

BASE PORT SLOGAN IN NEW CAMPAIGN IS "ON TO BERLIN!"

All Nine to Start in Scratch Race Beginning Week from Sunday

PENNANT FOR WINNING CITY

Platoons and Individuals Also to Be Honored—Size or Lack of It No Handicap

On to Berlin! Wilhelm Hozenhollern and Co. can proceed with the presentation of their roaring farce, "The King and the Volcano," or "Peace Before It Goes Off," in nine acts and a grand finale—with the whole Prussian court, two generals, themselves, and 40 dancing socialists—but he can't expect to draw much of an audience from the soldiers at the American base ports in France.

Start at Scratch November 3

Each of the base ports—there are nine of them—will start at scratch on November 3, and will try to outdo the others in the amount of freight unloaded from the bulging barges which are arriving in France from the United States in platoons and companies, despite intimations contained in the third act of "The King and the Volcano" (great shipwreck scene by 12 German submarines).

The base ports have been slinging challenges and statistics at one another for several months. "If the Stevedores at B— had unloaded as much freight as we did," said the Stevedores at L—, "we would all be back in the United States now, running for office in the Amalgamated Society of Veterans of the European War."

"Progress made by the rival ports will be totaled, converted into terms of "distance toward Berlin" and tallied up on the chart weekly. If L—, for example, handles in the next week of the contest one and one-fifth times as much freight as was its weekly average in the last eight weeks, it will be credited with having covered the first of its laps and a fifth of the second lap.

In direct ratio to the work it does will each port proceed toward Berlin. The plan places all of the nine ports, irrespective of comparative size, upon an equal basis, as each will be judged and graded according to its own previous record. The basis will be the same for each—the basis of increased results.

Seven o'clock on Sunday, November 3, is the starting hour for the contest. It will, of course, end when the first team reaches Berlin.

An officer at each base port will be designated by the commanding officer as "Contest Officer." He will explain the scheme to the men and safeguard the interests of his port in the competition. He will be assisted by a Y.M.C.A. secretary, who will be a sort of umpire and timekeeper. Moving pictures of the men at work will be made by the Signal Corps for exhibition in the United States and for the rest of the A.E.F.

The base port which reaches Berlin first will be awarded a pennant which it can fly alongside the post colors or from the forepeak of its tallest warehouse.

During the contest the port which is in the lead for an off week will be allowed to fly a special banner identifying its lead. This must be taken down if it loses its position. Brassards also may be worn by small units of men—platoons, companies or detachments—who make the best showing at their respective ports.

There also will be prizes for individuals in the final sum-up, and organizations, the number of which must not exceed a platoon, which make the best showing throughout the contest will be rewarded with special ten days' leave of absence at a leave center to be designated later.

Q.M. BRANCH HEADS HOLD CONVENTION; UNIFORMITY GOAL

Chain Store Methods to Be Applied to Army's Outfitters

BIG BUSINESS HOUSE PLAN

Session Ends in Regulation Style With Banquet to Quartermaster General

Uncle Sam, who, since he has landed an army of nearly 2,000,000 men in France, has become the biggest business man in the world, has formally decided upon the adoption of the most modern of American business methods for the handling of his vast enterprise.

Which is one way of saying that the Q.M. Corps, U.S. Army, is in the process of undergoing a series of the most radical changes in its existence and that hereafter its methods of working will be modeled, as closely as circumstances permit, after the efficiently organized and eminently successful big commercial institutions of the United States.

The first outward indication of this change in the policy of the Q.M.C. was a meeting at Hqt., S.O.S., recently of the Depot Quartermasters in charge of all the Q.M. depots of the A.E.F. in France and England.

It was a meeting of the sort which might have been called by the general manager of a big American automobile company to plan and discuss the next season's selling campaign. It was called and presided over by Major General Harry L. Rogers, Chief Q.M., A.E.F., and New Quartermaster General of the Army.

A Big Business Corporation The "branch managers" convention was in session three days. All its discussions were based upon premises about as follows:

That the Q.M. Corps is primarily a large business corporation with only as much military life and official red tape as conditions and its own activities demand.

That means and methods which have enabled great American business houses to do what they do will enable the Q.M. Corps to do the same.

That these methods should be applied as fast as possible.

That the Q.M. Corps is the servant of the troops on the line and that the service it renders must be as efficient as possible.

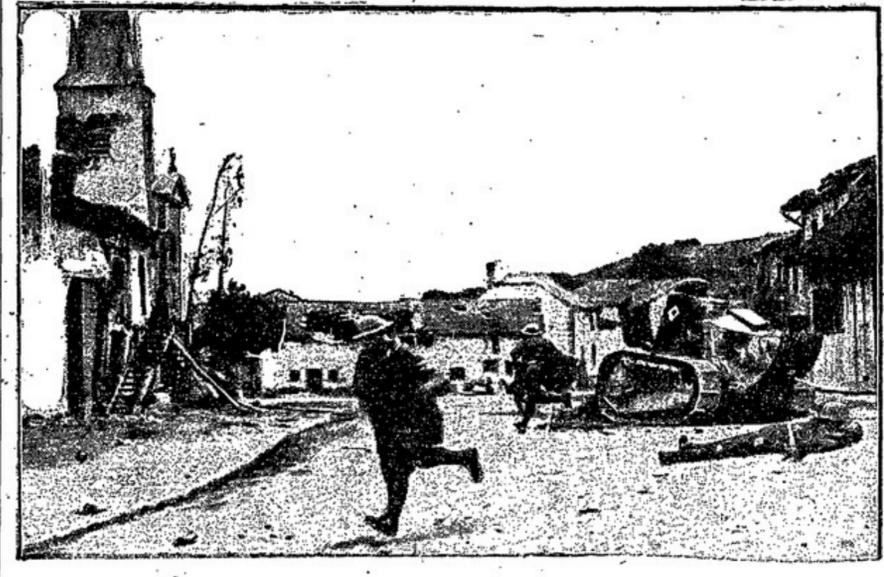
Branch Managers Debate Whereupon the "branch managers," otherwise known as Depot Quartermasters, debated and adopted the first big change in their department, a change which will make all of the numerous Q.M. depots of the A.E.F. in France and England uniform in their method of arrangement and conduct.

This plan was worked out by the Inspection Division of the office of the Chief Q.M. under the direction of Major General Rogers. Systems at present in use in the various depots, the systems designed individually by the officers in charge of them, will be supplanted by the new method.

It is the boast of a big retail cigar and tobacco company in the United States operating hundreds of stores that each of these stores is identical and that a clerk acquainted with one of them could step into any of the others, take

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DODGING A HUN SHELL IN EXERMONT



20,000,000 BUY NEW LOAN BONDS; QUOTA IS PASSED

Oversubscription on Six Billion Issue Estimated as 150 Million

(By CARLITO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, Oct. 24.—We went over the top. To do it we had to raise one billion dollars of the Fourth Liberty Loan on the last day of the drive, and Uncle Sam in Washington has announced that this trifling task was accomplished, with some insignificant millions to spare—probably about 150.

It was a jockeying race, and a small army of canny proletarians waited until the last minute before digging into their overalls and chucking out a few millions more or less individually.

Thus, in New York one trust company flipped 50 millions over the Federal counter, another 32 millions and three others 10, 18, and 16 millions respectively.

The list of individual and corporate contributions in New York City the last day of the drive ranged from three millions to one hundred thousand dollars apiece filled a solid column in the newspapers. Proportionate large contributions marked the last hours of the drive everywhere.

Reports of subscriptions poured into Washington so fast that the Government army of statisticians, typewriters and financiers could not begin to keep up with the avalanche and had to hold up their hands and report that the full figures could not be given out for several days. The best that they can do is to guess the 20 million subscribers at least helped the loan along as against 18 million on the last loan, which we

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ONE MILLION SERVICE STRIPES IN DECEMBER

Only 1,718 Men Will Be Wearing Three by End of October

The third service stripe is beginning to make its appearance in the A.E.F. Just now it is sported by only a few soldiers—such a very few that only a few of us have seen them—who worked a pull with the top sergeant, the Secretary of State or somebody and got under way for Europe while most of us were trying to find out whether Ypres was the name of a river or a French general. They beat General Pershing here by a safe margin.

There are 1,718 Yanks who will have completed 18 months' service in Europe before the end of October.

15,000 Three Stripes in January

The third service stripe won't become very fashionable in the A.E.F. for some time, however. It will be several months before their wearers won't have to stop and explain to all inquisitive newcomers that they didn't come over with Christopher Columbus on his return journey.

At the end of November the number of "three stripes" will be 12,979, by the end of December 26,967 and by the end of January 45,290. It won't be until the end of April that the whole "first 100,000" will have been here 18 months.

But if three stripes are going to be rare for awhile, one and two stripes on the lower left sleeve will be numerous enough. By the end of this month 117,072 will be entitled to two stripes and 366,565 to one, and from then on the number of soldiers becoming eligible to their first stripe will be from 8,000 to 10,000 a day. By the end of December 1,000,000 officers and men will be entitled to one, two or three stripes.

YANK DIVISIONS BATTLE IN FOG ACROSS SELLE

Americans, Germans and Tanks Come Together in Wild Mixup

A week ago yesterday morning, when the darkness melted away into a heavy fog that hid even the opposite bank of the narrow, breast-deep river Selle, hid even the railroad bank paralleling the stream behind which German machine gunners waited, and hid the bluff a kilometer away where the Germans for two days had been digging in, two American divisions that in nine days had fought their way 32 kilometers past the Hindenburg line found themselves at the zero hour of a new attack.

These divisions, fighting with the Fourth British Army, two days before had come to an eager halt on the west bank of the Selle, south of the Le Cateau, in front of the newly blasted walls of St. Martin Riviere and Molain.

Now artillery was massed in the hills behind them. There was a gun for every 25 yards. They poured down on the opposite valley a tremendous load of shrapnel and high explosive shells, and all night before the going over time the machine guns played on the misty slopes where the enemy lay.

When the zero hour came the doughboys took the riverside towns of St. Martin and Molain in their first rush, and for five kilometers along the Selle marched into the fog-waded the river or crossed on the bridges which the Engineers threw down.

For hours there was fought in that blinding fog on the east slope of the

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HILL AFTER HILL YIELDS TO YANKS IN ARGONNE FIGHT

Contour Numbers Make Place for Themselves in American History

FOG AIDS CAPTURE OF 272

Lieutenant Born in Berlin Is One Hero of Attack Against Redoubtable Crest

When the American conquest of Argonne recedes into history it will take form as a dazed, inch by inch, foot by foot fight for a desolate and difficult land. And as the successive hilltops of that land rise now above the all blanketing October fog that hides the valleys, so memory will hold fast to certain hilltops that will rise sharp and clear above the mists of time.

There are certain crests, fiercely fought for, fiercely defended, fiercely won. Each is worthy of a black cross in the table of our regiments, just as conquered planes are marked after the victorious flyers' names in the table of our aviators.

Most of these bleak, forbidding hills are aided on their way to fame by some vivid, picturesque name. Dead Man's Hill, Montsec, Vimy Ridge, such phrases catch the popular eye and linger in the memory. But it is not so with the nameless crests of Argonne.

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Yet, the Engineers can tell a stirring tale of how they took Hill 269, while those who fought for Hill 272 and Hill 288 and lived to tell the tale will never forget those numbers in all their days. And these are but three out of many.

It was on October 9 that Hill 272 was taken—a great day in the history of a great division which, in that week, moved stubbornly forward for six kilometers over a country so bitter and so hotly defended that it made all its earlier battlefields seem like fair playgrounds, all its earlier advances seem like joyous romps by comparison. The hill itself was taken by the famous first battalion of the old 16th Infantry which so distinguished itself under Soissons last July.

It would be almost true to say that Hill 272 was taken by one lieutenant, a young Lieutenant of German birth, serving his first term in the line. This was Lieut. August F. Bohndt, who was born in Berlin back in the early '90s, but who was completely and hotly an American when the war came and found him practicing law in Kansas City.

Finally Gets a Company When his division pitched in near Soissons and again at St. Mihiel, he found a good deal because he was always assigned to the humdrum duties of supply and transportation. He chafed at the bit with his desire to lead a platoon, and finally, in Argonne, his chance came. He was leading a company of his regiment on the morning of October 9 when the first battalion stole forward out of the woods and, under cover of a

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AMERICA'S BIGGEST BATTLE NEARS END OF OPENING MONTH

Enemy Resists Desperately as Argonne Fighting Continues

STRIKING AT Foe's VITALS

Meter Among Disputed Crests—Is Worth Mile of Ground Won at St. Mihiel

The setting of tomorrow's sun will bring to an end the first month of the Battle of the Argonne, which, measured by the number of troops engaged, is far and away the biggest battle in American history.

It was at dawn on the morning of September 26 that the first American Army, moving swiftly from the scene of its first thrust at St. Mihiel, struck northwest of Verdun from German positions, the initial contribution of the battle which blazed into sudden fury that week from Lorraine to the North Sea.

Since then the fighting has spread to the east bank of the Meuse, driven the last living unaptured German from his hiding place in the Argonne forest, wrenched the Meuse from German observers, swept in a group of prisoners who now total many thousands, reclaimed nearly 40 battered villages, moved on in some places to a depth of 17 kilometers, and breached at least two points the Kriemhilde line.

Measured by Resistance

But the success of this attack can scarcely be measured by those conventional signs. It must be measured rather by the fierceness of the enemy's resistance. It must be judged in the light of the whole animated Allied line.

To the Americans, as it happens, was assigned the task of striking at the enemy's vitals, striking where he would defend himself most passionately. Ahead of the Americans when they started forward a month ago the German defensive lines converged toward an eastern pivot like the sticks of mallets in the black striking line of the Mezieres-Longuyon railroad, which is the vital artery of Germany's occupation. Break through in the Argonne and the whole tottering German machine in France would crumble to pieces.

Hence the 30 German divisions, fresh or weary, whole or decimated, that have been thrown in to dam the steady Yankee Tide. Hence the angry fighting through drenching rain and knee deep mud, through swamp and forest, up flowing hills, only to meet another just as hotly as the first. In the Argonne is worth a mile at St. Mihiel.

Gnawed, Hacked and Chewed

After the first line rush there was no swift movement. Rather it must be said that the Yanks have gnawed their way to the Kriemhilde line and through it, to the Meuse, in the way past thousands of machine guns, and captured, conquered ground treacherous with acid mines exploding ten days after it had been wrung from the enemy.

To the Yanks, not bursting fresh into the fight as they did at Chateau-Thierry in June, going in after a long summer and fall of hard fighting, has fallen the tough, unspiculated task of the Western Front. But they have slogged on through acres of slimy mud, knowing full well that one very good reason why their brother divisions up north with the British and French were roping in thousands of prisoners and capturing many miles of liberated France was because they in Argonne were drawing and riveting there the best divisions that badged Ludendorff could muster.

