

GUNS ALONG MEUSE ROAR GRAND FINALE OF ELEVENTH HOUR

Cheers and Flares Succeeded Momentary Silence at Last Zero

FINAL WEEK NO JOY RIDE

Private George W. Legion Reaches Front to Find It's All Over but the Shouting

At the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of the eleventh month hostilities came to an end from Switzerland to the sea. Early that morning, from the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower in Paris, there had gone forth through the air to the wondering, half-incredulous line that the American held on near Sedan to the Moselle the order from Marshal Foch to cease firing on the stroke of 11.

On the stroke of 11 the cannon stopped, the rifles dropped from the shoulders, the machine guns grew silent. There followed a momentary, unbearable silence as though the world had died. It lasted but a moment, lasted for the space that a breath is held. Then came such an uproar of relief and jubilation, such a tooting of horns, shrieking of whistles, such an overture from the bands and such a church and shouting of voices as the earth is not likely to hear again in our day and generation.

When night fell on the battlefield the clamor of the celebration waxed rather than waned. Darkness? There was none. Rockets and a ceaseless fountain of star shells made the lines a streak of glorious brilliance across the face of startled France, while, by the light of flares, the front and all its dancing, boasting, singing peoples was as clearly visible as though the sun sat high in the heavens.

Germans Celebrate as Well

The man from Mars, coming to earth on the morning of November 11, 1918, would have been hard put to it to say which army had won, for, if anything, the greater celebration, the more startling outburst, came not from the American but from the German side. At least he could have said—that man from Mars—to which side the suspension of hostilities had come as the greater relief.

The news began to spread across the front shortly after the sun rose. There was more news of an effort to send it forward only through military channels, to have the corps report it calmly by wire to the divisions, the divisions to the brigades, the brigades to the regiments, the regiments to the battalions, and so on down to the uttermost squad, quite as though this were an ordinary order and nothing to get excited about. There was the effort. But it did not work very well. The word was spread on the kind of wireless that man knew many centuries before Marconi came on earth. It spread like a current of electricity along the shivory mess lines, hopping up and down and sniffling and scuffling as they waited for the morning coffee. It spread along the chains of singing road members, along the creeping columns of camions. It spread along the driver and runners tossed the word over their shoulders as they hurried by. Now and again a fleet of motorcycles would whizz along through the heavy mist.

Hard to Get at First

"The guerre will be fine at 11 o'clock. Fine in guerre." "You could hear it called out again and again." "What time?" "Eleven o'clock." A pause. "Say, you, what time is it now?" They took it a little loudly at first. That was a little stuff, that rumor.

Continued on Page 2

AMERICA CELEBRATES WEEK AHEAD OF TIME

Election Is Forgotten in Early Jubilation Over Armistice

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Nov. 14.—Thursday of last week we were all about the election and engaged in a premature, but otherwise dazzlingly successful, celebration of the armistice. After awhile we found that the news that the armistice had actually been signed was slightly exaggerated, but we permitted no slight discovery to suggest it. We just got up and shook our jobs, whether banking, selling, street sweeping or housekeeping, and went forth. We filled every principal street of every city in America. We wigged cowbells, tooted horns, backfired every motor engine, rang every church bell, let loose every whistle, kissed every willing girl, and altogether had a day we will never be in the least ashamed of.

Cities were solidly jammed with people and vehicular traffic was calmly but inexorably put out of business for the day. In New York City the motor cars had to take to the sidewalk to escape from Fifth avenue. The skyscrapers belched forth such prodigies of ticker tape and paper that the city was knee deep in scraps. The police were helpless everywhere, and they gave up and let the cities to the people, who did exactly what they pleased and had the biggest time of their lives without disturbance or trouble. The next day 25,000 shipworkers, not content with the first day, frupted into town and made a second day of it. Now we are like the kid that had Christmas ahead of time, but we don't care.

VICTORIOUS YANKS YIELD TO POILUS AT SEDAN'S GATES

Americans Take Suburb of City That Saw Fall of Napoleon III

FOE'S VITAL LINK SEVERED

Units Which Held Line When Firing Ceased Include Many Veteran A.E.F. Divisions

Nach Sedan! So read the big cross-road signs that the advancing troops of the First American Army found along all the mined and muddy roads which led northward to the west of the Meuse.

Nach Sedan! Every battalion commander, every cook, every doughboy, as he trudged along those highways had it in the bottom of his heart and the back of his mind that, come what may, he was going to Sedan.

Not all of them knew just how or why the old city on the Meuse had become a vision of a promise and a battlecry. Few knew that it was dear to Lafayette and rich with memories of the great battle by which, in 1792, the troops of the Revolution drove off from Paris the Prussian host. More know that it was at Sedan in Soissons that the Prussians surrounded MacMahon's army and forced there the surrender of Napoleon. At Sedan, then, began that humiliation of France which was the Prussian boast for half a century and, in the fulness of time, the Prussian undoing. It was more of a symbol in French eyes than Alsace-Lorraine itself.

Name on Every Lip

That is why its name was on every lip as the troops swept on, their lines and the lines of General Gouraud's army converging on the city as the sticks of a fan converge at the handle. American divisions, each other's toes, seeming fairly to race one another to the precious goal. But it was not on the cards that any American troops should take the city, even had hostilities not ceased on Monday last, for the American divisions that mastered the heights which commanded it from the south and southwest had already stepped aside and turned over to the French, as their dear and inalienable right, the honor of entering the city of Sedan proper.

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon advance troops of the First American Army took the part of the city of Sedan which lies on the west bank of the Meuse. The enemy's principal lateral line of communication between the fortress and Belgium is by the success of the American Army no longer open to him.

Not only the Railroad Division, but the First Division—two of the most veteran and battle-scarred in the A.E.F.—were on those heights the final day. When the smoke had cleared away and the serene chronicler of the war may set down the details of the Argonne drive, it will be shown, perhaps, that that "farther death" that battle was attained by a battalion of that still unmistakably Irish regiment which used to be the old fighting 69th of New York. But the differences are hair's breadth differences, and very likely the historian really will not care much one way or the other.

Ohioans Close to City

That historian must relate, too, how an even closer approach to Sedan was made last Friday night by Company D of the 166th Infantry—an Ohio regiment—which had been invited to act as guard of honor for the French troops who would—in the event of further hostilities at that point—move on the waiting city. That company, headed by Captain Russell Baker of Delaware, Ohio, reported to the French colonel in noon on the stately and still sumptuous chateau he occupied at Fernois, in the high celluaged, candle lit dining hall that evening at 7, the French and American officers broke bread together. When they had finished, it fell to Lieut. Allison Peppy to speak in behalf of America. He boys of his time at the University of Missouri will remember how well he always could speak.

On this, his great occasion, he took from his pocket a little silk flag his wife had sent him. After a few words of homage to France and her great army, he told the colonel what the flag meant, the meaning of its brave colors, its stripes, its sparkling stars. Then he bowed and presented it to the colonel, who, deeply moved, gathered the silent folds into his right hand, lifted it high above his head. "The blood of all the world," he said, "as every man there bore to his feet. 'Vive l'Amérique!'"

Forty-eight years before—400 yards from that spot—Napoleon III had signed his abject surrender. That night, two platoons of Company D stole down to the outskirts of the settlement on the west bank of the Meuse opposite to Sedan itself—so close that they could throw pebbles on to the roofs of the silent houses, so close that they could—draw machine gun fire on themselves.

Height Not Easy to Reach

The heights near Wadellincourt were not easy to reach. The last 24 hours of the American path to those heights were marked by some of the bitterest moments of the Argonne-Meuse drive. The valley that runs northward from Chevignes, commanded by many machine guns and swept by the fire of guns from across the river, will not soon be forgotten by the troops that trod it. That deadly path was traveled that

Continued on Page 2

FATHER'S CHRISTMAS LETTER PLAN GIVES EVERY SOLDIER CHANCE TO WRITE AND GET ANSWER FROM HIS FIRST C.O.



"THE BOY SAYS"

MARSEILLES LEADS AS RACE TO BERLIN STARTS WITH BANG

Southern Port Beats Own General Average by Over 34 Per Cent

BORDEAUX CLOSE SECOND

Rochefort Just Noses Out Le Havre for Third Honors—Brest Wants Ships

The old port of Marseilles took an extra hitch in its belt and rolled its dungarees up to its knees, and came through top dog in the first week of the S.O.S.'s one, only and special freight-unloading "Race to Berlin!" On the wharves where in Kaiser Julius Caesar's day they used to unload fair-haired slaves for the delectation of the Roman generals, the Yank Stevedores unloaded auto parts for the delectation of the M.T.C. and grub for the cavernous doughboy, who has now substituted eating for fighting as his principal occupation.

Marseilles' score was 134,301—that is, she unloaded, in the week ending at 6 p. m., November 9, over and above her general average for the previous eight weeks, 34,301 per cent more freight. Gentlemen, we will now rise and sing "La Marseillaise."

P.W.'S. Ask to Help

Through their C.O., they sent a letter in German to the commanding general, saying that they would work any time, day or night, in order to do their share. They did; and next week the Bordeaux Yanks wager that they will boost that 22,707 of margin to something approaching 30.

At this point it might be well to give the standing of the nine clubs in the league, and then tell about their individual trials and tribulations. Here they are, as of 6 p. m. last Saturday: Marseilles 134,301; Bordeaux 122,707; Rochefort 115,455; Le Havre 114,022; Nantes 110,015; Rouen 107,041; St. Nazaire 105,329; La Pallice 102,982; Brest 85,295.

The total average for all nine ports was 107,584, showing an increase of 7,584 per cent over the previous eight weeks' average of tons unloaded. It shows that the S.O.S. wishes it distinctly understood that there is a war going on, armistice or no armistice (they are right at that) and that the S.O.S. is in it to a fareyouwell.

Night Crew Tolls Days

To resume: At Bordeaux on last Saturday night, the Stevedores found that they were going to be short of the figure set by the commanding general, so several hundred of the night crew pitched in and helped the day crew on Sunday, with the result that 1,700 tons more than was asked for was unloaded, greatly boosting the average for the week.

Then, too, much rivalry has sprung

PACKAGE TIME LIMIT MAY BE EXTENDED

Opportunity Given for Men in Line to Get Labels Back Home

Christmas packages for the A.E.F. this year may not arrive in every case until after Christmas but it won't be so long after Christmas as it was last year. In order that every package slip given out by the Army may have a chance to reach home, the Post Office Department has been asked to extend by ten days the time limit of November 20 allowed for the delivery of the packages to local postmasters in the States.

The men who will chiefly benefit by the extension are those in units that were in the line when the slips were passed out. Many soldiers were, therefore, unable to send slips home in time for them to arrive by November 20.

Preparations are being made to rush the packages to A.E.F. units—if they all come on one boat, it will have to be of 10,000 tons capacity—as soon as they reach France. It is expected that 15 days will be required after the packages arrive at a base port before they will reach all of the units in the A.E.F. If the cargo arrives, as is expected, around December 15, the packages should all be delivered to units by December 30.

CANDY RATION NOW ON A.E.F. MENU CARD

Order for Four Million Pounds Has Been Cabled to States

The Q.M.C. has just cabled to the United States an order for 4,000,000 pounds of candy, which will be handed out to the A.E.F. as a part of the ration—one half pound of candy to each man every ten days. There will be chocolates as well as hard sugar candies in the shipments ordered from the States.

The Q.M.C. candy making plants in France have been busy turning out chocolate bars and other sugary things, and the candy ration has already been given to troops in certain sections.

There's still more good news for the messes. Smoked pork shoulders and loins—not exactly picnic hams, although that would be better in print—have been ordered from the States to be issued at intervals as a substitute for fresh beef and the other meats regularly provided for in the new ration system under G.O. 176.

HOOVER COMING OVER

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Nov. 14.—Herbert C. Hoover, American food administrator, is going to Europe to organize food relief. He will retain his present title. Mr. Hoover will take picked men with him and also Chairman Hurley of the shipping board to furnish instant information as to shipping facilities. All government departments will cooperate to advance all the necessary measures for the immediate care of the civilian populations everywhere.

ARMISTICE SIGNED, HOHENZOLLERNS GO, EMPIRE DISSOLVES

Three Facts Stand Out in Confusion of Dramatic Ten Days

GERMANY CRIES FOR FOOD

Suspension of Hostilities to Last 36 Days—Fighting Ends With Allies Beyond Meuse

From all the confusion of the riotous ten days just past, three great facts stand out clearly and irrefutably. Germany has signed an armistice, the terms of which are now in process of execution.

The House of Hohenzollern has been definitely deposed. The states that formerly made up the German Empire are in the throes of revolution.

Apart from those facts, there is only a medley of reports, some apparently trustworthy, some obviously not, which the world must take at their face value. For instance, one dispatch declares that Hindenburg is in Holland with his former imperial master, while another asserts that he has placed his services at the disposal of the revolutionary government. As for the Crown Prince, he is variously reported as having been assassinated, or fled to Holland, or as being still with his troops. Wherever he is, he is not taken into the councils of the new Germany.

As for the revolution itself, come to life in every German State, and upsetting one petty throne after another, it is progressing irresistibly and without great bloodshed in orthodox German fashion. It has been marked thus far by none of the terroristic excesses of the Russian revolutions of 1917 and 1918.

Signing the Armistice

It was on the evening of Wednesday, November 6, that an official German dispatch, coming through Switzerland, announced that plenipotentiaries had left Berlin for the Western front for the purpose of concluding an armistice. The party did not reach the Allied lines until 10:30 o'clock Thursday night, November 7. They crossed the sector held by the right wing of General Debeney's Army at the village of Haudroy, north of La Capelle, some 25 kilometers northeast of Guise.

The delegates were received by Marshal Foch at Allied General Headquarters Saturday morning. The armistice terms were placed in their hands, and they were allowed 72 hours—that is, until 11 o'clock Monday morning—to accept or reject them. A courier immediately started back through the lines for German General Headquarters at Spa, southeast of Liège, in Belgium.

Apparently, he returned before dawn on Monday morning, November 11, 1918. For at 5 o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1918, signatures were set to the document that suspended hostilities on the Western front—the only front left—six hours later.

What the Armistice Means

The armistice is not the treaty of peace. It has nothing to do with the final disposition of territory, the fate of kings, the payment of indemnities. It is a purely military affair. It means simply a suspension of fighting for a given period; a state of war still exists. The terms of the armistice (given in

November 24 Chosen as Day on Which Whole A.E.F. Will Sidetrack Good Intentions and Get Down to Brass Tacks

SPECIAL DELIVERY PRIVILEGE ASKED FOR

Company Censors and Postal Service Will Speed Missives Just as They Did to Make Army's Mother's Day Big Success

A Christmas Victory Letter to Dad! A Christmas letter to let the old gent know that we survived the show and are getting along nicely, thank you, to give him our version of how it happened, to remind him that we will be back home some of these days to put our feet under the family table and our upper lip over the fatted pig—the letter, to be brief and truthful, that we've been going to write (some day) ever since, to a scandalous majority of us, we arrived in France.

