

THIRD ARMY WELL ON WAY TO KEEP WATCH ON RHINE

Singing, Spike - Helmeted Doughboys Pass Longwy and Briey

250,000 TROOPS ON MARCH

Veteran Battling Divisions in Forces of Occupation Glory in "The Party"

Nine divisions strong—the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th—the Third American Army began on the morning of Sunday, November 17, its march to the Rhine.

It was at 5:30 that the order "Forward, march" sounded along the American line from Mouson to Thiaucourt. Mouson and Thiaucourt down in the heart of what was once the St. Mihiel salient.

An hour or so earlier, the unfriendly notes of reveille had disturbed the chill November air and tumbled out of a myriad dugouts and pup tents a stamping, growling, cursing crew who damned the Kaiser and swore at Germany, but not one of whom could have been hired for love or money to go on leave this day of days.

Singing Toward the Frontier

So, when the sun came up on the morning of the 17th it found them all marching in columns of squads along the highways that lead to the frontier—plodding along and singing as they went. And the song that they sang to Germany was the version of "The Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming."

Ahead of them, as they ambled forward, stretched a countryside strewn with the things the Germans had been too hurried or too indifferent to carry along. In nearly every village, the streets were fairly littered with German guns, German helmets, German cartridge belts as though, when the armistice news came they had been dropped then and there, never to be picked up again by German hands.

Best Find of All

Then, treasure trove of treasure troves, the advancing Americans found in the German hospitals some Yankee wounded. In the big hospitals at Virton, for instance, the Germans had been obliged to leave behind some 400 men too seriously wounded to be moved—left them there with a full staff of surgeons and nurses to care for them—and among these were nine Americans.

By Monday night the troops, having advanced some 10 kilometers, had reached the Luxembourg frontier, settled down for breath.

On Thursday morning the march was resumed through Luxembourg, from the general line Etalle, Saint-Leger, Longwy, Audun-le-Romain, Briey.

The Third American Army, which is Continued on Page 2

CERTAIN AIR UNITS SOON TO SAIL HOME

Some of Squadrons Now in England to Leave in Few Days

The first A. E. F. organizations to leave for home will be certain air units, according to announcement from G. H. Q.

The number will include, however, some of the squadrons now in England. Many of the first soldiers of the A. E. F. who will watch the sun set over the Atlantic from the proud instead of the stern, therefore, will be men who have never been in France.

Some of these squadrons in England will start for home within a few days. Apart from these air units, the sick and wounded will form the chief vanguard of the homegoing army.

S.O.S. DROPS PLANS FOR IMMENSE ARMY AS LINE GOES EAST

European Contracts for Food and Equipment Cancelled

40,000 MEN GOING FORWARD

Divisions in Army of Occupation Will Be Brought Up to Full Strength

Construction projects of all kinds—docks, warehouses, railroad facilities, cantonments, gasoline tanks and so on—planned by the Service of Supply to serve an immense army of more than 4,000,000 men in France next spring were abruptly abandoned with the signing of the armistice, and European contracts for food, clothing and equipment cancelled.

Nearly \$1,000,000,000 proposed expenditures in America's war program were crossed off the Army's books at one stroke. At the same time plans were made for the pushing forward of the lines of communication to supply the advancing Army of Occupation and also to take care of the future backward flow of men and material to the base ports in Hoboken.

By the stopping of construction projects in the S. O. S., 40,000 men engaged in that work have been freed for other purposes, and they will be sent forward to the Army of Occupation to be used as replacements and bring up to full strength the divisions that will be given the task of holding the bridgeheads on the Rhine pending the final conclusion of peace.

Still Busy in S.O.S.

The work of giving the reverse English to the supply facilities of the S. O. S. depots, warehouses and docks and making it possible to handle business flowing in both directions, instead of the one way to the front as in the past, will keep a large number busy for some time. At the same time supplies will continue to go forward as before. As one S. O. S. man puts it, "We are learning how to leapfrog both ways at once."

When the sick and wounded have been sent on their way homeward, the remaining men in the S. O. S. according to competent authority, will stay on the job of supplying the Army of Occupation until the final withdrawal of the American Army from Europe is begun. In other words, the great majority of the men in the S. O. S. will carry on at the same old stand as long as there is an Army of Occupation on the Rhine front.

In the Transportation Service alone construction projects at 43 different places in France from Brest to Toulon and Bordeaux to the English Channel have been planned. American projects involved were an immense dock on deep water to accommodate 20 odd supply ships at once, ammunition docks and warehouses, engine terminals, light-erage wharfs and storage yards, railroad sidings and double tracking of existing roads.

The locomotive and car program has been reduced by 2,500 locomotives and 61,000 cars, and orders for several hundred cranes of all kinds cancelled, as well as orders for hundreds of tugs, lighters, barges and floating derricks.

Construction work for construction has been greatly curtailed and will continue unless conditions along the Rhine show a need for barracks and sentry boxes. And of course, orders for front line Engineer stores, such as trench materials, bomb proof shelters, barbed wire and so on, went by the board at once.

Ordnance Work Reduced

The Ordnance Department has been called upon to reduce greatly the number of its repair shops and storage depots and the program for tools and machinery for rifling, chambering, re-lining and retubing guns and howitzers, and for the repair of tractors and gun carriages has been reduced by two-thirds.

The Motor Transport Corps will reduce its program for motor vehicles of all kinds from an 80-division basis to a three-army basis. The Chemical Warfare Service has cancelled all its orders for defensive supplies in the United States and Europe and offensive supplies, with the exception of enough to complete the equipment of all gas troops in the Army. The Air Service material program will be determined later, and all construction work has been stopped.

The Quartermaster Corps stopped manufacturing hand bread emergency and trench rations with the issuance of the new orders. Contracts for mechanical bakeries and coffee roasting machinery were cancelled. Contracts for clothing in England, cloth in Spain and special clothing, such as fifty blue sweaters for the troops in the Vosges, were suspended.

No More Office Equipment

Shipments of typewriters, office equipment and rolling kitchens and animal-drawn vehicles were called off. No more marmite cans, braziers and cans, G. I., will be manufactured. No more purchases of band instruments and music will be made, except for those of the Regular Army. Warehouses rented from the producers which absolutely needed will be turned back to their owners, and no more charcoal will be purchased. Eight 55,000-barrel tanks will not be needed, and shipment will not be made.

The activities of the Garden Service will be limited to the production of vegetable gardens in the vicinity of hospitals.

The Medical Corps has been directed to provide for normal hospitalization on a basis of 7 1/2 per cent of total strength, instead of 15 per cent as heretofore. Construction work in progress at a number of places has been stopped and authorization for other hospitals cancelled. The Signal Corps has cancelled all requisitions for divisional equipment, both in Europe and the United States.

HER BEST THANKSGIVING



BREST COMES UP FROM BOTTOM AND LEADS PORT RACE

Midnight Movies and Band Music Help Week's Victors

ALL BASES SHOW BIG GAIN

Fortnight Freight Unloading Figures Show Increase of 22 Per Cent

The second week of the S. O. S.'s special freight-unloading race to Berlin saw the port of Brest raise itself by its boot straps out of the cellar. Remount Veterinary Hospital and Motor Transport projects has been limited to the completion of buildings and facilities already begun or necessary for future developments. The work of the Forestry Division in getting out the lumber for construction has been greatly curtailed and will continue unless conditions along the Rhine show a need for barracks and sentry boxes.

Here are the figures for the second week of their performance during that time, and also the percentages for the two weeks' work:

Port	2nd Week	For 2 Weeks
Brest	176,223	281,532
Bordeaux	130,464	253,171
Marseilles	124,108	228,407
La Pallice	115,555	217,627
Le Havre	112,748	227,770
St. Nazaire	111,050	216,589
Rochefort	98,331	214,386
Rouen	88,252	195,633
Nantes	83,762	193,777

From the second column of figures it will be seen that the standing of the ports up to date is, in order, Brest, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Le Havre, La Pallice, St. Nazaire, Rochefort, Rouen and Nantes.

Midnight Movies at Brest

At Brest free movies are being shown on the docks at midnight three nights out of the week for the benefit of the night shift. To boom things along even more, the 13th Marines' band has been ordered to show up in the figures. It is only fair to the port of Brest to state that, instead of knocking off and having a party on the Glorious Eleventh, the Stevedores threw in a little more steam and unloaded 10,642 tons of freight on that memorable day, which is a record so far in the contest, and most astounding in view of the fact that Bordeaux's daily average for September and October was only 6,131 tons.

For the first week of the contest, the Brestaux gang unloaded an average of 7,923 tons a day, and for the second week boosted it 3,395 tons. During the middle of the week there was a slump due to the shortage of ships, and the gang declares that it will not be satisfied until it has passed the 10,000 ton mark as its daily average for a whole week running.

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SOLDIERS ON OCEAN DOUBT PEACE NEWS

But When U-Boats Fail to Fight, Armistice Is Celebrated

When the good ship Nansmond, loaded with 1,200 horses, 165 enlisted men and four officers, picked out of the air over the North Atlantic on November 11 a message saying that fighting had ceased in Europe, everybody, including the K. P.'s, yawned, smoked an extra pipeful of tobacco or a dozen cigarettes and crawled into his bunk early. Nobody could kid them.

But the next noon, when a U-boat was sighted plowing peacefully along off the port side just out of gun range, they all thought, as the king said, "there's something in it." When, a few hours later another U-boat, being sighted, acted like a trained and performing duck but without sign of hostility, everybody was almost convinced.