Of course, the news of the German peace proposals was flashed to the uttermost outpost of Argonne and rumor has been running wild. The Kaiser has abdicated, and Metz falls every afternoon, but on they have slogged, animated by such orders as these, which were read to one division as it pitched into battle:

The Division Commander directs that the captured prisoners are to be kept in the vicinity of the front. The necessity of striking at this critical time, hard fought, the enemy's peace offers are extended that he may preserve from destruction his fighting force. The peace and security of the world, our time and generation can only be assured by the destruction of his army. I had hoped to see you in the line. The peace to which we are entitled. The Commanding General cautions that upon the entrance into action of this division they must be prepared to endure hunger, cold and fatigue, and points out that the surest way to alleviate these conditions is to conquer. The utmost limit of endurance and achievement is required.

What It Sounds Like—What It Is

Seasoned divisions look back pensively to the fighting on the Ourcq and below Soissons as gentle play compared with the jobs they have met and finished in the mud of the Argonne.

When the cables send home the tidings that American troops have taken the Cote de Chatillon, it sounds so simple a matter, but the clearing of that wood meant exactly 60 hours of sleepless, unremitting battle, 60 hours of murderous fighting in the rain. On up ahead, on the exposed crest, breathless watchers could see one lieutenant-colonel, elevated in his neighborhood of the Army, leading a charge, pistol in hand, while they knew the bullets whistled past him. It was like the generals in the old Civil War lithographs. And the boys in this battalion could not and would not hug the shell holes when their leaders on the crest. To be sure, he was wounded later, but from his litter he had strength enough left to shake his fist at the chaplain and shout to him:

"Foolish you, didn't I? Thought you'd have the pleasure of burying me!"

Perhaps the home folks, spoiled by the sweets of the Ourcq and of St. Mihiel, are a wee bit disappointed when they hear that our troops east of the Meuse moved on only a kilometer and a half. Tell them, some one, that that meant five days and nights of the kind of fighting which, with its fine spirit and incredible endurance, would warm the heart of any American who could have witnessed it.

The capture of St. Julien was a classic

ANOTHER RECORD BUSTED—144 ORPHANS IN WEEK, TOTAL 378

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 child war orphans 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.

She's busted again. Life in THE STARS AND STRIPES Christmas Gift War Orphan Department is just one record gone after another. Don't any more than get one made, set up and formally chronicled than along come a new lot of beardless Santa Clauses and smashes it.

One hundred and forty-four—that was the number of fatherless and homeless French children adopted by parains in the A.E.F. this week. Last week's mark of 109, the previous high water line, went floozy—just like that—and the total of orphans adopted under the All-the-year-around-Christmas plan attained 378, placing it, in these days of discredited precedent, in imminent likelihood of going over the 500 mark we had set within the next few days.

The adoption of Christmas war orphans has progressed faster than THE STARS AND STRIPES had the temerity to figure on. Of course, we had kind of figured—

But, anyhow, when we investigated and listed 500 little war sufferers and sort of threw them on the mercy of the A.E.F. we didn't think they all would be adopted within five or six weeks. Not that we ever doubted the generosity and

philanthropic proclivities of the A.E.F., but we thought that a big portion of it would be too busy shooting Germans down the Meuse to pay much attention to anything else.

Both Hands on Job But the A.E.F., and especially that part of it now staging the liberty demonstration in the Argonne, just reached into its inside pocket with one hand while it fought with the other, and fished out francs for Christmas Gift War Orphans which, although somewhat damp and muddled, were negotiable at the bank without parley. That is the best part of it.

At any rate, it can hereby be stated that adoption of Christmas Gift War Orphans won't stop when the original Christmas contingent of 500 is allotted. There are plenty more, and we will go on.

As we said before, there are some hundreds of thousands of children who have lost homes and fathers through the war. The supply is, for practical purposes, limitless. We will just be able to make a little larger ripple on the troubled sea of French orphanhood than we had planned, that's all.

The organization which contributed heaviest this week to the record breaking total was a distinguished battalion of a division which has written its name indelibly in American history in the last few weeks, the 1st Battalion, Infantry.

One Battalion's Work This battalion in one week raised 10,000 francs, enough to provide 20 fatherless children with home, clothing, food and schooling for an entire year. The money was gathered just after the battalion had been in the line and not many weeks after the French commander under which it once fought had had this to say about it in official annals:

Picked troops who, trained by Colonel Hiram J. Beards, who led the attack in the first line, carried out brilliantly and with splendid energy a particularly delicate operation: engaged battle with a superb dash; won a victory after a violent combat over an enemy who was both stubborn and superior in numbers, entrenched in concrete shelters, strongly supported by numerous machine guns and powerful artillery, and made use of, in the course of the action, infamous methods of warfare; heroically carried out their mission in capturing in heavy fighting a village where they maintained themselves all day in spite of four enemy counter attacks, and thus furnished the finest example of courage, obstination and self-sacrifice.

tion goes to an Ambulance Company whose identity must be concealed in the anonymity demanded by censorship.

This company, just to prove, apparently, the general unreliability of figures on past performances in general, adopted six children, 14 numbers 125 men and its contribution is the most liberal made by a unit of its size since the orphan department started doing business.

At Anniversary Banquet The money was gathered at a banquet to celebrate the first anniversary of the company since its call into active service. "This feast, held in the rear of a handsomely constructed barn in a billet area, has been described in this newspaper as follows:

Colonel Lewis W. Bremberman and some other officers were invited. The mess sergeant hit the mess fund for 500 francs for turkey and goose. It was a regular kind of a party, and the speakers took on considerable glory and applause.

A first class sergeant mentioned THE STARS AND STRIPES and orphans, set up a blackboard like a bookie at a race track, and began taking subscriptions.

The colonel, quite naturally, was invited, and he came clean with 100 francs. The captain got right up behind him. And then it came down to the five-franc boys who owed all the money they had coming next payday.

After the first count some 700 francs were needed. One private said he would raise his contribution from 25 francs to 50 if the high salaried sergeants could be similarly hooked. They were. The colonel tossed in another 50, and so did the captain.

village so that, perchance, parains and mascots can hold a reunion together some day.

Adoptions by individuals were as strong as ever. Lieutenants maintained their usual score, but two majors and two colonels came in this week after our delicate hint of last week. Accordingly their score will be nearer that of lieutenants.

We have our usual distaste for discussing these questions in public this way, but where are our generals in this hour? We should like to know, he

For the benefit of lieutenants, it may be said, too, that the above score doesn't

include adoptions made on the Q.T. on behalf of young ladies in the States. Pretty good idea that. A lot of wise ones are working it.

Another adopter of the week was Company M, Inf., acting on behalf of the City of Columbia, Wash. Company M was the first unit of the A.E.F. to become a parrain when THE STARS

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of adventure. And Grandpre, Long will tell the tale of the little town above the Aire which changed hands several times and finally settled down to its peaceful life with Yanks in one end and Boches in the other.

In their approach to it, after clearing the Argonne Forest, the Americans were confronted by a bridgeless, unfordable river with a steady downpour of German shells balking all the efforts of the French doughboys. Then, one afternoon at dusk, approaching the river from the southwest, the doughboys themselves found a tree that had been washed down the Aire and became moored for a time in midstream.

They were rushed to the spot. On these with more impatient soldiers swimming alongside, some 200 infantrymen passed over to the tree, then over to the other shore. They hid in a hollow on the southern outskirts of the town until dawn. The first German outposts encountered them gave one startled "Was das?" before he was silenced, and a few moments later Yanks were swarming into the town, routing the half-sleep enemy, catching them in bed and working great havoc before the German artillery took a hand.

Cloudburst of Shell
Machine guns fired at them from the fine old chateau and also from a building which the enemy had marked with a huge red cross. They fired also from the old church steeple of Grandpre. The infantry told the artillery about that position, and it is no more.

American artillery has been for one solid month fairly deluging the German area with such night and day cloudbursts of shell as the popular mind associates only with the launching of a great offensive. The reply from the German guns has been comparatively feeble. Indeed, it is an altogether agreeable fact that the vast majority of our wounds, perhaps 80 per cent, are from light machine gun and rifle fire, from which the men will recover quickly and be better soldiers for their experience.

There is fresh evidence that the enemy is suffering from a grave shortage of ammunition as the battle continues.

Two Great Developments
Two great developments stand out above all others in the week of continued Allied advance from October 16 to October 23. The first is the fact that the industrial area of northern France has been reconquered.

The victory in western Flanders which drove the Germans from the naval bases of Ostend and Zeebrugge and lost to them the only stretch of sea coast they had gained in the west in four years brought with it the capture of Bruges, fifth city of Belgium, and saw the Allies approaching Ghent, which is larger than Bruges.

The extreme Allied left and the extreme German right now rest on the erratic frontier of Belgium or rather move along it. An unconfirmed report from Amsterdam states that 15,000 Germans, unable to escape by the narrow corridor between Bruges and Holland fled over the little neutral country's boundaries and were interned.

The Week of Liberation
The week might well go down in history as the week of Liberation of the Cities.

Most important is the redemption of the Lille-Roubaix-Tourcoing cluster, the chief textile region in France, with a combined population of 1,500,000. Courtrai and Douai have also fallen. Tournai and Valenciennes were the next. The total population of the great industrial centers now recon for France and Belgium is well over 600,000, not including the scores of towns and villages that lie between and about them.

The German reply to President Wilson's note protests against the charges of illegal conduct of the war; denies submarine atrocities, but adds that instructions have been sent to U-boat commanders to sink no more passenger ships; asks for an opportunity to arrange with Allied military leaders the conditions of armistice and evacuation, and attempts to show that the Reichstag as now constituted really represents the will of the German people.

Q.M. BRANCH HEADS HOLD CONVENTION, UNIFORMITY GOAL

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off his coat and go to work with no special or local instructions. He would know just where the Havana wafers were kept and where to look for the Pittsburgh stogies.

The new plan is designed to work about the same with the Q.M. depots. Commanding officers can change, personnel can change, but the business will not. The whole staff might move out in a body and be replaced by another, acquainted with the general plan, and there would be no confusion. Every body would know where the canned innos and the candles are kept without asking a question.

In addition to discussing the change of policy in the Q.M. and adopting the first big change, the Depot Quartermasters at the convention visited the various departments at Q.M. headquarters, including the huge salvage plant near by. The session ended in trade convention style—with a banquet.

The banquet was given by the visiting Depot Quartermasters in honor of Major General Rogers. It had been secretly arranged and came as surprise to the new Quartermaster General of the Army.

20,000,000 BUY NEW LOAN BONDS; QUOTA IS PASSED

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thought was going some in the way of a popular loan.

It we really reached 20 million subscribers, it means that we have knocked history out cold, for no such popular answer to a government's call has ever been recorded.

New York City girded its loins just before the last day and jumped from ninth to first place in the percentage race over night. The police force reached its 50 million quota at three p.m. of the last day and busted the city wide open with sirens.

Hoboken, which in the last campaign led the country in per capita subscriptions, made good again, going over with more than nine millions. The Navy collected over 23 million, seven millions over its quota, and more than the Navy subscribed in our three previous loans together. Crowds in Times Square, New York, in a 36-hour rally, bought over three million dollars of bonds.

ORPHAN TOTAL 378; 500 LIMIT TAKEN OFF

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AND STRIPES announced its plan last week to increase the number of orphans about it and forwarded money to refund the company. But the company didn't want any refund. It just forwarded the new amount and doubled the size of its family.

There were numberless other noteworthy adoptions. Co. A, — Engrs., colored, became a paragon and expressed the sympathy which the colored troops feel for the bereft children of France, and the officers of Base Hospital 69 celebrated the completion of their first month's foreign service by adopting one.

Two Adoptions in Memoriam
The memory of two soldiers who have died in the cause of Liberty was perpetuated in France by French orphans being selected in their name. One was Private J. D. Rankin, whose father is dead in action on July 19, 1918. The other was Sgt. Roy S. Butzerin, an Engrs. Sgt. Butzerin's sister is an Army nurse in France.

THE STARS AND STRIPES has received several queries regarding the rule establishing the War Orphan fund. It is therefore repeated that the purpose of the plan is wholly to assist and preserve for France the children who will be most vitally needed in the days of reconstruction after the war, and that legal adoption, under French law, is practically impossible.

Also, we are still receiving requests for red headed children, twins and others that we can't fill. Red headed orphans are as elusive as ever, and twins, if obtainable, would be ruled out—or half ruled out, we mean—by the rule. We are still receiving requests for red headed children, twins and others that we can't fill. Red headed orphans are as elusive as ever, and twins, if obtainable, would be ruled out—or half ruled out, we mean—by the rule.

We are, we might say, the only firm doing business which guarantees the age, disposition and adaptability of children before delivery—and that ought to be about enough.

How to Adopt an Orphan
Any company, platoon, detachment, office staff—in short, any unit or 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. Christmas is not very far off, and it is up to the A.E.F. to give itself a merry Christmas by seeing to it that at least 500 needy orphans of French soldiers

ARGONNE HILLS FALL IN CONTINUED ADVANCE

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dense, clinging fog, approached the foot of Hill 272.

Desperate Business Ahead
It was then 10 o'clock. The plan was to form at the foot, consolidate there, and charge up the steep slope that afternoon at 2—a desperate business, but there the hill was and there on the top was a German garrison so placed that its close-packed machine guns could rake any troops attacking. Lieutenant Behrnt's company was the first to reach its position at the foot, and it seemed a pity to wait there when any minute the rising wind might shift the protecting fog. The lieutenant was all for going on and up at once.

"I'm going up that damned hill," he told the major, a faint German accent reappearing in his speech under the stress of the excitement, "and when I get there, I'll stay."

Then, up the steep, narrow path, Lieutenant Behrnt and a few men vanished. Following went the whole platoon, quietly, single file, rifle in hand, each man to be swallowed up in a fog.

They reached the top and the first of them put two machine guns out of business. That gave them a foothold. They widened it. Soon the whole platoon was operating on the crest, their rifles firing steadily. Now, and again the mist would lift a little, and anxious watchers straining their eyes through their field glasses from some distant outpost, could see lean, unmistakable Yankees standing up in the underbrush, aiming coolly like hunters stalking game in the woods back home.

Battalion in Possession
Steadily the cleared space widened. Soon it was big enough for a company. The company came up. Thus grew and grew the American colony on that long plateau more than a kilometer long—and by noon the battalion was in possession.

It would be almost true to say that Hill 272 was taken by Lieutenant Behrnt, but he must and will divide the trophy with Sergeant Amsley Smith, for Sergeant Smith, springing suddenly to command of another company, heard what Lieutenant Behrnt was doing, heard the changed plan, and without asking for further instructions or making any comment on the job, gathered his men behind him, went silently up the western end of the hill and there worked out the same tactics that were in progress toward the east.

How big was the job can best be guessed from the fact that 550 prisoners were taken on that hill top, together with 300 machine guns, of which more than half were captured in operation. Not all the prisoners were checked back once for the Americans rushed hurriedly on. By 1:30 that afternoon the first battalion was using the crest as the jumping off place for a further advance that carried them a kilometer to the north.