That's the letter. Now that the Kaiser has done his fading away act and the circus is over, let's interrupt the debate on the transport situation and the possibilities of having to remain in Europe for the next 17 years and write it. November 24 has been nominated by THE STARS AND STRIPES as the day upon which every American soldier in France sits down for a few minutes and concentrates the weak threads of good intentions into the composition of a letter to the best buddy he has in trousers.

And a Letter in Return

It will be the Go it Now Day for the writing of a letter to Dad, Pa, Paw, Papa, Pa-pap, Pop, the Doy or whatever other household designation he sails and flails under.

Everybody writes to the old man and (this is the best part of it) gets a Christmas letter from him in return. That is the whole scheme. Your newspaper is arranging the second part of it with the aid of the cables and the American news service.

The news agencies have wired over that the Father's Victory Christmas Letters are coming with a lot of hot, first hand war dope and that it behooves all the fathers of European War Veterans to stir the germ of orthography in their good right hand, grab a piece of paper and a writing tool and do the best they can with the material in hand. It's a two-way, "Dad's Christmas Victory Letter Day" will be somewhat similar to that of Mother's Day, which is remembered by the weather beaten old timers of one service stripe or more.

On Mother's Day, May 12, just at the beginning of our fighting season, with all the A.E.F. busy and on its toes, practically every American soldier in France who had a mother wrote to her, and a lot who had suffered the greatest bereavement of their lives wrote to their buddy's mother or somebody else. The sailors in European waters—and they're in on it this time—did likewise.

It Will Be About the Same This Time

The result was that a ship loaded at an American port late in May with 1,450,000 letters aboard, the greatest shipment of first class mail ever received in the United States from Americans abroad.

It will be about the same this time, with the added cheering factors that we have a lot more to tell now and plenty of time to tell it in. Soldiers who are fatherless are urged to write to someone else's father. Particularly, if a buddy has fallen in battle, they are asked to write to his father. There are fathers in the United States for whom this Christmas will not be as merry as it might, for whom even the crisis of victory are reminders of grief. They are fathers who have lost sons in this war—whose sons died under the most glorious banner in the world, fighting the most glorious battles of history.

Last May the Mother's Day letters got the utmost expedition in handling on both sides of the water. The company censors, the mail orderlies, the Army Postal Service all did their best. From all the reaches of the A.E.F. the mail was rushed to the postoffice counters and hurried to the seaboard.

It got to America on May 21 and was delivered at the postoffice at 4:05 o'clock on the afternoon of that day. The postal clerks worked all evening and all night sorting and dispatching it. The last bag departed for its destination at 11 o'clock on the morning of June 1. The letters all were treated as special delivery mail and less than five days later all were delivered.

Postal Service Ready

The postal service will be the same this time. The postal men in France, Army and civilian, have promised equally efficient service and THE STARS AND STRIPES has wired Postmaster General Rowles in the States asking him to duplicate his department's Christmas Day feat with the Dad's letters. Delivery of "Dad's Christmas Victory Letters" to every State in the Union is guaranteed if the letters are in the hands of the Army postoffice on the night of November 24 or soon afterward, and mail censors, mail orderlies, everybody who has anything to do with the handling of mail is hereby urged to get the Dad's letters under way as soon as they can.

The big auxiliary services of the A.E.F., the Y.M.C.A., the Red Cross, the Knights of Columbus and the Salvation Army, have promised the same cooperation which made Mother's Day a success.

In the first place, they are going to see that there are paper and envelopes wherever a detachment or group of prospective O.D. letter writers is likely to appear—beancoup writing material.

No Chance to Stall

The Y.M.C.A. is going after the hardened procrastinators with signs on the walls and a vocal appeal, if necessary. The Red Cross will make special efforts in hospitals. It will provide every soldier with writing materials and, if the soldier isn't able to write himself, a Red Cross worker will do it at his dictation.

The Red Cross searchers who seek out sick and wounded Americans in French and British hospitals will remember the date, too, and have the withal for letter writing with them. Also, the Y.M.C.A. and the Salvation Army will make special efforts in the way of entertainment on the evening of November 24. It probably won't be much of a social function, but there will be some free eating and drinking in some places.

The Salvation Army is going to make a special effort near the late lamented front line. Before the war blew up, they had planned a special paper service for the men in the line but—est la paix.

Every Dad's letter—to insure it the promptest forwarding to destination all along the line—must carry in the upper right hand corner where we used to write "Soldier's Mail" the following: FATHER'S XMAS LETTER.

To Save Ink and Time

The "Xmas," as opposed to "Christmas," saves ink and time and will fit in the corner better. It is important that these four words go on the envelope. They will insure it the consideration of a special delivery letter both on this and the other side of the water.

"Dad's Christmas Victory Letter Ship," just as there was a "Mother's Letter Ship," and, as the A.E.F. is several times larger than it was in May, it ought to break our previous record and land the biggest shipment of first class mail matter ever sent home by Americans abroad—the best Christmas present the fathers of the U.S.A., collectively and individually, ever got. And somewhere on the ocean we ought to meet and pass an eastbound ship, also letter laden, which we haven't presumed to christen, but which might well be named the "Father of Soldiers' Congratulatory Letter Ship." It will be Dad's old boat, churning along, with a befitting and welcome supplement to the 9x43 indignity.

At a western shipbuilding plant several weeks ago a service flag was raised before a gathering of men in overalls. The stars in the flag numbered 138. Each represented the son of one of the employees of the yard in the fighting services of the United States. There were 98 fathers working in that yard, and it is just one of thousands of big plants back home which has bucked us up. The fathers who stood silently by while that flag was raised are just '98 of several hundred thousand who are in our first reserve line.

Whether it's in a shipyard or a bank, a shell factory or a mine, the old man has backed us up. In the shipyard with the 98 fathers of 138 sons who have depended upon the efforts of the industrial United States it's a safe bet that there hasn't been a slacker. The 98 fathers wouldn't have tolerated one. Yes, our dads have been back of us to a man. They have been inordinately proud of us. Maybe, they haven't displayed their pride often—you know how the old man always tries to hide his feelings. But he feels pretty deeply on some things, and you, bearer of his name on the battle lines of liberty, have been uppermost in his thoughts ever since you have been in the Army or Navy.

Make It His Finest Christmas

There's nothing in the world he'd like to have so much for Christmas as a letter from you, his boy in the war. To get it, he'd even be willing to tell Mother she needn't think about giving him the usual necktie for Christmas nor Daughter the usual pair of knit socks, nor Young Son the usual half dozen aside by your newspaper in your behalf as the day on which to write a Christmas Victory Letter to the Old Man, and no matter what else befalls that day, be sure to get off that letter to Dad, even if it's only a few lines to tell him that you're well and to wish him the merriest, happiest Christmas he has ever had.

And that's just what it will be if the postman on Christmas morning rings the door bell and hands the old gentleman a letter bearing in its upper right hand corner the three magic words— FATHER'S XMAS LETTER.

Unit commanders, top kickers, company clerks—anybody and everybody who has any control over bulletin boards—is hereby respectfully (that will make them feel good) asked to see that notices of Father's Day are duly posted so that he who runs may read.

Continued on Page 2

PARIS EXULTS AS FOUR YEARS' PALL IS LIFTED AT LAST

Target of Gothas and Berthas Ablaze With Light as Great Day Ends

UNKISSSED SOLDIERS FEW

Arm in Arm Is Rule of Street, With Taxis Carrying Everyone Who Cares to Climb Aboard

Though it was all France that celebrated, in every village and town, the day of deliverance, the day the armistice was signed, yet it was in Paris, the heart of all France, that the exaltation reached its height.

Paris, which had showed itself calm and stoical under all raid and Big Bertha bombardment, which had found heart, in the face of a threatened offensive, to celebrate the Fourth and the Fiftieth of July with bonfires, parades and cheers, which for four years and more had been darkened and sad by night, light-bright but smiling by day, awoke, on November 11, 1918, about the middle of the morning.

It awoke with a long-drawn-out roar, burst first of unbelieved joy, then, with the realization that the armistice was at last actually signed, it shook off its cloak of unbelief and gave way to unfeigned, delighted, rapt surprise. The roar grew as the news spread, and from the big buildings Paris poured forth, to walk, walk, walk, ceaselessly up and down the crowded boulevards, in and out of the great squares and public places, anywhere, everywhere, just to see and be seen, to see the glow of victory reflected from the faces of the rest of all Paris. It asked no more; it was enough.

Le Jour de Gloire

The day had come. In the words of La Marseillaise, which everybody everywhere began to sing as though by instinct, "le jour de gloire est arrivé." The day for which the bravest of capitals had waited so long and so patiently, under the buffets of the enemy's guns by day and under the thundering blows of his bombs by night, had actually materialized. Paris was no longer in the Zone of the Armies; Paris was no longer a garrison town, no longer to be referred to or thought of by friends or foe as the neutral zone of the front. And in that day, as soon as it could rub its eyes and come to itself and be sure that the hideous dream had passed, Paris came home to itself, and the homecoming was glory.

But when one writes even of the rejuvenated, the restored Paris of 1918, one writes not of a merely reinstated Paris of 1914, but of a city that has become the capital of the Allied world. In the throngs on the streets, in the cafes, in the theaters, the four corners of the earth had met, to celebrate the common victory of the common cause. Yank and Aussie and Turk, Italian, Portuguese, Greek, Pole, Czech-Slovak, Tommy, Indian, all, from the newly arrived Brazilians to the wizened and weather-beaten poilus wearing the seven brisques denoting four years in the furnace, knew no nationality, no difference of tongues or even of uniform.

Everybody Arm in Arm

Arm in arm they paraded up and down the avenues and boulevards, Australians flanking the tam-o'-shanter of the chasseur Alpins just as fetching as their own fifty hounds, Italian ex-chankers proud and glad to exchange their big crooked hats for the dinky overseas caps of their Yankee brethren, Belgians fresh from the line bestowing their steel helmets on little swarthy men from the East in exchange for the weirdest of headgear.

As they went on their rollicking way, women and children pelted them with flowers, pressed flags into their hands, kissed them, and when they could separate them, danced around them in rings. To remain unknissed of any one, man, woman or child, the Allied soldier, whatever his badge or color, had to descend to a cellar and hide.

It was, in all probability, the greatest day Paris has known since the fall of the Bastille, marking, as it did, the triumph over the last remaining Bastille in the world, the fortress of Sedan, in which France's extorted indemnity of 1870 had laid these 46 years and more. Nearer home, it marked a triumph over the one semblance of tyranny that Paris has tolerated—the tyranny of the taxi driver.

Streets for Pedestrians

So it was with the auto buses, a whole column of which stood blocked in the Rue de Richelieu for the better part of the afternoon, unable to make the crossing at the junction of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard Montmartre. It seemed as if the Parisians and their Allied guests were determined, for one day at least, to rule supreme over all traffic and to have the streets to themselves for their victory party.

In the Place de la Concorde, to which, because of its name, doubtless, a great crowd repaired, the breech blocks of the captured German cannon were joyfully slammed, and the muzzles peered into by all the children who could crawl and climb up to them, who had gauding parents to boost them to the place of vantage. The stately statues of Lillie and Strasbourg were banked as never before with flowers and flags to celebrate their deliverance. And as the crowd swirled round and round the great obelisk in the center of the square, they were showered from the sky by Italian airmen, who, flying over the city in their Capronis, dropped neat little printed messages of congratulation to France "on the recovery of her lost children."

Blaze of Light at Night

People would pick up the leaflets, read them, and then, with cries like delighted children, blow kisses at the almost invisible specks in the sky. Even though the airmen were too far away to be really kissed, the people they had honored were determined to get them. At night the Place de l'Opera, ablaze with electric lights for the first time since France went out to war, fairly bulged. Every balcony, every window looking out on it was lined, and the crowd stretched far and away down the main leading from the Opera building, out on to the balcony of the Opera

MARSEILLES LEADS AS RACE TO BERLIN STARTS WITH BANG

Continued from Page 1

UP WITH THE MEN AT THE DOCKS AND THOSE AT THE BIG BUNCH OF WAREHOUSES

up between the men at the docks and those at the big bunch of warehouses a few miles away. The dock gang has to have cars to load and it is consequently up to the warehouse gang to unload cars quickly and get them back to the docks.

Without going into the merits of the case, the warehouse men claimed that they can unload cars faster than they can be shipped to them by the dock gang. That assertion made the Stevedores on the docks so whopping mad that one night they shipped 28 American cars of freight and porters' trunks at 5 o'clock to the warehouses as they should say, "Trump that, you—!"

Mayor of Rochefort Busy

At Rochefort, every ship in the port but one had been emptied on the Monday night following the contest's opening. The non-coms are holding meetings every evening to devise means to speed up the work. To speed up the thing even more, the mayor of the city has been on the job delivering speeches to the Stevedores every night.

How does he get it over? Why, most of them, being of French nationality or extraction, can compare French just as readily as they can toss bacon boxes into freight cars. Sixty of them, incidentally, returned to one of the ships one night last week in order to complete the unloading of a ship—just so they could start fresh on another one the next morning.

St. Nazaire organized a monster mass meeting a week ago to receive General Harbord, and turned out 10,000 strong to give him and his party three rousing cheers, "with a Harbord on the end, boys," under the leadership of Lieut. Edwards, who was not a contest entrant. Lieut. Hart, a first looney of Engineers and the wearer of the largest Sam Browne in France, used eight good Yankee dummies in introducing the general and cursing the Kaiser, so the meeting was a success from the start.

Colonel Gets All Juzzed Up

The meeting so juzzed up Colonel F. W. Green that he sat right down on his own and wrote a reply to Bordeaux's scathing poetic slur on St. Nazaire's unloading record. It ran:

Old St. Nazaire has not a scare— We know what Gascon talk is made of: Nor leave his life in our enemy's snare, Nor Bordeaux boasts are we afraid of. Give us the oil and flour boatload, And show, and gear the finest ever— Then watch them as they set the pace, And give them second place forever!

Brest has been working day and night to win, but sends up a bitter complaint that she can't get enough ships to unload. Major John O'Neill, the first Stevedores' chief, sent a lieutenant all around the town with scissors, cutting the question mark out of the "Brest to Berlin" signs. "It's unnecessary," he explained, "we'll win and no question about it." As Brest has seven weeks to recoup in, his guess is as good as the next man's. If they can only get the ships, the Brestites swear to double St. Nazaire's 100,000 franc bet and show them how.

At La Pallice they have a huge property clock, to show the progress of the race. The single hand on it starts at a mark called "La Pallice," and its route is charted to end in New York, via Berlin. The port's slogan, "Will Tom beat the luns?" is plastered all over the town.

Have, Nantes and Rouen are hustling night and day, making the Belgians and British at the first named place and the Tommies, at the latter named place, their best. "Not a bit of fool up, luns!" is the way Friend Thomas puts it.

To judge from the figures and the enthusiasm, none of the ports are.

NO COTTON PRICE FIXING

AMERICA, Nov. 14.—No price fixing on cotton is likely. There is no prospect that there will be a shortage of cotton, and the cotton investigating committee of the War Trade Board believes that cotton can be satisfactorily marketed without price fixing. There were 7, which is 250,000 bales more than for the same period last year.

SCHOOL AID TO CONTINUE

AMERICA, Nov. 14.—Colleges, universities and technical schools, having student army training corps will continue to receive Government aid through the entire school year, it is officially announced.