There was some talk, of course, that U-boats had run out of ammunition or had mutinied, but when a British admiralty wireless was intercepted next day saying that the zig-zagging was no longer necessary and ships could light up, 165 men and four officers forgot coffee breakfast, seasickness and all the other trials of the voyage and marched the decks singing and cheering. That evening there was a special armistice dinner of chicken and plum pudding, and the boys smoked cigarettes on deck and the vessel sped straight ahead with all portholes looking like searchlights.

First in After Armistice

The Nansmond was the first big troopship to arrive at St. Nazaire after the armistice had been signed. "What's the use of making noise?" asked a disappointed St. Nazaire, who had expected that the men on the troopship would jump overboard in their hurry to learn the news the minute a hint was shouted to them.

"We left our voices on the ocean back there," "We've celebrated every inch of the way in."

MADAME PAQUIN PICKS A.S.C. COLORS

Steel Gray and Marine Blue Selection of Paris Modiste

It took Madame Paquin herself to choose and match up the distinctive colors of the new Army Service Corps, which, being the last big Army department organized, found that the rainbow had been pretty well riddled of available shades by the other branches, which picked their colors months ago.

The A. S. C. major with the color picking job on his hands had an inspiration. Service colors being necessary mostly for piping on officers' overseas caps, and Madame Paquin, knowing quite a little about millinery in general—why not let the famous Paris modiste solve the problem in color harmony?

For Madame Paquin, she considered herself honored at being able to serve the American Army. So, after much matching of ribbons and laying of colors on olive drab cloth, Madame Paquin decided that steel gray and marine blue would be just about right. Her selection is now official.

LETTERS HOME NOW MAY MENTION TOWN AND GIVE ALL NEWS

Censorship Relaxed Also to Permit Sender's Full Address

CASUALTY RULING STANDS

Use of Camera Still Requires Specific Authorization—Regard for Accuracy Essential

In view of the armistice, new rules of mail censorship have been adopted, to continue in force until further notice. The old rules governing the contents of soldiers' mail have been suspended in part, but retained in certain instances.

You may now tell where you are in your letters home (don't forget to do so in your letter to Dad next Sunday) and you may mention the name of your company, regiment, or other organization right out bold under your name on the outside of your envelope. A sample of the letter head that may be employed and the wording to go in the upper left hand corner of the envelope is:

Corporal John Smith
Co. A, 1st Infantry,
American E. F.

The A. P. O. number, if you know it, should also be used. The military address is still in force, and civilian addresses in France, that is, by towns and departments, are not to be on the outside of the envelope.

You may discuss freely the activities and locations, past and present, of the organization to which you are attached, with, of course, due regard to accuracy. You may mention the name of the government of the United States, its conduct or its policy, or that of any of the Allied Governments.

Casualty Letters Checked

Letters mentioning individual casualties by name must still be routed via the Central Records Office, and the envelopes must carry the words "Via Casualty Section, Central Records Office, American E. F., Bourges, France."

Photographic post cards you may send to the United States or to Allied countries, even if they tell where you are, the lifting of the ban on the mention of localities, relieving many soldiers who have wanted to send back pictures of the places in which they were quartered. But, as before, the rule holds tight that no immoral post cards, pictures, text, etc., can be forwarded.

Members of the A. E. F. are as stringently forbidden as ever to invite strangers to communicate with them, to correspond with strangers in response to invitations from the latter, to solicit gifts of any sort, to attempt to buy or sell things, or to cause or permit any other person to do them. It is prohibited, just as before, to forward communications through intermediaries in such a way as to appear to evade the censorship rules.

The restrictions in regard to letters and post cards also apply to packages. It is forbidden to include in any outgoing parcels any necessities of life, any property of the United States or of Allied governments, or any explosives or portions of explosives which are still dangerous, or other dangerous matter. Telegraphs, cable and telephone messages are all subject to the general rules covering letters and post cards.

The censorship rule prohibiting the taking of photographs by any member of the A. E. F. not specially authorized to do so remains unchanged.

LID OFF CENSORSHIP FOR FATHER'S LETTER

New Rulings Announced Just in Time to Allow Family to Know Whole Story of Your Life in France

TONS OF WRITING PAPER IN SIGHT FOR SUNDAY

Postmaster General Promises to Speed Messages at American End—Don't Forget the Inscription: "Dad's Xmas Letter"

All right, fellows! Get the dilatory digits of your writing hand limbered and lined up, fall in the thumb as right guide, sharpen your fountain pen and fill your pencil (or vice versa), get a strangle hold on good intent, and write that Christmas Victory Letter to Dad Sunday. Everything is all ready.

Everything is all ready for the grandest carnival of letter writing that the world has known since writing became popular in the best circles. Roughly, a number of men not very far under two millions are going to sit down and write a letter to their father—or somebody else's father—on this side of the ocean, and somewhere near a million fathers, we should say offhandedly, on the other side of the water, are going to do likewise. The U.S.A. end is all fixed.

The American news agencies, the Associated Press, the International News Service and the United Press, have sent the word across to America that every son in the A.E.F. is going to write to his dad on Sunday, November 24; and that every son in the A.E.F. expects his father to write to him on the same day. It puts it right up to the old gent—the time being appointed and everything—and, also, it puts it right up to us over here.

If you don't write next Sunday you are going to have a hot time explaining why you didn't. That's a certainty.

WOUNDED AND SICK GET FIRST CHANCE AT HOMEWARD TRIP

Serious Cases Should Be Back in America Within Three Months

BED TO EVERY 14 MEN

Many Hospital Construction Plans Suspended—Medical Units Will Continue to Arrive

All seriously wounded men of the A. E. F. now in hospitals in France probably will have been transported to the United States before three months have passed, according to the office of the Chief Surgeon. Seriously ill patients also will be taken back as transportation will permit.

With approximately 250,000 beds in A. E. F. hospitals now, the Medical Department plans to have a hospital bed to every 14 men in the A. E. F. Plans for the fighting period called for one bed for approximately every seven men, statistics so far having shown that sickness and battle casualties made about equal demands on hospital facilities.

There are 21 complete hospital trains now in service, and contracts for 29 more have been held up. Contracts for 20 trains designed to carry sitting cases only have also been held up.

Fifteen thousand additional beds in now hospitals, mostly converted hotels, in the district about Nice and Mentone will be taken over according to plan.

New medical units will continue to arrive from the States for some time, because with the rapid transportation of fighting troops to France the Medical Department had not been able to maintain its authorized proportional strength.

A number of A. E. F. hospital units which have been attached to the British forces since the United States entered the war will probably learn soon whether they will be returned for duty with the American forces.

21 GERMANS TAKEN TO ONE AMERICAN

A.E.F. Captures 44,934 Prisoners, Loses 2,082 to Enemy

The American troops in all their fighting in France took more than 21 German prisoners for every American captured by the enemy.

The total number of Germans captured by the Americans is 44,934, not including prisoners made during the last few days of hostilities in Belgium, of which no tabulation has yet been made. The number of American soldiers in German hands at the time of the armistice, as reported to the military attaché of the American Legation in Switzerland as of October 15, was 2,082.

Of the German prisoners 682 are officers and 44,252 enlisted men, while the American captured, according to the latest returns received by the A. G. O., A. E. F., were 209 officers and 1,873 men.

CANTEENS NEAR RHINE

Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross divisional staffs and representatives of other A. E. F. auxiliary organizations, will accompany the American Army of Occupation into Germany and continue to minister to the soldier's needs as heretofore. Canteen supplies will follow the men on the march.

Huts, recreation and writing rooms and libraries will be opened in the occupied territories and will be operated in an even greater profusion, probably, than before the signing of the armistice. The Red Cross had ordered several hundred huts for use on the front this winter, and many of these are available for immediate use for the advancing Army.

Soldier's Whiskers Come Off

The censorship regulations (see 5th column) the censor have been revised, dehorned, truncated and in other ways have got what's coming to them. The censor has removed his green whiskers and appears as a pretty harmless individual. You can tell where you've been and what you've done. You can tell where you're going, and as a result, he's supplied them with the dearth of things to write about. The trouble will be telling it all.

Tell the old gent the battles you wore in, whether it was Chateau-Thierry or Tours.

Tell him how we licked 'em. Tell him how you helped. Tell him what you're doing now. Tell him when you'll be home—Pardon us. But you can tell him pretty near everything you can think of now.

All the necessities of letter writing there will be plenty. The auxiliary organizations of the A. E. F. are seeing to that. Paper is going forward, backward, sideways and in every other direction in spite of any blockades by counter movement or inertia. Also, the auxiliary organizations are going to extend themselves as much as possible, and at some places where it is practical Dad's Christmas Victory Letter Day will be observed with the consideration which it deserves.

For Army of Occupation Trucks going forward behind the Army of Occupation carry paper, envelopes and pen and ink. Representatives of the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army, Red Cross and the Jewish Welfare Board will make special efforts to distribute it.

Just a few words to the Army of Occupation. The advance program on Sunday, November 24—and from that date we got you probably will be—and it is impossible for you to write on that day, do it on November 25 or 26, and your letter will get aboard Dad's Christmas Victory Letter Ship with the rest.

It is for this advance program that we make the only exception. It is essential that all the rest of the mail be written before the close of next Sunday and that it be censored in the companies and organizations as soon as possible. Company censors and mail orderlies are urged to expedite this work to their utmost.

Sure to Be Speeded

Once the letters are in the postoffice, the Postal Service will do its part. The letters will be rushed to the base port from which they will be sent to the States. And once in the States they will be hurried onward to their ultimate destination. This was assured by receipt of the following telegram by THE STARS AND STRIPES this week:

Your cablegram 13th. The Post Office Department will make every effort to expedite delivery of Father's Christmas Letters. Proper instructions will be issued to all postmasters.