A Groggy Pied Piper
Back from that further line a lieutenant came, looking groggily for a first-aid station. A piece of shrapnel had torn its way through his helmet and, once inside, had spun around and around without so much as scratching his skin or cutting his hair. But it had given him a bit of a start and he wanted a rest. Yet all along the route, emerging from scores of little hidden dugouts, scared Germans had come and surrendered to him, gathering behind him in a deserted caravan like the children of Hamelin behind the Pied Piper.

By the time he was back on the crest of Hill 272 they numbered 67, and there a German rushed forward, impressive with the important tidings that deep in the deepest dugout of them all the lieu-

YANK DIVISIONS BATTLE IN FOG

Continued from Page 1
valley of the Selle one of the strangest battles in which American soldiers in France have yet engaged.

In front of the doughboys a battalion of tanks—Americans at the steering wheels and Americans at the guns—nosed into the drizzling cloud and lumbered toward the enemy. In the fog they loomed large as locomotives, and their motors reared and chugged with a sound, intensified by the fog, terrifying above all other battle noises. Guided by compass and instinct, they lumbered on and on over the rough slopes, while the artillery barrage, lifting and rolling ahead on the time table, searched out the German lines and contributed terror of its own.

Then the inevitable happened. In the fog the tanks, the attacking doughboys and the Germans became mixed in one confused massing up, back and forth on the lower slopes. All sense of direction was lost. The flare of guns lit the dense mist until the whole slope seemed aflame. Almost by the law of gravity prisoners began to filter to the edge of the river, to be gathered in by the fresh incoming wave of attackers. The prisoners began to come even before the main infantry attack was launched.

One tank, scorning to use a bridge for such a stream, plunged into the Selle at a ford near St. Martin Riviere, walloped across and started ahead. It could be heard thundering on, its guns rattling ceaselessly. Engineers laying down a bridge where the tank crossed had just started their work when they were astonished by a dozen Germans appearing, specter-like, with their hands held up. They shouted their surrender when the Engineers dropped the planks and grabbed for their rifles.

On Toward the Slope
The confusion of the blind battle ended with the clearing of the fog, and the Americans pressed on toward the slope. They kept on in spite of machine gun fire which met them from such snuggly holds at l'Arbe de Guise, a knoll wooded and banked with redoubts. The advance was steady on the whole front. At nightfall the whole ridge was in American hands, and in Arbe Guernon, a crossroads village at the center and farthest point forward of the American front, a tank was being used as an outpost.

Another instance of the speed of the tank advance was furnished by a captured German marine officer. He had left his machine gun command behind the ridge to go to a telephone post. Returning half an hour later, he was amazed to find his command, prisoners and himself squarely in front of the guns of an American tank which had settled down for a rest after cleaning out a machine gun nest.

During the afternoon American planes bombed and raked with machine gun fire the advancing lines of a German counter attack, launched to recapture the northern part of the ridge.

In this one day's work the Americans gathered in 1,000 prisoners. Among

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WHEN YOU GET THAT LEAVE
Under General Orders No. 6 and 38, Enlisted Men in the American E.F. may go to leave areas for 7 days, with board and lodging paid by the Army.
The three areas now open are—
SAVOIE—French Alps, lakes, etc. Center: Aix-les-Bains.
BRITANNY—Sea Coast. Center: St. Malo, Dinard, Parames.
AUVERGNE—Mountain Section of interior France. Centers: La Bourboule and Mont Dore.
Entertainment provided by Y.M.C.A. Other leave areas will be opened soon.
Accommodations secured by application through C.O.'s of units to P.M.G., H.Q., S.O.S.

them were many from a German naval division which had been thrown into the front opposite the Americans in the hope of checking the steady advance. The impetus of this battle of October 17 was held for two more days, and nightfall of last Saturday found the Americans in front of Catillon, five kilometers ahead of their starting place on the Selle—37 kilometers from the place where they had broken the Hindenburg line two weeks before. The prisoners taken in those two weeks total more than 4,500, including almost 100 officers.

In recognition of the work of the Americans, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, commander-in-chief of the British Armies, has sent to the commander of the Second American Army corps, with the Fourth British Army, the following message:

I wish to express to you personally and to all the officers and men serving under your command my appreciation of the very valuable and gallant services rendered by you throughout the Fourth British Army. Called upon to attack positions in great strength held by a determined enemy, all ranks of the 27th and 30th American Divisions under your command displayed an energy, courage and determination in attack which proved irresistible. I do not need me to tell you that in the heavy fighting of the past three weeks you have earned the lasting esteem and admiration of your British comrades in arms, whose successes you have so nobly shared. (Signed) D. HAIG.

SWEDISH CLUB FORMED
American officers of Swedish origin will find at 58 bis Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris, a Swedish club where they will be welcome without paying an entrance fee. This club furnishes good meals at a very low price, and has a file of Swedish and other newspapers. Officers desiring further details of the club's operation and facilities should communicate with the club's vice president, A. H. Nordin, 37 Boulevard Haussmann. The Swedish colony in Paris, under the leadership of the Swedish Minister to France, is anxious to be of the utmost possible assistance to American soldiers.

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THE AutoStrop Razor is the only safety razor which sharpens its own blades. For this reason its blades last on an average much longer than those of other razors. We have for years guaranteed 500 smooth cool shaves from every 12 blades. Without stropping this razor will shave as well as any unstropped blade can. The stropping feature in the AutoStrop Razor insures smooth clean shaving such as is obtained by the first class barber, and as a consequence lengthens the life of the blade.

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THE BRISTOL MFG. CO.

BASEBALL LOSES BIG LEAGUE STAR IN GREATER GAME

Capt. Eddie Grant of Reds and Giants Killed in Argonne

AT HEAD OF HIS BATTALION

Men Who Went to Relief of Major Whittlesey's Command Fought Like Grim Automata

When the beleaguered battalion of "New York's Own" was surrounded in the trackless jungle of the Argonne, not a morning nor an afternoon passed without its fierce, devoted attempt by a brother regiment to cut its way through the encircling Germans...

It was late in the afternoon of the third day—October 24—that Captain Grant was killed. His company, which had been in the thick of the fighting on the Vesle and which had had a part in every attempt to relieve the boys of New York's Own, was moving forward for a sixth attack when the counted number of their battalion, being carried past on a litter, directed Captain Grant to take command...

Too Weary to Lift Cup They had seen by his white, drawn face how utterly he was exhausted. They had watched while he started several times to drink his coffee and then let the cup stand, literally too weary to lift it to his lips. They had tried to persuade him to go back to the aid station and rest, even for a little time. But he had paid no heed to them.

Now, with the whole battalion under his command, he was moving forward when a big shell exploded, killing several men in the company just ahead and badly wounding his own adjutant. "Pop, everybody!" the captain called out to the men of Company II, but because his lieutenant had been hurt, he himself remained standing, literally too weary to lift it to his lips. They had tried to persuade him to go back to the aid station and rest, even for a little time. But he had paid no heed to them.

Like the Eddie Grant of Old The men of Company II testify that they never went into action without their captain in the lead, and one of them—he used to be a traffic policeman on duty at the Polo Grounds in New York—says that to the onlooker there never was any difference between the Captain Grant who walked forward, smiling and unconcerned under shell fire, and the Eddie Grant of old trotting out from the trench to third base. When, several days later, the scribes of the battle made their way to that ravine where former Major Whittlesey, commander of the beleaguered battalion, was encamped, he met them with words that ran something like this:

The real story is not here. The real story is with the men who, day and night, fought their way to our relief. Yet, as with other historic sieges, the spotlight of history shines now and then always hover over the people besieged. It leaves in the half shadow the forces marching to the relief, and probably there never will be written the full story of the sacrifice and endurance which made that relief possible. How again and again the attempt was made to find or make a weak place in the German grip on the ravine, how the Americans fought through swamps and up steep hills made impassable by scores of invisible machine guns—that is the story.

The Vanished Platoon When, if ever, it is fully told, it will give some account of the lost platoon, the platoon that moved forward Indian file and vanished forever into the all-prevailing fog. They seemed to have found a breach in the encircling line. They went ahead. At a certain point each man came under a cross fire from hidden guns, and at that point each man fell, his body pitching silently down the steep ravine, his falling unseen behind the curtain of mist. Yet, to that point, approaching he knew not what, each man advanced. Above all, it is a story of a fight begun and finished by troops wet, cold and weary beyond words, in the body piling silently down the steep ravine through an exhausting forest. They were so tired that they would not move to take shelter from the falling shells, so tired that the runners could not grasp, much less repeat, the messages; so tired they did not know what they were doing. Their knowledge of their business and all their cannicness was gone. Their faculties were paralyzed. They were automata.

But within that something was functioning, and that something was their acter. They knew of them, and the Americans were imprisoned in the forest beyond, imprisoned and depending on them for relief. They knew what was expected of them. They knew there was and could be no question of giving up so long as any of them lived. Their minds had ceased to work. But their hearts had not. That is how the relief came to "New York's Own."

WALL STREET BUCKS UP

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Oct. 24.—Wall Street has given itself a little surprise party this week despite its immersion in the Liberty Loan and its long previous torpor. It sat up suddenly and took notice of the German and Austrian exercises in polite correspondence. The bears got their rusty hammers out first and hammered dents into some war stocks. Then, every man of them, had a real old-time celebration, sending industrials up from one point to eight. Specialties such as copper, oil and motor shares gained from five to 15 points. Rails reached high marks of the year. The bond market also stiffened decidedly, with very active buying. At that, nothing soared exactly skyward, and it's a long road ahead to the Tipperary of pre-war figures for non-war industrials.

THE TWINS, NINE MONTHS OLD



These are "The Twins." They are nine months old. That much can be gleaned from the back of the postcard from which this picture was taken. The information is written in a round, childish hand—probably an elder brother's or sister's. It represents all that is known about the twins—all that is known, at least, to the man who found the card in Non-Man's Land on the Toul front, to the man who sent it in, and to this newspaper. The man who found the card added this inscription on the back of the card:

"Who wouldn't fight for them?" With the card came a letter saying: "Am sending you a photo that a soldier gave me that he found at the front. He was wounded and was on the train, and told me to send it to THE STARS AND STRIPES to put in the paper. Don't put my name in the paper, as I am just doing a favor for him. Yours truly, A Soldier."

The soldier did not sign his name, so it can't very well get in the paper, anyway. Who are the twins? Who are they? What was their father's fate? And who wouldn't fight for them?

FREE LETTER PAPER GOES BY THE BOARD

Crested Stationery Is Now Allotted Bona Fide Hotel Guests Only

FREE LUNCH IRON RATION

America Bans Restaurant Sugar Bowl to Aid in Shipping All Food Possible to Europe

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Oct. 24.—An ancient privilege of the gentlemanly proletariat of New York was tyrannically overthrown this week by the hotel proprietors of Manhattan who, by agreement, withdrew the free stationery privilege. Hereafter, bona fide guests must apply at the desk, stating the exact number of sheets of paper they want. Indigent swells, whose residence is the open street and whose living room is the hotel parlor, cannot find any paper at all, and there is a sad probability of a terrible reduction in the number of lordly letters sent to the folks back home.

This is only one of the hardships war is working on the empty pockets of the about town. A barbarous edict has been issued apropos of free lunch. The national prerogative is cut to pickles, crackers and olives. A new Food Administration order precludes cheese, thus intimating that the free lunch article really was cheese and not yellow soap, as was popularly believed.

Sugar Bowl Disappears The sugar bowl is no more in restaurants, by order of the food board, and guests are entitled to only one teaspoonful of sugar each per meal. All told, the Food Administration has issued 12 new orders to be obeyed by all public eating places. These cover the composition and quality of bread they must serve and the quantity of butter and cheese, and provide among other things that guests may have one kind of meat only and no double order of cream.

The issuance of the orders is not due to a food shortage in the United States, but on account of the national determination to save all the food possible for Europe. The United States, it is estimated, will have shipped to Europe 2,600,000 tons of meat and fats by the conclusion of the year ending June 30, 1919. It is proposed to increase the shipment of breadstuffs 3,600,000 tons over last year, sugar 330,000 tons, and feed grains 750,000 tons.

Food Administrator Hoover has ordered a heavy cut in sugar for soft drinks and ice cream during November and December. Manufacturers of these products will be allowed only 25 per cent of their ordinary requirements. The delivery of sugar to makers of chewing gum, candies, cough drops and soda water has been cut 50 per cent. There is no reduction in shipments overseas.

TRENCH KNIFE KNOB LATEST IN ARMORY

Acorn-Shaped Lump of Iron Added Just Below Hilt

The trench knife has just been refined. A nice little knob—an acorn-shaped lump of iron—has been added to it just behind the hilt. And the hilt is really only a pair of brass knuckles. The blade is a modest affair, three corners, thin as a shiftee, about six inches long. Trench knives have long been issued, but the earlier ones were rather crude, having wooden handles that broke sometimes. The new one is scientifically designed to make every blow count.

For instance, the knob of iron on the end opposite the blade is splendid for a down-sweeping blow in case the first jab with the blade has failed to land. But the brass knuckle hilt probably will be the most popular feature of the knife. Previous to the adoption of the new trench knife, probably the most artistic weapon used in this war was the German clean-up club—a stick of wood about as long as a policeman's club, with a knob of iron on the end about as big as a fist. The iron knob had little peaks all over it, so that the knob wouldn't slip off the human head when it landed.

WHERE WAR IS BLISS

It was at a French railroad station. A Yankee troop train was slowly passing through. On the platform, awaiting her train, stood a very pretty Yankee nurse. A doughboy in the troop train spied her. "Wow!" he yelled. "If I was sure I was goin' to get her, I'd stand up and let a machine gun play on me for 20 minutes!"

FIRST CLASS PRIVATE M. P.'S LOWEST RANK

G.O. Provides for One Company for Every 20,000 Men in A.E.F.

FIVE FEET SEVEN OR OVER

Guardians of the Peace and Crossroads Must Also Be at Least 21 Years Old

Every man in the reorganized Military Police Corps must be over 21 years of age, over 5 feet 7 inches in height with proportionate weight, and must have sufficient education to write reports, draw up charges, and read maps intelligently, although by the terms of G.O. 180 dealing with the organization of the corps, variations from the physical requirements are authorized when they are in the best interests of the service.

In addition, the general order states that a private in the M.P.'s must possess "in a marked degree all of the qualities usually required in a non-commissioned officer." The ratio of M.P. companies to other troops in the A.E.F. will be approximately one company to every 20,000 men. These companies are to consist of five commissioned officers—a captain, two first and two second lieutenants—and 200 enlisted men, all of the privates being private first class.

Above the company organizations will be battalion headquarters, staffed by a major, a first lieutenant as battalion adjutant, and one battalion sergeant-major. The office of each provost marshal at army headquarters will be organized with one lieutenant-colonel provost marshal, one major as regimental sergeant-major, and one regimental provost marshal.