Itself came the best of France's singers, and, regardless of the effect of chilly November wind on precious vocal chords, sang and sang away again, with "La Brabanconne," "The Star Spangled Banner," "God Save the King," and always, ever recurring, "La Marseillaise."

The crowd took up the choruses and sent the anthems echoing back at the group on the balcony. And when the great folks of classical music finally descended, at the urgent pleas of the soldiers, to sing "Madelon," it seemed as if all France and all the Armies of the Alliance joined in the roar of applause and in the refrain.

GUNS ROAR ON MEUSE AS LAST ZERO ARRIVES

Continued from Page 1

They had heard it again and again during the past fortnight

"Well, the captain says it's so." "Hell, who's he? I'll wait till Foch comes and tells me himself." "Why, the preceding Thursday night— that was the night the envoys came over from Spa—news that what the dough of seems to prefer calling the "armistice" had been signed spread like the punch thru Grandpré to the Meuse. That night the flares inflamed the kies, the rockets streaked the night, and burst into long-suppressed music, and the headlights twinkled all along the road. It did not last long, this little hidden flurry, and there was much cold-aid; but, as a matter of fact, nothing much more demoralizing to the enemy could well have been staged than this spectacle of the First American Army celebrating something he had not heard.

All along the 77 miles held by the Americans the firing continued, literally, into the eleventh hour. At one minute before 11, when a million eyes were glued to the slow-reciprocating minute hands of a million watches, the roar of the guns was a thing to make the old earth tremble. At one point—it was where the Yankee division was, at the time, with a French corps was having a brisk morning battle to the east of the Meuse, a man stationed at one battery stood with a handkerchief in his uplifted hand, his eyes fixed on his watch. It was one minute before 11. To the lanyards of the four big guns ropes were tied, each rope manned by 200 soldiers, cooks, stragglers, messengers, gunners, everybody.

At 11 the handkerchiefs fell, the men pulled, the guns cursed out the last shot of the battery. And so it went at a hundred, at a thousand, places along the line.

Attack Before Vignoulles

Probably the hardest fighting being done by any Americans in the final hour was that which engaged the troops of the 28th, 92nd, 81st and 7th Divisions with the Second American Army, who launched a fire-eating attack above Vignoulles just at dawn on the 11th. It was no mild thing, that last flare of the battle, and the order to cease firing did not reach the men in the front line until the last moment, when runners sped with it from fox hole to fox hole.

Then a quite startling thing occurred. The skyline of the great ahead of the line suddenly populated with dancing soldiers and, down the slope, all the way to the barbed wire, straight for the Americans, came the German troops. They came with outstretched hands, cart-to-car grins and souvenirs to swap for cigarettes, so well did they know the little weakness of their foe. They came to tell how pleased they were the fight had stopped, how glad they were the Kaiser had departed for Paris unknown, how fine it was to know they would have a republic at last in Germany.

"No," said one stubborn little Prussian. "Where's his own companions mobbed him and howled him down." The farthest north at 11 o'clock on the front of the two armies was held at the extreme American left up Sedan way by the troops of the 77th Division. The farthest east, that last flare of the Rhine, was held by those negro soldiers who used to make up the old New York 15th and have long been brigaded with the French. They were in Alsace and their line ran through Thann and across the railway that leads to Colmar.

Civilians Cross Trenches

When the great hour came, across the trenches from our side swarmed a small army of civilians bearing food and clothing to their kith and kin on the other side. From the highest steeple in Thann the tricolor fluttered gayly, and with him the church steeple in the distance, all the old folks from miles around.

With them, in among them, poilus knelt and Yankee soldiers, and the crowd so choked the aisles and steps that the priest could not move forward for his services. But the priest preached from the pulpit were such words as leave the eyes dim and the heart glowing.

Up to the front, past Montfaucon and Tomagne, past Remouville and on up a truck trundled that morning. Over the tailboard, at the endless end of Argentine and Ardennes, there gazed a boy who had been drafted in the heart of America some six months before and who, with stop-offs for tedious training on the way, had slowly journeyed from his home to the Ardennes. It had taken him six months, it had put him through the cheerless channel of the replacement system, but it had brought him at last to his destination—the destination of his daydreams and his nightmares. He had reached the front.

As he rode along he noticed a certain excitement tingling everywhere, but when that was just the mood of the front. When finally the truck stopped and he jumped out, the news was waiting for him.

"It is 11 o'clock. The war is over," "Hell," he said, "I just get here." Then he laughed a short, little laugh that was made half of relief and half of disappointment. And his name was Private George W. Legion.

Up in a high observation post an American observer was trying to penetrate the mist with his German field

PHOTO CAMERAS & FURNITURES THE BEST AND LOWEST PRICES TIRANTY 91 Rue Lafayette, PARIS

VICTORIOUS YANKS YIELD TO POILUS AT SEDAN'S GATES

Continued from Page 1

day by soldiers exhausted by many days of a breathless pursuit, soldiers who had stripped their own guns and their own ration carts. They had even outstripped their own ammunition carts in some instances. Hill 346—higher by some few meters than either Montsec or Montfaucon—looked down on troops that, at the moment, had no ammunition to shoot. But the hill, crowned with ten machine guns, had to be taken. It was taken. It was taken by those companies who fixed their bayonets and rushed it with a roar. The Germans always did speak scornfully of American bluff.

Indeed, though the last week was rather a pursuit than a hotly contested battle, its days were full of such chapters as these. Consider the episode of the Marines arriving at sundown at a little forest made impassable by the bristling fringe of machine guns left to guard it. When dark came the Germans who manned those guns retired into the heart of the woods to sleep and wait for dawn according to their ancient and methodical custom. But the Marines were in a hurry. They did not wait till dawn. They did not wait at all.

Protected by the hubbub of the Artillery, guided by a luminous compass, taught by the memories of old days in the Philippine grass, they formed a hand-to-hand "chain and single file," fitted through the woods. When dawn came they were ready to attack from both sides.

Within Grenade Reach

Then consider the troops that had to fight their way across the Meuse and the Canal de l'Est above Briulleux, the men of the 5th Division who set up their bridges under shell fire and, actually pelted by hand grenades, walked, waded, swam, blundered their way to the lights on the other side, nor stopped there but pushed on by fighting a none too easy advance of 15 kilometers. If the line held by the First American Army at the hinge of the Western front is to be called the Post of Honor, what shall be said of the hinge of the hinge?

When the full story comes to be told, it will be shown that when the order to cease firing came on the 11th, the divisions in line in that region were, from left to right, the 77th, the 2nd, the 89th, the 90th, the 5th and the 32nd. When the drive started its third and last phase on November first, they were the 78th, the 77th, the 80th, the 2nd, the 89th, the 5th and the 90th.

THANKSGIVING CHORUS PLAN

AMERICA, Nov. 14.—The National Council of Women is planning a mighty chorus of rejoicing for 4 p.m. Thanksgiving Day. All America, all the men on ships in port or at sea, and all the A.E.F. are asked to join in a unified program of patriotic songs.

CHARLES DILLINGHAM Sends Greetings to the Boys "OVER THERE" From the New York HIPPODROME "OVER HERE"

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Every Man in Service 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

ARMISTICE SIGNED, HOHENZOLLERNS GO, EMPIRE DISSOLVES

Continued from Page 1

ture on page 6) stipulate that the armistice is to be in force for 36 days, and that it may be denounced by either side on 48 hours' notice.

On Saturday night came the news of the Kaiser's abdication. The commander of the German army, Dr. Solt, the most reputable, most disciplined, most efficient fighting organization in the world's history, boarded a train and fled to Holland.

Of the fighting of the past week there is little to be said, for the years that have elapsed in the past ten days already make it ancient history. Fighting ended, it only remains to be said, with French and Americans along and across the Meuse in the first abrupt foothills of the Ardennes, and with the British west east of Meuse, the Belgian city where in 1914 the "7" contingents began their memorable retreat before the surpassing troops of a power that the history books will call the German Empire.

On Monday the German Government, assuming there is no end, asked, through the foreign secretary, Dr. Solt, that the President of the United States arrange for the opening of peace negotiations immediately, "as there is a pressing danger of a famine."

That same day President Wilson, addressing a joint session of Congress, stated that steps were being taken to supply the Central Powers with food on the same systematic plan which fended starvation from Belgium in the days of German occupation.

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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE WAR RELIEF COMMITTEE Has opened reading, writing and rest rooms at 3 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. These rooms are open daily from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. and all Soldiers and The Christian Science Monitor, other publications of the Society, the Bible and the Text Book of Christian Science, "Science and Health" with "Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, will be furnished free by the Committee to any Soldier or Sailor of the Allied Armies upon request. 3 AVENUE DE L'OPERA.

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Lowney's Chocolates Fresh from the U.S.A.

DRILLS, TAPS, DIES, HIGH SPEED CARBON STEEL MACHINE TOOLS THE BUTTEROSI SYNDICATE BUREAUX 27 PLAGAINS, 137-148 AVENUE MALAKOFF, PARIS

A.E.F. ADOPTS 133 GIFT ORPHANS AS ARMISTICE COMES

Total of Christmas Parrains Now 747; Officers Raise Their Score

ANOTHER GENERAL BUYS

Major Can't Get Twins, but Fathers Two Children—Chemical Service Takes Nine

Well, here we are, running right along like the river of "I told you so's." Can't stop for such things as armistices and peace.

The Kaiser has gone to Holland and got in Dutch (may be forgiven that one), the war has blown up, and nothing to do except go fishing in the Rhine and figuring out a campaign against the old guy who has been sticking around the girl we left behind.

One hundred and thirty-three was the score of Christmas gift war orphans adopted in the week ending simultaneously with hostilities, making the A.E.F.'s total of juvenile dependents, on that memorable November 11, 1918, and the total 747 since the Christmas campaign started, a number which has already swamped the Red Cross committee in charge of finding, investigating, and allotting the children.

Also, we want to ask that anybody who has any ideas about the future of the A.E.F.'s orphan family in France after we are gone to send in their ideas. We don't want it to slump off like the war did with us—going with a month's pay and nothing saved for the future, as it were.

More Stars in Orphan Sky We got another general this week. This makes three for the Christmas campaign. Not such bad fellows after all. This one was Brig. Gen. E. B. Babbitt, of the Artillery Brigade, and he said:

"The work is a most commendable one in that it helps to maintain this most wonderful French nation. May the generations you are now fostering maintain the standards set by the present generation of fighters, idealists and patriots."

Besides this, in the list of individual adopters were three majors, five captains, eight lieutenants, one lieutenant-commander of the Navy, and one corporal. Yep, a non-com getting his name right in amongst the people again!

It was the appeal to the generals that brought in one of the majors, Major Mallet, founder and commanding officer of the Franco-American Mallet Reserve, who, incidentally, took two children. He wrote:

- 1. As a consequence in your unveiled hint of October 25 concerning the adoption of war orphans by generals, I feel justified in taking a couple, although I am not a general, but a commanding officer of a Franco-American unit.
2. Hence, I enclose the necessary funds for that purpose.
3. My choice would be one girl and one boy.
4. If possible, twins, with 7. one fair, if possible, and one dark, and 8. with curly hair, if possible.
9. I shall expect to hear from these children, but
10. they must not be bullied into writing in English, as I understand French pretty well.
11. Having been taught that language from an early age.
12. To regret that we haven't any twins in stock and that, as heretofore explained, the adoption of two children in the same family is against the policy of spreading the money thin and making it go as far as possible. But we've got something just as good. (Ex-drug clerks, please take notice.)

Chemical Warfarers Come In

Mention for distinguished service in adoptions goes to a lot of organizations and groups this week. The Chemical Warfare Service is conspicuous in the table of new parrains. They took nine children, all told.

The officers, field clerks and enlisted men at G.H.Q. took eight children in addition to a family already notable. One regiment of Infantry from New York took 15, one for each company.

Base Hospital No. 10 took ten and said: "This ought to give us an assorted lot both as to sex and complexion. We think it might even include a red headed, stub nosed, speckled face boy or ten or less. This Base Hospital has the distinction of being the first hospital unit to land in France, and quite naturally it has been our privilege to point the way to others in many times."

The money was raised by offerings in Sunday evening church services from the enlisted personnel, nurses and some friends taken up which we in the same dilemma. The officers of the unit totaled 3,500 francs and there's not a general, a colonel or a major in the group. At least one captain should be credited with enough to support an orphan for a year.

If it isn't asking too much, we'd like to be the first home when this war is over. Fine. We'll do already got the war called off, and—

Battery E—Art. C.A.C. took six children; the Ordnance Armament School at St. Jean de Monte, and the Enlisted Men of Base Hospital No. 9 each adopted four. Company D, Ammunition Train, became the parrain of three. Base Hospital No. 9 wrote: "At first we intended to raise only 500 francs for one orphan. This was on payday, with all its good effects, and we got more than 1,000 francs within an hour. There was enough for two children and a good start toward a third, so, shortly afterward, at a Red Cross celebration, a collection was taken up which put us in the same dilemma. We had enough for three and some in addition for a fourth. The amount necessary for the fourth was soon made up, however, and an even amount finally reached."

The Artillery Observation School and Flight C, 300th Aero Repair Squadron, sent in 1,000 francs by a travel order which would impress the most hard-boiled R.T.O. This was it:

Pursuant to authority contained in THE STARS AND STRIPES and in the memory of the dead FATHERS OF FRANCE, One Thousand Francs will be proceeded immediately by mail to the French War Orphan Office for duty in adopting two war orphans, one boy and one girl. The travel receipt is necessary in the service of HUMANITY. The enlisted men and the officers of

ADOPT A CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHAN!

On September 27 THE STARS AND STRIPES announced a Christmas campaign for the temporary adoption of 500 little French war orphans—a campaign to provide each of them with the Christmas gift of the A.E.F., with food, clothing, comfort, schooling for an entire year. So generous was the response that, within five weeks and with Christmas still two months off, the entire 500 had found godfathers in O.D.

Therefore, THE STARS AND STRIPES (through the cooperating Red Cross committee, which administers the care of the A.E.F.'s adopted orphans) has listed from the tens of thousands of fatherless French homes more children to meet future demands than the Christmas we will give these children to the Santa Claus from overseas—

CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHANS AT 500 FRANCS EACH (19 pounds, 5 shillings, English money).

The U.S. Ambulance Service with the French Army, through their newspaper, the Radiator, each took a child, three Y.M.C.A. workers took one between them, and a regiment of South Carolina Infantry, which, organized in 1807, supplied three companies of Infantry in the Civil War, became a distinguished parrain. The 340 Aero Squadron took a child, an only one.

We're a mighty bunch, but your adoption scheme gave us a rise and now we've landed with full force. The C.O. was the propelling force and every one from the top to the bottom of the list was ready to go. But your order gave our hearts a chance to rise above our best plane and every one swung into formation hitting on all fours.

Kind of acrophilic, that letter, but we know what it's about. Also, this week there was a notable fractional contribution. An Army field clerk forwarded 125 francs for the orphan cause and the captain that censured his letter was so touched that he touched everybody else in the office and then himself for an additional 165 francs.

How is that for an example to censors! Maybe we've found a way to get even with those birds, after all.