BULLFROG, Postmaster-General. The letters will arrive in the United States in time for delivery to every State in the Union for Christmas reading.

Above all, don't forget to write to the homesome, bereft fathers in the States who have their greatest possession for the cause—the fathers whose sons have died in battle. Write to them. In the great cry of victory in the United States which has greeted our triumph over here, in the talk and speculation about our return in the months to come, they are the forgotten men in the world. We can make them the richest. We can let each one of them know the details of how his boy died, after laying his all on the altar of freedom, after gladly offering his life to the country that gave him birth.

Remember that, even under the liberalized censorship rules, references to casualties must still go through the Casualty Section of the Central Records Office, at Bourges, and must be so addressed, as explained in another column. That office, however, will make every effort to speed the messages of sympathy.

If You Don't Know the Address

Remember the fathers of every one of the old gang who is gone. Write to them. If you don't know the address can't get it from the company clerk or any other convenient source, send it to THE STARS AND STRIPES, and we will do our best to see that it is delivered.

In answer to inquiries, it may be said that members of the Army auxiliary organizations are included, too, every one of the other convenient sources, send it in on the scheme, of course. Nobody is excluded who knows his ABC's. In the hospitals the Red Cross is going to make complete distribution of paper, pen and ink. Special workers will be on hand to take the dictation of any soldiers who are not able to write

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF TO THE A.E.F.

THE enemy has capitulated. It is fitting that I address myself in thanks directly to the officers and soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces who by their heroic efforts have made possible this glorious result.

Our armies hurriedly raised and hastily trained, met a veteran enemy, and by courage, discipline and skill always defeated him. Without complaint you have endured incessant toil, privation and danger. You have seen many of your comrades make the supreme sacrifice that freedom may live.

I thank you for the patience and courage with which you have endured. I congratulate you upon the splendid fruits of victory which your heroism and the blood of our gallant dead are now presenting to our nation. Your deeds will live forever on the most glorious pages of America's history.

Those things you have done. There remains now a harder task which will test your soldierly qualities to the utmost. Succeed in this and little note will be taken and few praises will be sung; fail, and the light of your glorious achievements of the past will sadly be dimmed. But you will not fail.

Every natural tendency may urge towards relaxation in discipline, in conduct, in appearance, in everything that marks the soldier. Yet you will remember that each officer and each soldier is the representative in Europe of his people and that his brilliant deeds of yesterday permit no action of today to pass unnoticed by friend or by foe. You will meet this test as gallantly as you have met the tests of the battlefield.

Sustained by your high ideals and inspired by the most heroic part you have played, you will carry back to our people the proud consciousness of a new Americanism born of sacrifice. Whether you stand on hostile territory or on the friendly soil of France, you will so bear yourself in discipline, appearance and respect for all civil rights that you will confirm for all time the pride and love which every American feels for your uniform and for you.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING,
General, Commander-in-Chief.

France, November 12, 1918.

themselves. Red Cross workers who searched out and bare American wounded in British and French hospitals are going to carry paper and envelopes with them on Sunday. At the casual camps, too, the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. will provide writing materials and will also make them available in their canteens at the important junctions in the S. O. S. and Advanced Zones.

Suppose You're a Casual
If you happen next Sunday to be a homeless casual on your way you know not where to drop in at a canteen and get paper. If your stop is long enough, write the letter there. If it isn't, write it on the train and mail it the first time you get a chance.

There is a paper scarcity in France. At least one was reported when the Christmas letter plan first was discussed. But it has been overcome. The K. of C., for instance, has 6,000,000 sheets of writing paper and 4,000,000 envelopes for November distribution, most of which will be available for Dad's Christmas Letters. The Red Cross has printing plants in 29 French cities and towns at work on nearly 5,000,000 sheets of letter paper appropriately inscribed, with envelopes enough to put 'em in.

After you've got the letter done, get it to your unit's censor. In the upper right-hand corner write: "DAD'S CHRISTMAS LETTER."
This is extremely important. That inscription will entitle your letter to special delivery treatment both here and in the United States. It will insure your letter's reaching your father for Christmas Day reading.

BREST COMES UP FROM BOTTOM AND LEADS PORT RACE

Continued from Page 1
Brigadier-General W. D. Connor, former commanding officer of the base section of which Bordeaux is the center, before leaving to become chief of staff, S. O. S., presented his report and yellow silk banner, to be the property of the winning Stevedore company each week. The 834th Company of the 89th Battalion, commanded by Captain Louis Albe, won it the first week, along with green and red brassards to be worn by its members. The men of the 834th, moreover, have been given other privileges, such as front row seats at Y shows and so forth, and the same privileges will be accorded each week to the company that comes out top dog.

Though both the day and night shifts on the Bassens docks near Bordeaux have been given the same work in the dark, a band is always there alongside to play them off, as is the case at St. Nazaire, where now boasts five bands. The Bordeaux Y people have hired a real live tub from a French animal store to lend his roar to the contest.

Marseilles all pepped up by its initial success, launched into all sorts of schemes to keep the drive going. The 134th Infantry band has been detailed at old Massilia, and in addition there is a jazz band, organized among the negro Stevedores, both white and colored male choruses and choruses, and a live minstrel company, all dedicated to the cause of boosting the contest.

Officers as Short Talkers
Every night at midnight one of the quarters turns out on the docks to cheer the gang along, and a number of officers have been drafted to act as four-minute speakers. The subscription for prizes to go to the winning company was started by the provost marshal and the pier commander with contributions of 1,000 francs each.

La Pallice, too, has its colored minstrel troupe, and the band of the 35th Engineers, Railway, from up in La Rochelle has come down to render its aid in the booming process. A parade on Sunday last saw 10,000 men in line, with three bands, just to let folks know that the Verdun port were up and kicking.

Rochefort, neighbor to La Pallice, has been unloading a lot of oil, but oil—along with horses, mules and men—does not count in the unloading contest. However, on every truck leaving the Rochefort docks is inscribed, for the benefit of M. P.'s, the sign, "Don't Hold Up This Truck. It's On Its Way to Hoboken." The slogan adopted for the second week of the big drive is, "Eleven Hours in Nine by Keeping Busy Every Minute."

The French civilians working at Rochefort did not knock off on Argistic Day, but worked all the harder, and, what is more, all were on the job early next morning.

Prize Posters and Songs
Instead of one man winning St. Nazaire's prize for the best race poster, three of them have tied for the honor, so all three will get that coveted 7 day leave to Paris. They are: 2nd Lieut. Ely M. Behar, Q. M. C.; 1st Lieut. Simon Wasserman, 369th Engrs., and Sgt. C. R. Kingham. The prize song contest was won by Master Engineer, Senior Grade, Charles P. Leonard, with the following spirited parody on "Over There":
In Berlin, in Berlin, in Berlin Kaiser Bill said a prayer—
Heard the steves were coming and started running.
And just made Holland by a hair.
St. Nazaire, St. Nazaire, in the race to Berlin, said "De-war" and "De-war" with a cheer.
To the Kaiser—and now he's wiser.
For we helped to put the fin to La Guerre!

At La Havre and Rouen, the British authorities have promised to lend hands to stir things up. At the latter place, the British and Belgian port officers are going to give prizes to the dock foremen whose men turn out the best average each week. The prize is a 7 day leave in the cellar position this week. Nantes is not discouraged. Lieut. Curran, the port contest officer, has plastered the place with signs that read: "Be Careful. Every Accident Holds Us Back."

REVELLE OUSTS 77'S AS WHOLE FRONT QUIETS

Squads East and West Order of Day When Guns Stop Barking

REAL BUGLE, REAL DRILLS

Campfires Glow Where Lighted Match Might Once Have Brought Down Barrage

All last week the battle line along the Meuse, from Sedan down toward Verdun, presented the strange and somewhat comic spectacle of the American Army all dressed up and no one to fight.

From that never-to-be-forgotten eleventh hour of November 11 to dawn on the following Sunday, when the march to the Rhine began, the front was a rest area.

The river line, where only a week before it had been treason and madness to strike a match, now glowed with the embers of a thousand Yankee campfires. The bugle music of retreat sounded out at sundown across what had been No Man's Land. The fields, kitchens, warped and weary from the strain of chasing the doughboys for 40 breathless kilometers, had a chance at last to trundle past them, settle down in front of them, and, thus strangely placed, bring forth an endless succession of well-earned flapjacks.

There, too, the free-and-easy, rip-and-let-her-go-buys existence of the front gave way to all the fuss and feathers of cantonment life. Formal guard mount there would be as the afternoon shadows lengthened along the Meuse, and drills there were solemn, drills in fields to which the shell holes gave the look of new-plowed ground. Where but a week before the cannon had cursed and the machine guns rattled there could be heard no nothing but the harsh calls of "Squads left, damn you," and "Squads right about."

Roused by Reveille
The doughboy, roused on these frosty November mornings by the half-forgotten sound of reveille, and discovering that life in the front line had become suddenly more solemn, for the officers and engineers on the splintered river bridges and on all the roads approaching them. Now and again one of their quarry explosions would jar all the battlefields and start each time "the rattling suggestion that the war had receded for business."

The week was made stirring, heart-warming, memorable by the steady flow through our impatient lines of prisoners returning from Germany. Out of Longuyon, out of Longuyon, and all the towns and villages of the frontier came a happy multitude of young and old, men and women, soldiers and civilians.