Office of P.M.G. The office of the Provost Marshal General when its organization is perfected, will have, beside the P.M.G. himself, four colonels, as deputy provost marshals, six lieutenant colonels, six majors, 10 captains, 10 first lieutenants, 10 second lieutenants, 10 field clerks, three sergeant-major, four sergeants, four corporals and 20 first class privates. An additional list of officers, not to exceed 109 in number, is provided for the M.P. force.

A training depot for the military police has been established, directly under the control of the Provost Marshal General, to be used not only for the training of new personnel but also for the perfection of their duties of M.P.'s already in that service. The general order also sets it down that members of the M.P. corps will not perform any ordinary guard or garrison duty outside of their own camps or cantonments.

BREWING MUST STOP

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Oct. 24.—The last festive hope of the beer worshippers has been knocked out by the ruling that brewing must positively stop December 1. Thoughtful liquorists have long been private stocks, and equally thoughtful second-story men—or should it be cellar-men?—are beginning to turn their professional attention to this new valuable.

Speaking of burglars, the New York Federal food board has suddenly swooped down on over-enthusiastic butchers who were applying too literally the Biblical statement that all flesh is grass and tried to make hay out of it while the sun of war prices shined. Two hundred and thirty-four were caught with their red hands deep in tainted profits, and they are now shelling out to the Red Cross not only their illegal profits, but some neat little sums in addition.

THE MODERN OPTICAL CO.

(AMERICAN SYSTEM) EYE SPECIALISTS AND OPTICIANS SEND MONEY ORDERS AND CORRESPONDENCE TO N. QUENTIN, DIRECTOR, 5 Boulevard des Italiens, PARIS. 10% Reduction to Americans.

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In Whipped, Khaki, Redford, Gabardine, Regulation Blue Cloth, etc. Laces, Buttons, and Hardware. THE LATEST CUT AND STYLE. Callahan and Farnes, 211 West 11th St., New York. REGENT TAILOR, Specialist. 82 Boulevard de Sebastopol, Paris. The Establishment is Open Mondays and Fridays.

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Headquarters: 41 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris (near Opera and Theatre Francaise). The OFFICE and CLUB ROOMS are open DAILY from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Well Furnished Rest Room, Library and Writing Room. Mail Enquiries Most Welcome. ALL WELCOME.

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has every-day need for old, reliable 3-in-One

After firing, clean the barrel of your piece with a solvent to remove smokeless powder residue. Then swab with

3-in-One Oil

to prevent all rust and tarnish. Oil all the operating parts with 3-in-One: rub a little on barrel, bayonet and stock. This will keep your piece always in first-class condition—ready for quick action and critical inspection.

3-in-One has been the old Army stand-by for years. Ask the man higher up how many different things he uses 3-in-One for. The list will surprise you—till you try it a dozen ways yourself.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO. BROADWAY . . . NEW YORK

S. O. L. CLUB QUILTS, 710 FRANCS COME IN

Everyone Who Wrote for Special Extra Sure to Get One

Us and the orphans are out of luck. We announced two weeks ago that we had 525 copies of the Fourth Liberty Loan Special Extra of THE STARS AND STRIPES, a million and a half copies of which were distributed in New York City before the close of the recent campaign, and that we were ready to offer them to the A.E.F. at five francs each, provided (as the Statute Books say)

That if more than 525 members of the A.E.F. accepted the offer, all the names would be placed in a hat, and that only the 525 men whose names were drawn therefrom would receive papers. The rest could have their money back if they wanted it. Or they could simply let it go into the S.O.L. Orphan Fund as their initiation fee into the S.O.L. Club.

It is, as was earlier reported, us and the orphans who are out of luck. Only 110 names were sent in, representing 142 remittances, or a total of 710 francs. In other words, everybody gets a copy of the Special Extra and everybody will continue to get a copy as long as the 525 hold out.

The 710 francs, and as much as shall accrue thereafter, will go into the orphan fund, either as an addition to the miscellaneous account or to clear up the accounts of some units which, through losses in battle or other changes which have largely altered their original personnel, are honestly unable to send us the second installment of their 500-franc adoption total. Club members and orphans will not, therefore, be so S.O.L. after all.

"Still a buck private, aren't you?" "Yep, but I rank hell out of my brother."

"What's he?" "Third class seaman in the Navy."

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1918.

A SOLDIER

An incident that will linger long in the memory of those who took part in the gallant advance of the Second Division in Champagne came when, as will happen sometimes in all battles in all armies, the artillery was falling short.

The advance had been so swift that there were no wires by which the warning could be sent back. The need for action was so immediate that there was no time to send a runner back and no certainty that a runner could get back.

Then, abruptly and on his own initiative a Signal Corps sergeant started to shinny up a telegraph pole. Under the crossing fire from the two artilleries, in full sight and within wickedly easy range of German snipers and German machine gunners, he went up that pole and, from that high and conspicuous place, signaled the message back.

When he came down an officer congratulated him warmly and asked for his name and outfit. The sergeant grinned and started to fade away.

"But you don't understand," the officer explained. "I want to recommend you for a D.S.C."

"Yes," said the sergeant, just before he faded away entirely, "that's just what I thought."

THE FATHERLAND

Picture yourself a German—not a roaring Prussian junker, or the embusqué son of an emperor, or a Berlin banker, or a member of Krupp's directorate, but a plain, untitled, unblooded, hard-working, everyday German.

You have been fighting for four bitter years in what you had been told was the defense of your Fatherland, although, oddly enough, you have been defending it not on the soil of Germany, but of France, Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Poland and Russia.

You have been fighting in support of a dynasty in which you had the blind faith instilled in you by your forebears, to whom the overlordship of the Kaiser, whosoever he might be, has been synonymous with the glorification and expansion of your country, attended many times, as in 1806, 1869 and 1870, with war and bloodshed, but reaping its full fruits in victory—always in victory.

Two million of your brothers have fallen in battle. Far more than two million must live out their lives under the handicap of one of the thousand forms of mutilation with which war and the things of war can blast the flesh. Your family has for months had so little to keep body and soul together that years of feasting cannot blot out the memory of it. The sacrosanct dynasty is tottering. The Fatherland is going down to defeat.

To defeat? Can it be called defeat if a people rises up, throws off its dynastic shackles, exterminates its junkers or reduces them to "a virtual impotency"?

Let Germany hear, as she must hear, the great call of the free democracies of the world, and not one of her two million dead shall have died in vain.

THE SPIRIT OF THE S.O.S.

A week's trip through a certain portion of the S. O. S. area brought out these facts: At one port some Engineers from the Pacific Coast were allowed 30 days in which to remove the concrete superstructures from two piers. They cleaned up the job to the queen's and the General's taste in 11 days.

The salvage plants are reclaiming for the Army and the Government some \$100,000 worth of material every day—\$3,000,000 worth every month—and the enlisted personnel is working 12, 14 and often 16 hours a day and sacrificing days off to see the work through.

The supply depots are hustling to the limit, making veritable young warehouse cities in the middle of blasted heaths in central France. The Railway Engineers are laying new trackage as never trackage was laid before.

So it goes, instance piled upon instance, all up and down the long line, from the base ports to the rim of the battle area.

MUD

The semi-liquefaction of the ground in Champagne, Picardy and "the other sectors occupied by our troops," the peremptory searching of suspected overcoats for secret marks and initials, the arguments over the extra blankets which have been kicking around, unnoticed and unclaimed, all summer, all are signs of the times. Winter is coming. It is still some weeks off, but it's coming.

Some quarter of a million of us know what winter in France is. We've been there. The rest of us suspect. There is no use trying to kid ourselves. It's no cinch. France has a winter climate which would drive a Los Angeles real estate man to silence. Some hardy spirits of the A.E.F. will undoubtedly have the temerity to bore the rest of us by recounting statistics of other winters in New England, Minnesota and the Arctic. They will say it's fine stuff (and borrow their bunkie's heavy coat as soon as he turns his back). The rest of us will say other things.

The British have written millions of words about the mud of Picardy—none of

them good. It is generally recognized as a worse enemy than the Boche.

We have, however, the consolation of knowing that the end of the front which we now mostly occupy isn't as bad as the British end for mud, at least, and that the Q.M.C., along in the shirt-sleeve days of last July, had completed arrangements to do the best it could for us.

Also, we have the satisfaction of knowing that it is just as bad on the Boche—and a bit worse, considering that we are winning and he is losing. He is going to have just as much mud as we are, as much snow, as much rain, as much cold, as we are.

It's going to be a tough winter for us—but it's going to be ten times tougher for old John Boche.

"DO UNTO OTHERS"

Courtesy is almost unvarying in the A.E.F.—in the offices of R.T.O.'s, A.P.M.'s, everywhere, in fact, where soldiers are serving their fellow soldiers. The Golden Rule seems to be observed as if it were a general order.

Sometimes, however, when a soldier sees a soldier revelling in brief authority, and mistaking it, he wishes there might fall to this man what they say came to a lieutenant in a certain A.E.F. rest area.

The story is that this lieutenant was bossing a detail when a mild-looking gentleman in a derby hat walked around a corner and inquired politely:

"Lieutenant, what part do you happen to be playing in the war?"

"I am the supply officer of the Umptieth battalion!" retorted the officer with combative dignity, as if scenting a chance to bawl somebody out. "And who is it wants to know?"

"I am the Secretary of War," said the man in civilian clothes.

STERILIZED, BUT—

The American soldiers flagrantly conspicuous in uniforms which, from any angle, look like a relief map of the Peruvian Andes, are hospital guys. They are, or have been, in or around a hospital, and their clothes have been sterilized.

The most of us, who used to think they were shipwreck survivors, have gleaned this fact by this time—some of us by personal, not to say bitter, experience. Their clothes are sanitary. There isn't a coccia, a crustacean or a scratchmea like germ in the whole works. And it isn't the soldier's fault that the wrinkles are here. Trying to iron out these wrinkles has driven 27 French tailors to suicide and destroyed the faith of the most of the rest of them in human nature.

The soldiers have done their best. They have the virtuous knowledge that, though they may not be in fact, most certainly are not—beautiful, they are chemically and microscopically pure. They may ponder anon on the passage in the I.D.R. which says something about "soldierly appearance," but virtue, of course, is its own reward.

We would like to suggest, however (speaking with the wistful sincerity of one who has been there), that the genius who invented this process of putting wrinkles in our clothes be given an indefinite period of D.S. and a nice spot where nothing will detract his attention until he has perfected a method of taking them out.

SOUL SAVERS

All the way across on a ship that docked at a base port the other day, a certain Pharisee among the passengers unctuously let it be known that he was coming to France "to save the souls of our boys." He did not, let it be said to their credit, wear the uniform of any of the Army's auxiliary organizations.

For this man, and for every one of like breed, this newspaper has no words sufficiently strong in which to express its contempt. They are men, having ears that hear not, eyes that see not, brains that think not, hearts so filled with their own smug self-righteousness that they have not the faintest conception of the ever-recurring miracle of the Allied battle line.

Because they have never really comprehended the teachings of the Master they profess, they cannot know that the smiling, cursing, battle-stained doughboy needs no help in saving his soul. They cannot know that in offering and spending his life in a righteous cause the American soldier finds it. They can never comprehend that in saving the soul of the world the soldier saves his own.

HOW MANY MORE?

First it was the Hindenburg line. Behind it, to sustain the fitness of things, should have come the Ludendorff line, but Ludendorff was probably too modest to accept the notoriety. Then, too, perhaps he was somewhat concerned about lending his name for such a purpose after the penetration and collapse of his colleague's "impregnable" defense system.

So we have had, or are still having, the Hundung line, the Siegfried line, the Brunhilde line, the Kriemhilde line. How many more are there?

The answer is easy. Germany will not run out of defense systems until she runs out of Wagnerian heroes and heroines.

ALL WRONG

Stripes for being gassed are the same as stripes for being wounded. They are to be worn in the same place, on the right forearm, and to be pointed the same way. The Army view is that if you have been gassed you have been wounded, and that if you have had to have treatment for it you are entitled to a wound stripe, just as a man whose wound had had to be treated is entitled to one.

Therefore, the practice, common in some circles, of mounting gas stripes, so-called, on the left arm between shoulder and elbow, in the place where the other chevron or first class private's button used to come, is all wrong. It has no standing in orders or anywhere else.

What is more, the stripes, if placed up there, would sooner or later collide with the ever mounting procession of service stripes. Just figure it out for yourself.

The Army's Poets

ME—AN' WAR GOIN' ON!

Me!—a leadin' a column!
 Me!—that women have loved!
 Me!—a leadin' a column o' Yanks, an' traicin' them as hadn't seen the Stars!
 Me, that ain't seen the purple hills before, all mixed in the skies
 With the gray dawn mornin' to assure there;
 Me that ain't a poet 'erovin' poetic;
 An' the flash o' the guns on the skyline,
 An' red wine—an' France!
 An' me laughin'—and War!
 An' Slim Jim singin' a song,
 An' a lop-eared mule a-kickin' a limber
 An' axies 'thout no grease holerin' Maggie
 at me!
 Me, that women have loved—
 An' War goin' on!

Mornin' comin',
 An' me—a leadin' a column
 Along o' them from the College,
 Along o' them from the Streets,
 An' them as had mothers that spilt them, and

Lovin' names in the Stars—
 An' Slim Jim singin' a song,
 An' Folks to Home watchin' them, too,
 An' Maggie that never had loved me, lovin' me now,
 An' thinkin' an' cryin' for me!
 For me that loved Maggie, that never loved me till now—

Mornin' comin',
 An' me—a leadin' a column,
 An' a town in the valley,
 Round the bend in the road,
 An' Ginger strainin' his neck
 An' thinkin' o' Picket Lines—
 An' me an' the rest o' them thinkin' o' home
 An' me down there in the village—
 An' Coney startin' to close at Home
 An' Maggie mashed in the crowd—
 An' me a leadin' a column—
 An' War goin' on!

Me that hollered for water,
 With a splinter o' hell in my side;
 Me that have laid the sun a-curlin' the beggars and stretchers
 As looked like they'd never a-come;
 Me that found God with the gas at my throat
 An' raved like a madman for Maggie,
 An' wanted a wooden cross over me!
 Me—an' Slim Jim back o' me singin'
 An' traicin' a name in the fade o' the Stars—
 An' War goin' on!

Me—knowin' that some'll be ridin' that's walkin' tonight—
 Knowin' that some'll never see Broadway again—
 An' red wine,
 An' Little Italy,
 An' Maggie like mine—
 Me—a murrurin' a prayer for Maggie
 An' stoppin' to laugh at Slim,
 An' shoutin' "To the right o' the road for the Swol-zant-canze!"
 Them babies that raise such Hell up the line—
 An' marchin',
 An' marchin' by night,
 An' sleepin' by day,
 An' France,
 An' Red Wine,
 An' me the asterin' aster,
 Me—a leadin' a column—
 An' War goin' on.

J. PALMER COBBING, Inf.

THE HOLOCAUST

Not since Thine own most bloody Sacrifice
 Upon the sacred hill of Calvary,
 Has such a flood tide set toward Paradise,
 The countless millions slain to make men free.