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 of the child.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised to adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan. Send all communications regarding the Christmas Gift War Orphan to THE STARS AND STRIPES, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

This Week's Adoptions

Orphans were adopted this week as follows:

Table listing names and ranks of individuals who adopted orphans, including Capt. Henry T. Heitman, Lt. M. M. Baker, and others.

VOLUNTARY TAXATION HELPS MONEY DRIVE

Corporations, Firms and Employes Give Part of Earnings

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Nov. 14.—The country is prepared for the mighty united war work campaign, and a great outburst of speeches and writings appeals have informed the nation of the necessity for a big response. The mark set now is \$270,000,000.

This drive will be altogether different in aspect from the previous Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives, for a happy and joyful country will engage in it with a lively feeling of proud gratitude and duty that it owes to its men in France.

LITTLE LONG LOST TOWNS ECHO PEAL OF VICTORY AS FIRING CEASES

American Advance Along Meuse Liberates 150 French Villages

HIDDEN TREASURES AIRED

Jubilant, Half Incredulous Population Greet Yank Liberators With Tears and Hospitality

The American soldiers summoned into line for the third and last phase of the Argonne drive will remember it all the days of their lives. But the memory that will be always closest to their hearts and will color most beautifully the stories they are to tell their children in the glorious years to come is not the memory of the pursuit, which was triumphant, nor of the speed, which was exhausting beyond all words.

From that misty September morning when the First Army struck its first blow northwest of Verdun to that misty November morning when the order, "Cease firing," sounded from Switzerland to the sea, more than 150 towns and villages were won back by force of arms.

Some of these, the first recaptured, are so nearly obliterated that those who had lived there all their days will find not one familiar wall or door to greet their desolate return. But others—more than half of all—were little hattered by the war, and in all of those from Buzancy northward a half-incredulous, altogether jubilant, population stood waiting with laughter and tears and songs and kisses the advent of their deliverers.

White Flags of Friendliness

Sometimes they went out into the fields, the women and the old men and the children, there to wave sheets as white flags of friendliness and appeal. Sometimes they went fearfully into their cellars and stayed there till they heard the uproarious and unmistakably American voices calling down to them: "The Boches have paraded, the Boches have paraded!"

They were of one spirit, these people, and it was the spirit of the little, old woman of Briulles-sur-Bar. It glowed in her eyes as she stood amid the ruins of her home.

At 3 on the afternoon before, the Germans had fled from the town. At 3:20 the last of them had set off the mines which opened nine craters in the road leading into the village. At 4 came the Americans. The explosion had blown her barn to bits and wrecked her house. Now, while American Engineers were clearing down the remains of that house, to bring a new road into being with the stones, she stood guard over her bits of rescued furniture, huddled in the mud, polishing them with vigor when she was not too busy patting the passing doughboys on the back or bending in love and reverence to kiss the hand of every poltroon who paused to speak to her. Down her wrinkled cheeks the tears were raining steadily, but they were tears of happiness. There was no doubt at all about that. Even with her home a wreck?

"Mon dieu, a house can be rebuilt. It is not so with the life of a man."

Mme. Morale of Authe

Thus spoke the little, old woman of Briulles-sur-Bar. The same unquenchable fire lighted the eyes of Mme. Morale of Authe when she stood in the doorway of her home waving a tricolor as the Yankees marched into the town.

Mme. Morale is the name she acquired among the people of Authe during four most bitter years. No matter what the news from the front, no matter what poison the Germans distilled for the minds of the imprisoned towns, there had never been any flagging of the spirit of Mme. Morale.

She is 74 years old, but no one in hospitable Authe was quite so energetic as she in preparing great tubs of coffee and soup for the oncoming Americans. As for her house, in a twinkling she had turned it into a colonel's P.C. and set

up with her kitchen the table for the colonel's mess. At least the colonel thought it was to be his mess but some how it proved quite impossible to suggest to Mme. Morale that there was no need for her bringing to the table every tired and hungry doughboy she could drag from the highway.

Some of the good things served in the little old lost towns the first day of the deliverance had been hoarded for just that day—hoarded for the day of their dreams through interminable months of privation and discouragement.

Toasts Drunk in Kirsch

The mayor of Tannay, his mischievous eyes gleaming with satisfaction, escorted some American officers to his cellar, which, he explained, had been searched again and again in the days of requisitions. Then, from its hiding place underneath the floor, he proudly produced a bottle of kirsch, and great was the eloquence of the toasts drunk then and there to the glory of France and America.

The gentle, humorous old curé of Chémery—Abbe Cochin—he, too, had hidden away home bottles for the day of days, a bottle of rare Burgundy and a bottle of champagne. He saved them jealously from that unforgettable night in August, 1914, when the Germans took the town, till one day in June, 1918, when, sick and a little discouraged, he drank them both himself.

The curé was one of those who took to the cellar when the tide of battle swept through Chémery. Finally, he and his bonne heard the neighbors pounding on the door above and shouting, "Come up, come up, the Americans are here!"

He drank them both himself, how choked with happiness they were! They could scarce mount the steps, scarce believe their ears and eyes. But it was quite true, what the neighbors had said, and before long a lot of jolly, muddy, tired Americans were gathered around the dinner table which, for the first time in four years, shone with the curé's silver that had been hidden all that time under the rabbit hutch in the garden.

Cure Tells Stories

How they all laughed at the curé's stories! There was that one about the Prussian officer who came with a tremendous clicking of heels and banged on the door as if it were the day of Judgment. "And have you any wine, Monsieur?" "Not a drop, Messieurs. And neither did he—for them. Only a hundred bottles or so hidden about the premises, to be dug up every once in a while for the services in the old church next door.

Unlike most of the folk, the curé could go out of the town on occasions to give the last rites of the church in the farm houses near by. He would be searched when he came back, but never once did they find the two or three eggs he would always bring back with him, hidden in his baggy knee breeches.

Not all the captive towns had curés. At Les Petites Armoises, for instance, there was no mass said in the village church from 1915 until last Sunday morning. But each Sunday the good people of Les Petites Armoises went to church for prayers, and the Catholics among the German soldiers who knelt there with them must have known for what land and for what armies those silent prayers were being offered up beside them.

Tidings Seep Through

Food was not abundant, but, thanks to the American ravitaillement, it was enough. What they lacked most sorely was word from their own people and tidings from the world outside. Once or twice a year, through the offices of the Red Cross in Switzerland, brief letters, no longer than telegrams, would come from their kin on the other side of the battle line, but for news of how that battle was going, they had to depend on

that curious journal known as the Gazette des Ardennes, the official publication of the occupied territory which appeared every week—up to about a month ago, when it suddenly and mysteriously ceased.

The Gazette did publish the communiqués—except the American—but for the rest it was made up of pieces carefully calculated to dishearten them, pieces which particularly derided the ludicrous notion that the Americans could make any difference in the relentless course of the war. Through the Gazette it was possible to send for all the latest books—splendid books such as "The Decadence of England," "The Capital Crimes of Belgium," "Guilt by Belgium" and the like.

So, after the first tumult of greeting, it was news the townspeople wanted. Where was the Kaiser? Was it true the Germans had fled on Paris? They had heard of the gun, but supposed it was a German booby thing—things in Russia? Thus the questions poured out, the old mayor of Chémery vowing, as he perched himself on the limb of a passing field kitchen, that though the dirty Germans had left him nothing but the clothes he had on, he was never so happy in all his life.

Lost—One O.D. Blanket In most of these towns, when dawn came last Monday morning, could be heard the jingle of harness on the frosty morning air, the rumpus of the mules, the growing chorus of curses and laughter, the music of an American regiment waking up. In some the guests were pulling out that day. In the half frozen mud of one of them a little girl of ten, shivering in her gingham dress, was murmuring something about a blanket.

"Well, I'll be damned," said one very small doughboy, rumping his hair. "I can't stand that!"

Then and there his pack was opened up. It was lighter when he took to the road a half hour later. And if any quartermaster takes action in the matter—may God have mercy on his—quartermaster's—soul!

It was that same morning that the great news came. Surely, bells rang forth the tidings from Rome to San Francisco, but there are some of us who will always believe that, in all the chiming which sounded across the world that morning of November 11, the sweetest notes of all came from the liberated bellfries of France.

MADE IN THE U. S. A. UNDERWEAR

REIS

AMERICAN EYE GLASSES E.P. Meyrowitz OPTICIAN 3, Rue Scribe PARIS LONDON NEW YORK

Est. 1837 Inc. 1865 THE BRISTOL MFG. CO. BRISTOL, Conn., U.S.A. Knit Underwear for Men "Sandman" Sleeping Garments

"Unsurpassed for excellence of finish and regularity of make."

THE EVER-READY SAFETY RAZOR

A "pal in your pocket" is the 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor, the standby of every enlisted man. It's always at hand to freshen you up with a smooth, speedy shave. 'Ever-Ready' Radio Blades have the edge on any blades made—they are hair-tested and wrapped dust and rust proof.

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razors and 'Ever-Ready' Radio Blades can be obtained at all Y.M.C.A. canteens. 'Ever-Ready' Blades fit all other Safety razors similar in construction. American Safety Razor Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Minute Tapioca Company Orange, Mass.

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

Comrades: Persistent rumors have recently leaked through the censor and are circulating around New York to the effect that certain negro regiments somewhere in France are not at all satisfied with the weapons furnished by Uncle Sam for trench work. True to instinct, they are reported to be carrying their trusty razors during night expeditions through no man's land, where they get in quiet but deadly work. It seems that these dark-skinned troops spend much of their time every evening before taps sharpening these wicked instruments of destruction until the blades are exceedingly keen and so thin that a vital cut leaves no visible wound.

Al Jolson, the famous black-face comedian, now playing at the Winter Garden, told a good one at the Memorial Day matinee concerning the actions of one of these negroes, which brings out clearly the effectiveness of their methods.

He said that one night a company of these troops went over the top, every man gripping his razor tightly in his right hand. The enemy trench was soon taken and the visible occupants quickly and silently put out of the way, when a Hun officer who had been hiding in a dugout suddenly loomed up in the darkness.

The negro nearest him made a vicious pass at his throat. The officer, however, never budged from his tracks—instead, with an ugly scowl grabbed his gun and exclaimed insolently in very good English, "Never touched me, Rastus." Never touched you—hell—said the big negro undismayed and perfectly at ease. "Just wait 'til you try to move your head to aim that gun." "Would you believe it," said Al, "dat Hun jest naturally had a total eclipse quicker than one can say Old Black Joe."

I salute you, THE MINUTE MAN OF '76.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES U. S. ARMY AND NAVY JEWISH WELFARE BOARD Headquarters: 41 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris

Bernard Weatherill The Man Who "Filled the Breach" in the Breches World, and gave the public perfect fitting Riding Breches. Comfort in the Saddle! Style out of the Saddle!

Kahn-Tailored Officers' Uniforms To Individual Measure IN every army post, port, camp and cantonment, at home and abroad, Kahn-Tailored Officers' Uniforms are serving with the colors, and serving with honor.

Ever-Ready Safety Razor THE BRISTOL MFG. CO. BRISTOL, Conn., U.S.A. Knit Underwear for Men "Sandman" Sleeping Garments

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

The Stars and Stripes

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

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1918.

GENTLEMEN, TO FRANCE!

In the hour of victory, what member of the A.E.F. could hope to express in mere words the feeling of eternal comradeship and eternal gratitude of the men of the A.E.F. for France?

ALL FOR YOU, UNCLE SAM

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon advanced troops of the First American Army took that part of the city of Sedan which lies on the west bank of the Meuse.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE

A writer in a recent number of The Outlook, appraising the work of the various auxiliary organizations with the A. E. F., dismisses the Salvation Army in a few lines with the note too well concealed.

WANT TO GO HOME?

It looks now as though we would all be going home sooner or later, and the bets are on as to when that happy date will be.

ANNIVERSARIES

We are nearing the tail-end of the year, nearing the bustling and frosty (for some of us) season which, because two of them happen to fall always exactly one week apart, we call the holidays.

HOLD YOUR HORSES

The armistice is not peace itself. It merely brings peace nearer. It stops actual fighting for a period of 36 days, but hostilities do not cease.

to us to see that we are in shape and ready to perform them. There is a lot of work to be done in policing the newly taken over territory.

WILLIAM THE COWARD

While the rearguards of his army were frantically battling with machine guns and rifles to cover the retreat of that once formidable host, William Hohenzollern, late German Kaiser and King of Prussia, fled to a neutral country to gain respite from the wrath of the world.

COMING UP FOR AIR

Having had a life-long acquaintance with the two Vin sisters, Rouge and Blanc, and having contributed enough francs to assure all of the estimable owners in France a life of comfort and ease.

A SISTER'S PRAISE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Since coming over here, about three months ago, I have had to travel around France alone a number of times.

WORK AND PLAY

Our organization has never contributed any news to our own paper, so here goes a little item which may be of interest to other Engineer bands.

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ANSWER?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Would you kindly advise me, through your valued columns, who it was that put the S. O. L. in soldier?

The Army's Poets

WAR

He did not care if he never returned Back to the world that he knew. He left it, a youth with shriveled soul, And his heart—it was not true.

But there on Flanders' blood red fields, Where men are broken or made, He fought the battle of flesh and soul While he had red blood to waste.

He swallowed the acid taste of fear That rankled up his throat; And fought the one great fight of man, And crossed, with God, the moat.

Yes, crossed the moat and won his fight, And went through the purging fire— And a man like the pure white lilies aloft Sprang from out of the mire.

He did not know and could not see, But war has opened his eyes; It showed him the road to Heaven or Hell, And how a brave man dies.

"I LOVE YOU"

I've heard a lot of music As a comrade-in-arms, I've listened to the operas And the moaning saxophone.

I've heard them play on glasses, And ring the shiny cymbals, Or the organ at the movies— I've heard them play the zither, And accordion to foyle.

I've heard John Philip Sousa Play all his famous stuff, And the art of the victrol, Has lured me oft enough; But though I give them credit In their amateurish way, When it comes to downright music I hear it first that day.

When Odette, ma chérie, Murmured tenderly, "Je t'aime!"

BALADE OF THE WACHT AM RHEIN

Some years ago, mein herr, you planned To give the world to Berlin's sway By having wrought in every land And crime and horror and dismay.

The London-bombing sport was grand And shelling Paris seemed but play, But Essen—"Oh! Withhold your hand!" And Frankfurt—"Kamerad, keep away!"

When Ypres first gaped in ghastly prayer, How German chemists' eyes did shine! How will you take your guns shall say, When England mounts her Wacht am Rhein?

A COOTIFUL DREAM

There's a dream that comes to me sometimes, When angels stand at my bed, A vision of a better life, That's nothing left to be said.

I look in its golden wonder, Like some Arabian night, This dream that comes to me sometimes, To me in my cootiful plight.

MOTHER

Once upon a stormy night Of crashing clouds and slanting rain, And dead, brown leaves whirling in flight, From branches groaning as in pain,

Within a house there lay a child: Frazzled weary, pain-defied, Death hovered near, within, without; Winds whirled and wailed, while watchers wept.

