announce its change of name of the disease known as German measles to "Liberty Measles." We recommend its adoption by all Allied medical officers.

W. H. MOOK, Capt., M.C.

### THEY CALL IT A DAY IN THE ARMY

Through the blackness of the morning the three shrill blasts of the whistle rasped, grating the ears, and rousing to semi-consciousness the sleep-drugged senses—not minds—of the fagged humans who sprawled in uncouth and animal-like postures over the dirty floor of the barn. Here and there a tousled shock of hair protruded from a miscellaneous pile of blankets, tents and hodgepodge of equipment. Stiff backs, legs and necks. Damn the hard ground!

God! Another day! On with the shoes, stiff and cold, smelling to high heaven. Leg-gins next, wrap ones at that—what do we care if they do go on upside down? We must make formation. A hitch to the underwear and belt and then on with the blouse, still wet with yesterday's cold sweat, damp and ill smelling. A hasty dive for gun and belt and out the door to fall in once more.

A drizzle of rain is falling. One hour for breakfast and preparations. Rolls are half made—then call to breakfast. Stand in line ten minutes and get porridge, coffee and a slice of bread and bacon. Half an hour left. Wash? Impossible. Half a week's growth of beard and unbrushed teeth. Water, the Infantryman's mainstay, is scarce. Every drop must be husbanded.

Out in the rain to slap together the pack, grunting and cursing. The straps become twisted—will we ever be ready? Time to fall in and at least fifteen more things to go in—extra rations, shoes to be tied on that damned hat. Swing it up on the back, sling the gun, and stagger into line, muttering and cursing. Up the steep hill, and the day's grueling work has begun. Everything goes pretty well—the soreness disappears from legs and the packs settle to a more comfortable position.

The first halt is welcome. Wholesale adjustments are in order. A bit thirsty, but bet-ter wait—the sun is coming out and a long march ahead. Sixteen miles today? Discussion varies.

That whistle! Up again; a stretch of road and the pack gets heavier. How long have we been going. Twenty minutes. Shift the rifle and plod some more. The sweat starts, saturating shirt, coat and trousers. Some sing; I would, too, if the sweat would keep out of my mouth. A little swig from the canteen—no much. Damn! I shouldn't have taken that much. I'll be up against it later on.

Two more hours pass. Mechanically halting and plodding. Dust—it will be worse in the afternoon. How far do we have to go, anyway? I wish I'd shaved. Dirty drops of sweat splash over my gun sling. Thank the Lord my feet don't hurt. Half the water gone and not yet time for lunch. It is hot, brutally hot, and the dust increases, stirred by passing lorries. On through a cloud of it. A bit faint? Nibble a bit of greasy hardtack that has been in the pocket for a week, getting chummy with old letters, loose cartridges and the stub of a pencil. Smoke another cigarette.

Empty, aren't you? Well, it's time for lunch. Into a hay field we pile—throw off packs and coats and flop down to wait for the kitchen. Another butt.

Half a cup of weak coffee, a mixture of corned willie and hardtack, and off we go to war again.

Sweat, sweat, sweat. Dust. Why didn't the water cart come up?

Let's day dream a bit; maybe it'll make the going easier. The Blittmore on the left—think I'll turn in for one of those long Tom Collinses in a vase with a big square chunk of cracked ice floating in it. It is a bit tiresome to walk any distance on pavements, isn't it? Raises the devil with your feet. All right, think I'll make it two. It's a bit hot, so home early for the old tub and dinner coat. A complete change and I'll be fit again.

Bingo! Five drops of sweat on that damn gas mask, which swings like a clumsy suitcase against the leg. Filthy underwear, sweat soaked, slides against the soiled body. Can't three-quarters gone and four hours more to go.

Red sun higher and higher, more dust. Tongue like a blotter, and unbrushed teeth make things worse. What's that blue sign? 16 Kilos to X. Halt! Thank God. Off goes the pack. To hell with the extra trouble. It cut my shoulders the last hour. Think I've got a blister. Bzzz. That whistle.

God, I'm thirsty! Can't seem to day dream this time. Bumps in the road twist your feet a bit. What makes you stagger, you damn fool? That's the stuff, watch the other man's feet. One two—one two—one two three four. Carry on. Damn that expression. Water, water, water! Shift the rifle. Is that a chafe? Damnation.