They are the pure in mind, the clean of heart,
 Unspotted holocausts who kept Thy law,
 Our first born sons who played the victim's part,
 Thy Judgment, Lord, we wait in them no flaw.
 Lt. Chaplain THOMAS F. COCKLEY.

THE ABSENT QUAD

"The Quad truck waits without, my Lord!"
 "Without what, Captain Bunk?"
 "Without the asterin' aster, my Lord.
 Without a lot of junk:
 Without a vulcanizing patch,
 Without a nut or screw;
 She's minus top and wheels and valves;
 She's shy a body, too;
 Without a spring, a brake, a yoke,
 Without a horn to blare;
 Good God, it beats the Dutch,
 How much there isn't there!
 We took her to the Park Repair,
 As perfect as could be—
 Just wanted to adjust some screws,
 And now—
 They swiped the lining, brake (ten feet),
 They stripped the casings clean,
 They monkeyed with her primer—
 Oh, they acted so mean!
 But one thing saves the day, my Lord!
 Our records can declare
 That though we didn't get a Quad,
 The U. S. number's still there!"
 Sgt. ALLAN R. THOMPSON, D.M.T.O.

THE DOUGHBOY PROMISES

When you come back—
 An' I'll be such returning
 As only lips like mine can sanctify!
 Then will my arms, that ache with endless yearning,
 Find sweet succor from the regret of
 Keeping
 To give up, if need there be, to die,
 Should you come back
 Aged from the toll of fighting,
 Marred, and may be bent and you set out,
 What matters, so your heart has known no blighting,
 Your soul has met the test without af-
 frighting,
 What is there, dear one, after that, to doubt?
 Oh, but you must come back to me, beloved!
 Wounded or no, you must come back.

HE

When I come back,
 Beneath my helmet muddy,
 There'll be a smile, stored through the strife
 for you;
 There'll be a kiss, tender and warm—aye,
 friendly
 With hint of Gallic akies for my reel buddy,
 (That's soldier talk, and soldier talkin' true).

As I come back,
 Down the street flags adorning,
 Hat seeing all the pomp for sight of you,
 Foretaste I'll know of gladsome days
 a-borning
 For us out of Night at last to Mornin'
 From the Long Trail that terminates for two.

Oh, but I will come back to you, my Mother!
 Wounded! Why, I will come back!
 ARTHUR MCKEON, Lt. Inf.

WHEN PRIVATE MUGRUMS PARLAY VOOS

I can count my francs and santeams—
 If I've got a basket near—
 An' I speak a wicked "bon jour,"
 But the verbs are awful queer,
 An' I lose a lot o' pronouns
 When I try to talk to you,
 For your eyes are nice and switchin'
 I forget to parlay voos.

In your pretty little garden,
 With the bench beside the wall,
 An' the sunshine on the asters,
 An' the purple phlox so tall,
 I should like to whisper secrets
 But my language goes aster—
 With the second person plural
 For the more familiar "too."

In your pretty little garden
 I could always say "juh tams,"
 But it ain't so very subtle,
 An' it ain't not quite the same
 As "You've got some dandy earrings,"
 Or "Your eyes are nice and switchin'"
 But my adjectives got manly
 Right before a lady noun.

Those infinitives perplex me;
 I can say you're "tray jolee,"
 But beyond that simple statement
 All my tenses don't agree,
 I can make the "comprehenes"
 When I meet 'em in a trench,
 But the softer things escape me
 When I try to yap in French.

In your pretty little garden
 Darn the idioms that dance
 On your tongue so sweet and rapid,
 Ah, they hold me in a trance!
 Though I stutter an' I stammer,
 In your garden, on the bench,
 Yet my heart is little'st yours,
 When I talk to you in French.
 Pvt. CHARLES DIVINA.

THE PEACEMAKER



11,000 DOUGHNUTS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 Having been located at the First Corps School for over eight months, and having observed very closely the activities of the S.A. since it has been located here, I beg to bring to your attention a few accounts of its work which has been so commendable and of so high an order that it should be brought to the attention of the A.E.F. through our official newspaper, THE STARS AND STRIPES.

About six weeks ago the local Salvation Army hut broke what is believed to be all records by baking in one day 316 pies, which were served the same evening with coffee to the students of the school and members of the permanent detail of the school.

About four weeks ago a certain division was coming through here on its way to the front. It was a wet and chilly night, so the Salvation Army made coffee for the men, the coffee being made in large G.I. cans and passed out as the men marched past the hut. A short time later word came that a certain unit had arrived about 20 kilometers distant and, it being difficult to get rations, the men were hungry. Immediately the S.A. got busy and baked 3,000 doughnuts, and in 12 hours' time was feeding them to these hungry men from the rear end of a large truck in which they had been hauled to destination. After the feed the unit assembled in the street and gave three rousing cheers for the S.A., and the colonel commanding was so overjoyed he wanted to take the Salvation Army workers to the front with him as a permanent detail.

In spite of the feats described, they went ahead and beat former records to a finish during the St. Mihiel drive. As soon as they heard it had started, they went to work and in two days baked 8,000 doughnuts, which were immediately sent to the front in trucks and distributed to the boys just as they had reached their objectives and were organizing their new lines. There is no need to describe what welcome a treat of this nature received. Virtually, the Salvation Army and the doughnuts went "over the top."

A great deal of the credit for the great work the Salvation Army is doing must go to three ladies of the hut, who do not hesitate to work over a hot fire hour after hour or to put forth every effort for the welfare of the boys in khaki.

Sgt. GROVER BOUNDS, Engrs.

ITALIANS IN THE A.E.F.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 Please announce in your newspaper that at 18 Rue de Varenne, Paris, the Italia Gens Federation has established a secretariatship of information and assistance for the soldiers of Italian origin in the American Army and in all other Allied Armies.

Soldiers of Italian origin are heartily requested to write to or call on our bureau freely for everything they want. Having hundreds of bureaus and correspondents all over Italy, the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, we are able to facilitate the relations between the soldiers and their families and to take up whatever kind of service or assistance your brave soldiers may need. The bureau has the encouragement and approval of the Italian and American authorities, and its work is in hearty cooperation with all other institutions for the assistance of the soldiers. We have already given assistance to a large number of cases and have received many letters.

Rev. Dr. JOSEPH CAIRA, Director.

A BOOST FOR OSCAR

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 In reading your paper I often notice interesting letters concerning members of the American E.F., so I decided to tell you of a case in my company.

Cook Oscar Giles, when he learned that our battalion was selected for an assault battalion in the St. Mihiel drive, requested that he be allowed to accompany us instead of staying

CONFIDENCE

The next day when we were advancing, trying to keep up with Fritchie, who should appear in the first wave but Oscar, attacking machine gun nests like a veteran. He was immediately sent to the rear on an errand. Unheeded, he returned about midnight with a ration cart full of food for the company. How he found his way no one will ever know.

A few nights later a little surprise party was arranged to go over and bring in a few bothersome Boche machine guns. Oscar again sought permission to go and was refused. When the raiding party reached its objective, Oscar again showed up with three Boche prisoners, this time saying he was satisfied. He just wanted to show the boys that a cook could capture prisoners, just as easy as he could serve corned beef.

WILLIAM M. HALEY, 1st Lt., Inf.

SHE LIKES YANK, TOO

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 Will you allow me a personal opinion, although I am "but an Ally and worse—a woman?" Yet I may have some claim to your indulgence; my husband, a soldier, has had three years' front service and six months' rear service, while I myself am doing my bit for my country as a secretary in a War office. I've lived two years in England and have some of my family in the States.

To come to the point, I would like to state my own personal idea as to the name "Yank," adopted by America's splendid boys. I prefer it to any of the other names chosen before; some of them are too soft to my mind, or rather too much made up. But why I think that you were right to adopt "Yank" is just because it used to be a trifle disdainful before. The same as our slang polli, Yank will be synonymous with hero, with all that's fine, proud, clean and stout-hearted, yet with a woman's sensitiveness for everything that appeals to the soul and heart.

I am doing all I can to teach my friends to know the real American, and am lending THE STARS AND STRIPES to those who know English. I only regret that our French customs do not allow of real free social relations between men and women. Both could gain by it. But, alas! the "stret system" of (pardon me for my free speech) doughboys and wild women will make a lady shrink all the way back into her shell for fear of being misunderstood. I have known myself to hesitate in being of use as an interpreter to an embarrassed Yank (I speak English nearly as fluently as I do French) for fear of being misinterpreted.

Mrs. HELENE LAMBERGER,
 34 Rue des Granges, Besancon, France.

SIGN HERE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 Ducking into a shell hole to get a moment's rest from Boche machine guns just before we drove 'em out of Montauquet, September 27, I found a blood-stained war-income tax bill (received) lying in the mud. I seemed to hear it sing this little song as I shook the mud from it:

The way folks dodged me 'cross the sea,
 The way they kicked and swore,
 I thought that General William T.
 Meant me, delinquent wail.

I never thought there'd be such worse
 Calamities for man;
 I thought was God's choicest curse
 For those He wished to damn.

But somehow, since I've landed here,
 In dirt and grime and mud;
 Since I have heard that whistle drear
 Of bullets thirsting blood:

Since I have seen a bright-eyed boy
 March smilingly to death;
 Seen men give golden lives in joy;
 Heard gassed lungs gasp for breath;

Since I have seen our soldiers die,
 That others might be free—
 I somehow, now don't think that I,
 Was meant by William T.
 Pvt. WILLIAM K. CONWAY, Inf.

CONFIDENCE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 Your paper being the only really official organ of the A.E.F. over here, it occurred to me that it might interest you to get an opinion of the American soldier from the Frenchman's point of view.

Recently, while passing through a small village just back of our lines, I noticed the following human document written in English and pasted on a wall near the road at the entrance to the village:

To Our American Friends:

The inhabitants who have so bravely suffered here since the beginning of the war have been obliged—by the orders of the General-in-Chief—to evacuate their homes for a few weeks on account of coming operations.

They went off sorrowfully, only being permitted to carry away a small package each, and were obliged to leave in their cherished homes the belongings that they have acquired by years of labor.

Officers and Soldiers of the United States: I have told my people that I know your minds, and can rely quite confidently on your generosity and friendship.

I can say that their confidence was scrupulously respected, and the village has been left intact by the many hundreds of doughboys who have passed through it.

Lt. CHAS. S. STEWART, Inf.

SEEN GINGER?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 Just a few words to ask you if you will try and locate our mascot for us. We brought him all the way from California. He was only a little fellow, one and a half months old, when we got him on December 22, and he has been with us ever since. He knows drills about as well as any of us, and always stays with the officers, or non-com in charge when troops cook or march. He would not follow any Allied soldier, save an American, and he hardly ever broke away from us.

We landed in the southern part of England to embark for France September 27, in the evening, and when we turned him loose, next morning at breakfast, a bunch of outgoing troops cooked him away. We don't blame them for trying to get a mascot, but I am sure if they knew how attached we are and how much we think of our dog, they would try to see that we got him back. I heard this bunch was going to Salisbury Plain, England, but I am not sure.

He is ginger colored, kind of heavy set, but small with U.S. cut on one side, and shields with wings and "872" in wings on the other side, with identification tag marked Ginger hanging on the collar. Whoever has him knows whom he belongs to. So we say please communicate with us.

Corporal JOE VALENCIA, A.S.

STEP UP, GENTS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
 I would like to find out through your paper, if we made a record in hot cake making. During the big drive on the Toul sector, we started in at 7:30 a. m., and continued one steady fry until 3 o'clock the next morning, making hot cakes on a plate four by four feet, making 12 large cakes at a time, three plates every five minutes, or something like 8,000 cakes in one stretch, without stopping.

I have talked to several cooks and they all seem to think this is the record. If any one place has beaten us, kindly let us know. This is a Salvation Army flap-jack place, and the originator and operator is Ensign Fred Anderson of Tacoma, Wash. I shall be glad to hear from any cook on this just for the fun of it, and will be willing to run a race on trying for a canteen, when and wherever it can be arranged.

Ensign FRED ANDERSON,
 Salvation Army.

AMERICA IN FRANCE

XII—The Meuse

It would be presumptuous to include the river Meuse in this series without stating beforehand that the Meuse is, before all else, France in France. For the Meuse, in 1870, saw France locked in an heroic but vain struggle with Prussia, and 48 years later saw her engaged against that same enemy in a more epic struggle still, in a defense that has never been surpassed in history, before which Prussia and Prussia's crown prince recoiled beaten. The Meuse is Sedan. The Meuse is Verdun.

That the Meuse, a hero who has been heard of in wide weeks that followed February 21, 1916, would have been enough to illumine it with eternal glory. The daily persistence of "the right bank of the Meuse" and "the left bank of the Meuse" in the communiqués proved to be a breathless world that the Meuse is, and held at bay, that he should not pass.

The enemy at that time—over since September, 1914, and up to September, 1918, in fact—was across the Meuse at two points. He held the stretch north of Verdun to where it disappeared within his lines at a right angle up through the country in which the First American Army is now advancing, and he held the Meuse bridgehead opposite St. Mihiel.

Rises Near Marne

The Meuse, like the Marne, rises on the plateau of Langres; the sources of the two rivers are scarcely 20 kilometers apart. For some distance they roughly parallel each other, the Marne running through Chaumont and St. Dizier, the Meuse through Neuchâteau and Commercy.

The Marne turns northwest, and then west, passing Chalons, Epervan, Chateau-Thierry and Meaux, and after a series of meandering loops, flows into the Seine two kilometers below the walls of Paris.

The Meuse continues slightly west of north, past St. Mihiel, Verdun and Sedan, where it makes a great loop in an unsuccessful attempt to cross the barrier of the Ardennes, and finally succeeds in entering the western tip of the forest at Mezières and Charleville, after winding in and out even more eccentrically than it does at Sedan. North of the Ardennes, the Meuse is joined by the Sambre, flowing in from the west, at Namur. Thence it flows north across Belgium into Holland, where it becomes the Maas as it passes Maastricht on the Dutch frontier, and mingles with the many mouths of the Rhine, entering the North Sea just below Rotterdam.

The Meuse is a river of three countries and a thousand battles. Scarcely a village, certainly not a good-sized town on its banks but is a redoubtable cluster of fortifications—with the accent on the fortifications. For instance, from the eleventh century surrounded by a wall of seven towers, and of this wall two gates, the Porte de France and the Porte St. Pierre, still stand.

The Battle of Sedan

Before 1916, Sedan was undoubtedly the most famous town on all the stretch of the Meuse. The battle of Sedan was fought and lost September 1, 1870. MacMahon's army of 100,000 left Chalons on August 23, Napoleon III, to rush to the relief of Bazaine, shut up in Metz. The road to Metz was cut by the Prussian and Saxon armies, numbering 250,000 men, which forced MacMahon to fall back to Sedan.

The battle began at 4 o'clock in the morning. MacMahon was wounded, and Ducrot took his place, after yielding to de Wimpfen. These changes in leadership had their effect on the outcome of the battle, but the French cause was doomed from the outset, and at noon the encircling German armies had effected a juncture.