One smiling form, a mother's face, And that the house top came again, But Mother, 'twas thy tender care That saved my life, thy trusting prayer.

THE NIGHT IS DONE

Some whispered words, and then I was alone In the vast temple of the Night; How much it seemed like early youth, When darkness holds a myriad crushing forms— Another infancy.

Now and then crashed into the solemn harmony Of the stars, some animated gun; Or ghostly complained against the night some Lingering and dying in the air, Silence and dark return.

Again the stars, unnumbered save by an infinity, And each perhaps a solar scheme, Now following a hopeless course of grim fatality, As I.

But what is death to them? How do they die? Death!—'twas not a noise—'twas just imagination. If senseless form and motion have no end, Why then should I?

And their beginning 'ere the nebulae— If mystery enshrouds the first, why not the last? A friendly sound; some whispered words, Relief. The night is done.

TO OUR DAY

The day of calm, the day of care, As we our fates are weaving; The day of duty, the day of dare, And heavy hearts a-heaving.

The day of doubt, the day of deeds, And of a friend's a-falling; The day to follow Him who leads Against the foe assailing.

The day of minds, the day of men So meet with purpose merging; The day of might, the Rule of Right, And all the world a-purging.

The day of peace, the day of teeth, And then—our foe a-fawing; The day of days when Truth meets Truth, And O, the victor's dawning!

CORP. R. V. RANDOLPH, U.S.A., P.O.

THEN WE WILL HAVE PEACE



Reprinted from THE STARS AND STRIPES of October 18, 1918

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To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Having had a life-long acquaintance with the two Vin sisters, Rouge and Blanc, and having contributed enough francs to assure all of the estimable owners in France a life of comfort and ease.

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GINGER IS FOUND

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: We notice your advertisement in THE STARS AND STRIPES in regard to the whereabouts of a dog named Ginger.

We beg to state that the above mentioned dog has been transferred permanently to the Aero Squadron at this post.

A CLOTHES CURE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In your edition of October 25 you bemoan the fact, and justly so, that our justly famed O. D.'s are in a quite wrinkled condition after coming from the sterilizer for the suppression of cooties and other vermin.

Allow a suggestion from one who has had a little experience along this line. Fold the trousers and blouse similarly to the way in which they were when issued, then tie in a bundle in the usual way, and when sterilized hang where they can air for 30 minutes or an hour.

PVT. FRED P. ODOMUS, M. D.

ANSWER?

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ANSWER?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I would like to see the world's greatest general and Jefferson Davis, sub, the world's greatest statesman.

ANSWER?

Speaking for myself and a not-overly-small group of fellow rebels, and exactly satisfied with the honest, hard-fisted, firm-jawed, and seemingly-inevitable nickname of Yank, and say, with one of the papers back home: "Let Yank be the official battle name of our boys, and the rebel yell their official battle cry."

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AMERICA IN FRANCE XIV—Sedan

Twice in modern history, Sedan has flamed into a lurid beacon of defeat. It is the burial place of dynasties. Like Waterloo, it saw the extinguishing of a Bonaparte—the last Bonaparte—and the glorification of a Hohenzollern. Now its capture, while not the single direct cause, at all events coincided with the extinguishing of a Hohenzollern—the last Hohenzollern.

"At four o'clock yesterday afternoon advanced troops of the First American army took that part of the city of Sedan which lies on the west bank of the Meuse." Thus opened the American communique of a week ago this morning.

The very name of Sedan is synonymous with humiliation, with sackcloth and ashes, once for France and her Emperor, however estranged the two may have been, now for Prussia and the Prussian principle.

For the two Sedans—the Sedan of 1870 and the Sedan of 1918—spell the beginning and end of a regime—a regime whose goal was world dominion, no matter what the price in human life and human right or its own honor.

September 1, 1870

The battle of Sedan was fought on September 1, 1870. It resulted in the surrender of the French Army and its complete and unconditional surrender, and the bearing off into Germany as prisoners of more than 80,000 men and the Emperor of the French himself. It led to the humiliating treaty of Frankfurt, the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, the payment of an indemnity of five billion francs.

The war that virtually ended at Sedan represented the final act of degradation at the hands of a state that had learned the art of degradation well.

That war, if not that battle, was the only engineered result of the machinations of an evil genius who said later, in the quiet decline of his old age: "But for me, three great wars would not have been fought; eighty thousand men would not have perished; parents, brothers, sisters, and widows would not be received and plunged into mourning. . . . I had no joy from all my achievements—nothing but vexation, care and trouble."

An Unforgivable Man Thus spoke Bismarck in 1877. He stands out as one of the few truly unforgivable men in history. But even if he was a devil, he was at least a great one. The breed of Prussia has produced since then many who were his equals in wickedness, but no one of his stature.

The Franco-Prussian war, made out of whole cloth by Bismarck, precipitated by the doctoring of a telegram at the hands of the Iron Chancellor himself, had its seeds in the Prussian will to be the first nation on the continent of Europe, and its immediate cause in the effort to place a Hohenzollern on the throne of Spain.

It started badly for France. It was not many days old before General Bazaine was cooped up in the fortress of Metz. To his assistance, on August 23, started a French Army under MacMahon, moving from Châlons, 120,000 strong, toward Metz by way of Stenay. Provisions were short, and so a detour was made to Reims.

Cavalry Reaches Beaumont. It was not until August 27 that MacMahon's own cavalry reached the Meuse at Beaumont, looking for Bazaine, who had plenty of time to get that far if he intended leaving Metz and marching westward to effect a juncture with the new French Army.

Not finding him, they guessed rightly that Bazaine had not budged from Metz, and MacMahon himself, accepting this view, counseled a retreat toward Paris. But on this same August 27, the ministerial council at Paris wired that Metz must be relieved.

Here there intervened a piece of confusion that was wholly in keeping. A French corps—General de Failly's—had orders to march on Beaumont. The staff officer bearing the orders was captured. Failly, therefore, as he had been earlier directed, proceeded to Stenay.

German Shells Come When he finally reached Beaumont, it was four o'clock in the morning, and his men were worn out and hungry. They cooked their meal, setting no outposts, and were at their breakfast when German shells began to burst among them. Soon the German divisions were upon them. The French were routed, not, however, without suffering heavy losses, and MacMahon decided to fall back on Sedan.

The German line that thus blocked the road to Metz lay across a strip of country which the advancing Americans crossed the first week in November, 1918. That line was roughly Vouziers-Buzancy-Stenay.

North of Sedan, between that town and Metz, lay another Prussian army. MacMahon's intention was to try to break through toward the southeast, reaching Carrignan, 18 kilometers up the Meuse, and so perhaps joining forces with Bazaine. Bazaine, however, was still playing billiards in Metz.

Net Is Drawn Tighter Meanwhile the German hosts were drawing the net tighter and tighter. The only opening in the circle was toward the northeast, in the direction of the Belgian frontier. By 10 o'clock on the morning of September 1, 1870, the ring was virtually complete. Inside it was MacMahon's army—and Napoleon III, last Emperor of the French.

Whatever his faults, whatever rebuke the judgment of history may have administered to him, and rightly, it is impossible to look back upon him at this time without sympathy. He was desperately ill. His throne was tottering. His people and his nation were drinking the bitter cup of defeat. In a few hours he was to leave France a prisoner, never to see it again, to die in exile. There is not a hypocritical syllable in the note which he sent personally to the King of Prussia on the evening of this benumbing September 1:

"Sire, my Brother: Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your Majesty. "I am, your Majesty's good Brother, "NAPOLEON."

Began at Six in Morning The battle of Sedan had begun at 6 o'clock in the morning. Never was a finer defense put up against more hopeless odds. The king of Prussia himself, watching the desperate attempt of the French to get through the encircling foe, cried out in admiration, "Oh, what brave men!"

At Napoleon's own orders, the white flag was raised at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. But he sent no envoy to parley with the enemy, so that fighting continued until 5 o'clock, by which time the French were fighting under the very walls of Sedan, now being bombarded by German guns. It was not until eight in the evening that negotiations on the basis of surrender were actually entered into.

MacMahon had been wounded early in

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

SHOWING THAT WHEN YOU DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING YOU SHOULD HAVE IT WRAPPED TIGHTLY



I had to go and persuade him to give it back.

France, Nos. sank, 19 dees wheat.

Begates Henry.—Well Henry have you bought any Christmas presents yet for Lucy? If you haven't you are out of luck maybe because they will all be gone if you don't hurry. There ain't much silk and stuff in France maybe and if there ain't Lucy will be S. O. L.

Well you know Henry that old saying back home which is Do your Christmas shopping now, Well I done mine Henry. I guess Maggie will be awfully pleased to when she gets her present because its just what a girl would like I bet.

But when I buy Christmas presents again Henry I will be careful who I buy it of. When it comes to buying presents for women who are aint married or anything you got to be top and think several times before you spend your money.

Well Henry I happened to get a trip down to a pretty big sized town with the mess sergt. which is not very far from the front line and where everybody is stocking up with Christmas presents to sell to us Americans.

I was in the town about 2 hours and had about 200 francs and from the way the storekeepers laid out their lingerie etc. for me to see you would think maybe I was John's son or somebody that had come to town to spend his wad.

I didn't know just what to buy for Maggie first Henry so I walked up and down the streets looking in at the windows and pritty soon I come to a window where there was a lot of women's clothes etc. which we aint supposed to know nothing about, here I sid up the joint and walked in anyway.

A woman come up to me Henry and wanted to know what I wished to buy and when I told her I was looking for something to buy for my best girl she took me by the hand and led me over to a window where there was enough nice things made of silk etc. to make an unmarried man turn red to the ears.

Well Henry the first thing she showed me was one of them things you see under a thin waste that they call over here coverture der waste or something like that.

It was like the one that Miss Jenkins who is the stenographer for old Sam Williams Land office had on that time you and me drunk too much sider down at the dance and walked in at the roog room at the Perkins hotel that time. I guess you remember don't you Henry?

It was all flanked with blue silk and was trimmed with pink lace and the rest of it was a kind of sky blue tint etc. which was awfully pretty. But I didn't buy that Henry because it was to big around the top and was for a girl that aint near as petite as Maggie. I guess you know what I mean Henry?

Well she showed me some handkerchiefs etc. Henry and some silk stockings and some other stuff which I aint got no name for. And the worst thing she did Henry was to show me something which was all silk and which she held up for me to see while there was a lot of people looking in at the window.

And I guess she wanted everybody to see what I was going to buy for my girl Henry because just while they was all looking she spread it out so they could see just what kind of a thing it was and when I glanced at it over there was the old mess sergt. looking at it. He was laughing and showing that gold tooth of his like he had something real funny to laugh at.

Well Henry old scout it looked so nice etc. and I could imagine how nice it would look on Maggie that I bought it and it cost 90 francs. I don't know what Maggie will say about it but it ought to please her a lot. Girls like to wear things that look nice so maybe she will save it and wear it when we are married which will be too sweet because the war is nearly over.

It is fixed at the waste so it can be adjusted to fit any size of a girl and it has got an additional piece to it that is like the other thing the woman wanted to sell me at first and at the top of it around the shoulders there is another adjustment so I guess Maggie can fix it to suit her self.

Well Henry the woman rapped it all up for me but I guess if she ever had a job as a rapper anywhere she must of got canned because just while I was climbing in the truck the pke. come undone and the thing dropped to the ground and when I picked it up I got hold of one leg of the thing and I guess everybody on the street seen it because they started hollering at me and saying bon and tres bien etc. and the driver of the truck wanted to know if I had bought them for myself or was I trying to be a hero and bird out of his feecence or something.

So I rapped it all up myself and when I got back to my outfit I laid it in my dugout and went to mess and while I was in the mess line everybody started laughing and I looked down the line and there was the old Top standing out where everybody could see him and holding it up all spread out. Well Henry I had to go and persuade him to give it back and while I was gone I lost my place in the mess line and didn't get no coffee.

After mess Henry I had to take it and get Father Duffy to sensor it before I rapped it up and what do you think he said to me Henry? He held it up all spread out and started laughing and said, Where does this thing go young man to London or to America?

Well I could have said Henry because I was writing to a Jane in London that I met when we come through there a year ago besides to Maggie and of course he has been reading my letters because he has to do the censoring.

Well Father Duffy is a pretty good old scout and I guess he has been buying something like that for his wife or somebody else, because he says this is nearly as good as one I sent home only its a little thinner.

Well I got it all rapped up and addressed and mailed Henry and I guess if it gets by all the male clerks of the A. E. F. without one of them getting a whiff of the perfume that's on it maybe Maggie will have it on by Christmas.

So long old scout. S. T. B.

Just which branch of the service, the Navy or the Army, is the greater recipient of feminine favor at a certain base port is a mooted question, and probably always will be. The Navy claims that the Army cuts it out, being in the port all the time. The Army, in its turn, claims that the Navy cuts it out, because the Navy, being aboard ship for such long stretches, has a chance to save money and always lands in port with a roll in its pocket as well as in its gait.

The other day a newly landed gob was taking exception to the Army's generalization.

"We may have more money than you fellows," he protested, "but it doesn't get us as far as yours. Why? Just because we don't get the chance to keep up on our French?"

And indeed, "Sailor French," as the inhabitants call it, is a fearful and wonderful thing compared to the fluent diction of some of the port's old-timers.

The Navy men on convoy service, who make certain America-Atlantic ports every so often and occasionally enjoy 48 or 52 hours' liberty in God's country before coming back to France again are the frankly envied of all the base port workers of the A. E. F.

"You fellows have got it pretty soft," said one of the original 1917 men, eyeing a convoy tar covetously. "Just trotting back and forth between home and the war, and getting all the glory while we stay here and shovel coal."

"We do like you-know-what!" retorted the sailor. "Do you know what we see on the parlor mantelpiece every time we go to call on a girl? A picture of one of you birds all dolled up like Astor's pet horse!"

Another thing the Army of the base ports—the ancient part of it, that is—cannot get over wondering at is the weird and foreign-looking green currency which the sailors bring over with them.

It is run on the decimal system, to be sure, but it comes in bunches of two and five and ten. It has the capacity of being changed into many more francs than seems possible at first glance and it is tougher and more durable to the touch than French variety.

Engineers and Stevedores and all will crowd around a bluejacket for minutes at a time just to gaze at a one dollar or two dollar bill. Homesick? "N-no," they will tell you. "Only—only we just don't want to forget what real money looks like."

In spite of that, there is on record one soldier who, after his Navy friend had complained that a dinner in New York cost him two whole dollars and a half, blankly inquired:

"Two-fifty? Say, talk English; how much is that in francs?"

The Navy officers, too, have their troubles with the censoring game. At one base port there is quite a blow to the loveick concealed in the printed rules for polite letter writing. It says: "No crosses or other marks should appear in the text of the letter."

Thus does the Navy, at one stroke of the pen, shatter one of the time-honored customs of amorous correspondence.

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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ASK FOR "KINGS' TASTE" CIGARS Shipped Abroad for the A.E.F. AUG. KLEFFMANN'S SONS, Makers Barclay and Greenwich Sts. NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

WAR RISK PREMIUMS War risk insurance premiums will hereafter be figured from July 1, according to a new United States Treasury decision. The order reads in part as follows: All insurance heretofore or hereafter written shall be continued at the monthly premium rate for the age (nearest birthday) of the insured, unless the insurance became effective; provided that on July 1, 1919, and annually thereafter all such monthly premium rates shall be changed to the rates for an age of one year higher according to the schedule of premium rates in use by the bureau . . . in respect of all insurance which shall have been in force as much as 12 months.