Well, might as well have a couple of good swallows and know you're all through. Fini. Breeches getting soaked with sweat, pack cuts—wriggle with chafe at every step—water—why did I clean it up?

You don't want to club that man ahead of you and take his canteen. Damn fool. One two, one two.

French town, five estimatins. Maybe we'll stop here. No such luck.

Don't get ahead of the line—one two—water—God! I'd sell my soul for one swig. Twenty francs for a canteen full would be cheap. When you need something, you need it. Halt!

Off again. Sweat and dust in the eyes—you're not getting blind. That pack weighs a ton. Lots to think about—one two—one two—pack, sweat, chafe, blister, one two.

What's that? A pump? Think I'll fall out. No, you'd look like a jackass doing that. If the other worms can keep moving, you can, too. Well, we're in it, and you couldn't drink, anyway. One two. Don't bump into your next door neighbor.

What's that? Our town around the corner? Chlorinated water! Estaminet "Champagne Dix Francs." Home again! Got a cigarette?

Pvt. THEODORE EMERY, Inf.

### A MASTERPIECE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:  
I am taking the liberty of enclosing herewith a reproduction of the famous painting by the great artist Daub entitled, "Cooties Nursing Their Young."

This painting, as you will remember, received universal recognition by all the famous galleries of Europe and America, and particularly by Army critics. This picture is regarded as one of the masterpieces of the modern era of art, and will no doubt go down in history as one of the world's greatest pictures on this subject, and should prove to be the admiration and inspiration of many generations to come.

Its conception was evoked in a moment of unguarded enthusiasm by the artist provoked for them alone, the wonderful touch that gives the boys back again would not be there. So, while I am glad your work is for the men, that very fact enables me to thank you for the mothers. I can see my own son, at last (a youngster in the Field Artillery, whose name I ran across in one of the papers, by the way!) in some other setting than fog.

I am due in the East for my Thanksgiving dinner—if Mr. Hoover is willing—and when I am settled I shall send you my subscription. In the meantime, allow me, with congratulations, to sign myself,

MARGARET B. WELDON,  
407 Court Street, Los Angeles.



"Cooties Nursing their Young," by Daub

face so filled with tenderness and mother love for her ungrateful offspring. Study that little fellow in the corner of the picture evidently just starting off by himself to make his mark in the world. See how bravely the mother bears the parting. See the little fellow trying to gyp his little sister out of her milk.

A thousand and one details stare one in the face, showing the deep study that the artist has given the subject. No one but a genius could possibly paint a picture like this. Notice the wonderful coloring and tones which even Rubens couldn't possibly duplicate in his palmiest days. Another masterpiece has been added to the world's collection.

The artist has given me permission to turn over the exclusive rights of reproducing this picture for the benefit of the A.E.F. to THE STARS AND STRIPES.

GEORGE N. LYNN,  
Sgt. Maj. F.A.



# FATHER AND SON BOTH IN BATTLE AT MONTFAUCON

### Neither General nor Doughboy Comes Out of It Unscathed

## MOTHER WON'T LEARN ALL

### Brigade Commander Decides One Part of Story Isn't a Match for the Rest of It

There were German machine gun nests ahead on the left and German anti-tank guns ahead on the right, and German high explosive and gas shells were pouring into Montfaucun wood, but every once in a while the Ohio brigadier general in his P.C. among the trees found himself forgetting the battle ahead while he mused:

"I wonder how the boy is making out over there on the other side of the hill? The machine guns among those walls are hitting it pretty lively on the other side, too, and Carl is somewhere in the valley that leads up to them."

Meanwhile, above a little stream that curved away toward the Meuse at the right of the height of Montfaucun, a doughboy stumbled on through the bramble of barb wire and the wilderness of blasted trees and dead horses while the machine gun bullets from the hill swept among the cratered slopes. And as he broke his way forward, with his comrades dropping behind him, he still had time to think:

"I wonder how dad is getting along on the other side of the hill. That artillery over there sounds as if his brigade must be right in it by this time."

### No Message Over Wires

That is the way father and son, general and doughboy, fought their way past Montfaucun on the second day of the Argonne-Meuse battle. But there were no messages over Signal Corps wires to tell the general that his son, a private in an Ohio Infantry regiment under another brigade commander, was thinking about him. It wasn't like the old days when Carl might drop into a telegraph office anywhere, dash of a message on a blank form and sit down to wait until father wired the money.