The French attempt to break through was futile, though it was carried out with such a hardihood that it won the admiration of the King of Prussia, who was watching the battle from a height across the Meuse. The French were forced to capitulate, and the surrender was signed the next day at Donchery on the bend in the Meuse opposite Sedan. The German losses were about 10,000; the French, over 11,000.

Sufferings of Prisoners

North of Sedan, in the great loop of the Meuse, is the promontory of Iges, where the more than 80,000 French who were made prisoner were encamped for ten days before being sent to Germany. It rained continuously, and, as the 80,000 had no shelter and only one biscuit a day to every two men, their sufferings were intense.

Typhoid fever, smallpox and other pestilences broke out among them. The Meuse, surrounding the camp on three sides, was thick with bodies, and dead horses were swept down in such numbers that hundreds of them often jammed and became stinking dikes of putrid infection.

Twenty kilometers northwest of Sedan, at Charleville, the aspect of the Meuse valley suddenly changes. Here, before the river has flowed through the pleasant rolling country, between the gentle slopes of a peaceable farming countryside. Now it courses through deep, thickly wooded passes, at times rounding rocky escarpments, and through one of the chief industrial regions of western Europe.

Junction With the Sambre

Eighty kilometers or so further north, as the crow flies—which is far from being the way the Meuse runs—lies Namur and the juncture of the Sambre with the Meuse. The words Sambre and Meuse have a little thrill all their own in French history. It was the Sambre et Meuse regiment, the Sans Culottes, or pantalooned unconquerables under General Jourdan, who, operating in that region during the Revolution, had as its marching song the air that has since been embodied in the famous "Sambre et Meuse" march. To hear the Garde Républicaine band play the "Sambre et Meuse," particularly to hear them play it at the head of marching polka, is to know France.

How important the Meuse is strategically can readily be seen. It is the great natural water barrier of Europe west of the Rhine. That is why Germany is fighting so desperately to defend her positions east of the Arzon for the American attack, striking north on both banks of the Meuse, is battering at the very hinges of the door which she is trying desperately to shut in the face of the Allied advance. And if the hinge goes, of what use is the door?

MR. SCHWAB TO A.E.F.

The following telegram for the A.E.F. has been received from the Director-General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation:

"Please say to the boys on the other side that we are producing the ships and will keep them supplied; and that the workmen of this country are so enthusiastic and determined to do their part in this war; that our hearts, our spirit and our energies are with our boys abroad."

"C. M. SCHWAB."

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

SHOWING HOW TO MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES WHEN YOU HUNT UP YOUR OLD OUTFIT



It was a little German Henry about 4 ft. tall

France, Oct. 16, 1918.

Dear Henry: Well Henry if you ever chased after your old shape in a wind storm and seen it rolling up a street and when you got to the end of the street you ask some guy if he seen it and he says it went down an alley and you went after it and when you got to the end of the alley you ask somebody else if he seen it and they said it was going up the boulevard etc. may be you got a pretty good idea of how Buck and me got back to our outfit after we had been away for a week at Aix.

We got back to our old co. camp Henry about breakfast time and there wasn't no co. there. There was a guy out at the crossroads who claimed he was a M.P. and we ask him where they went and he said the last he seen of them they was chasing Boches off toward Germany.

By this time he says they ought to be in Berlin by the way they was traveling the last I seen of them. He says there was a top cutter long ago and he was looking for the same outfit. Do you know who he was he says.

Do we know that bird Buck says. I guess we do know him I says and if we ain't back to camp before he is we will be on K.P. for a month.

Well Henry we hit off toward Germany and from the way it looked there had been a war going on all right. We counted about a 100 machine guns that had been left behind by the Germans and a lot of the Germans was kookoo on their guns.

Well we got to where another M.P. was and ask him if he had any dope on our outfit. Sure he says I can tell you where Gen. Pershing's orderly sleeps and what the general has for breakfast this morning. What is the name of your outfit he says and fished in his pocket for a diary or a dictionary or maybe it was a world's almanac or something.

When Buck told him which outfit we belonged to he says Sure I know where they are at. Just keep rite on up this road and you come to a pile of dead Boches along side of the road and then turn to the left. Your co. is up there burying dead.

We kept on up the road all rite Henry and turned to the left where the dead Boches was but when we got there first thing we seen was a colored man who was digging a grave beside a dead horse. What outfit is here Buck says. He says Dis am de colored regt. from Dixie what am here to bury de dead Bushes what you folks leave behind.

What plantation did you all come from Buck says to me, and then he wanted to go back and beat up on the M.P. But I talked him out of the notion and then we went on up the road to the town. It was a town once Henry. There was another M.P. in the town and he said our regt. was up in the woods about 3 kilos from there in reserve. So we hiked up there Henry and found out that it was an ammunition truck train that was camped there. They didn't have any idea where our outfit was but said they might be over in the next valley camped in another one of them places that had onse been a town.

Well Henry it was about noon when we got over there and it wasn't our outfit at all. It was a transport outfit of some kind and we had to look with them said he thought our outfit had been all shot up and there wasn't nothing left of it worth speaking of. Buck said if the cook stove and one of the cooks was still all together it would be all rite with us because we hadn't had no breakfast. Then the loot said for us to go up and get something to eat.

Well Buck and I borrowed a couple of mess kits and got in line. They had some big juicy stakes and some good looking gravy and some coffee all set out to serve and Buck and me was out to faint waiting for our turn to come when we got up to where the mess sergt. was serving the stakes and he looked at us like we was a couple of AWOL guys or something and says What outfit are you 2 birds from.

When we told him he says Why in hell ain't you messing with them and not hanging round here trying to get our outfit is etc. and he says That's a old story with me. I heard that before. You are a couple of guys beating it away from the lines ill bet.

I showed him our orders where we had been sent to Aix on leave and that convinced him I guess. He give me a stake that you could use for a quilt and Buck got one that you could use for a carpet or something. Buck said we could stand it for another day and so we hit off again toward the lines.

On top of the hill we was going along through some shell holes and dugouts when we heard some one coming down in one of the dugouts. We thought maybe it might be some bird who knew where our co. was so Buck says Hello down there. Who are you and etc.

Gott in Himmel ach Dunderwittler or something that sounded about like that what this bird down there said back at us.

What kind of a language is that Buck says. It might be Swede or Russian for all I knowed about it Henry but when this gink come out of the dugout and stuck his head up above the parapet Buck nearly fainted down.

It was a little German Henry about 4 ft. tall and who looked like Ikey who used to have the peanut wagon on Main street. He stuck his hands up in the air and says he's our kamamad.

Don't go blubbering like that Buck says. You ain't no nut try to come down in hell are you doing here anyway Buck says. Then he rattled off a lot of stuff that would of took a motorcycle speed cop like old Toney was to keep up with

LOST BAGGAGE PLAN WORKING OUT WELL

Business Has Increased 200 Per Cent a Month Since December

The Lost Baggage Bureau of the A.E.F. wants to have the A.E.F. know, for its own good, that it has a separate department for finding the A.E.F.'s lost trunks, bedding rolls, clothing rolls, suit cases and handbags, not to mention the rifles that the otherwise careful doughboy may leave on the train.

The bureau has a branch office at 36 Rue de Bac, Paris, which handles the difficulties arising in transfer and the losses due to transfer from one line to another in Paris.

At Tours it has a central warehouse and office, where all baggage is handled on a 30 day basis, being held for that length of time until a formal notice has been sent out to the owner that his baggage is there. At the end of that period, all unclaimed baggage is sent to A.P.O. 713 for storage, and a record of the shipment is made at Tours.

The Lost Baggage Bureau was established by general order last December, and that time its increase in business, or rather in lost baggage, has been about 200 per cent a month. The Bureau functions all over France, and is notified by the R.T.O.'s of any baggage that remains in their possession for over 48 hours. During September it handled at Tours alone about 5,500 pieces of baggage, not including that handled out of Paris or other points in France.

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NEW CHEMICAL INSIGNIA

The Chemical Warfare Service has a new insignia. It shows the salamander, that horned and winged legendary monster that was invulnerable to fire, mounted above a pair of gas shells. You can tell they are gas shells, because they are longer than shrapnel shells. The insignia has been approved at G.H.Q., and is awaiting indorsement from Washington.

The new insignia is to supersede one adopted only a few months ago. The old insignia was so highly symbolical that it didn't hardly symbolize anything to unscientific and war-hardened minds. Its two crossed chemical retorts looked to the uninitiated like the irons of golf sticks, and were reminiscent of ancient pottery and clay pipes of the mound builders.

Also, officers thought crossed retorts were not sufficiently warlike. After the chemistry end of their work, they have to do with the mechanics of making shells—with the business of making deadly things to throw at the Germans. They wanted an insignia that had something fierce about it. And now they've got it.

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Harry's drafted, so is Bill, All our work is now uphill, So your order, we're afraid, May be still a bit delayed, 'Scribble you'll get it, don't be vexed, Maybe this year, maybe next, Keep on hoping, don't say die, We'll complete it bye and bye

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FIRST DOUGHBOY PRISONER ESCAPES FROM HUN

The first doughboy prisoner of war to escape from Germany after completing the cycle of experiences which befall American captives of the Doche is back in France. He spent two months and a half behind the German lines.

He saw men robbed of their valuables and personal effects, even to their shoes. He went days without food or water. He was beaten several times by guards for trying to pick grass from the roadside to eat.

He worked 14 and 15 hours a day for the Doche, first on military work, later on a farm, when, for the most part, the daily diet consisted of two meals of a so-called soup made from grass and horse meat, a single piece of bread, and a substitute for coffee which hardly discolored the water in which it was made.

He went through the big internment camp at Rastatt, near the eastern Lorraine border, in which were quartered several hundred American prisoners. He saw it all, and more; he saw something of life as it is today in Germany, and escaped with his story.



Private Frank Savicki

Russian Pole by Birth

This escaped prisoner of the Germans is a Russian Pole by birth, an American citizen by inclination, declaration and demonstration. His name is Frank Savicki. He is 23 years old, of less than average height, but sturdy and well built. He was born at Vilna, in Poland.

At 16, with a sister only a few years older, he sought a future in the United States. He arrived there, an immigrant, and joined his uncle at Shenandoah, Pa., where he got a job in a coal mine. He was a mule skinner and well-grounded, and afterward a timberman.

He learned his English—still far from perfect—from the men about him, but before he had progressed far enough to learn the meaning of the word "bohunk," applied to many of his fellow workers, he removed the danger of his application to him. He took the first step to become a citizen of the United States, and, afterward, when he had completed his necessary term of residence he raised his right hand and swore allegiance to the country he had adopted.

It was only a few months later that he got an opportunity to prove that allegiance. America declared war on Germany. A few weeks later, in April, 1917, he raised his right hand again and swore to defend the flag of the United States unto death.

other Americans, French, British and Italians. The barracks had been converted from some large public building and was surrounded by a barbed wire fence. On the morning of his arrival, three days and 16 hours after his capture, Savicki was given his first meal.

All the prisoners were lined up and every seventh man was handed a clump of black, sour German war bread, weighing three pounds. This was the daily ration for seven men. The man to whom it was handed shared it equally with six comrades. To supplement this, half a can of liquid was given each man. Savicki thought it was hot water until they explained that it was supposed to be coffee. Whatever ingredient it had been made of hadn't destroyed the transparency of the water.

For a month and a half Savicki was at Laon, and this is how he describes his stay there:

"There were several hundred prisoners, about 50 of whom were Americans. We worked every day from 7 o'clock in the morning until 8 or 9 o'clock at night. We were divided into small gangs of from six to 12 to work on the roads, on the railroads or unloading supplies. Always there were almost as many guards as prisoners. If they saw eight men out, they had five or six guards.

North of Chateau-Thierry

It is a far cry from Shenandoah, Pa., to a shell hole north of Chateau-Thierry, France, but given a year and three months and a sacred cause to defend, fate worked it out with the same weird incongruity with which she has, in the last year, shaped so many American destinies.

In that year and three months she led Savicki through the recruit camp, through the intricacies of squads right and squads left, across the ocean, through the final training area, into the first line trenches of a "quiet sector," and, finally, in that memorable week in July when the Germans were started homeward, into the inferno of the Chateau-Thierry battlefield.

Savicki had been the liaison man between Company B of the Infantry and C Company, and the town of Chateau-Thierry behind, B Company was going ahead to maintain contact with the Boche and C Company was following. It was uncertain going through scattered underbrush.

Roar of Machine Guns

Suddenly B Company found the Boche. There was the roar of a dozen machine guns opening from concealed positions, a few shouted commands, the explosion of a score or more hand grenades. Savicki passed the signal back to C Company, and dropped into the shelter of a shell hole. A few minutes later he was joined by a corporal and a private of B Company. That company had fallen back to C Company's line, they explained, and they had been cut off. So they had crawled into the hole in what had suddenly become "No Man's Land" to await an opportunity to join their comrades.

This was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At 3 o'clock the corporal, peeping over the edge of the shell hole in an effort to locate the American positions, received three bullets in the head. He died instantly.

For two hours Savicki and the other private sat in the hole. Then the second private said, "We might as well make a run for it; we'll be killed anyhow."

Living Conditions were Terrible

There were no beds in the barracks and none of us had blankets. We slept on the bare floor. There was cold water in the yard, but no means for taking a bath. To one had a change of clothes and there was no means of washing those we had. In all the month and a half I was at Laon I did not have my clothes off. Everything was covered with lice.

"The Germans issued us nothing, not even a moss tin. We ate out of old cans, and if we happened to get a piece of meat in the soup we had to drink, we had to eat it with our fingers."

From Laon, Savicki was sent to the prison camp at Rastatt to which, early in the war, many French civilians were deported. He made the trip in a box car with 400 other Americans. They were three days and two nights on route, during which they subsisted on one piece of bread each and two drinks of water. At Rastatt conditions were better. It had felt the effects of the work that the American Red Cross is doing for American prisoners in Germany. A shower bath had been shipped from Switzerland and it had been installed. Savicki got a bath and a change of underwear. Many of the Americans in the camp were non-coms. Non-coms, Savicki was told, are not required to labor. The American remained 15 days in this camp and received two boxes from the Red Cross, containing each 10 pounds of canned meat, beans, tobacco and hardtack. The Red Cross forwards one of these boxes each week to every American prisoner in Germany.

From Rastatt, Savicki was sent to work on a farm. The farm was near a little town of 50 houses. It was presided over by an aged German and his wife. Their son, 30 years old, was at the front. The old farmer put his charge to digging potatoes with a fork. Savicki worked from daylight until dark, about 14 hours.

After dark he had a late supper at the same table as the German couple. Sometimes the Germans had eggs and occasionally a little milk—never any meat—but usually their sole article of diet was potatoes, and potatoes was all they ever gave Savicki.

Quartered With Russians

After supper a German soldier came for the prisoner and marched him to a sort of guard house in which were quartered a group of Russian prisoners who worked on other farms. These Russians, worked all on other farms. These Russians, although peace between Russia and Germany had long since been signed, were still held in captivity despite their protests. They were treated the same as the lone American except that, whereas the latter was locked in his prison all day on Sundays, they were allowed the freedom of the farm.