Chaplain (to muleskinner in difficulties): What would your father say if he could hear you swear like that? It was all flanked with blue silk and was trimmed with pink lace and the rest of it was a kind of sky blue tint etc. which was awfully pretty. But I didn't buy that Henry because it was to big around the top and was for a girl that aint near as petite as Maggie. I guess you know what I mean Henry?

Well she showed me some handkerchiefs etc. Henry and some silk stockings and some other stuff which I aint got no name for. And the worst thing she did Henry was to show me something which was all silk and which she held up for me to see while there was a lot of people looking in at the window.

And I guess she wanted everybody to see what I was going to buy for my girl Henry because just while they was all looking she spread it out so they could see just what kind of a thing it was and when I glanced at it over there was the old mess sergt. looking at it. He was laughing and showing that gold tooth of his like he had something real funny to laugh at.

Well Henry old scout it looked so nice etc. and I could imagine how nice it would look on Maggie that I bought it and it cost 90 francs. I don't know what Maggie will say about it but it ought to please her a lot. Girls like to wear things that look nice so maybe she will save it and wear it when we are married which will be too sweet because the war is nearly over.

It is fixed at the waste so it can be adjusted to fit any size of a girl and it has got an additional piece to it that is like the other thing the woman wanted to sell me at first and at the top of it around the shoulders there is another adjustment so I guess Maggie can fix it to suit her self.

Well Henry the woman rapped it all up for me but I guess if she ever had a job as a rapper anywhere she must of got canned because just while I was climbing in the truck the pke. come undone and the thing dropped to the ground and when I picked it up I got hold of one leg of the thing and I guess everybody on the street seen it because they started hollering at me and saying bon and tres bien etc. and the driver of the truck wanted to know if I had bought them for myself or was I trying to be a hero and bird out of his feecence or something.

So I rapped it all up myself and when I got back to my outfit I laid it in my dugout and went to mess and while I

WHEN THE SAILORS COME TO TOWN

Just which branch of the service, the Navy or the Army, is the greater recipient of feminine favor at a certain base port is a mooted question, and probably always will be. The Navy claims that the Army cuts it out, being in the port all the time. The Army, in its turn, claims that the Navy cuts it out, because the Navy, being aboard ship for such long stretches, has a chance to save money and always lands in port with a roll in its pocket as well as in its gait.

The other day a newly landed gob was taking exception to the Army's generalization.

"We may have more money than you fellows," he protested, "but it doesn't get us as far as yours. Why? Just because we don't get the chance to keep up on our French?"

And indeed, "Sailor French," as the inhabitants call it, is a fearful and wonderful thing compared to the fluent diction of some of the port's old-timers.

The Navy men on convoy service, who make certain America-Atlantic ports every so often and occasionally enjoy 48 or 52 hours' liberty in God's country before coming back to France again are the frankly envied of all the base port workers of the A. E. F.

"You fellows have got it pretty soft," said one of the original 1917 men, eyeing a convoy tar covetously. "Just trotting back and forth between home and the war, and getting all the glory while we stay here and shovel coal."

"We do like you-know-what!" retorted the sailor. "Do you know what we see on the parlor mantelpiece every time we go to call on a girl? A picture of one of you birds all dolled up like Astor's pet horse!"

Another thing the Army of the base ports—the ancient part of it, that is—cannot get over wondering at is the weird and foreign-looking green currency which the sailors bring over with them.

It is run on the decimal system, to be sure, but it comes in bunches of two and five and ten. It has the capacity of being changed into many more francs than seems possible at first glance and it is tougher and more durable to the touch than French variety.

Engineers and Stevedores and all will crowd around a bluejacket for minutes at a time just to gaze at a one dollar or two dollar bill. Homesick? "N-no," they will tell you. "Only—only we just don't want to forget what real money looks like."

In spite of that, there is on record one soldier who, after his Navy friend had complained that a dinner in New York cost him two whole dollars and a half, blankly inquired:

"Two-fifty? Say, talk English; how much is that in francs?"

The Navy officers, too, have their troubles with the censoring game. At one base port there is quite a blow to the loveick concealed in the printed rules for polite letter writing. It says: "No crosses or other marks should appear in the text of the letter."

Thus does the Navy, at one stroke of the pen, shatter one of the time-honored customs of amorous correspondence.

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FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN ON ACTIVE SERVICE

WOMEN on Active Service attached to Military Forces have quite as much need of a garment that will not allow the weather to get the better of it. Our range of Trench Coats is therefore complete and perfectly modeled by our own military tailors. Khaki and Olive Drab for Officers and Women and Navy Blue for Nurses.



OFFICER'S MILITARY TRENCH COAT Designed and made by our own Expert Military Tailors from our celebrated Khaki Belton Proof Cloth. Lined Check Proof Material and INTER-LINED with Oil Cotton or Oil Proof. Three solid thicknesses of Waterproof Material! Detachable Camel Fleece inner lining for warmth. £6-16-6 (Frs. 188.35) also supplied without Fleece lining at £5-5-0 (Frs. 144.90)

LADIES' KHAKI TRENCH COATS "The Subaltern" Trench Coat, an exclusive model that will withstand the roughest wear of war work that is absolutely impervious to rain or wind, and yet is more "dressy" than any previously designed Trench Coat for Ladies. Tailored in best quality Triple Proofed Twill, lined throughout Triple Proof Check Lining interlined Oil Cambric. All sizes. £6-6-0 "The Cadet" Trench Coat in Triple Proofed Twill, in two shades of Fawn, lined throughout proofed check £4-10-0 lining

"THE NURSES" NAVY BLUE TRENCH COAT "The Patrol" NAVY BLUE Trench Coat, fine quality, Triple Proofed Twill, lined throughout Triple Proofed Check Lining. Inset sleeves with shoulder straps. Correct service pattern. Lengths 44, 46 and 48 inches. Equally proofed Coat, same pattern in second quality Navy Twill. £5-5-0 £3-13-6

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THE ORIGINAL TRENCH COAT OF SEPTEMBER, 1914, recommended by W.O. TO all the O.C. Corps in the British Army in France the first winter of the war. The finest testimonial to practical utility ever awarded a Battle Garment. Interlined Times? "Meicam" is impervious to WIND, WET or MUD Officers in the U.S. Expeditionary Force are already ordering in huge numbers. PRICE: The Thresher £5 5 0 - \$20 Detachable Kamlet Lining £2 2 0 - \$10 Cavalry pattern with knee flaps and saddle gusset £1 1 0 - \$5 Send also of chest and approximate height, and, to avoid delay, enclose cheque when ordering. Thresher & Glenny Established Since 1755 Military Tailors and Outfitters 152-153 STRAND, LONDON

Advertisement for Wrigley's chewing gum. Includes text: "The use of WRIGLEY'S by the fighting men has created much comment in war correspondence. Even before American soldiers and sailors landed, the British, Canadian and French forces had adopted WRIGLEY'S as their wartime sweetmeat. And now that Uncle Sam's stalwart boys are hitting the line, WRIGLEY'S is a very noticeable ally of the Allies." Images of Wrigley's Doublemint, Spearmint, and Juicy Fruit gum packs.

ARMISTICE TERMS PUT ALLIED FRONT BEYOND THE RHINE

Bridgeheads to Be Occupied and Strategic Positions Garrisoned

OUR PRISONERS TO RETURN

But Germans in Our Hands Are Not to Be Given Back at Same Time—To Last 36 Days

The complete official translated text of the armistice conditions to which the German plenipotentiaries set their signature is herewith reproduced:

Clauses Relating to Western Front

I.—Cessation of operations by land and in air six hours after the signature of armistice.

II.—Immediate evacuation of the invaded countries of Belgium, France, Alsace and Luxembourg, so ordered as to be completed within 14 days from signature of armistice.

III.—Reparation, beginning at once, to be completed within 14 days, of all inhabitants of the countries above enumerated (including hostages and persons under arrest or convicted).

IV.—Surrender in good condition by the German armies of the following equipment:

5,000 guns (2,500 heavy, 2,500 field), 30,000 machine guns, 3,000 minewarfer, 2,000 airplanes (fighters and bombers, first class and night bombing machines).

V.—Evacuation by the German armies of the countries on the left bank of the Rhine. These countries on the left bank of the Rhine shall be administered by the local authorities under control of the Allied and United States armies of occupation.

VI.—In all the territory evacuated by the Germans there shall be no evacuation of inhabitants, no damage or harm shall be done to the persons or property of the inhabitants. No destruction of any kind is to be committed.

VII.—Roads and means of communication of every kind, railroads, waterways, main roads, bridges, telegraphs and telephones shall be in no manner impaired.

VIII.—The German command shall be responsible for revealing all mines or delay-action fuses disposed on territory evacuated by the German troops, and shall assist in their discovery and destruction.

IX.—The right of requisition shall be exercised by the Allied and United States armies in all the occupied territory, save for the settlement of accounts with authorized persons.

X.—The immediate repatriation, without reciprocity, according to detailed conditions which shall be fixed by the Allied and United States prisoners of war; the Allied Powers and the United States of America shall be able to dispose of these prisoners as they wish.

XI.—Sick and wounded who cannot be removed from the evacuated territory will be cared for by German personnel, who will be left on the spot with the medical material required.

XII.—Evacuation by the German troops to begin at once, and all German instructors, prisoners and civilians as well as military agents now on the territory of Russia (as defined on August 1, 1914) to be recalled.

XIII.—German troops to cease at once all requisitions and seizures and any other undertaking with a view to obtaining supplies intended for Germany in Rumania and Russia, as defined on August 1, 1914.

XIV.—Abandonment of the treaties of Bucharest and Brest Litovsk, and of the supplementary treaties.

XV.—The Allies to have free access to the territories evacuated by the Germans on their eastern frontier, either through Danzig or by the Vistula in order to convey supplies to the populations of these territories or for the purpose of maintaining order.

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XVII.—Unconditional evacuation of all the German forces operating in East Africa within one month.

XVIII.—Reparation without reciprocity within a maximum period of one month, in accordance with the detailed conditions, hereafter to be fixed, of all civilians

INTRODUCING "YANKS: A BOOK OF A.E.F. VERSE"

THE STARS AND STRIPES announces the forthcoming publication of "Yanks: A Book of A. E. F. Verse." "Yanks" will contain 96 pages of poems, all of which have appeared in the Army's official newspaper, all of which are by members of the A. E. F.

"Yanks," published for you by your newspaper, will be printed in clear type on a good grade of book paper, 7 3/8 by 4 5/8 inches in size, with heavy paper covers.

"Yanks" is now being printed and will soon be ready for distribution. This, the Christmas edition, will be limited, owing to the difficulty of securing paper. Other editions may follow, but we cannot guarantee the receipt in America before Christmas of a single copy of "Yanks" once the first printing is exhausted.

The proceeds of the sale of "Yanks" will be devoted to the comfort of American sick and wounded in the A. E. F.'s base hospitals.

"Yanks," the best Christmas present any man in the A. E. F. can send home, will cost 2 francs 50 centimes a copy. In order to obviate the risk involved in sending silver, and also to prevent a flood of local paper money, which will not be accepted, copies of "Yanks" must be bought in pairs. If you want one for yourself and want one sent home—we will send it home for you from this office, securely wrapped and postpaid—that will be one way of buying your pair. If you want only one copy, and if someone else in your outfit wants only one copy, pair up with him and send five francs for the pair. The rate for England is four shillings eight pence for the two copies.

Address all orders to Book Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Write plainly name and address to which you wish your copies of "Yanks" sent.

A.E.F. SHOP TALK

interred or deported who may be citizens of other Allied or Associated States than those mentioned in Clause III.

XIX.—With the reservation that any future claims and demands of the Allies and the United States of America, not affected, the following financial conditions are required:

Reparation for Damage Done

While the armistice lasts no public securities shall be removed by the enemy which can serve as a pledge to the Allies or the United States of America for war losses.

Immediate restitution of the cash deposit in the National Bank of Belgium, and in general immediate return of all documents, specie, stocks and bonds, money together with plant for the issue thereof, touching public or private interests in the invaded countries. Restitution of the Russian and Rumanian gold yielded to Germany to be taken in trust to the Allies until the signature of peace.

Naval Conditions

XX.—Immediate cessation of all hostilities at sea, and definite information to be given as to the location and movements of all German ships. Notification to be given to neutrals that freedom of navigation in all territorial waters is given to the naval and mercantile marines of Allied and Associated Powers, all questions of neutrality being waived.

XXI.—All Naval and Mercantile Marine prisoners of war of the Allied and Associated Powers in German hands to be returned without reciprocity.

XXII.—Handing over to the Allies and United States of America all submarines (including surface submarines and minelayers) which are present at the moment with full complement in the ports specified by the Allies and the United States of America, and that cannot be put to sea to be deprived of crews and supplies and shall remain under the supervision of the Allies and the United States of America.

XXIII.—The following German surface warships, which shall be designated by the Allies and the United States of America, shall forthwith be disarmed and thereafter to be placed under the surveillance of the Allies and the United States of America only caretakers being left on board, namely:

10 battleships, 8 light cruisers, including two mine layers, 50 destroyers of the most modern type, all other surface warships (including river craft) are to be designated by the Allies and the United States of America, and are to be paid off and completely disarmed and placed under the supervision of the Allies and the United States of America.

All vessels of the auxiliary fleet (trawlers, motor vessels, etc.) are to be disarmed.

All vessels specified for internment shall be ready to leave German ports seven days after the signing of the armistice. Direction of the voyage will be given by wireless.

XXIV.—The Allies and the United States of America to have the right, in waters outside German territorial waters, to clear all minefields and destroy all obstacles placed by the Germans, of which the situation must be indicated.

XXV.—Yachts and merchant vessels of the Allied and Associated Powers to be free to enter and leave the Baltic. All the German forts, batteries and defenses of any kind are to be passed between the Allies and the United States of America; all mines and obstructions in and outside the German territorial waters to be swept and destroyed. Germany to furnish complete and accurate plans of such mines or obstructions.

XXVI.—The blockade by the Allied and Associated Powers to be continued as at present. German merchant vessels found at sea being still liable to capture. The Allies and the United States to consider the provisioning of Germany during the armistice to such an extent as may be recognized as necessary.

XXVII.—All naval aircraft are to be concentrated and immobilized in Germany, to be specified by the Allies and the United States of America.

XXVIII.—In evacuating the Belgian coasts and ports Germany shall abandon all merchant ships, tugs, lighters, cranes and all other harbor materials; all aircraft and air materials and stores; all arms and armaments, and all stores and equipment of all kinds.

XXIX.—All Black Sea ports are to be evacuated by Germany; all Russian warships of all descriptions seized by Germany in the Black Sea are to be handed over to the Allies and the United States of America; all neutral merchant ships seized are to be released; all warships and other materials of all kinds seized in those ports are to be returned, and German materials, as specified in Clause xxxviii, are to be abandoned.