Here, ahead of both father and son, was a stone city on a hill that had been considered one vast redoubt impregnable to assault by foot troops. The tide of battle, while they were thinking of each other, was carrying the general by that hill fortress on the left, while his son was being swept by on the right, with miles between them—and those miles a stretch of death and fire-swept woods, valleys and hills.

Prior to all this there had been the farewell before they went into battle. That farewell was also their first meeting in France. The general did not know until a few hours before the attack that his son was near him. The boy—he is scarcely over 21—had walked into his father's headquarters and saluted. There were the usual greetings. Then the general had turned to his maps and his runners. And Carl had hurried back to his company.

As they said goodbye, the general called to the boy:

"Remember, son you're where I was, and I'm prouder of you than I can tell. We'll tell mother all about this when it's over."

### The Boy's History

When the boy had passed behind the blanket that curtained the arched doorway of the half ruined house where the general's post was, the general told his staff the story of his son.

"I didn't know he had joined up until he walked into my office back home in June a year ago and said: 'Dad, I've hooked up with the Empty Seventh.' He said he was going in on his own merits, and damned if he wanted any one to hand him anything because his old man was a general.

"I patted him on the back and told him: 'Son, I'm with you all the way.' I gave him some advice on things he ought to know—you see, I was a private myself before the Spanish-American War. This has been a busy year, but Carl's letters have told me much—soldier's letters, you know, very short, with nothing loose or sentimental in them. It wasn't until they showed the brigades up for this push that we came near each other."

Montfaucun was held by doughboys. The stone towers that had stood so boldly among the ruins were flattened in the wreckage that lay over the whole height. American artillery was firing over Montfaucun to the enemy lines in the woods beyond. German shells were bursting among the American positions over the dugouts full of dead German soldiers. The American lines lay up toward Clerges and all the way in front of Montfaucun to the right.

### P.C. Miles Ahead

The Ohio brigadier general's P.C. now was miles ahead of where it had been. It was in a former German dug-out under a clump of trees.

A private with bandaged head slipped over the muddy roadway to the P.C. and father met son again. There was the usual salute, then—

"Just had to find you before they sent me back, Dad," said the private. "Well, you won't, I tell off my horse a little while ago and got a strained shoulder—and that after two days of close-up work without a scratch. And your mother always said I couldn't ride. There's one thing we won't tell about the battle, will we, boy?"

### HAVE YOU?

Have you ever sat in your hole. With only a few logs and some dirt over you. And heard the screech of one of Jerry's 77's— And heard that screech change to a moan— And heard that moan grow louder— And know it was going to fall near you— And look out and see it land— Right at the entrance of your hole— And not explode? Then you have something to live for— HARV.

## OUR KIND



This is Sgt. Hank Gowdy, A.E.F. He is the sort of big league ball player his comrades in O.D. everywhere call "our kind."

To keep from having to join the Army he didn't scuttle into an easy job with a shipyard ball team, as many big leaguers did when duty called through the draft. He didn't protest that baseball was an essential war industry. He didn't suddenly remember that a whole flock of relatives were dependent upon him for support. He didn't say he'd wait until the season was over and then come in.

The proof of which is that Hank has been a front line member of the A.E.F. since away last winter.

## ARMY'S BARBED WIRE PUZZLE IS SOLVED

### Signal Corps Shows Qualifications for After-War Reeling Job

## INSTALLING MORE LINES

### Through Telephone Connection Between France and Italy Now Being Established

When it comes to quantity production, the Signal Corps people say that you simply have to hand it to a certain Field Signal Battalion engaged in one of the recent battles up front. In three weeks the battalion installed 32 switchboards, four radio sets, three terminal boards and seven T.P.S. sets, which are for wireless communication.

That wasn't all. With the aid of some infantry signal platoons, they went ahead and laid in the same period of time 168 miles of wire, repaired 27 1/2 miles of it, took over 23 miles from the French, and recovered 131.

At the same time they were doing all this, an Artillery Signal section installed 48 switchboards and 149 telephones, laid 136 miles of wire, and took over and repaired 83 miles. All this work was done while active operations were going on—twice during the actual progress of raids.