Whole Columns of Boys
There were whole columns of boys, kidnapped early in the war from up Lille way. They had been tolling dimly in the towns from which the Germans were now departing for good and all. When the order had come for the lines to withdraw beyond the Rhine, their captors turned them loose.

Then, one and all, they set their faces toward Paris. Was it still there—Paris? Had it been bombed to pieces? The Germans said so. Had Clemenceau been killed? The Germans said so.

So the questions poured from them when once more they found themselves with friendly faces all about. They had not enough clothing on their backs nor enough food in their bellies, but one and all, they were grinning from ear to ear, and, one and all, they got fed somehow at the inextinguishable American kitchens as they trudged through our lines along the wonder-road that led to home.

Back to Their Own Division
Then there were prisoners of war as well. French, Italian, Russian—and American, some abruptly and dramatically released from their work on the roads behind the German lines, some formally delivered from the big prison camp in Luxembourg. Of these, the most eager and the most free were the Yankee taken prisoner at Juvincourt in September, who outstripped the rest and arrived one night, fagged out, hungry and footsore at the American line. By a freak of circumstance, they found themselves in the area of their own division.

"Who's there?" the sentry called. "Go to hell," a voice answered affectionately from the darkness. "I'm Hindy himself, if you all want to know."

The sentry forgot that he was a sentry and disobeyed four or five general orders in rapid succession, so great was his haste to welcome the wanderer. He threw down his gun, which hardboiled sentries never do, and shook hands all round.

That was after the Boches had started to fade silently away from their positions on the other side of No Man's Land, but even before their going, some recently captured prisoners began to trickle back to their own people. And if the War Diary is really complete, it will have an entry noting gravely how on the night of the 11th,

some 28 American prisoners were brought down to the barbed wire by their captors and there formally handed over in exchange for two cartons of cigarettes.

Thousands of Last Shots
Meanwhile, no chronicler can ever hope to set down all the yarns that were told and all the rumors that were spread around the campfires at night.

From a hasty compilation of the statistics there furnished, an investigator could easily establish the fact that the last shot of the war was fired 78,926 times. At least that many shells have already been sold to Y. M. C. A. men and other Americans in France as certified souvenirs of the last moment of the war.

And the rumors. Just as the camps back in the States used to buzz every morning with the news that the outfit was going to France, so last week every organization in the Zone of Advance was on edge with the expectation of leaving before dark for Berlin. And, though home would not look so very terrible to most of us just now, it should be set down here that every unit not invited to the Rhine felt highly outraged at the omission.

Then, just as last summer the A. E. F. was agog over the question as to which outfit would parade in Paris on the Fourth of July, so now there has been an omnipresent bit of inside stuff according to which three divisions will march up Fifth avenue on Christmas Day. Each division is a little puzzled as to the identity of the other two.

Jazz for Famous Scot
It was after dark that the yarns and the rumors thrived. And the festivities, too. It was during that motionless week that the greatest and gentlest Scot of our time made a pilgrimage to Verdun. He found its battered streets packed with parading poilus, Tommies and Yanks, with here and there some soldiers from Russia and Italy and Algiers and far-off Annam.

He went to the old cathedral at night, drawn across the courtyard to the basement of the saintly College Marguerite, by the zippy discords from one of the jazz bands in France. There he found officers and nurses treading the stately measures of the fox trot. He wandered through the dim candle lit corridors of the citadel itself, in front of which, in a space of three square kilometers, the armies of Germany and France fought night and day through eight of the most bitter and most critical months in the history of man. Now, around each candle, a group of soldiers bent over something on the stone flagging and a song group ever and anon, in a space of such phrases as:

"What's that? What's that? Baby needs a pair o' shoes. What's that? Read 'em and weep, I tell you. That 'em and weep!"

CHANCE TO COME BACK
First Old Timer: Well, thank God this war's about over!
Second Old Timer: Yes, we can clean out a few of these civilians now and have a real army.

TIME TO LET HIM KNOW
"What's for dinner tonight?"
"Slum."
"Guess the mess sergeant still thinks there's a war on."

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THIRD ARMY WELL ON WAY TO KEEP WATCH ON RHINE

Continued from Page 1

known as the Army of Occupation, is made up of 250,000 troops, commanded by Major-General J. T. Dickman.

Six of its divisions had been in the thick of every big American fight since Marshal Foch launched the counter-offensive in mid-July.

There is the First, whose Infantry paraded the Champs-Elysees that first French Fourth of July in 1917, the First with its memories of Cantigny, Soissons, Mihiel and the Argonne. It is commanded by Brig-Gen. Frank Parker.

There is the Second, half Infantry and half Marines, that made Belleau Wood a name to conjure with in American history, that was very much in evidence at St. Mihiel, that jumped in to help General Gouraud in Champagne in October and from that task hustled over to the Argonne to take the center of the line when the smash was made on November 1. The commander is Major-Gen. John A. Lejeune, M. C.

First at Chateau-Thierry
There is the Third, the first American division to jump into the fight at Chateau-Thierry, the division that held the Marne on that historic July 15 when the last German offensive began and one of the divisions that were longest in the line during the Argonne battle. The commander is Brig-Gen. Preston Brown.

There is the Fourth, likewise a veteran of the Chateau-Thierry salient and a tower of strength during the entire first month of the Argonne drive. The commander is Major-Gen. Mark J. Hersey.

Besides these four are two divisions built on National Guard foundations—the 32nd and the Rainbow. The 32nd is made up largely of men from Wisconsin and Michigan.

On the Ourcq and the Vesle, one of its elements won from the French the name of "The Terrible Brigade" and the 32nd, before getting ready for its role in the Argonne, was used by General Mangin as the spearhead of one of his mighty thrusts below the Saint Gobain Forest. It is commanded by Major-Gen. William C. Haan.

Then there is the Rainbow, the division whose regiments come from New

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York, Alabama, Ohio and Iowa. The Rainbow has always been among those present at all American battles. It was part of the dam that General Gouraud reared to stem the German tide east of Rheims on July 15. It led the charge across the Ourcq on July 28, it pitched in at St. Mihiel, it took the Cote de Chaulillon in the Argonne and in the last great week, it reced the First Division to the gates of Sedan. The commander is Brig-Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

The 5th, 8th and 9th Divisions were very much in the thick of the fighting this fall, and for the most part, side by side.

Fifth in the Argonne
At St. Mihiel, the 5th Division was in the front lines from September 12 to 15, inclusive. During the Meuse-Argonne battle it entered the front lines from October 13 to 20, inclusive, again taking its place there on October 27 and going through to the end. It is commanded by Major-Gen. Hanson E. Ely.

The 89th Division, commanded by Brig-Gen. Frank L. Winn, was in both the St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne operations. It went into the latter the middle of September, remaining through October 7. After 12 days of relief, it returned to the front lines and was still there when fighting ceased.

The 90th Division, commanded by Major-Gen. Henry T. Allen, also took part in both operations. In the Meuse-Argonne battle it entered the front lines on September 26 and remained with the advance through October 10. Then, after ten days' relief from front line duty, it was returned and was in the thick of battle until the hour of the armistice.

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The Stars and Stripes

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

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1918.

The circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES this week passes the 400,000 mark. This is the forty-second week of your newspaper.

THANKSGIVING

America, on Thanksgiving Day, 1918, has good cause to be thankful.

After 19 months of war, she has seen her effort mightily avail on behalf of the forces of right. She has seen topple and fall an infamous bulwark of that tyranny which it has ever been her glory and her privilege to fight.

What more than this could we find on this approaching Thanksgiving Day to thank God for, with all our hearts and souls. To have been, in this year of years, numbered among the Soldiers of Liberty?

To us, her sons, though far away from home on the most homelike of days, the recurring feast will be none the less significant.

What more than this could we find on this approaching Thanksgiving Day to thank God for, with all our hearts and souls. To have been, in this year of years, numbered among the Soldiers of Liberty?

So let's all get busy on Sunday.

letter is that the gratuitous, high-handed insult is equally distributed among the women of the two republics. It is no more, and no less, offensive to the one than to the other.

If "An Officer" would recite it to each of the innocent conquests which are obviously such fair game for him, his own future would be clear. He would not spend it in an old maids' home, but in an analogous institution. Neither, if we had our way, would he be allowed to pass his declining days in any soldiers' home that flies or ever shall fly Old Glory.

IN BEHALF OF AN OLD FRIEND

In the regions where once was the front the shrapnel no longer spits its leader death and the wild Jack Johnsons no longer rumble aloft. The old steel Stetson has lost what one of our painfully exact French scholars would call its "raison d'être for being."

In the region well behind the late front, the old steel Stetson was never used at all. Some of those regions were favored with being allowed to retain the Old Campaign Hat. Others had to be content with Old Rain-in-the-Face, otherwise known as the overseas cap, and often referred to by less endearing epithets.

How about a reissue of the dear old hat? It would make us look and feel again like real Americans. And none could ask for finer recognition of whatever we have been able to contribute as individuals to the game of winning the war.

PLEASE, NO JOYRIDERS

Now that it is all over, we begin to scent trouble from afar. We can foresee troupes and hordes of American civilian sightseers, male, female and pacifist, coming galumphing across the Atlantic (all U-boats corralled by the Allies) to get an eyeful of ruins and a few second-hand thrills.

We hope that the passport authorities are on their guard. It isn't all over yet; there is a lot of work to be done here, both for the A.E.F. and for France, and we hope that, until it is well cleaned up, none but our co-workers and people who have legitimate errands will be allowed to make the trip.

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So let's all get busy on Sunday.