Speaking their language, Savicki soon gained the confidence of the Russians. Some of them had been captives for nearly four years. All of them were restrained from efforts to escape by the Russian punishment inflicted upon fugitives when caught. This punishment consisted of 20 days' solitary confinement in a bare room on a diet of bread and water—bread one day and water

the next, alternating through the 20. You got this punishment if you were not shot, but, they explained, escaping prisoners usually were shot.

Despite this prospect Savicki decided to chance it. He learned from the Russians that a snow-capped mountain, visible in the distance, was in Switzerland; it would serve to guide him. On the fifteenth day of his stay on the farm came his weekly box of provisions from the Red Cross. He and the Russians ate it between them, all except two cans of corned beef and two packages of hardtack. This the American reserved for his flight.

One on the Guard

That night, as usual, the guard came to the farm house for his charge. As usual, the Yank started to the guard-house. As usual, the sentry followed about 20 feet behind. In fact, the only unusual thing that happened this evening was that Savicki stepped aside at the door of his jail, and when the guard entered, as was his habit, he shut the door and locked it. Then he quietly made off.

He cut straight across country avoiding all highways. His path lay over the tops of several hills, through knots of woods and stretches of ground heavily underbrush, across several small cultivated valleys. He traveled all night, guided by the knob of the mountain. He paused when he saw before him, glistening in the moonlight, a little river which he knew separated Germany from Switzerland. He crossed it, and found himself in a clump of shrubbery on a hillside, less than 300 yards from the nearest of the little vine-covered German sentry boxes spaced scarcely more than 100 feet apart along the international boundary. He breakfasted on corned beef, hardtack and water.

In the Cover of the Bushes

In the cover of the bushes he remained all day. Across the valley he could see the peasants tilling the soil. They, he knew, were in Switzerland. Before him, in the foreground, too, he could see the river and the difficulties before him in crossing it. Paralleling the river was a railroad, the string of sentry boxes and a wide belt of barbed wire, obviously put there to prevent the escape of such as he. At noon he saw the sentries changed, and again in the evening.

The sentries, he discovered, did not walk post, merely maintaining a watch from their boxes. The wire, he decided, he could get through. The guard, he calculated, was too broad to jump—but it could be vaulted. He stirred during the afternoon just enough to get a sturdy stick and trim it for a vaulting pole.

After dark he started. He crawled. So slowly and cautiously did he go that the trip to the edge of the barbed wire took five or six hours. There he rose and threaded his way through the strands, pausing after each step to unfasten the barbs which clung to his clothing.

He came to the railroad track and crawled over that. He could dimly discern the sentry boxes. He heard a guard cough in one of them. He crawled on, laying a course midway between two of them.

He gained the edge of the river. He stood on the bank. The other bank, ten feet away, was Switzerland and safety. He poised his vaulting pole and sprang for the further side. The pole sank four feet into the mud of the river bottom. Private Frank Savicki landed, belly deep in the water with something of a splash.

There was a tense minute. Clinging to a clump of grass on the Swiss bank, Savicki waited for the bullets he was

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certain were coming. But none came. Evidently the Boche had not heard him. Finally, he pulled himself on to the land. He was a prisoner no more.

By daylight he made a little Swiss village in which he met an old man who dried his clothes before a fireplace and gave him breakfast. The town received him graciously and bought him a ticket to Berne. At Berne the Red Cross fitted him out in a new uniform, and the American colony outfit itself in affording entertainment worthy of an American expatriate in Germany.

His trip through the prison camps, and especially his 15 days on the farm, gave Savicki a store of information on how the Germans themselves are faring. Soldiers and civilians alike are stolid, unsmiting and miserable. They have very little to eat and they seem to have little interest in who wins the war so long as it is soon ended.

Eat Well on Line

"German soldiers actually on the line eat fairly well," said Savicki. "They all have bread, meat once a day, marmalade, coffee substitute and tobacco made of leaves. They do not have all they want, but they have enough to keep them in good health."

"The soldiers at the depots, 20 or 30 miles behind the line, however, do not get the same ration. They have meat only two or three times a week, and they subsist mostly on war bread and vegetables grown by themselves. French civilians forced to work in their gardens, and prisoners of the front, are in Germany itself there is little food of any kind. During the 15 days I worked on the farm I ate at the same table with the old farmer and his wife. They had chickens and cows, but only rarely did they have milk or eggs themselves, and never did they give me more than a boiled potato in hot water. With my box from the Red Cross I had a far better meal than they."

Farm Premises Searched

"Every week German soldiers came to the farm with a wagon and took off the week's accumulation of eggs and the weekly harvest of potatoes. Once they took, over the farmer's protests, two live chickens. They had a book with them which apparently contained an inventory of what he had on the farm."

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"Once they were not satisfied with what he gave them and they searched the premises. For what they took they gave him a receipt, and I think the farmer exchanged this receipt for German paper money, which will be redeemable after the war in silver. There is no metal money in Germany now."

"After I had been on the farm a week the farmer's son arrived from the front for a furlough. As soon as he arrived he took off his uniform and all his equipment and sent it back to the front. This included his shoes. There is a shortage of all sorts of clothing and equipment at the front, he told me, and permissionaries have to turn back all their government issue upon starting their leave."

"Of all the persons I met in Germany, the son was the only one who had a kind word for me. He gave me apples occasionally and told his father not to be too hard on me."

"America, the son told me, had turned the scales of the war, and Germany had no hope. He complained of shortages of everything at the front. He believed, however, that the United States was fighting for the money she would make out of it and he believed that the American soldiers were fighting because they were so highly paid."

Hard Words for Hindenburg

"I heard many Germans condemning Hindenburg. Some of them said that if he were dead the war would be over and everything would be all right."

"I saw only two automobiles all the time I was in Germany. They were ammunition trucks at the front. Nearly all of the Boche transport is by horse-drawn vehicles. There are large numbers of horses behind the front. They are in fair condition. After I got away from the front I did not even see many horses. On the farms oxen and milch cows are used for hauling."

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

COMRADES:

A few weeks ago a transport loaded with Anzacs bound for France arrived in New York. These boys certainly were shown the town. Last night I took one of them to a midnight cabaret—some show. The costumes of the girls imitated every uniform in the Allied armies, including not a few meant for hot-weather campaigning around Bagdad where it is never cooler than 180° in the shade.

The hit of the evening was a corporal's guard of misses—believe me, they needed a guard—that wore knapsacks with glass sides so that you could look right inside of them. But there was nothing to eat inside—not even bon bons. Instead, quantities of cold cream, paint and powder—lucky they had the powder.

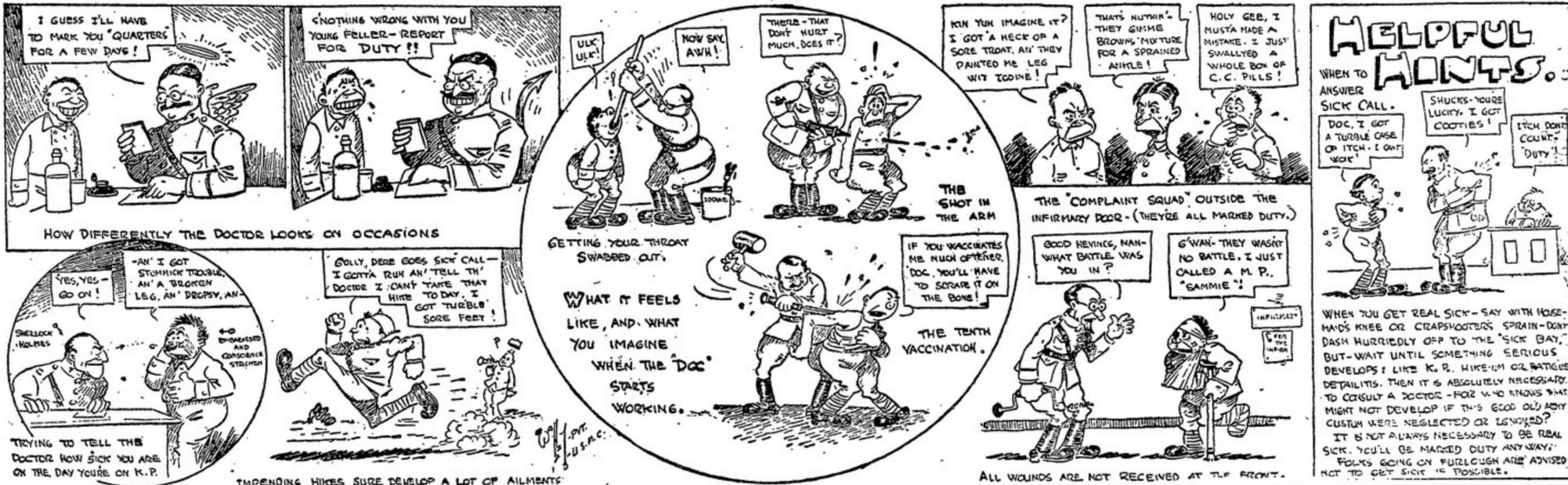
My friend, the Anzac, ventured the opinion that though light to carry, he thought that the fair burden bearers would get terribly hungry when on the march. An English army officer at the next table overhearing this remark, added that when at the front his troops had always received plenty of jam and marmalade, as was the custom in their army, but those maidens certainly were well supplied with peach preserve in their knapsacks.

A veteran who had served two years in the trenches and displayed four wound stripes on his sleeve remarked that he would like to arrange a battery of the new Browning machine guns on the allied line, and then parade a few of that knapsack squad near by, and he would bet that every damn Hun on the bald-headed row of his trenches would keep his head up until those Brownings had separated every one from its shoulders. At this, my Anzac, who had not eaten a bite, let out a roosting cheer which almost stopped the performance—said he—sure was coming back by way of little Old New York. We hope you all shall. I salute you!

THE MINUTE MAN OF '76.

ANSWERING SICK CALL

-By WALLGREN



VERDUN SLEEPS IN RUINS, DREAMS OF HER RESURRECTION

Doughboys Camp in Silent City Peopled Only By Soldiers

AMERICANS HOLD CITADEL

Walls Will Rise Again When Tourists Walk Where Poilus and Yanks Swap Tobacco

So common are blasted villages on the Western front that a traveler passing through Verdun today would pay little attention to the shattered buildings and ragged walls of that once gay and prosperous city.

Verdun—the city that was like a magnet to the German armies for nearly four years, but in which the enemy never set foot—stands today silent and lonely. Its only inhabitants are a few French soldiers and a unit of American doughboys which helped to launch the successful attack east of the Moselle last week. There is not a civilian within its walls, although German shells ceased to whistle and crash upon its battered architecture several days ago when the Buches sent over a few scattering farcical shots before hauling their artillery back to safer positions.

Within the past few weeks various American units have camped overnight in the city, either going to or from the lines. Pioneer units have cleaned the streets of their refuse in order to enable the lumbering caissons to pass forward with their loads of ammunition and food. So well has this work been carried out that one passing through the city streets would hardly distinguish them from the streets of any French city far back of the lines, except for the boarded-up windows and the ugly holes made in the walls where shells have penetrated.

Letter boxes, where the postman once made his daily rounds, have long since been eaten by rust. Some have fallen to the ground, others have been pierced by shell fragments.

Streets that have not been used by military traffic have long lost their marks of usage. Grass has grown up between the cobblestones and along the sidewalks. The bureau de postes, which has received many a shell during the past four years, would hardly be recognized by its former patrons.

In front of one of the few buildings that are still intact save for a shattered roof, a French poilu stood last Monday and gazed upon the neighboring ruins. Questioned by a Yankee comrade, he said that he was home on permission. His face wrinkled with a hard smile as he spoke.

"Four years ago," he said, "I left my father and mother here and went to war. Now I return here for the first time since I departed, and find this."

The Lonely Citadel
Verdun's citadel, to the passerby, is like a curious shape in a Latin tongue. It stands to itself on the hill, as lonely as Verdun itself. It is now being used as a Yankee headquarters, and Yankee dispatch bearers, with roaring motorcycles ride in and out of its gates at all hours of the day and night. Occasionally, within the past week, batches of German prisoners have passed in and out of the gates.

The ancient guns that once spoke from concealed positions in defense of the city have since been returned to their old positions in the citadel. They were too ancient to follow up the retreating Huns, as did the other and more modern pieces of like caliber.

In front of the city, toward the German lines, horses now feed over shell-pitted fields. Grass is growing green in the shell holes, and when spring comes again blood-red poppies and sunflowers will grow where, for four years, no living thing could exist.

Within sight of the city, marked by zig-zagging rows of trenches and twisted barbed wire, is what was once the front line and No Man's Land. But now American soldiers going to or from the lines pass over the old battle ground, and the sidewalks below are shot from a long range German gun could cause any immediate danger.

Verdun is only sleeping after four years of hardships. In the days to come the carpenter's hammer will awaken the stilled city and rock masons will spill their plaster on the sidewalks below as the shattered buildings are rebuilt.

And in the years ahead many an American will tell the story of how he, with his regiment, camped over night in the city when Verdun was nothing but a rock pile, and how the American doughboys and French poilus swapped tobacco on the street corners and lit their cigarettes in a secluded spot where the match glow could not be seen by enemy aviators.

FROM THE SELLE TO THE MOSELLE

On October 15, in the midst of the advance beyond Romagne in Argonne, a pigeon arrived breathless at one corps headquarters with the news that the Infantry was holding the line at Nantillois, a point several kilometers behind that from which the new advance has been launched. There was some bewildered and anxious telephoning before any one noticed that the date of the message was October 6. The bird had been AWOL for nine days.

"I was just coming down that hill," narrated the M.P., "not having had a thing to eat in two days, being so busy bringing back Heinies, when I sniffed hot cakes brewing at the bottom of it. Going around a clump of bushes, I looked at the place the smell was coming from and there, sure enough, was a real kitchen, smoking up to beat all get-out."

"You can be sure I stepped along. But before I stepped very far—bloody! A shell landed square on that kitchen, blew the stove and the cook and all to smithereens, and scattered torn-up hot cakes all over the map of the salient."

"I went in and asked to be taken off M.P. duty. After that, I didn't dare trust myself leading droves of Heinies back, and me with a loaded gun!"

The men at the front die many times. Take the young Artillery liaison officer from Topyka who had just left the dugout telephone where he had been talking for three hours and had not gone a dozen yards when the man who followed him at the mouthpiece was killed by a shell. Then another shell dropped just outside the trench along which he was making his way.

He heard it coming. He tried to flatten himself like cigarette paper against the trench wall. He could smell the powder, feel the heat against his face, see the flash before he heard the report of the explosion which buried him under an avalanche of dirt. A moment later and he could hear his friend calling out from 15 feet ahead.

"Are you all right, old man?" "I think I'm dead," he replied. Afterwards, he realized that it must have sounded strange. But at the time, he had meant it. He really thought he was.

One Infantry sergeant, badly wounded in action in Argonne, did not really come to till he woke one morning in a snowy bed in a distant hospital. The nurse, a benevolent vision, was bending over him.