While you are talking the average length of time over any Army telephone, do you realize that a good four telegraph messages are going over the wire at the same moment? Unless you are in the Signal Corps, you probably don't; but that is just what is happening.

### 32 Telegrams on Four Wires

The Signal Corps in France is now operating on superimposed circuits throughout, getting from the wire from two and one-half to three times the ordinary service. For example, it can put on four signal wires a maximum of 32 telegraph messages at the same time. Or on those same four wires it can negotiate 24 telegrams and three telephone connections to boot.

Not only that, but if one of the base ports wants to talk to G.H.Q., or G.H.Q. wants to talk to one of the base ports, the arrangement is only a matter of minutes. In case of necessity, it connects the base ports right up with the front itself, giving a direct connection between both ends of the A.E.F.

Not being content with that, it is now planning to put through direct telephone connection between the Army in France and the portions of the Army that are in Italy, and well it may since its personnel includes most of the men who made the direct telephone connection between New York and San Francisco a workable thing.

### Like City of 2,000,000

The rapid and continuous growth of the A.E.F. has made the Corps hustle to keep pace with it in the amount of telephone and telegraph communication demanded. It has grown so that its largest telegraph and telephone office, that at Tours, would, from its size and facilities, be capable of caring for a city of 2,000,000 population back home. In addition to serving the A.E.F., it is continually putting in lines for the Allies, notably at one of the base ports, where, to cite only item, it assists the British Signal Office to care daily for 10,000 words of press news to be relayed to London.

In order to keep up the efficiency of the service, it has established at Tours an operators' school, where those newly arrived from the States are put through the paces of military telephony and telegraphy, under special instructors. When operators are to be promoted, they come in from the front or the S.O.S. to take an advance course to qualify them for their new duties.

## NO FURNACE FIRES YET

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, Oct. 17.—We are not going to start our furnaces in New York until November 1.

The Deputy State Fuel Administrator has delegated a member of his staff to see that the families of soldiers and sailors shall not have any difficulty in getting coal this winter.

## FIFTY-FIFTY

Private: Say, Sarge, you know those shoes you gave me? Supply Sergeant: Well, what about 'em? Private: Well, one of 'em matches all right, but the other doesn't.

## ANTI-GAS PASTE NOW READY FOR ISSUE TO A.E.F.

### "Sag" Will Protect Unmasked Parts of Body from Hun Poison

## TO BE SMEARED ON SKIN

### New Preparation Will Prevent Most Burns and Lessen Severity of Others

Every doughboy going into the line will carry a tube of a paste that prevents and cures mustard gas burns. Some are already carrying the tubes. The anti-gas paste is called "Sag," a word coined by reversing the word gas.

The new product, invented by Uncle Sam's war apothecaries, protects the fighting man's arms and legs and the body below the neck—parts hitherto unprotected—against the floating or driven particles of poison from exploding gas shells. The gas mask protects the face and the head from mustard gas, as well as from gas whose action is primarily on the respiratory organs.

So far as looks go, Sag is a modest appearing preparation. It comes in a heavy tin-foil tube that looks as if it might contain tooth paste or shaving cream.

### To Be Smeared on Body

The doughboy carries the anti-gas paste in his haversack, or other convenient place, ready for use when he is going to be exposed to the dangers of gas shell fire. The paste is simply smeared on the parts of the body most vulnerable to mustard gas poison.

Experience has shown that parts which are usually warm and moist, and especially those protected by hair, suffer most from gas burns. The scrotum particularly is susceptible to mustard gas. Tests have shown that when the anti-gas paste has been applied, these parts could stand exposure to mustard gas without injury in most cases, although such factors as the length of exposure to the gas and the concentration or strength of the gas may render the paste less effective. Under ordinary conditions, however, the paste will prevent gas burns, or, in any event, lessen their severity.

The paste is also used in emergencies for treating surfaces which have been gassed. Mustard gas to the chemist is di-chlor-ethyl-sulphide. It is classed as a vesicant, from its properties of producing burns of the skin and respiratory system. In its effects, mustard gas is accumulative, the medical officers say, that is the longer it remains in contact with the skin the worse the burn will be. The anti-gas paste checks and neutralizes the action of the gas by setting up a chemical reaction with it.

