

GERMANY FACED WITH PEACE PACT DICTATED BY VICTOR NATIONS

Once Greatest Military Empire of World Brought to Account on Spot of Birth and First Crime of Half Century Ago

EX-KAISER'S TRIAL PROMINENT IN DEMANDS

Anniversary of Lusitania's Sinking Sees Haughty Power at Mercy of Free Peoples Leagued to End All War

At 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, four years to a day from the tragic climax of Prussianism that sent the Lusitania to the bottom with her human cargo of non-combatants, a little khaki-bound booklet was handed to Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, chief of the German plenipotentiaries, at Versailles where Wilhelm I and Bismarck almost half a century ago forced France to sign away Alsace-Lorraine while Prussian cannon threatened Paris.

In this document that the humiliated enemy is now studying in the confines of a Versailles hotel are contained the promise of release of 1,000,000 Americans in khaki and the solemn hope, framed in the terms of the League of Nations, that neither these men nor their children will be forced to another recourse to arms such as they, with their Allies, have borne courageously and successfully since America declared war on April 6, two years ago.

ALLIES UNITED IN PEACE

They have been the busiest of the Conference, these last days preceding the historic event, and the last shadow of disagreement between the Allies, Italy's disaffection, Belgium's hesitancy, Japan's claims, have passed away, to leave a solid front, the same unity that met the Kaiser's armies from the Pave to Flanders.

The League of Nations is a reality, and whatever battles remain to be fought for democracy, there stands for humanity the most powerful bulwark of justice that the world has ever known.

In the great dining hall of the Trianon Palace Hotel the tables were set in a parallelgram. At the head was Premier Clemenceau, on his right President Wilson and the American envoys, on his left Lloyd George and the British delegation. About the table were seated representatives of all the powers that had made war or broken relations with the late Central Empires.

GERMANS AT FOOT OF TABLE

When the guards of honor at the door had withdrawn, the German delegation filed into the room and took places at the foot of the table.

When they were seated, President Clemenceau rose and inaugurated the Conference of Versailles. He handed the khaki-covered volume to M. D'ustasta, the Secretary General of the Conference, who in turn placed it in the hands of Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, who rose and addressed the Conference. When he had concluded the Germans withdrew, and the historic ceremony was over.

It is the longest treaty ever drawn. It totals about 80,000 words, divided into fifteen main sections, and represents the combined product of over 1,000 experts working continually through a series of commissions for the three and a half months, since January 18. The treaty is printed in parallel pages of English and French, which are recognized as having equal validity. It does not deal with questions affecting Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, except in so far as binding Germany to accept any agreement reached with those former allies.

The members of the Peace Conference were already familiar with the terms of the treaty, which had been summarized for them in a secret plenary session the day before, but they are now at liberty to study it in detail. Below, however, are the salient points of the official summary.

Terms of Treaty Follow Out Early Outlines Given Public

Following the preamble and deposition of powers comes the covenant of the League of Nations, which is the first section of the treaty. It is in the same form as made public several weeks ago. The frontiers of Germany in Europe are defined in the second section; European political clauses given in the third; and extra-European political clauses in the fourth. Next comes the military, naval and air terms as the fifth section, followed by the section on reparations of war and military graves and a seventh on responsibilities. Reparations, financial terms and economic terms are covered in sections eight to ten. Then comes the aeronautic section, ports, waterways and railways section, the labor covenant, the section on guarantees, and the final clauses.

Germany by the terms of the treaty, restores Alsace-Lorraine to France, accepts the internationalization of the Saar basin temporarily and of Dantzig permanently, renounces all territorial claims outside Europe, as to her own or her Allies' territories, and especially as to Morocco, Egypt, Siam, Liberia and Shantung. She recognizes the independence of Poland, German Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland. Her army is reduced to 100,000 men, including officers, consents to a permanent high court and military tribunals to fix responsibilities and a series of bodies for the control of international rivers.

The League of Nations is accepted by the Allied and Associated Powers as operative upon ratification of the Treaty and by Germany in principle, but without membership. Similarly an international labor body is brought into being with a permanent office and an annual convention.