XXX.—All merchant ships in German hands belonging to the Allied and Associated Powers are to be restored in ports to be specified by the Allies and the United States of America without reciprocity.

XXXI.—No destruction of ships or of materials is to be permitted before evacuation, surrender or restoration.

XXXII.—The German Government shall formally notify the neutral Governments of the world, and particularly the Governments of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland, that all restrictions placed on the trading of their vessels with Allied and Associated countries, whether by the German Government or by private German interests, and whether in return for specific concessions such as the export of shipbuilding material or not, are immediately to be cancelled.

XXXIII.—No transfers of German merchant shipping of any description to any neutral flag are to take place after the signature of the armistice.

Duration of Armistice

XXXIV.—The duration of the armistice is to be 30 days, with the option to extend. During this period, on the failure of the execution of any of the above clauses, the armistice may be denounced by one of the contracting parties on 48 hours' previous notice.

HE FILLED THE BILL

Captain: Well, runner, how's your memory today?

Runner: It's wonderful, sir; I can remember the last time I was paid.

THERE FOR EMERGENCIES

Officer (inspecting billets): You have a bath, of course?

Sergeant: Oh, yes, sir; but thank goodness we've never had to use it yet.

A host of French amateur photographers recorded the daily progress of the job.

To the brassards of the I.T.O. and the M.P. must be added a new one—that of the R.P.G. It stands for Reception Park Garage. The guardians of that enclosure at a certain base wear it on their left arms.

Twenty-one million feet of lumber are stacked up in one A.E.F. port ready to be made into barracks and warehouses.

Thirty ambulances, all equipped with X-ray apparatus, were recently unloaded at our base port, to be shipped to the front.

A FEW YEARS FROM NOW

She: Did he make an enviable record overseas?

Second She: I should say he did! He twirled his riding crop for an average of 654.

MUST HAVE BEEN 11-E'S

Jack: What do you think of my new russet shoes?

Bill: They're immense.

First Squad Leader: Hm. See by the paper that Ludendorff has resigned.

Second Squad Leader: Wonder how he gets away with it? His corporals can't.



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THE NEW "FLEX" PUTTEES, "FLEX"

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Sticks and Riding Whips

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If you guess the price too high, the balance will be returned to you. If you guess low, a bill will be sent for the rest.

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American Military Tailors.

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and everything obtainable AT LOWEST PRICES

LIVER AND BACON ONE KIND OF MEAT

Mr. Hoover's Drastic Order Is Quickly Rescinded

By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES: AMERICA, Nov. 14.—When Food Administrator Herbert C. Hoover recently issued an order providing the serving of only one kind of meat at one meal he hit us, at last, where we lived.

We were willing to hock our socks and families to lend Uncle Sam six billions. We were willing to pay or die. But when we found that liver and bacon were considered two kinds of meat we simply laid down on our job of being 100 per cent patriotic. There were limits to what we could let any war do to us, and even this war couldn't make us admit that our national dish was anything but one and indivisible.

We didn't really rebel, or even say much, but we sent terrific thought waves in the direction of Washington and managed to get it across that the well-known words, E Pluribus Unum, were especially written to cover liver and bacon.

With the grace for which he is justly famous, Mr. Hoover rescinded this unduly Spartan edict, and also raised our monthly sugar ration from two pounds to three, telling us that during the last four months we have saved 300,000 tons.

Since last spring we have saved, by curtailed eating, 13,000,000 barrels of flour, or approximately 24 pounds for every man, woman and child in the United States. We are also going to send you 60 miles of tomatoes. At least, some Government sharp who was temporarily not busy counting shells, cannon or dollars, figures out that the canned love apples that are going to you will fill a freight train 60 miles long.

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Underwear Soft Collars

Pajamas Handkerchiefs

MADE IN THE U.S.A.

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OF HAVANA CIGARS

Superior in quality

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DERE MABLE

Love Letters of a Rookie

By Llew EDWARD STREETER

Picture by Corp. "BILL" BRECK

The funniest book the War has produced!

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The "BOMBING OFFICER"



We are the real "Bang Boys" and you should see Fritz bolt when we start our trench raid chorus of "Here we are, here we are, here we are again."

It's a pretty lively game with any amount of "good hits," "runs," and "catches." Latterly we have begun to fill the German "pill-boxes" with our Blighty Pills for Boche People.

It's no joke, though, looking Fritz's machine-gun in the face time after time, and between you and me, I can tell you there is nothing I enjoy so much after a round-up as a decent cigarette—and for choice

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"Army Club"

CIGARETTES

Sold by all the leading Tobacconists and in all the Canteens at Home and Abroad

They Help Give You a Clear Eye:

Adams Chiclets

Adams Pepsin

Adams Spearmint

Adams Black Jack

Adams Yucatan

Beeman's Pepsin

Adams California Fruit

ADAMS

Pure Chewing Gum

DELIVERED any place in the United States within two hours after receipt of your order or within 24 hours after receipt of your order through the American Express Co. Your order will be filled at once and shipped telegraphically to its destination.

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CHRISTMAS PACKAGES FROM OVER HERE

-By WALLGREN

HELPFUL HINTS.
A MOST DELIGHTFUL PRESENT FOR THE FOLK BUT YOU AIN'T GOT NO ADDRESS ON IT!
G'WAN - WOT FOR DO I NEED ADDRESS - CAIT? I TALK?
WRAP YOURSELF UP NEATLY, AND FASTEN A LABEL ON YOUR CHEST, MARKED - "PRIVATE". A CENSOR'S STAMP IS QUITE UNNECESSARY, AS A PRIVATE IS CENSORED BY HIS OFFICERS AND NON-COM'S ALIKE, AT LEAST FORTY TIMES A DAY. THE GREAT ADVANTAGE OF THIS SCHEME IS THAT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO WITNESS THE WELCOME ARRIVAL OF YOUR PACKAGE (UNLESS YOU HAVE ACQUIRED ONE YOURSELF, EN ROUTE).

AN ORIGINAL PRESENT - SHIP THE FOLKS A SECTION OF THE BUSTED HINDENBURG LINE.
SUGGESTED BY W. F. G.

IMPORTED FIREMEN GUARD A.E.F. PORTS

Yank Engine and Hose Men Save Burning Ships and Even Town

SAME OLD GANG IS HERE

Bunkhouse Has Sawdust Box, Eating Tobacco Rules and Yarn Swapping

To protect the grub and the ammunition for the boys who hold the lines, the A. E. F. has its contingents of the boys who fight the flames. There is not an important base port in France but has its own little fire house, with the equipment and the atmosphere that goes with every well regulated fire house back in the States.

The boys who fight the flames are the real article, too, having been recruited from the fire departments of such cities as New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco. They were chosen because they were good in their line, and brought over here on the understanding that they were to do fire prevention work just as they had done in the old wards back home.

So well have they done it at one base, the French authorities declare, that in combating a severe blaze in a certain saltpeter plant, the Yank fire fighters saved the grand old port of -

Ammunition Ship Ablaze

Another time a Brazilian ship, laden with ammunition, took fire in the harbor. The crew, thinking all was lost, fled precipitately. But the Yanks, bold and hosed, went right into the hold of the burning ship, drenched the inflammable cargo, and saved not only the ship, but the docks and warehouses adjacent. When the ammunition dries out it will be as good as ever for tossing in the Kaiser's direction.

For their intrepidity the Brazilian vice-consul at the port has formally cited the Yank fire contingent on behalf of his government, and soon the citation will be framed and hung up in the bunkhouse, just like the trophies of the firemen's field days in the States.

The stations from which the smoke-hounds of the A. E. F. sallied forth are fitted up with electric equipment throughout, and with automatic alarms, the sounding of which by the man on guard also starts the engine.

Makes Record Getaway

One company claims a record getaway of 33 seconds between the sounding of the alarm and the exit of the engine, fully manned, from its shed, and defies any fire house in the States to better it. Perhaps, at that, the A. E. F. firemen should give a bit of a handicap, since their bunks are on the same level—in fact, part of the same building—as the engine shed, and they have no brass pole to shoo down as they have their civilian brethren.

In addition to being on call 24 hours a day, members of the fire units, the commissioned officers particularly, are charged with the work of fire prevention and inspection and fire-fighting education throughout the districts they serve. They have to see to it that every barracks is supplied with its buckets and extinguishers, that the 'smoke' in the mess-shacks are rightly placed, that the "No Smoking" signs on the warehouses are lived up to, and so forth.

Mess Shacks Don't Count

Such good co-operation have they got in this regard that they say now that they do not have to bother with mess-shack fires. The local talent takes care of them and handles them well, while the fire companies reserve their efforts for big game, such as possible bustups in gasoline stations, oil plants and munition dumps. They feel more secure in this attitude now that they have a distributed number of hand-drawn chemical engines throughout the camps.

War has not made these Army firemen any less firemen than formerly. Their bunkhouse is the rendezvous for all those men about the dock and camps who have time off to spend and yarn to spin. It is the same social center for base port musculature that the back home engine house is for the ward in which it is located. The good old process of whittling goes on unabated, and the old sawdust box in the corner acts as a target for many a well-directed gob of eating tobacco.

Strange to say, the A. E. F. fireman's buddy is not the M. P., as one might suspect from the relations of cops and bluffs in the States. It is the gob, the Jacky who is assigned to help him out in a tight pinch whenever a blaze starts on the wharves or inland. They have called on the Navy many a time, say the chemical haulers, and every time the Navy has made good, and when they doff their O. D. for their old blues after the war they will always have a good word and an extra chew for the blue clad flat feet.

KEEPING THINGS STIRRING IN THE S.O.S.

An S. O. S. Engineer office sent an officer to the front as conducting officer for a bunch of replacements. He was told to return immediately. It was so long about it, however, that he was finally forgotten by the S.O.S. When he at last turned up, he had to make out a report explaining his absence. It contained the following paragraph:

"On arrival I found that the Allied offensive was about to begin, and that the Engineers were going into the trenches next morning. I reported to the commanding officer, a major. I expressed to him my desire to remain to see the beginning of the drive. He stated that he was willing, and attached me to Company A, whose captain placed me in command of the third platoon, which led the entire engagement until the division was relieved. I did not know how long we were going to be in action, and as Company A was the advance company of Engineers and worked so far ahead of the balance of the regiment that we lost all touch with them. I did not very well leave after I had once started."

"One hundred extra men have just come in," said the mess sergeant to the first mess sergeant.

"Well, you know what to do," answered the first mess sergeant. "Put another peck of whitewash in the stum."

With four or five water and a few other things this Army's cooks and mess sergeants are every day performing new wonders.

A cook book compiled of the emergency recipes gotten up when the rations were delayed would be a winner.

Attached to the office of the Attending Surgeon, H. S. O. S., is a French doctor who treats the French civilian employees. One of his patients has been suffering from a severe abscess on her leg and the other day he had one of the Army ambulances take her to the hospital.

The next day he called again, gave the same name and address, and said he wanted the patient taken to the hospital.

"But," he was told, "we took that woman to the hospital last evening."

"I know," he said, "but she forgot to take her bread ticket, and had to walk home and get it."

Visions of an immediate cessation of hostilities, formed from a premature interpretation of recent news, caused a certain dusky member of a Labor Battalion to linger on a villa somewhat after taps one night not long ago.

Despite the fact that his natural camouflage helped somewhat to shield him from observation on the way to his barracks, an M. P. managed to spot the premature celebrant and soon had him billeted behind armed guards and barred wire.

Next day the culprit was brought before a summary court officer.

"Well, Private Brown," demanded that functionary, "have you any excuse to offer for your presence in town after hours last night?"

"I ain't 'zactly got no 'scuse, yo' honor," replied Private Brown, "but I got a reason."

"Well, what is the reason?"

"'Twas sumpin' w'at them Frenchies calls 'Encore'."

Twenty men of Company E, — Engineers, went out on a truck one Wednesday to a new and unopened, unlocated site. By Friday night they had erected in all completeness four barracks buildings, 20 by 100 feet.

Ten men of the same outfit, generated by one Corporal Irwin, have kept up a record of a barracks a day. One day they were all through with their building in seven hours; but they make haste to add that this record does not stand, as ("through some mistake," they say) all the pieces for that particular barracks happened to fit.

One of the signs near a group of warehouses at a certain base port shows at a glance the variety of nationality among the workers for and with the A. E. F. It reads:

Defense de fumer.
No smoking.
E prohibido fumar.
Esta prohibido fumar.
Cam hut thud.
And the next line is Chinese.

Not all the salvaging work in the S.O.S. is confined to the department bearing that name. In one base section this plan is put through for the reclamation of tin and solder from cans:

A conical hole, ten feet in diameter at the top and five feet deep, is dug, and the cans are placed in it and burned. The solder melts and collects in the bottom of the pit, and is removed once a week. At one camp the system yielded 60 tons of solder a week after it got going, and as a consequence camp commanders in the district have been ordered to put the method into operation, collecting the tin cans from the kitchens and burning them daily, then flattening them out and salvaging them.

The model café of the S. O. S. has been found—if a café can be called model. It was constructed after the American came, and for their trade and use alone.

It is a large barrack-like affair, tar-

papered on the outside and at night tarbed on the inside, in part at least. Its interior is all new wood work, scrupulously scrubbed plain board tables, and sparsely clean bar. Perhaps one of the reasons for its cleanliness is the sign which it sports in several places:

"This café must be respected, so make your police yourself."

In consequence, there isn't a single cigarette butt on the floor.

Besides the inevitable signs of the Engineers, such as "Intervall" French and American flags, there are other signs worthy of notice besides the "For Soldiers Only" on the outside. Anxious and correct Boston or Brooklyn pastors would delight in the wording of: "Soldiers are requested not to introduce any female into this establishment."

Best of all, perhaps, is the nice sense of differentiation shown by the three entrance posts, which, after pointing the way for the "Couleure" brethren to go, proceed to draw a sharp line between "White men" and "Officers."

The café proclaims loudly that it hasn't a drop of rum or cognac in the place, and that not for all the wealth of the Banque de France could you induce it to sell even so much as a wet cork before 5:30 p. m. Which is one of the reasons why it may be called model.

Railroading in France isn't so essentially different from railroading in Louisiana, as the sergeants in charge of some of the negro Engineers have found out. Whenever they want a particularly heavy piece of equipment moved, they just start to croon the old song:

The ole hen duck said to de drake,
"Hey ain't no crawfish in dis lake,
Let's—DIVE—to de odder SIDE!"
At the word "dive" everybody takes

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Cut with Baglan sleeves and very easy removers, and can easily be slipped on over a British Warm. Sent your order at once mentioning only chest measurements taken over Service Jacket, and perfect fit is guaranteed.

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With detachable Fleece lining, or with Fleece Overcoat \$37.50. Supplied with Aketec with Fur Collar of Wallaby, \$6.25 extra. With Fur Collar of Musquash \$11.25 extra.

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The Coat the Officer will wear

hold. At the word "side," everybody heaves, and drops the rail, or whatever it is, where it belongs. So it goes, all day long, song after song, heave after heave, rail after rail.

Mr. Orpheus, who moved rocks with his music, would probably be interested.