The Army's Poets

CHATEAU-THIERRY
O God! how vast
The distance seems to loom
'Twixt these heroic men and me,
High Priests of Liberty!

OF THEE
Through the long cold hours of a Flanders night
While I stand at post in a lone "O.P."
And mark each shell that falls in the dark,
My eyes sore strained every light to see,

THE TREES OF FRANCE
Some joyous fairy with the gift of art
Has set you picturequely through the land,
Along fair roads, and just so far apart,

YOUR SOLDIER
It is for you, through endless nights
Of mud and rain he stands the sturdy sentry
His pack on towards the shell-streaked sky

SONG OF THE FLYER
Oh, the life of a flyer may surely be gay,
For he sings with his heart beating strong,
And he drifts on the breezes beneath the white way

C'EST LA GUERRE
There's a little red roofed house beside a road-
side in Dordogne;
I have passed it many times in sun and rain,

ODE TO A SIDE CAR
Oh, it's hell to sit in a side car when the trucks
are crashing by,
With never a spark in the darkness to cheer one's

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN
Those of us who are fortunate enough to
have been selected for the Army of Occupation
have a far more difficult task than

TO SOMEBODY'S MOTHER
Somebody died today in France,
Somebody's life for his country has gone;
Somebody beyond the liquid expanse

RELIGION
To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
In the religious department (?) of the
STARS AND STRIPES of October 25, page 4,

THE STOMACH SPEAKS
To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Herewith the diary of a doughboy's stomach,
by Old Man Stomach himself.

MIKE MESSKIT
To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Herewith picture of our company mascot,
lost in a small town somewhere near Dijon.

LETTER PAPER
To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
I would like to offer a suggestion that may
be of benefit to some members of the American

LIBERTY LENDERS
To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
It isn't very often that we have an opportunity
to burst into print, but we believe that

OUR MISTAKE
To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Your edition of THE STARS AND STRIPES
dated October 25 states that 1,718

PRAISE FOR DAVE
To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Just a few lines in regard to Dave Duncan,
the Y.M.C.A. man from St. Paul, Minn.,

FROM THE BOY
A large illustration of a boy in military uniform, possibly a mascot or a soldier, with a caption below.

THE SALUTE
To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
In a recent issue of your paper there was
an article comparing the American and

THE STARS AND STRIPES
To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
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C. G. Ryan, Ballou High School, Port...

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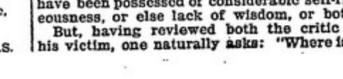
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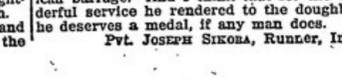
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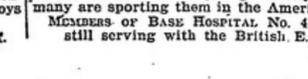
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FROM THE BOY



AMERICA IN GERMANY

I—The Rhine

The Rhine is by no means the longest river in Europe; the Danube, for example, is as long again, and three Rhines laid end to end would no more than equal the Volga. But no river in the Old World is more important commercially or historically. It has figured in the campaigns of Caesar, Clovis, Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, Frederick the Great and Napoleon. It has conditioned the whole development of the country to the west of it, notably of France, just as the English Channel has conditioned the development of England.

But it is by no means purely German. It is 730 miles long, and not quite 300 of those miles are in other countries than Germany. It rises in the Swiss Alps, on one side of the St. Gothard pass, not far from the famous tunnel of the same name. Near at hand, but flowing in an opposite direction, are the head waters of the Rhone.

It enters the sea through its many mouths in Holland. But the development of the country and its legends are German, even though the German boast of the 19th century, "The Rhine is Germany's stream, not Germany's bound," was something of an overstatement.

The part of the stream which Americans are likely to become most familiar is the Middle Rhine, the stretch of 116 miles between Cologne and Mayence. Here its width varies from 430 to 500 yards, and its depth from 10 to 75 feet. Nowhere is the river more surpassingly beautiful, more storied, more vital as a barrier of defense.

From Cologne to Mayence

The traveler usually begins at Cologne and goes upstream, as the Rhine below Cologne is rather too highly industrialized to be beautiful. And, while the occupying Americans are scarcely tourists, still it is more convenient to follow the customary route and proceed from Cologne to Mainz, or Mayence, than to drift calmly downstream from Mayence to Cologne.

Cologne, the chief commercial city of the Rhine basin, with a pre-war population of nearly 500,000, and the principal town of the only Hansatic league, would be famous, if it had no other claim to distinction, for its great cathedral. Cologne cathedral was begun in 1248, and its completion had not even been achieved in the last century. Its two towers, 512 feet high, are the tallest in the world, and are only 42 feet shorter than the Washington monument. South of Cologne the traveler enters almost at once into the country about which the famous legends of the Rhine center. A few miles upstream is Drachenfels, the rock where Siegfried slew the dragon. Every one who enters the river, still it is more convenient to follow the customary route and proceed from Cologne to Mainz, or Mayence, than to drift calmly downstream from Mayence to Cologne.

Where Rhine and Moselle Meet

Coblence is at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle—that same Moselle from whose western banks American troops set out, on the morning of September 12, 1918, to reduce the salient of St. Mihiel. The Moselle is not a great river at Pont-a-Mousson, but by the time it has passed Metz, Thionville and Treves it has become a worthy tributary to the mightier stream.

Opposite Coblence, on the east bank of the river, is Ehrenbreitstein, "the Gibraltar of the Rhine," a rocky promontory towering 400 feet above the river and forming one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. Members of the military profession who are considering a short stay in the Rhine valley will be interested to know that this fortress can accommodate 100,000 men.

Coblence itself is a city of something more than 50,000 inhabitants. It goes back to Roman days, and was long in the possession of the Frankish kings. There gathered Charlemagne's grandsons to settle the division of the territories that ultimately evolved into France, Italy and Germany. The French occupied it from 1794 to 1814, and through it, in 1812, passed Napoleon on his way to conquer Russia.

"Seen and Approved"

He passed through it with such high hopes that he stopped to erect a fountain bearing the following inscription in French: "Year MDCCCXXII. Memorable for the campaign against the Russians. When not many months later Napoleon retraced his steps, a beaten man, his Russian pursuer, General St. Priest, saw the fountain. He did not have the inscription erased. He merely added: "Seen and approved by me, Russian commandant of the city of Coblence, January 1, 1814."

"Fifteen miles or so south of Coblence is the rock of the Lorelei. The Rhine here is deep and treacherous, and whether or no the alluring maiden, combing her hair with a golden comb, and singing her baleful song the while, still tempts the sheer fastness, the stream thereabout is truly no place for an amateur oarsman. The Lorelei rock produces a wonderful echo, and small boys (German) passing it on Rhine steamers were wont to yell, "Who is the mayor of Oberwesel?—Oberwesel being the next town up the river on the western bank—in order to catch the reply, "Esel"—to wit, jacksass."

A dozen miles further upstream is Bingen, where the river turns due east, curving southward again just north of Mayence. Opposite Bingen is the great statue of victory, which the German people erected after the obliterated victory of 1870.

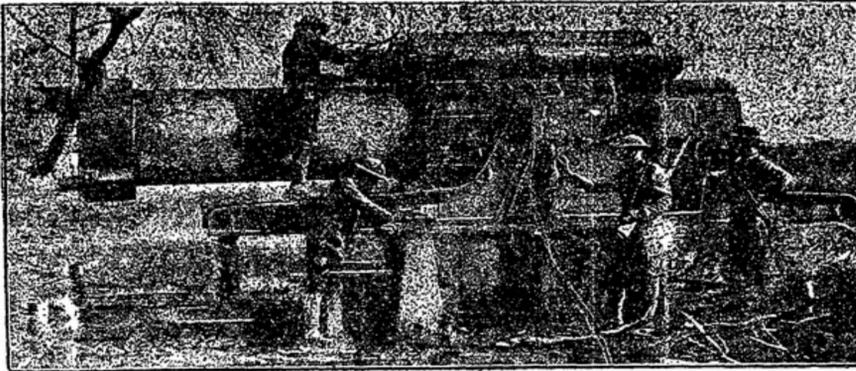
The City of Two Wheels

Roman legions under the Emperor Constantine once camped at Mayence, and holy men preached Christianity there who had heard it directly from the lips of the Apostles themselves. St. Boniface, who converted all Germany, was archbishop of Mayence in 751. The son of an English wheelwright, he chose for his coat of arms two wheels, and these are still the device of the city. Mayence was also the birthplace of Gutenberg, the father of printing.

The French held Mayence many times during the Revolution. It was ceded to France in 1797, but in the great map shuffle of 1814 it became a part of Hesse—that same Hesse which sent its troops overseas to be routed by Washington at Trenton on Christmas Day, 1777. Mayence, like Coblence, is also a fortress.

It was a Frenchman—Victor Hugo—who wrote: "Of all rivers, I prefer the Rhine." "The Rhine," he continued, "is unique; it combines the qualities of every river. Like the Rhone, it is rapid; broad, like the Loire; encased, like the Moselle; serpentine, like the Seine; limpid and green, like the Somme; historical, like the Tiber; royal, like the Danube; mysterious, like the Nile; spangled with gold, like an American river; and like a river in Asia, abounding in phantoms and fables."

15 INCH GUN TAKEN NORTH OF VERDUN



MAJOR SPOILS 72 HOUR WORK RECORD

But Light Rail Man Sticks to Job Sleepless for Three Days

90 MINUTES LOST IN BED

Officer's Order Obeyed, so Long Labor Feat on Mountain Can't Be Called Continuous

Every now and then a major insists on butting in and spoiling things. It hadn't been for a major it would have been possible to say that Private Jacob H. Wolfe, an engineer, working without sleep for a continuous period of 72 hours, most of the time under shell fire, got two ditched light railway locomotives back on the tracks, tinkered with their machinery until he had them in working order, and succeeded in delivering several train loads of much needed material and equipment to a point near the front.