### Must Avoid Delay

Officers of the Chemical Warfare Service who have prepared the anti-gas paste point out that every effort should be made to prevent the continuing action of the gas once it has affected the skin, for a delay of a few hours may bring serious results that could have been avoided. This may be difficult, because mustard gas has only a faint odor—like that of mustard or garlic—and does not produce immediate irritation. In a few hours the skin may become badly inflamed.

### What makes you think you've grown hard-boiled since you joined the Army?

"Because I've got the sweat trained to run down behind my ears."

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Private: Say, Sarge, you know those shoes you gave me? Supply Sergeant: Well, what about 'em? Private: Well, one of 'em matches all right, but the other doesn't.

## STEEL PRODUCTION MAY HIT CAPACITY

### September Sees High Line of Ingot Output—Plenty for A. E. F.

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, Oct. 17.—The wartime production of American steel has broken all records. Our showing is so good that we feel reasonably assured that our actual production for the year will be an astonishingly close approximation to the estimated total capacity of the country.

Last September marked the high line of steel ingot production, with a gain of 12 per cent over August, and the establishing of a gain that, carried through the year, would make the annual production 45,800,000 gross tons. The output in 1917 approximated 42,700,000 gross tons.

The output of finished rolled steel approximated 6,200 net tons in July and August, and the September record was 3,300,000, making 9,500,000 tons for the quarter.

### October Showing Greater

The estimated showing for October is still greater, and experts say we may expect in the next quarter, to produce 10,000,000 net tons, making the total for the half year 19,500,000 or even 20,000,000 tons.

The Railroad Administration Board will, if need be, give up for the Army in France a good portion of the steel reserved for domestic railroad use.

In all directions, as we take account of accomplishments, we see excellent results. Thus more coal has been mined in the period April 1 to September 1 than ever before in any half year in the country's history, and this despite the fact that 50,000 or even 60,000 miners were inducted into military service and an unknown larger number went to munitions work.

Bituminous coal mined in the six months' period amounted to 311,216,000 tons, which is 12 per cent more than for the corresponding period last year, which was regarded as the high-water mark of production.

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## AXE WELDERS SHOW HEAD FOR BUSINESS

### Pork Shortage Brings Velvet to Company of Yank Woodsmen

Out in the woods near Blois a company of Forestry Engineers had a company fund and a big idea. So, while the trees crashed down and the sawmill turned out capacity production, the mess sergeant bought pigs—seven little piglets who squealed and grunted, grew fat and wobbled—to carry out the big idea.

That was six months ago. The seven porkers polished the garbage cans as the company meant they should, and the butchers in the neighborhood grew fidgety. The garbage collector soon ceased to call, and the boys squinted at their growing venture with the complacency of capitalists.

A few days ago the company parted with five of the seven. Profit the company fifteen hundred francs, with two stalwart garbage incinerators still in the pen. The fate of these two is reserved until Thanksgiving, after which the censor will pass on their story.

The company is going in for large scale production. The pen has been enlarged and a new fatigues squad, numbering 12, added to the family.

### EASY TO IDENTIFY

"Say, a feller was around here looking for you just now." "Zasso? What'd he look like?" "Lessee. Come to think of it, had on spiral leggings and a pair of O.D. pants."

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

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ANCIENT GAGS IN O.D. APPEAL IN ARGONNE

Barnstormers Play to Full Houses Right at Edge of Battle

MAYOR OFFERS APOLOGIES

But Interpreters Explain That Whistling Is Not a Manifestation of Displeasure

The play actors who have come over here to entertain us will go back home completely hardened to the roughest barnstorming the American stage can provide.

When the show goes stranded in some such tank town as Puxnatawney, Pa., when the manager, after pocketing the twelve dollars left in the till, says sorrowfully that he will not be able to pay the salaries, when they are faced with the fact that if they ever hope to get back to Broadway they will have to walk, these thespians of the A.E.F. will laugh and say to one another:

"This is nothing compared to the wild days when we played the Argonne circuit in 1918."

The troupe headed by Margaret Mayo, the author of "Baby Mine" and "Twin Beds," has been playing in the Forest of Argonne itself, playing with the boys applauding from the trees, playing in the rain and the fog and, and, and their clothes are so full of a number of things that they don't like to talk about it.