"Are you feeling better, Lieut. Johnson?" she asked. He thought that over for a while and then decided the voice was not part of the strange dream that had been haunting him.

"You've got me wrong, miss," he said. "I'm Sergeant Johnson." "No, you're not," said the nurse. "You were promoted while you were asleep."

A batch of 200 German prisoners filed down a hill north of Verdun. At their head marched a German captain. He halted the line at a crossroads and asked an American M.P. which was the shortest way to divisional headquarters.

The Americans fighting on the British front advanced so rapidly to the little river Selle that the headquarters behind them had a slight work to do in order to keep up.

Even the well-stocked prisoners' cage had difficulty in staying put. Prisoners sent back toward the end of the nine days' attack, on arriving at the cage, complained with some justice of sore feet.

Mr. Adrian, the man who invented the barracks, ought to shake hands with Mr. Nissen, the man who invented the hat.

There are plenty of Mr. Adrian's barracks along the British front, but they seem to be outvoted by Mr. Nissen's huts. And the latter, as the Yanks in those parts can tell you, are not so wretchedly uncomfortable.

They are certainly more homelike than dugouts in what used to be the front line trench last spring—and that front line trench may be so far in the rear now that, despite the silence of the devastated Somme basin, you have to strain your ears to hear the sound of the guns.

This fact might be construed as likely to give aid and comfort to the enemy, but here it is, anyway. The Americans with the British are fed on British rations, and British rations mean tea.

The other day a quantity of coffee arrived in the mess shack of one American unit. The report that seven army corps had been detailed to stand guard over that coffee is exaggerated, but only slightly.

The Tommy is a fine scout, individually and collectively; his M.P.'s, for instance, are the soul of courtesy to a brother soldier, whatever his flag and his uniform. But the Tommy has one shortcoming in which, through no lack of good will or politeness, he still persists. He calls the American soldier a Sammy. Sometimes he shortens it to Sam,

which is at least not quite so feminine. Sometimes, never having experienced the delights of a minstrel show, he distorts it into Sambo.

You may not like it, but you haven't the heart to tell him so. He uses it in utter friendliness, and as a mark of friendliness the Yank receives it.

There are a few tolerably intact houses in the Somme region, but there ought to be a reward for anyone who can locate a whole window pane. The windows in a division C.O.'s office, if the room is fortunate enough to have a whole sash left, will probably be covered with oiled paper, which lets in the light, but keeps out the cold and the scenery. Anyway, there is not much scenery left thereabouts.

Shortly after it had been ramored through the American lines that Germany had made a bid for an armistice, an evacuee near a certain field kitchen north of Verdun would have heard three K.P.'s of a certain doughboy regiment discussing the peace question.

Darkness had settled down and hid the kitchen in its already camouflaged position in the edge of a forest. There were no lights other than the faint glow of a few live embers from the supper fire. Two of the K.P.'s, bending over a wash tub, were peeling potatoes, while a third scurried away on the blackened pots and pans.

"I got a life-sized painting of me

doin' this when peace comes," said one of the doughboys.

"Huh! What else would you do to earn a living?" retorted the one washing the pans.

"Oh, don't you worry about Smithy," said the third K.P. "His old man's got enough jack to buy the Brooklyn brewery. I know Smithy all right; he's pretty well fixed."

"Yes, and that ain't all," said Smithy. "I got a wife, too. I can just see her comin' down the path to meet me." He threw down the half-peeled potato and brought forth a well-preserved photograph.

"This," he said, "is her. And do you know that in a letter the other day she said, 'When the war's over—'"

"Come on there! Get busy on them spuds! Remember we got a bunch of hungry men to feed in the morning who's goin' to be fighting all night. Where you think you're at, anyway—a rest camp?" The mess sergeant's voice was everything but friendly.

"Oh, hell!" said Smithy, as he replaced the photograph and picked up the half-peeled potato. "This is too busy a place for a fellow to talk peace."

A Yank entered a certain divisional

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THE CENSOR

I suppose I'm the only one "doing his bit," who doesn't share in the joy of receiving letters "from the Front" or from Blighty." You see, I get so many of 'em through my hands. Why, bless you, I sometimes find myself censoring the letters written—

One can learn a lot from letters, too, and between you and me it was the frequent mention of "Army Club" that led to the discovery of that best of all smokes. I may say that all mentions and enclosures of

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Has opened reading, writing and rest rooms at 3 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

These rooms are open daily from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. and all Soldiers and Sailors of the Allied Forces are cordially welcome at all times. The Christian Science Monitor, other publications of the Society, the Bible and the Text Book of Christian Science, "Science and Health" with "Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy, will be furnished free by the Committee to any Soldier or Sailor of the Allied Armies upon request.

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ARGONNE PLAYERS STAGE THEIR SHOW IN GERMAN'S WAKE

Divisional O.D. Troupe Also Delights Replacements and Wounded

FIRST VIOLIN POLICES UP

Harry Cahill and Company Find That Every Man Has His Place Even in the Army

When the selective draft law touched the young hoodlum of America on the shoulder...

He had read a good deal about the selective draft and with what unflinching discernment it would assign each man to the task for which he would be best fitted...

On the day he landed in the Infantry, Cahill little guessed that before he had been many weeks in France they would be issuing him not only "socks, woolen, 3 pairs..."

On Their Own Ground

For Cahill is the ingenue of the theatrical unit called from the 77th Division and assigned to the entertainment of that division until further notice...

It was even given in a theater built by German hands, for the Forest of Argonne is one of these areas all fitted out by these past masters in the art of being comfortable...

Any night you could go down five flights of rustic steps, turn to the right and follow the laughter. There, in the heart of the forest, the show was on, though the floor was still stained with silts...

As the 77th Division was drawn, in large part, from New York City itself, Broadway is well represented in all its batonians, and it was no hard task to find musicians and singers, comedians, librettists, costumers, everything needed in the show business...

The Three Musical B's Of course the show is good. It ought to be, for all the players are old-timers at their job...

The songs, dashed off in odd moments by Privates Rath and Dublin, are up to the minute. One bouncer owing to this refrain: "The drive we started at Chateau-Thierry will finish in Berlin..."

"See, General, here is a spy." "What kind of a spy?" "A mince-pie." "How do you know he is a spy?" "He has the papers on him."

IF YOU ALLOT TOO MUCH If your C.O., through a misunderstanding of the War Risk Insurance act's requirements, has gipped you out of more of your pay than he ought to, this is what he is to do, at your request, according to the terms of Bulletin No. 78, G.H.Q.:

FIELD CLERKS' DEPENDENTS Army field clerks and field clerks, Quartermaster clerks, are entitled to the benefits of the act of Congress of April 16, 1918, which authorizes the payment of commutation of quarters, heat and light on account of dependents...

My Mission always gets very bad toward the first of the month. "How's that?" "Can't make both ends meet."

EVERY CUBIC INCH TO WORK FOR HIM

Christmas Package Engineer Doesn't Allow for Any Air Space

HOW ABOUT FRENCH KIDS?

Private Suggests Home Bundle Be Devoted to Someone Besides Soldier

Christmas package ideas came in in greater volume this week. Just as expected, the A.E.F. was talking plenty of time to think deeply over a vital matter, so that its response during the first week of the ideal package campaign was not over strong numerically.

Things to eat, particularly sweet things, continue to lead in the package suggestions. But before discussing that aspect of the Christmas box to be, we must ask for time out to present an idea that is bound to find a happy echo in more than one soldier's heart.

Box in Two Parts Here's another suggestion from a Q.M. private who has done a lot of deep thinking:

"Box to be divided in two parts, the top layer to consist of some good American chocolates—no other, as stick candy is to be obtained at reasonable prices at commissaries."

"The bottom layer to consist of razor blades to fit the Army issue razor, a cigarette lighter—nothing high priced—a pencil or two, a few cookies like macaroni snaps—something hard and unbreakable—and a couple of cigarette papers. If any room is left they know his fancy."

"Donate your summer's knitting to the Red Cross," he advises the folks back home, "and they will see that we are taken care of. No smokes of any kind, as they are much cheaper for us here than for the people at home, and cigars and cigarette holders are of no use to the boys over here."

If scientific packing were ever applied to any package anywhere, it ought to be employed to make the 9x13x3 bundle as cram full of things as a pile driver can make it. Here is a man, a sergeant in the Q.M. corps, who has got every one of the 108 cubic inches present and accounted for.

"In order to cover the most possible requirements of the boys over here, I recommend that the folks back home be asked to send the following in the 108 cubic inches at their disposal:

- Cubic Inches 20 Candles, silver wrapped... 20 1/2 Box sweet biscuits... 25 1/2 Small can jam... 25 1/2 Box figs... 25 1 Quantity shelled nuts... 15 1 Supply cotton, needles, shirt, underwear and naps buttons... 4 1 Dozen razor blades, popular brand... 4 1 Face cloth... 4 3 Handkerchiefs, khaki... 8 Space for sundries... 7 Total... 108

Speaking of Old Times

A soldier in an Aero Construction Squadron voices his complaint over the non-receipt of seven packages which he knows were started on the way to him and wants to know what good the 9x13x3 idea will be to anyone if the package never reaches the hands of the man for whom it was intended.

Far less difficulty will be experienced this year than last for the following reasons: The whole package plan has been thoroughly systematized.

As there will be but one package to a man, and as all the packages will be uniform in size, the handling of packages can be speeded and the transportation required to get them to various units figured to a nicety.

No packages will be accepted in the United States which is in danger of coming apart on the voyage, so that the number of packages lost through accident should be reduced to a minimum.

Smaller in Number and Weight The sum total of packages and their combined weight should be far lower than last year. Last Christmas—or some time thereafter—soldiers were few and far between who did not receive at least three or four packages whose total weight was at least 25 pounds.

The plan of THE STARS AND STRIPES, as previously announced, 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 ample time to be acted on before the closing date for delivery of packages to local postmasters—November 20.

IF YOU ALLOT TOO MUCH

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INCOME TAX ISSUE IN COMING ELECTION

Certain Clauses Likely to Figure in Short Congressional Campaign

NATION'S EYE ON N. Y.

Upstate Democrats Seem United for Smith, but Republicans Are Registering Heavily

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Oct. 24.—The Congressional election campaign will begin at once, now that the Liberty Loan campaign is out of the way.

The Republicans will make an intensive drive to gain the majority in the lower house. Republican leaders on the floor of the Senate and elsewhere have formulated decisive views on peace and after-war settlements and the various utterances by various leaders in and out of office are so nearly identical and agree so thoroughly in tendency and principle that it would seem as if these statements were intended to strike the keynote on which the fight for Congressional seats is to be conducted.

The past week has, however, brought such continual and sensational shifts in the aspect of world affairs, and the situation promises so many other sudden and startlingly unexpected phases and occurrences, that the difficulty and risk of resting a nationwide political campaign on so confused a political issue is apparent.

Certain of the income tax clauses in the great revenue bill will presumably be used as campaign issues. The bill has not yet emerged from the Senate, and while the Administration urgently requests its immediate passage, there are many prophecies that it will not pass until considerably after the coming elections.

The greatest national interest in the forthcoming campaign is how New York will go. The Republicans claim that Governor Whitman will carry the State by a quarter million votes. The Democrats claim a victory for Smith by from 100,000 to 300,000. One important point that appears reasonably sure is that the upstate Democrats are unusually united for Smith and apparently city and State will work hand in hand.

Certain recalcitrant Republican counties, however, have shown amazing increases in registration, so that at the opening of the short campaign it looks like anybody's race.

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HOW YANK AVIATORS GET CREDIT FOR WINS

One or More Written Confirmations Needed to Establish Victory

American aviators who force enemy airplanes or balloons to land or fall within the American lines or who destroy them in enemy territory as a result of aerial combat are to be credited with wins, according to Bulletin 76, G.H.Q. However, enemy airplanes forced to land on enemy territory as the result of combat, and which make normal landings, will not be considered as having been brought down, and will, therefore, not count as wins.

In order that official credit may be given to American aviators for German craft brought down, one or more written confirmations, in addition to the reports of the combatants themselves, must be made to the proper authority. The persons who may submit such confirmations are: Pilots or observers who were observers of the combat; pilots or observers who saw on the ground, at the point stated by those who claimed the victory, debris from the enemy aircraft brought down; balloon observers who witnessed the fact; observers at anti-aircraft observation posts; and ground observers of any sort. In addition, the declarations of enemy prisoners may be submitted.

Share for Everyone The bulletin further provides that enemy aircraft brought down and confirmed should be credited to every one who has contributed to the result. Thus the pilot of a monoplane machine gets the credit for his victory; both the pilot and the observer of a biplane machine get credit; and in airplanes that carry more than two in the crew, the pilots and such observers and machine gunners as took actual part in the combat that brought down the enemy plane get credit.

The names of the officers and men of the Air Service entitled to official credit are to be furnished G.H.Q. twice a month.

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BIRD LIME AND GAS TO COMBAT RAT PEST

New Trap Also Requires Bait to Lure Rodent Inside

The dollar-a-word traveler who settled the question whether Rocky Mountain squirrels eat pine cones with their front feet may be able out of the lore of the Congo and the Orinoco to tell the Chief Surgeon, A.E.F., and the Chemical Warfare Service whether there are any zoological stumbling blocks in the new method the Army is trying out to kill rats.

Old-fashioned Lucrozia Borgia methods having fallen somewhat behind in this war—except in certain German circles—the Chief Surgeon proposes to catch rats in a sort of a fly paper trap which will kill them in the very latest gassing fashion. The Geneva Convention is ignored again.

In a circular the Chief Surgeon tells Army rat killers to use a preparation similar to bird lime. The bird lime is smeared on wood or iron trays with a bait in the center. The rat goes after the bait, sticks in the bird lime, and is gassed—that is, he dies of suffocation.

Captain (who has just brigged a pair of scrapping K.P.'s): I want you men to understand that we'll have no fighting in this Army.

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THE 'CUTE COAT' recommended by War Office first-winter of the war, is the Thresher—the model for every officer's trench coat but uncapturable in respect of its uncrackable Melcam interlining. Get yours while the getting is quick. November sees us always swamped with orders. PRICES: The Thresher £5 5 0—\$25. Detachable Kamelcott Lining £2 2 0—\$10. Cavalry pattern with knapsack flaps and saddle gusset . . . £1 1 0—\$5. Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid delay, enclose cheque when ordering.

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"What's the good word?" NOT long ago we heard an American soldier, who had been fighting in France, address a big meeting. He was one of the slightly wounded men General Pershing sent back to the United States. And this big fine looking soldier said, "What word am I going to take back to the men in the trenches on the other side?" Every man in that big audience jumped to his feet and shouted, "Tell 'em we're back of 'em to the last ditch and the last dollar." That soldier can't tell all of you how proud we are of you men and how gladly we'll all work for you. This little message may serve to pass the good word along. It's something you all feel, of course; but it always sounds good to hear it. Hart Schaffner & Marx Chicago U. S. A. New York