The whole trouble was that the 72 sleepless hours were not continuous, for Private Wolfe actually enjoyed one and one-half hours in bed during three days by direct command of the same major.

Nevertheless, word of the performance got back to the Chief Engineer, A.E.F., who sat right down and wrote a letter to Private Wolfe congratulating him on his work. The story is contained in official correspondence from the Division of Light Railways and Roads, signed by the major who caused that word "continuous" to be qualified.

Trains Broken Up

One night recently three light railway trains were started on a trip to a camp seven miles away, but after they had covered only a couple of miles the grade proved to be too heavy for the tiny locomotive, so it was decided to break up the trains, send a few cars forward and leave the others where they were until the locomotives could return and pick them up.

"Then things began to happen. The Boche snatched out the light railway trains as objectives and began to drop shells all around them. In the mixup two of the locomotives jumped the rails and landed up in the ditches alongside the track and things looked hopeless as far as the quick delivery of the trainloads of supplies was concerned.

The major of the Engineers who is in charge of this section of the light railway system hustled out of the scene of the ditched locomotives, and—let him tell the rest of it:

"I came up a few minutes afterward and found that the locomotives were in such bad shape that inexperienced men would be unable to get them on the rail and ordered the balance of the men into camp. The engineer, Jacob Wolfe, begged me to allow him and his three helpers, Cook Montgomery and Privates Herman and Walsh, all of the Engineers, to try and put the engines back on the rails and move them to the top of the mountain.

No One to Take His Place

"Early the next morning I ordered Wolfe to turn in and get some rest and he stated that there was not another man in the outfit to take his place and as the tools, equipment and food had to go to the camp he asked to be allowed to continue working. He continued to work throughout the day, got the tools, equipment and food to the top of the mountain. At about 7 p. m. I found Wolfe still on his engine at work and ordered him to go in and go to bed and let the work go. About an hour and a half later I found him on the engine again and I asked him why he did not obey my order. He said that he had been to bed and I did not state how long he had to stay there, and as there was lots of work to do and no one else could handle the engine with the exception of those who were working, he desired to remain on duty until we could get someone else to get the work going.

DUTY MUST BE PAID

"Wolfe continued to work during the night and got relieved the following morning, thus making 72 hours continuous duty with the exception of the hour and a half which he claims he was in bed."

FLEDGLING AIRMAN BREAKS FIRST RULE

But Boche Opponent Comes Tumbling Down Just the Same

Follow your squadron leader is one of the first laws of flying. There's a young airman, however, who is being envied by his fellow eagles because of what, happened when he went counter to this primary flying axiom the third day of the battle that centered about Montfaucon.

This flyer had been over the German lines only once or twice when he found himself in formation with his squadron on what promised to be a lively afternoon. Both German and American observation balloons were up in numbers, and patrols of planes were sweeping back and forth. The crackling of machine guns when skirmishing planes met the enemy was almost continuous.

Gradually the squadron mounted higher and higher and headed in the general direction of the Rhine. The fledgling was last in the formation. He saw the planes ahead of him rise sharply to pass over a cloud, and perhaps just out of curiosity he decided he didn't care to dodge that cloud at all—he would go right under it.

Enter the Fokker

He made the dip, but to his amazement almost plopped into a Fokker which had been flying directly under the cloud. The Fokker immediately got on the American's tail with machine gun fire. The fledgling returned the fire. Then mysteriously the German airman's machine gun stopped firing, and the Fokker took a tumbling nose dive far downward. The American followed with a spinning dive. The German straightened out, but, strangely enough, did not open fire. The American opened up again. This time the German fell straight to the ground.

This was the American flyer's first plane. So he made a landing—that is he tried to for his machine got badly mugged up in a shell hole. While the doughboys were raking over the wreckage of the German plane—they found an iron cross on the German machine gun body looked at the German machine gun in the wreckage. Then everybody knew why the German plane had stopped firing so suddenly when the battle had only started. The first round of the young American flyer's bullets had clipped into the German machine gun near the breech, putting it out of action.

POOR MARY MUST PAY

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Nov. 21.—Poor Mary Pickford has been ordered by the court to pay her agent \$100,000 as commission for securing a raise in salary for her. The evidence showed that Mary's income the last two years was \$670,000 a year. If you think Mary stopped at that beggarly pittance you must guess again. After the lawsuit gave Miss Pickford fat space in all the newspapers, she grabbed more space by announcing a new contract for six pictures yearly at terms that will reach \$1,500,000 annually.

"Haven't even made you a first class private yet, eh?" "Nope. Only thing they've put on my arm since I joined up is a vaccination mark."

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NO FOURRAGERE YET FOR ANY A.E.F. UNIT

Only Few Men With French Service Entitled to Decoration

With the exception of a few—very few soldiers with previous service in the French army, no members of the American Army in France are entitled to wear the fourragere or other unit decoration.

During the last few weeks soldiers have appeared in numbers with the fourragere entwined on their shoulders or, more modestly, its miniature pinned to their breast. In nearly every instance the ornamentation was without authority.

In the French army a division is qualified to wear the Croix de Guerre fourragere after two army citations. But even after this, they can wear it only upon authority of a special order from the French C-in-C. or Minister of War. In the American Army there are divisions which have been cited twice or more in army orders, but none has received the additional necessary authority of the French higher authorities.

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YANKS IN BELGIUM READY FOR ATTACK AS BIG NEWS COMES

White Flags of 1914 Yield to Black, Yellow and Red Standards

BOCHE SHAPES DISAPPEAR

Field Gray Host That Sang on March Four Years Ago Hurries Off Home Eastward

In the fall of 1914 an American writing for American newspapers tramped through the slippery mud from Brussels to Roulers, marching with the victorious troops of the German Kaiser.

The first time these roads were packed with field-gray men; an endless machine-made, irresistible, moving mass, singing as it went.

By the roadside and in the fields the browns and purples of autumn were spotted here and there with flaming red and white of the German uniforms.

Watching this scene were groups of huddled peasants, scared, stupefied. They listened to the booming guns and tried to guess whether the sound was getting further from them or was being driven back.

The Only Flags in Belgium

And as one looked about the countryside he saw from the windows of almost every house a white cloth of some sort tied to a stick—pathetic attempts of the peasants to save their homes.

In 1918, on November 10, an outpost of the 91st American Division, fighting in Flanders, rode into Hoorebeke St. Cornille at eight on the morning of the day just dawning over a hill two German field kitchens doing a lilt two German field kitchens doing a lilt two German field kitchens doing a lilt.

A captain of a headquarters company of a California outfit followed immediately and knocked on a door of the village to ask for the "Yanks."

At once he was fairly suffocated in the embrace of a Flemish grandmother. "You ask for a room!" she cried.

"For four years the vaches have been taking all without asking!" She hung open the door. "Here, American, this is for you."

He seemed cold. From somewhere they dug him up a stove, and built a fire. He seemed hungry. Soon he dined on Belgian hare. The old man of the farm, who could think of nothing else, insisted upon presenting him with his heavy home-made white cloth of some sort tied to a stick.

At once he was fairly suffocated in the embrace of a Flemish grandmother. "You ask for a room!" she cried. "For four years the vaches have been taking all without asking!"

American Attack Planned

The next morning, at six, an American attack was planned at this place. Crisp and clear, through the purple haze hanging over the hill opposite, now and then a Boche shape could be seen lurking for an instant.

Behind a stone wall five hundred yards from a German machine gun nest Lieut. Crawford, eying his watch, sat with his battery. His men were waiting for the chance. The harassing fire from the artillery had begun.

Then comes news to delay the attack until nine. Rumors. Messages. More waiting. Yanks all in position.

At a quarter of an hour before the time for the barrage to start, and the artillery men stand by their guns. From the temporary trench of an advance post a major looks through his glasses. Certain movements in the turnip fields across the valley appear strange to him: people running and jumping about.

"Belgians," he comments. "There can't be many Germans there now with all that excitement going on." Never to Take Place

Then at that moment came that famous order from Marshal Foch which everyone has now read so many times that he knows it by heart. The attack of the All-Western division was never to take place.

And from where the German lines had been came little groups. They were Belgians with a squalid wheelerbarrow load of household goods—coming home.

The doughboy who had been twice in Belgium under such different circumstances walked back to the headquarters mess for breakfast. There was no excitement, little comment. A cook was toasting bread on the top of the kitchen.

A top sergeant came by, called attention and read the order suspending hostilities. Two Yanks sitting in the stone courtyard near at hand cleaning their rifles never stopped work.

"What'd he say?" asked someone in the rear as the top walked away. "Didn't get all of it," answered his buddy. "Oh, damn!" said the cook. "This toast got all burned."

BRIG. GEN. CONNOR S.O.S. CHIEF STAFF

Brigadier General W. D. Connor is now Chief of Staff, S.O.S., succeeding Brigadier General Johnson Hagood, who has taken command of an Artillery brigade in the advance area.

General Connor had been commanding general of Base Section No. 2, S.O.S., since August 10. Until May 1 he was Assistant Chief of Staff at G.H.Q., and before taking command of Base Section No. 2 he had been Chief of Staff of the 32 Division and commanding general of the 61st Brigade.

General Connor was graduated from the United States Military Academy in the class of 1897, and served in the Spanish American War and the Philippine Insurrection.