A great number of international bodies of different kinds and for different purposes are created, some to execute the peace treaty. Among the former is the commission to govern the Saar basin until a plebiscite is held 15 years hence; the International League of Red Cross Societies, to be organized in the city of Dantzig, guaranteed by the League and under a high commissioner appointed by it, and various commissions to investigate and report on the German fleet and cables, the former German fleet and cables, the former German fleet and cables, the former German fleet and cables.

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VICTORY LOAN IN GERMANY



It is rather rubbing it in—displaying Victory Loan posters on the billboards in Cologne. Anyhow, there they are, for all the Third Army sees. Here is a specimen of the way and places in which they are posted. On the promenade along the Rhine, close to the postbox bridge, there is one poster showing a doughboy, his face bandaged in bandages plus smiles, carrying three Boche helmets in his hands, and saying triumphantly, 'And they thought we couldn't fight!' Across the street is another depicting a U-boat in dire distress, while a transport and cruiser steam majestically by. The Germans gaze on these billboards in loud silence.

OVER TWO MILLION FRANCS RAISED BY A.E.F. FOR ORPHANS

Fund For War Waifs of France Grew Hugely in 14 Months

RED CROSS KEEPS UP WORK

Provision for Future of Most Deserving Waifs Among 3,567 Adopted Already Made

Table titled 'HOW ORPHANS' FUND STOOD APRIL 30' showing financial details: Cash on hand, Checks on deposit for collection, Guarantee Trust Co. deposit, Equitable Trust Co. deposit, Cash items, Balance with Red Cross, Total balance, Paid to Orphans, Total amount raised.

Two checks, one for 504,914.40 francs and the other for 551,450.55 francs—a total of 1,056,364.95 francs—were turned over to the American Red Cross this week by THE STARS AND STRIPES for the benefit of the 3,567 French war orphans comprising THE STARS AND STRIPES family. In addition to the 1,056,364.95 francs represented by the two checks, there is a balance in the Red Cross treasury as of March 31 of 476,422.53 francs, and several smaller accounts which bring the total to 1,568,426.12 francs on hand for orphans of the French poilus now being fathered by the A.E.F. and its friends in the United States.

When the active campaign for adoptions closed last Christmas there had been paid into THE STARS AND STRIPES sufficient money for the adoption of 3,444 orphans. Subsequently the Advance Section, S.O.S., turned in funds for an additional 123, bringing the total number of adoptions to 3,567 children.

Beaucoup Francs Raised

The financial statement of THE STARS AND STRIPES as of April 30, 1919, shows the assets of the orphan fund to be 1,568,426.12 francs, of which 1,056,364.95 francs were turned over to the treasury of the American Red Cross the sum of 1,055,359.23 francs, bringing the total raised in behalf of the orphans from their organizations, according to G.O. 85, to 1,277,362.32 francs, or \$362,893.50, figuring the exchange at the present high rate of sale.

In addition to the two checks, there were turned over to the Red Cross the sum of 1,500 francs in cash; checks on deposit from their organizations, according to G.O. 85, totaling 7,625.22 francs; and checks calling for 21,060.35 francs, under the heading of cash items. This latter sum represents money made payable to the orphan fund but previously withdrawn from banks before the checks were presented. It is believed most of this will eventually be paid into THE STARS AND STRIPES Bureau.

Every Centime for Orphans

When THE STARS AND STRIPES launched its campaign 14 months ago, the Red Cross agreed to bear the expense of a bureau empowered to select the children and administer them.

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MASCOT (HUMAN) MUST GO

All mascots—human—attached to units in the A.E.F. will be given immediate discharge, and commanding officers of organizations will take the necessary steps to see that such children are at once separated from their organizations, according to G.O. 85. G.H.Q. Mascots will not accompany organizations on any troop movements, and the G.O.'s will be held responsible if they do, the order says. The new G.O. extends to all mascots, regardless of nationality—American, English, French or German.