Three companies of colored Engineers at a big medical supply depot somewhere in southern France have three mascots of which they think the world. One is Bobo, the baboon. One is Smoke, a little black French dog. One is Peoria, a "I'll yaller dog—a real O. D. brindle."

Bobo is no respecter of persons. He will climb all over his top sergeant with the unholy glee of a fussy inspecting officer, and rough him to a farcywell. But his main penchant seems to be for pulling little dog's ears, a trait bitterly resented by the guardians of Smoke and Peoria, but filling with delight his own adherents.

"They can't fahnd a dowe in all dis yere camp wot'll stain' up agin him," they chuckle, when Bobo swings his long arms and lones after some mongrel that has strayed in.

Not so long ago, a pathetic scene might have been witnessed on one of the company streets. Smoke was being carried along, in a cowering, timid state bordering on shell shock or mental collapse, by a great hulking Stevedore, who was attempting to soothe him.

"Doan' yo' keer, Smoke," he crooned.

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OBSERVER'S LIFE MORE THAN TOUR OF CLOUDS

The observation planes are supposed to fly over the enemy's lines, sighting battery emplacements, noting troop concentrations, registering artillery fire and photographing the land beneath until the entire enemy area for 40 miles around is as visible to the high command as if it could be swept day and night by a single, gigantic, all-powerful telescope.

They are not supposed to fight. That is the first rule in their text book. That is the lesson drilled over and over at the training schools. Unless there are circumstances that make undisturbed observation but even a successful retreat is impossible, they are not supposed to fight. "They are not supposed to, but—"

Well, their planes are scarred from a hundred battles, a dozen and more of the command as if it could be swept day and night by a single, gigantic, all-powerful telescope.

This is partly because the work of the observation planes is far more than the mere flying of a machine. While America and all her Army staffs are watching the brilliant combats of the chase pilots, while young, lone hawks like the late Lieut. Luke tried meteorically to fly the Fokker in a single month, while Captain Eddie Richbacher—he that used to be General Pershing's chauffeur—sent his own score skyrocketing into the twenties, the work of the observation planes went on night and day, venturesome, dangerous, exciting beyond all words to tell—but unchronicled.

"Just an Observer"

There is not only the notion that the observation planes lead a comparatively genteel and humdrum existence, but that the observers themselves are somewhat sheltered souls who know little of the thrill of the chase. Of the men who on their backs wear a silver wing instead of two, the wisecracker of the front is wont to say: "Ho, he's just an observer," as who should say: "Ho, he's just a lieutenant in the Home Guard of South Bend, Indiana." And that—considering the fact that the life of an observer is far more painfully insecure than the life of an observation pilot—is just one of the little jokes of the Air Service.

Then, too, there has been perceptible this fall a growing disposition among the Allied observation pilots not merely to take photographs, but to take chances. There was a restive, not to say mutinous, tendency not merely to engage in a combat on the slightest provocation, but to engage in several combats without any provocation whatever. It is true that a big Salmons or Liberty biplane, when being maneuvered against a nimble and maneuverable classmate, is a little like a row in mortal combat with a hornet, but it is also true that such a biplane has guns both fore and aft, which makes her, ship for ship, rather the more formidable craft. Then some of our scouts of the air line up like little boys who have been told by their aunt, their old maid aunt, to come straight home from school without loitering or getting into any arguments with the rough boys on the street corners, but who arrive home two hours late with a torn coat, a bloody nose, a black eye and a look of complete and ineffable content.

Credited With Eight

Lieut. Erwin, for example, had, by the end of October, been credited officially with eight German planes, though he had brought down one more than that. In fact, he had shot down seven of these eight combats, he and the observer with him were not attacked by the riflemen, but deliberately picked the fights themselves and won them. It must also be admitted that not only Lieut. Erwin, but both of the observers who have shared his adventures,

Lieut. A. E. Easterbrook and Byron D. Gausson, war on their breasts the gay, gallant ribbon of the D. S. C. So it does look as though the powers that be were not very angry with him. Lieut. Erwin, who used to be a budding concert pianist, a Godswy pupil with a studio in Chicago, is the ace of aces among the observation pilots, the Rickenbacker of the air scouts. He is short, slim, wiry, agile and not more than 23. One of his liveliest exploits occurred at St. Mihiel when he and Lieut. Haucon, scouting overhead in front of the rapidly advancing lines, spotted a German battery in the process of a discreet withdrawal at a time when our own rampaging Infantry was only a half a kilometer away.

"The doughboys will be here in ten minutes," the pilot called through his speaking tube. "Let's hold these bumps for them. What do you say?"

They swooped low. The two officers of the battery were just mounting their horses for a speedy and comfortable retreat, leaving their men to get away on foot as best they could. The aviator killed one of those officers and shot the other's horse from under him. Then they turned loose from their three guns such a downpour of destruction that, after a few moments of utter demoralization, the men of that battery took to their dugouts and did not come out until our Infantry swarmed through the woods and laid hands on them.

Josephine the Fourth

Of course, Lieut. Erwin's list of victories scarcely furnished his list of combats. The stories of these are, but gained from the planes themselves. His present ship—the Josephine—is his fourth. His first was brought down early last August by the fire from an American doughboy who had not learned the insignia and who, even as he fired, was doubtless wondering audibly why the back there weren't no American planes around.

His third ship bore the marks of 140 bullets before it was salvaged, many of the scars healed over with little patches of linen, each patch bearing an iron cross and the date when the wound was inflicted. One of his souvenirs, which he now carries with him everywhere, is a parachute with which one of his lieutenants made a graceful landing within our lines, waving airily and perhaps appealingly to his victor as he floated by.

Another less happy souvenir is wrapped in the folds of a linen square cut from the fuselage of that third machine. On that bit of linen is painted the American flag, insignia of the squadron, the stripes now stained with blood, spilled there the afternoon Lieut. Erwin flew back to the field and taxied straight to the infirmary, his ship all warped and torn, his observer dead in the cockpit behind.

Often such combats were fought and won so many miles—30 or 40, perhaps—within "Germany" that no friendly eye ever saw them. The only witnesses were those waiting at the hangars when the hopping planes came to a halt. For example, on Halloween, after a lively celebration of that anniversary as history records, Lieut. Dogan H. Arthur and Howard T. Fleeson came wobbling back through the air to the home field.

Lieut. Arthur's face was streaked where a bullet had whizzed by too close for comfort. His ship, "Old Carolina II," was a wreck. The panels and fuselage were riddled, the elevator axis was all but shot in two, the struts were warped all out of position, the very stream wires were bursting from the wheels. Yet the only report filed at group headquarters was the following laconic note:

"Photographic protection. Attacked near Buzancy at 4:20 p. m. by 18 Fokkers. Brought down two. Request confirmation."

"That same evening, three of our

planes, returning to another field from a long distance picture taking expedition, were returning discreetly with some 150 exposures when 30 enemy planes picked them up while they were still far from their own lines. There was a hot pursuit, a running fight that did not slacken until the fugitive three, having shot down two of their opponents, had reached St. Menchould. All our planes returned, somewhat of a worse for wear, it is true, and with a wounded pilot in one cockpit. But they got back. And what is more, of the 150 exposures 148 proved good pictures.

For the information, whether gained by the eye or by the camera, must at all costs be brought back. Fight or no fight, that is the law of the reconnaissance planes. The chase pilot, who, though he himself brought down, brings down two German planes, won. The observation pilot who, though he brings down nine German planes, is himself brought down, has lost.

A Miracle of Charity

The clearness, the wealth of detail and the objective, military value of the pictures taken by the winged photographers is a constant marvel and delight. You can see half obliterated footpaths and dugout stairs in a print taken from a height of 3,000 meters. A new battery position can be spotted within a few hours after its emplacement. The print will show clearly the newly worn paths, the scorched trees and that faint discoloration which indicates the appearance of camouflage where none had been when the last picture was photographed.

Such pictures can be—and are—delivered within six hours after they are taken to the headquarters of the division likely to be interested. For, of course, the messenger who delivers the prints from the dark room also takes the air route.

An approaching enemy attack is reflected through the delicate lens of a camera hovering 5,000 meters overhead, which is why the enemy planes attack it in great numbers. That print shows a sudden increase of trains on the siding at the big railroad opposite, the next serves notice that there are many new tents in the waiting field hospitals behind the enemy lines.

A good airplane photograph of Metz-Sablons, for instance, will tell just how many cars are within its area, just which ones the bombers derailed the night before. When your big guns opened up late last month on the distant railway shuttle linking Metz with Longuyon, the flying cameras photographed the target before and after the first shots and submitted the prints to the gunners so that they might correct their fire accordingly.

Of course, the speed of such reconnaissance is important. A photographic

mission that set off at dawn on October 30 returned at noon with 200 pictures. By 10 o'clock that night advanced prints of each negative had been sent to First Army headquarters; by noon the next day 17,000 prints had been made and started on their rounds. One squadron, after five months of this work, has 3,000 pictures and 120,000 prints to its credit.

It should be remembered that for all the rain and blinding fog which soaked and cloaked the Argonne valleys throughout the greater part of October, not a day went by without its reconnaissance flights and that scarcely a mission came back with its precious photographs without having to make a running fight for it.

Stirring are the stories the mechanics tell as they groom the ships at night in the dim light hanging patches them up, oiling them and getting them ready for the work that awaits them at dawn.

They tell of the order that came to locate an Infantry line when all wires were down and all runners baffled—an order that came by telephone so late in the day that the group commander would as soon as one to take the mission, but himself set forth at dusk, with only occasional flares his compass and his altimeter to guide him. He had to fly so low that his plane fairly scraped the treetops. But he brought back the tidings of straight division had them an hour after the first call for help.

They tell, too, of the two planes that were attacked by six enemy ships soon after crossing the lines. One came back with 68 machine gun bullets in the panels and the fuselage, the observer's wind shield shot away, the pilot's coat pierced by four bullets.

Pilot Knocked Unconscious

In the course of that same fight, the pilot of the other machine was knocked unconscious. When he came to, he was pointing straight downward with the motor full on and his aneroid showed he had fallen four thousand meters out of control. Somehow he righted himself in time and flew back to the aerodrome. There were two "creases" in his head.

Telephone Central 96 16

Longines Watches

11, Bd des Italiens

Repairs

His observer sat dead behind him. The pilot took the afternoon off on the plea that he didn't feel just right, but the next morning he was out on another mission.

No, the life of the observation plane is not a life of elegant leisure. But the observation flyers take their funny hats off to the doughboy. They know that compared with his their life is "doughnuts, orders home and gay Paree." For that is the spirit of the Air Service throughout the First Army, that their gospel as handed down to them from on high.

"In all your work, remember the arduous duties of the troops on the ground. When you are freezing in the air, they are wading over the battlefields deep in mud and dirt. When you are getting the enemy's tracer bullets and anti-aircraft fire through your planes, they are going through the artillery and machine gun fire below you. Their losses correspond to yours. You must protect them and show them the way forward. Work closely with them because only by the combined work of all arms will our full powers be developed."

No, it's no life of leisure and after a week of such ideal flying weather as came to the end of October, who will chide the one aviator found practicing a strange rite in the middle of the field and anti-aircraft fire through your planes, they are going through the artillery and machine gun fire below you. Their losses correspond to yours. You must protect them and show them the way forward. Work closely with them because only by the combined work of all arms will our full powers be developed."

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WHERE LEAVES GROW

For the first time in four years the famous casino at Aix-les-Bains, in the Savoy leave area, is going to be heated throughout the winter. The fact that the freezing days of last February are not to be repeated is due to the expert assistance of two ex-hoilermakers, now with the A. E. F.

The way it happened was this: The Y. M. C. A. authorities, who run the casino, sent to Paris for one of their men who is supposed to be an expert on boilers. He got down to Aix, looked over the job and allowed that it could be done, but that he would have to have help. Fixing boilers that have been allowed to moulder and rust for four years is no easy matter, so he combed the arrondissement of Chambéry for French workers. None were to be found.

One day as he was sitting disconsolate in a corner of one of the casino's ample lounging rooms, two Yanks plunked themselves down beside him and started to chew the fat with him. He chewed back, and then quite inadvertently, asked them what they did in the States before they joined the Army.

"I was a boilermaker," said one.

"Me, too," piped up the other.

The boiler expert got right after the commandant of the leave area, induced him to write to the two Yanks' commanding officers beseeching an extension of their leaves (which were about up), and introduced them both to the refractory heating apparatus. For ten hours a day the three tackled the problem, coming up only for the air and the dance at night. By the time the two ex-boilermakers' extended leaves were over they were 14 days' holiday to the good, and the casino was assured of its winter heating.

There is a motherly yet boyish person on the working staff at Aix who goes by various names. Most of the Yanks call her "Mother" or "Ma." Others jocularly term her "The Anxious Old Lady of Aix," and the last of the bunch call her "Mother" or "Ma." Others jocularly term her "The Anxious Old Lady of Aix," and the last of the bunch call her "Mother" or "Ma." Others jocularly term her "The Anxious Old Lady of Aix," and the last of the bunch call her "Mother" or "Ma."

"The Floorwalker" is another of her titles, for she is always around directing, suggesting, and being helpful. Every time a Yank's leave is up, and he comes—as they all do—to say goodbye to her, she says:

"Kill one German, at least, for me—for me particularly. That's all I ask. Goodbye and good luck!"

She gave that cheery farewell some months ago to a certain old sergeant of the regulars, a Croix de Guerre and D. S. C. man, one of the first to be thus honored in the history of the A. E. F. Laughingly, he promised to do so, and went his way.

The other day "Mother" got a bulky package, enclosed as coming from Sergeant A. E. F., from somewhere up front. On opening it, a veritable cascade of German buttons poured forth. In it was a note which ran about as follows:

"Dear Madam: You asked me to get

a German for you. I did. Here are his buttons to prove it. He was a captain. Yours truly, etc. William N.—"

Two gobs blew into Aix the other day and created quite a sensation. The nearest to a seafaring man that had been seen there up to then had been a Marine, and his name was legion. The gobs were a novelty, the first on record, and the Yank permissionnaires began to wonder if they were going to be cut out.

Not so; the sailor-men, it turns out, were there on their own, paying their own way on their own leaves, and not on the semi-duty status, with hotel bills paid, that the Yanks are on when they go there. So far there has been no official move, or intimation of one, to make Aix a leave area for the Navy in the same sense that it is one for the Army.

"It's funny," mused one of the hotel proprietors at Aix, "what some of your Americans expect to find down here. They seem to think that they've got to sleep out in the open, so they bring their shelter tents; they expect to stand in line for hair food, so they bring their mess kits; they have ideas of guard duty, so they bring their side arms."

"They ask us what time reveille is, and when we tell them that there is no such thing here, and that they can sleep as late as they want to, getting their breakfast at any time at the casino canteen, they seem astounded. It really takes two or three days of sleeping in regular beds, eating regular food off regular plates that they do not have to wash, to get them used to things here."

This is another yarn about "Mother," one of the "Lady Floorwalkers." It is one that she tells herself, so it is fair game to print it.

Two ancient and weather-beaten regulars were sitting about one day rather down in the mouth. With a woman's instinct, she sized up their trouble in one or two minutes. "Money," she proffered a loan; gratefully, after much hesitation, they accepted.