Miss Mayo is Gas Case The other day, for the amusement of a bunch of doughboy replacements on the way into the line, the Mayo Shock Unit performed on a stranded truck, with a dressing room made out of a piece of tarpaulin. Unfortunately, some tear gas lurked in the seams of that tarpaulin, and just as Miss Mayo stepped forward to say something awfully funny to start the show going, she puffed and miserably about her, and burst into tears. The startled audience, who thought that somehow Jane Cowd had got into the bill by mistake, then watched while she departed at full speed for the nearest dressing station.

Recently, by way of a change, the Mayo show played in a real theater, a hatched old brick house built by the Gauls in a town just below the Argonne. The theater had been closed since the war began, but it was holed open for this occasion and an infantry corporal was found who admitted he could work the curtains. The house was packed to the doors, doughboys and officers, and another for the best seats in the boxes and in the front row of the gallery—yes, the gallery.

All the Old Hokum All the old hokum, jumbo and gravy known to vaudeville can be found in the show. It is easy to take the old jokes and dress them up in O.D. If you want to make fun of some one, call him a second lieutenant. If you want to use the old cracks about Brooklyn, Yonkers or Red Bank, New Jersey, why, use them. Only substitute Illinois and a baso port.

The mere fact that you wear the badge of the Red Triangle is no reason, apparently, why you shouldn't skate on the thin ice of the naughty-naughty. The Mayo outfit is called Shock Unit because, except for one performance in the Tuilleries Gardens at Paris, it has always played at the front and not because its little jokes are of such a character that the founders of the Y. M.C.A. must turn in their graves at each performance. But they go big with the democratic Army.

For example, the fun is hitting a pretty swift pass when one of the bunch—W.H. Morrissey, perhaps—mentions having been with the Yanks in Italy.

Everything but the Peanuts "Ah!" says Miss Mayo. "And when you were in Italy, did you touch Florence?"

Sensation! When Morrissey can be heard above the uproar he answers in the negative.

"But it's a good idea," he admits. "Then he and Tommy Gray have to tell a story reflecting on the French. They first get the assurance of the Yanks never to stand by them if the French in the house started anything. Afterwards, somewhat haltingly, comes their account of the Frenchman seen with a ladder in the corridor of a Paris hotel, peering through the transom of a lady's chamber, peeping, what is more, for two solid hours."

Miss Mayo is scandalized. And surprised. She thought, she says, the French were always so polite.

The Poor Shavelheads! "Well, this fellow wasn't," says Morrissey. "Why, he says, there all that time and there were 18 second lieutenants waiting at the foot of the ladder." Pandemonium!

It certainly sounds like the good old days to hear a gallery full of Americans, all stamping and cheering and whistling their approval. There is everything here but the best. They roar with delight when lovely Lois Meredith gazes upon them, and the roof threatens to come off the theater when Elizabeth Brice, comes dancing to the footlights, swinging her shoulders and putting all the pep in the world into her old songs. Just as she ushers in the Keith houses back home, so here at the front she sings "Buzz around, buzz around" and "Come, let's settle down" till the boys fairly split all ears with their whistling. They made the old theater rock on its ancient foundations, and Miss Mayo retired that night an exhausted but satisfied woman.

The Morning After Next morning, while she was trying to negotiate a bit of bread without a bread ticket—it can't be done—her breakfast was halted by a visitation. Some high looking functionary, sporting one of the few silk hats left in Argonne, called upon her, bowed eight times, made a speech about "hands across the sea" and "jeu au bout," and then assured her that the French people were deeply grieved by the rudeness to Miss Brice evidenced the night before. They wished her to understand, he said, that none of the Frenchmen present had had any part in that outrageous whistling.

IT'S NO USE, BILL—



—It Won't Pass Inspection Any More

WOODCRAFT EXPERTS TO HARDEN ALL A.E.F.

Inside Lessons on Building Lean-To and Fires Now on Books

WINTER HINTS GIVEN OUT Importance of Drying Clothing as Health Precaution Emphasized by Chief Surgeon

American soldiers, fighting a day-after-day battle against General Winter, are going to use the tactics of leather-stocking and other less classical, but equally hard characters of the great American backwoods in the days when Army surgeons were scarce, and Spanish flu had not been invented.

An unwritten code of out-door living tactics is to be taught the A.E.F. Soldiers experienced in woodcraft are asked by the Chief Surgeon to teach their less experienced comrades the inside lessons of building lean-to shelters, huts and campfires. And the Chief Surgeon, in a bulletin just issued, is telling commanding officers and medical officers the precautions that should be taken to protect the health of the Army.