THE FRONT AS A REST AREA

Just as mass was being said on the morning of November 11 within the walls of a pretty little church, in Michigan, the father of that church, who went to war when the home recruiting sailed for France over a year ago, William Davitt, died for his country on a far-away battlefield—died as the last shots were fired on the Western front. He died almost on the stroke of the eleventh hour.

Father Davitt was miles away from his regiment when it was rumored around that the last battle was about to be fought. He was acting as corps burial officer. To remain back of the lines while his regiment fired the last volley, however, was not the thing he intended to do.

Before setting forth that evening, Father Davitt procured a large American flag to be hung up in front of regimental headquarters the day the fighting ceased. Then he set out to join his regiment, which was now in the thick of it.

By traveling all night, catching rides in various taxis and motor cars, he reached the front at 9 o'clock on the morning of November 11, just in time to see his regiment go over the top for the last time.

It was 11 o'clock by the colonel's watch when Father Davitt climbed a tree in front of the regimental headquarters and hung up the flag which he had brought along for the purpose.

After hanging up the flag he climbed down, saluted, and then gave a loud cheer for the end of the war, after which he walked a few feet away and stood still. It was while he was standing there that a shell whizzing in from a German battery and exploded a few feet away. Father Davitt was killed instantly.

It was almost dark when a company of doughboys entered a town that had just been evacuated by the retreating Germans. Pvt. Stevenson began searching for a place where he might spread his blankets for the night.

Entering a room, he found a spring bed, white sheets, white pillow cases and a fireplace. "Oob-la-la!" he said, and began taking off his shoes.

A few moments later a woman entered. She explained that a German count had occupied the room for a number of weeks, and that at the very moment there were reposing under the bed a trunk full of fine linens and nightgowns which the count might return for at any time.

That night Pvt. Stevenson slept in a soft wooden nightgown, and at last accounts he was doing his best to square matters with his first sergeant because of being late for reveille the following morning.

Though a strange, unbelievable peace settled over the Argonne last week, life changed little for the road menders. One pensive negro was gravely lading the soupy mud out of the center of the highway when his roving eye was caught by the gleam of two service stripes on the sleeve of a soldier who was walking laughing by. The road worker paused in his labors and gazed incredulously.

"My Gawd," he murmured, "dat white man has been a whole year in dis country an he kin still laff."

At Varennes, they still show the place where the doughboy fainted. For the greater part of a week he had been busy there at the humble tasks of general police when into his ballistics burst an American French soldier who explained that Varennes had been his home before the war and that he had to leave it hastily when the Germans came four years before.

After that much explanation, he began to prospect about as though he were looking for oil, finally took his bearings, paced there to the right from the pharmacy ten to the north, four to the east. Then he dug. He dug and he dug and at last the doughboy saw—disinterred from the very spot where he had been pattering all week—the tidy sum of 20,000 francs in gold.

When the Artillery brigades along the Meuse found themselves in possession of a bewildering array of guns but not a single target, they at least had the satisfaction of realizing that they had done quite a bit of shooting while the shooting was good and they also had the leisure to do a bit of figuring.

On November 1st—the day when the Kriemhilde line went all to smash—the guns behind the doughboys in the First American Army fired, during the night, from three in the morning until noon, some 29 trains of ammunition, each train made up of 30 of those ten-ton French railway cars. This ammunition ranged all the way from the little shells fired by the 75's to the huge projectiles weighing 1,400 pounds each and fired by American guns of larger caliber even than the Big Bertha that pounded away at Paris last spring.

A doughboy was sitting at the side of a road that led toward Germany and was doing his best to scratch the middle of his back.

"Why don't you take off your shirt and go after him right?" one of his comrades inquired. "Don't you know the war's over?"

Two American lieutenants were leading a German officer back to the regimental P.C., where the German was to be given a receipt for ten prisoners he had delivered back to the Americans. The enemy officer, according to military rules governing such affairs, was blindfolded and a lieutenant marched on either side.

As the trio neared the P.C., they were forced to cross a bridge which had a huge hole in the center of it caused by an exploding shell several days before.

"Let's drop the son of a — through that hole and be done with him," one of them suggested, jocularly.

Later, after they had passed the bridge, the German became tamed in his riding heavily on the lieutenant's helped him out of it.

"Thank you," he said in excellent English. "You are exceedingly kind to me today."

Second Cook Oscar Scholds was very weary when his regiment marched into Louppy. It was 10 o'clock at night, and nearly all of the billets were crowded. He searched around until finally he decided to crawl into an open window and roll up in his blankets no matter who was sleeping within. He found a place on the floor and laid down.

It was nearly daylight when a doughboy colonel awoke and found something resting heavily on his chest. He squirmed out from under the weight and went to sleep.

The next morning Cook Scholds discovered that he had been using the colonel's stomach for a pillow.

Many were the stories of tragedy and comedy related through the long Ardennes evenings around the American campfires last week.

There was that story of how a regimental P.C. quite unintentionally

stormed and captured Chaumont. This was not the well known but never mentioned Chaumont inhabited by G.H.Q. but a less pretentious settlement just below Sedan. It fell to the Americans during that lively last week when the troops raced toward Sedan.

Certainly when a major, the adjutant, the intelligence officer and eight liaison men strolled in one fine day to set up safe and comfortable quarters there for the 165 Infantry, they little dreamed that the Germans had not long since been driven from the town. There the mayor and all the jubilant women and children of the village were waiting to greet them.

Waiting to greet them also were several German machine gunners who opened fire on the festive party and had to be overcome by force of arms.

Among the best of the campfire yarns was the one about the soldier who envied his companion's new shoes. Where had he got them? Why, off a German.

"I guess I'll have to go out an' get me a pair," he said, and vanished toward No Man's Land. He came back two hours later, superbly shod. But why had he been so long?

"Well," he apologized, "it took me some time. I had to kill 47 different Germans before I could find one with a pair of shoes that would fit me."

Then there was the story the Red Cross man told of the doughboy he found sitting pensively in a field while shells from our guns were roaring overhead like invisible mid-air express trains, and while, less noisy, but more disturbing, the shells from the German guns were ending with a wall and burst all about.

"What are you thinking about, Buddy? Making your will? Are you wondering why you were ever nut enough to enlist?"

"No," said the doughboy gloomily. "I was wondering how I was ever nut enough to let a man hold me up in Chicago last spring. He only had a '32."

All through the week, the Yankies, encamped in and around the towns they had just liberated along the Meuse, celebrated the armistice with the good people of those towns, who lay awake nights devising ways and means of being hospitable to the Americans. The favorite in one town—and he was always to be found enthroned on the limber of some kitchen—was a small boy of eight who, when the Germans fled and all the citizens went down to the cellars to wait for the battle tide to sweep past, stationed himself boldly at the corner, and in the ears of the retreating Boches shouted scornfully: "Nach Paris! Nach Paris!"

Just how it happened that they slipped by the guard neither of them seems to know, but two American soldiers, although intending to drive from the front lines to the rear, became tangled up as to directions and drove toward Germany.

They reached a point 20 kilometers beyond the American outposts before they were aware that they were going in the direction opposite their destination. Then upon entering a town, they rounded a corner and stood face to face

with a German major and four enlisted men. The Americans glared at the Germans and the Germans glared at the Americans.

After several moments of observation, the Americans turned around and came back, choosing a new route, which took them through towns partially inhabited, but where there were no Germans. In every town they passed through they were forced to stop and talk with the inhabitants, and once the entire female population kissed them. Everywhere they were welcomed with great joy, for they were the first Americans the inhabitants had seen.

Pvt. Lewis made down his bed in the corner of a building that was just in the edge of what would have been No Man's Land had the armistice not intervened.

"I sure didn't think I'd ever sleep here," he said to a comrade.

"Why, I was popping away at a sniper from that hole there in the corner just a couple of days ago. Gee, but it seems queer!"

"And what was the sniper doing to you?" some one inquired from the other corner.

"Well," said Lewis, "he was sure raisin' hell with my life insurance."

A heavy truck loaded with ten cases of eggs and several other cases of food for a divisional mess, rumbled along toward Germany. The cases jolted around and bounced up and down as the truck hit the high places in the road. It looked as though the eggs might be scrambled long before they reached their destination.

"Look out for them three bottles of champagne in the corner box!" the driver of the truck shouted back to a comrade who sat straddle of a box. "Don't let 'em get broke, for God's sake!"

The sharp notes of reveille floated over what had, but a few days before, been No Man's Land. A buck private, with his hair standing on end and apparently half asleep, crawled out from under a pup tent, rubbed his eyes and spluttered, "Ain't this war hell!"

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The Quartermaster's plan whereby American Army officers may buy uniforms at cost, as outlined in this newspaper several weeks ago, is explained in detail in a new G.H.Q. Bulletin, No. 89, announcing the establishment of the Tailoring Branch Center of the Q.M.C.

The T.B.C. will provide officers' uniforms under the following conditions: By measure and personal fittings. By measure, using Quartermaster Form No. 164, "Directions for Measuring for United States Army clothing."

By supply of ready-to-wear tailored uniforms. Officers desiring personal fittings will apply to the Officer in Charge, Tailoring Branch Center, Ellysée Palace Hotel, 103 Avenue des Champs-Élysées, Paris.

Officers who wish to order uniforms by mail will fill out Q.M. form 164, send it to the above address, and state address to which uniform is to be sent.

How to Go About It Officers desiring ready-to-wear uniforms will apply to the Depot Quartermaster, Paris, stating sizes and kinds desired.

The charge for uniforms will be actual cost. This, in the case of tailored and fitted clothing, will vary. The cost of uniforms made to measure but not fitted and of ready-to-wear uniforms will be announced in the Q.M.'s price list of subsistence stores.

Officers, the bulletin adds, will not be permitted to go to Paris for the special purpose of providing themselves with uniforms.

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THE 'CUTE COAT' recommended by War Office first winter of the war, is the Thresher—the model for every officer's trench coat but unobscurable in respect of its uncrackable Melmac interlining.

Get yours while the getting is quick. November sees us always swamped with orders.

PRICES: The Thresher £5 50—82s. Detachable Camelcote Lining £2 20—81s. Cavalry pattern with knee flaps and saddle gusset. £1 10—85s. Extra

Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid delay, enclose cheque when ordering.

MADE ONLY BY THRESHER & GLENNY Est. 1735 Military Tailors and Outfitters 152 and 153 Strand, London, W. C. 2 By Appointment to H. M. the King

THE THRESHER COAT

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Guaranty Trust Company of New York. PARIS 1 & 3 Rue des Italiens TOURS AGENCY 7 Rue Etienne Pallu. Accepts Subscriptions to the FOURTH FRENCH WAR LOAN "EMPRUNT DE LA LIBERATION" Price: Frs. 70.80 yielding 5.65 % or Frs. 71.70 in deferred payments.

BARKERS THE GREAT MILITARY OUTFITTERS KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.S. FAMOUS 'KENBAR' TRENCH COAT AMERICAN OFFICERS. The "Kenbar" is the finest cut and best-tailored Trench Coat in London. \$26.25. JOHN BARKER AND COMPANY LTD., KENSINGTON, W. 8.

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR No Stropping—No Honing. Gillette U.S. Service Set. PACKETS of new Gillette Blades—each Blade wrapped in oiled paper enclosed in sanitary envelope—bright, smooth, sharp and clean, can be obtained at all dealers in France, England, Russia, Italy, Canada and all other parts of the world. Gillette Safety Razor, S.A., 17, Rue La Boétie, PARIS

WIRES KEPT BUSY AS ALLIED CHIEFS SPEED GREETINGS

French and British Army Heads Congratulated by C-in-C.

CABLES POUR IN AT G.H.Q.

Military and Naval Leaders, Organizations and Individuals at Home Felicitate A.E.F.

From all over the world messages of congratulation have been pouring into General Pershing's headquarters...

To Marshal Foch, General Pershing wired on the A.E.F.'s behalf:

On this day, made memorable by the signing of the armistice...

To General Petain, commander of the French Armies of the North and the Northeast...

On the occasion of the signing of the terms of the armistice...

General Petain's reply, as translated, reads:

I wish to thank you in my own name, and in that of the French Army...

The British Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig...

Please accept my hearty greetings and congratulations...

Sir Douglas replied: I am greatly touched by the kind message you have been good enough to send us...

Queen Alexandra's Message: Added to the British commander's congratulations...

TWO OBSERVER ACES ON AIR HONOR ROLL

Second Bags Fifth Plane Week Before Armistice Is Signed

FOKKERS COME IN CLOSE

Pilot Only Bruised in Small of Back When Bullet Pierces Gas Tank

American aerial observers found time, before the armistice was signed...

Readers of last week's STARS AND STRIPES may recall the story of His Accipiter Lieut. William F. Erwin...

Busy Days for Observers

By November 3 the Americans fighting in the Argonne had crumpled up the Kriemhilde line...

Lieut. Easterbrook, piloted by Capt. Arthur Clark...

Fokker Quartet Closes In

Meanwhile, the Fokker quartet had closed in to the altogether unhealthy distance of 30 meters...

Not all of the bullets had hit the tank, however. One just grazed Lieut. Easterbrook's cheek...

They were forced to light not far behind the American line...

BUSINESS GETTING READY FOR PEACE

War Industries Board Announces Government Program

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Nov. 21.—The Government has plans to bring business back to a peace basis...

For some time to come Government contracts must continue on a wide basis...

The War Industries Board will continue to exercise its functions until the peace treaty is signed...

Financiers and industrial men have been holding meetings of the National Foreign Trade Council...

The progress of war has been marked by much discussion of proposals for and conditions of the continuance of the contract by economic forces...

Signor Pietro Morgante, President of the Agricultural Society, Francforte, Italy, telegraphed:

A great victory of the Allied Armies completes the dissolution of the barbarian governments due to the firm, courageous spirit of the American troops...

From far-away Costa Rica, the minister of war of the republic, on behalf of the government, saluted the A.E.F.'s commander as "the heroic representative of our continent..."

Our common cause has bound America and Great Britain together by ties that can never be severed.

D.S.M. FOR C-IN-C. AS VICTORY COMES

Gen. Bliss Makes Presentation—Chaumont Brings Its Own Gift

Acting under telegraphic instructions from President Wilson, General Tasker L. Bliss, America's military representative at the Allied Supreme War Council...

The ceremony took place on the parade ground of the old French barracks at Chaumont, American General Headquarters...

The President of the United States has awarded a Distinguished Service Medal to General John J. Pershing...

When the order had been read, General Bliss said: To do this, I wish there stood in my place one of the distinguished officers of the Army...

General Bliss, I know of no honor that could come to an American greater than the honor which has come to me today...

Afterward, in the C-in-C.'s office, the mayor of Chaumont presented General Pershing with a gold knife upon which was superimposed the seal of the United States.

AU CHAPEAU ROUGE

MADE IN THE U.S.A. REIS UNDERWEAR

DERE MABLE

The funniest book the War has produced!

Chocolates & Candies

WALLACE & CO., NEW YORK

ON THE FRONT LINE

Chocolates & Candies

EVERLASTIC RUBBER ROOFING

WHEN Uncle Sam faced the problem of erecting hundreds of buildings for the Army...

THE FLAVOR LASTS

Get it at Canteens, Y. M. C. A. huts, and all candy or tobacco shops

AMERICAN RENDEZVOUS

Your American Comrades in London are already coming to know our new premises at 16 Regent Street...

JUNIOR OPEN TO ALL ARMY & NAVY STORES

15 REGENT STREET, LONDON

17 & 19 UNION STREET, ALDERSHOT.

21 to 24 D'OLIER STREET, DUBLIN, etc.

AMERICAN OFFICE: 366 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PLENTY OF CLOTHING TO KEEP ARMY WARM

Q.M. Has Million Jerkins and Several Other Odds and Ends

Although there are 2,000,000 odd American soldiers in France, they will all have enough to wear and be able to keep warm this winter...

With the boys at the base ports still busy unloading the ships and with tons and tons of O.D. stuff still arriving every day...

For instance, there are 1,000,000 leather jerkins on hand for troops on outdoor work...

More than 2,400,000 pairs of field shoes are waiting to be given out...

Other things on hand include 2,800,000 pairs of wool gloves, 1,900,000 pairs of spiral puttees and 700,000 woolen blankets.

HOTEL BRIGHTON, PARIS

Knights of Columbus Club House

To Nebraska Soldiers in France

Will each soldier from Nebraska assist in making a war exhibit and complete record of Nebraska's part in the war?

J. C. VICKERY

Their Majesties Jeweler, Silversmith and Dressing Case Manufacturer

WRIGLEYS

The long-lasting sweetmeat

"Mademoiselle, I offer you a favorite American tid-bit."

"Merci bien, mon brave homme!"

THE FLAVOR LASTS

Get it at Canteens, Y. M. C. A. huts, and all candy or tobacco shops

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PREMIUM LOANS FOR A.E.F. MEMBERS

Relief Act Proviso Affects Policies Outside of War Risk Insurance

Members of the A.E.F. holding certain life insurance contracts with commercial life insurance companies and fraternal orders or organizations may have those policies kept in force with payment of premium guaranteed by the Government...

This proviso is contained in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act, approved in March, and now explained fully in a G.H.Q. Bulletin, No. 88.

Before any loan or settlement can be made on any policy receiving relief under the act, the written consent of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Treasury Department, must be obtained.

TIFFANY & Co

25, Rue de la Paix and Place de l'Opera PARIS

MEURICE HOTEL AND RESTAURANT

228 Rue de Rivoli (Opposite Tuilleries Gardens)

DRUG STORE

REQUISITES FROM ROBERTS & Co AMERICAN DRUGGISTS

AMERICAN RENDEZVOUS

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VIA PARCEL POST in FIVE DAYS

In just about ten days from the time you order from us in London the goods will reach you

THERE can be no question as to the advantage of obtaining supplies from England and in particular from the JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores.

Whatever you need should therefore be obtained from England and from the JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores.

It is quite safe to order by post and we can invariably dispatch immediately on receipt of order from our very extensive stocks.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE LEATHER

The success of our Chamois Leather Underwear at the Front in past years has been so great that we can safely guarantee satisfaction with these garments...

- Chamois Leather VEST unlined. 38/6
Chamois Leather VEST lined. 44/-
Chamois DRAWERS to knee. 36/6
Chamois Leather HOSE. 12/6
Chamois Leather JACKET with long sleeves and two pockets, dyed brown, for wear under Tunic. 47/6

AMERICAN RENDEZVOUS

Your American Comrades in London are already coming to know our new premises at 16 Regent Street where the latest American newspapers and magazines can be read in a comfortable armchair with light refreshments free.

YOU WILL COME IN DUE COURSE but if you cannot call at present, we shall be pleased to send you a copy of your favorite American Magazine if you will request it on a postcard.

JUNIOR OPEN TO ALL ARMY & NAVY STORES

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