Pup Tent Beats Barracks Crowding is one thing that is being emphasized. Here is other advice: A pup tent properly made is a much better place than a barrack in which too many men live. Splitting in crowded places is apt to send more men to the hospital than a German attack.

Don't build a big camp fire. An Indian will build a little fire and keep warm, where a white man will build a big fire and remain cold. Build a small fire and stand over it, rather than a big fire from which you must keep away. Before building a shelter, note the direction in which the wind is blowing and have the entrance face the opposite direction.

It is best to have the fire inside the shelter. The primitive fireplace is built with walls of sod on each side and is not over two feet wide. A flue may be made of stone, sod or green boughs. The side of a bank or cliff is a good place to build a chimney. Wood should be cut in small pieces.

Wet Feet on Blacklist The importance of drying clothing that has been wet is another point which the Chief Surgeon, who ought to know, is trying to impress on everybody. He points out that clothing is primarily intended to keep the natural heat of the body from escaping to the air. When clothing is wet it permits the body heat to pass off easily. Lowered vitality results and the wet man may fall sick.

Wet feet particularly cause sickness. All time spent in changing or drying socks and shoes is always worth while. Oiling or greasing the feet is recommended.

AERIAL NEWSBOYS PEDDLE ARMY PAPER

Copies of Stars and Stripes Dropped to Men in Argonne Fight

THE STARS AND STRIPES for October 4 were delivered on the day of publication to the men in the front line in Argonne by American pilots flying Liberty planes.

All the different types of air-craft in the American service, bombing planes, observation planes, chasse planes, aided in the distribution that day and the next of some 2,200 copies, done into little bundles of ten and scattered along the line all the way from the edge of the Argonne forest itself to Briulles on the Meuse.

Some were dropped from a height of 1,000 feet, some were scattered over the lines by flyers swooping so low that they almost scraped the tree tops. They could see the doughboys rush for the papers and then look up to wave their appreciation. Just to the facions, and for the general good of the German soul, a few copies were carried far back into "Germany" and dropped around Mouzon and Sedan.

DOGS OF WAR MUSTERED

Whether or not you raised your dog to be a soldier, the chances are that he will get into that condition ere long, provided he is what G.O. 167 considers as being of a breed "suitable for war purposes." Among such breeds, the G.O. states, the shepherd, the drover and the mastiffs are the most warlike.

The order is aimed at preventing any curtailment of the supply of dogs required for the "Service Francais des Chiens de Guerre." It forbids officers and enlisted men serving in the A.E.F. from purchasing or having in their possession dogs that might be available for the French service—"except as may have been issued them for official use." The issue dog, therefore, remains intact.

FEWER BUSINESS MISHAPS

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, Oct. 17.—During the nine months of this year already elapsed, the number of commercial failures was smaller than in any corresponding period since 1906. The aggregate liabilities were the smallest since 1909.

SPAULDING & CO. JEWELLERS DIAMONDS—WATCHES

23 Rue de la Paix, Paris Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

My Tribute to France! Pauline L. Divers, New York, N.Y.

Intimate story of the War. A Victory Book, a Souvenir of France. Tells H.Y. and H.H.T. The Genius of France portrayed in character and color. Art, Literature and Science with History in delightful fragments—a thousand years of a Nation's struggle for glorious freedom. The American Army in her midst. Maps and illustrations in five colors. Bound in the tricolor, all for \$1.50. Order now!

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Keep 3-in-One Handy

In billets, on the march, in the trenches, you can't afford to be without 3-in-One.

Your razor won't "pull" if blade is moistened with 3-in-One before and after shaving and blades will last twice as long.

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Rub a little 3-in-One on your tired, aching feet after marching or sentry duty. Quick relief. Use it on your hands and face as an insect chaser. Oil your wrist-watch with 3-in-One.

And, OF COURSE, you use 3-in-One, the old, reliable, widely recommended gun oil, to lubricate, clean, and polish your piece and prevent all rust and tarnish.

COLONEL AS PILOT, GENERAL PASSENGER

S.O.S. Chief Pays Real Flying Visit to Distant Aero Field

Sheridan had to use a horse in his famous 40-mile dash to the battlefield, and the Duke of Wellington had to use a horse to hurry from the ballroom in Brussels to Waterloo—but in this ultra-modern war when a major general decides to take a little business trip of 70 miles or so and happens to be in a hurry, all he has to do is to pick up the phone and call for his airplane.

At least, it was just as simple as that last week when Major General Harbord, commanding general of the S.O.S., decided he wanted to go from his headquarters office in Tours to an aviation field about 70 miles away.

"Why, I'll drive you over, sir," said Col. Walter G. Kilner, chief of air training.

Everything Except the Bumps In a little while two Liberty motors waited on the grass of a flying field near Tours. Into one climbed Major General Harbord and Colonel Kilner. Lieutenant Fielding S. Robinson, the general's aide, mounted the other, with Colonel Fitzgerald, commander of the air field, at the wheel. Two Liberty motors roared and two Liberty planes bounded from the grass. The planes circled for height and then headed for the field.

Four thousand feet in the air, 70 miles over the Touraine—the plateau and chateaux district of middle France—rode the general and his party. And 40 minutes after they had started they circled back to earth and landed, to receive the greetings of flying officers and air mechanics.

"Great trip—air, scenery and everything except the bumps," said the general, stretching his legs. "In honor of the general's sudden visit, The Plane News, edited and published by men at the flying field, got out a special edition with a story of the journey, and the inspection party carried copies back to Tours when they departed some hours later."

ASK FOR "KINGS' TASTE" CIGARS

Shipped Abroad for the A.E.F. AUG. KLEFFMANN'S SONS, Makers Barclay and Greenwich Sts. NEW YORK CITY, N. Y. U.S.A.

THIS WEEK EXHIBITION OF KHAKI SHIRTS, IN Flannel and Linen

KID GLOVES Fur-lined or Plain

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BIG AVIATION FIELD IS QUICKLY SHIFTED

Hangars and Complete Paraphernalia Set Up in Seven Days

Another claimant for honors in the speed-and-duty contest behind the lines. This time it is the air specialists. The achievement constitutes the moving from one district to a spot a good distance away, of an aviation field; the dismantling of six hangars and eight barracks; hauling of barracks, hangars and all incidental paraphernalia to the new station—all within seven days.

"And," supplements the report made by Lieut. Wm. G. Peny, under whose direction the work was done, "this does not take into consideration the fact that it was accomplished with eight old Mexican border trucks which were about ready to retire, nor the additional detail of plowing and leveling bad paths of the field itself."

The Aero Squadron Crew, received orders to move at 9:30 one night; by 4 in the morning they were on the way, machinery, tractors and all. The orders were to move to a new station, and reconstruction work be done "without unnecessary delay." Four o'clock reveille and breakfast, chocolate and bread or doughnuts at 9 a. m., dinner at noon, more chocolate at 5 p. m. and supper at 9 p. m. was the program for the week.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE

Homesick Hubert: Gee, I wish I'd married the lil girl before I left the States! Unhonesick Oscar (who did): Huh, cheer up. If you had they'd be sticking you for a compulsory allotment.

THE STOLL THEATRES IN LONDON

THE ALHAMBRA Facing the famous Leicester Square EVERY EVENING 7.40 Matinees Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2 LONDON'S BIGGEST SUCCESS! THE BING BOYS ON BROADWAY

GEORGE ROBEY (England's Greatest Comedian) VIOLET LORRAINE and Star Cast High-Class Refreshments.

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Europe's Principal Variety Theatre CHANGE OF PROGRAMME WEEKLY (The Original) Russian Ballet and Star Varieties TWICE DAILY 7.50 and 7.40 TEA ROOMS AND CAFES.

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IN THE FAMOUS DRURY LANE THE HOME OF REVUE. A New Revue Every Week Throughout the Year With Varieties and Pictures. TWICE NIGHTLY 6.15 and 8.20 High-Class Refreshments.

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All the Latest 5-Act DRAMAS, COMEDIES, War Pictures and Topical Events. TWO FEATURES DAILY. Vocal Selections, Symphony Orchestra, Thousands of Luxurious Seats, 50 Private Boxes. TEA ROOMS, CLUB.

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GRAND VARIETIES TWICE NIGHTLY 6.15 and 8.30 Magnificent Theatre High Class Refreshments

Hackney Empire THEATRE

TWICE NIGHTLY 6.20 and 8.30 High Class Varieties Music and Pictures

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