HOME JOBS FOR ALL WHO FOLLOW RULES

Application Cards to Be Distributed in Every Unit Before Sailing

If the men of the A.E.F. who desire jobs when they arrive home will do their share in the job-finding system of the Government and will follow out the instructions every one will receive before he sails from France, the Government will be able to provide work for all who earnestly seek it. This is the message the United States Employment Service, with the assistance of the various welfare organizations, is spreading throughout the A.E.F. Agents of the service in France have just completed a trip from Chaumont to Coblenz and through the S.O.S., acquainting all units with the Government's plans, which, as far as their being carried out on this side of the ocean are simple. All divisions and separate units sailing for home are provided with what are designated "application for job" cards. It is compulsory that every man shall fill out one of these cards, stating whether he wishes a job or not, and, if he does, the kind of work desired and where he wants employment.

The men of the 36th, 28th, 77th and 80th Divisions have turned in complete files of applications, and when the applicants reach their homes the Government already will have set in motion the machinery to obtain their employment. The Employment Service has completed arrangements to handle three more divisions in the embarkation centers immediately. The cards are being distributed by the personnel adjutant of each unit. What the Employment Service is endeavoring to impress upon the men of the A.E.F. is that they must not take it for granted that once they have signed their application cards, all they will have to do when they reach their homes is to sit tight and wait for the Government to send for them. They are advised that as soon as they are mustered out they should report to the nearest Federal Employment Bureau, where they will find their cases matters of record, and in this way help the Employment Service to care for them as soon as possible.

In addition to the work of the United States Employment Service, many States at home have enacted legislation designed to provide jobs for all returning soldiers, sailors and Marines. Several States have passed laws providing for extensive public work on which demobilized fighters will be employed. Others have arranged to lend money to men for their education and other purposes without interest or security. Still others have voted generous bonuses for returning soldiers and sailors, and practically every State has established its own Employment Bureau to work in conjunction with the Federal Government.

"HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY"

is in the hands of Field Agents of THE STARS AND STRIPES in book form, ready for sale to the A.E.F. It contains in neat form, 72 pages and cover, the letters written by Henry's Pal and published in THE STARS AND STRIPES. The author is Sgt. Seth T. Bailey, of THE STARS AND STRIPES staff. The book is

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLY, THE STARS AND STRIPES' artist whose cartoon book registered a decided hit with the A.E.F.

The books will be sold in envelopes ready for mailing. Postage is 3 cents. THE STARS AND STRIPES will not accept mail orders for "Henry's Pal to Henry." They are being placed on sale as fast as possible by the agents throughout the A.E.F. Probably there is an agent attached to your Army Post Office. The price is three francs a copy.

LEAN SUBSCRIPTIONS OVER

Tomorrow is the last day on which subscriptions to the Victory Liberty Loan will be accepted from members of the A.E.F. Final reports on all subscriptions will be received tomorrow by the Adjutant General, G.H.Q. There has been no attempt at an organized campaign over here.

SUNDAY, MOTHER'S DAY, WRITING DATE FOR WHOLE A.E.F.

No Exceptions Granted to Generals or Cooks—Everybody's In

TO RUSH LETTERS HOME

Speedy Delivery Promised for Precious Mail in States—C-in-C Urges All to Take Pen in Hand

Sunday, May 11, is Mother's Day—the second and undoubtedly the last Mother's Day in the A.E.F. Do you remember last Mother's Day? It rained some, and then the sun came out, and such a glorious evening it was! Men died of wounds on that day and some were killed on the battlefield. Yet some of those men, despite the fact that they were seriously wounded, found time to scribble a letter to Mother before they died.

Do you remember how you, sitting in your billet or cramped up in a stuffy dugout, assembled all your literary talent for the greatest letter of your life? In that letter, which she later wrote was the greatest letter she had ever received from any one (even better than the ones Dad used to write), you confessed to her that, after all, you were really a mischievous youth in those days gone by, and that could you have looked ahead into the future you would have been a better boy. You also came right out openly and confessed that you loved her; you went back into your past and dug up little forgotten things and told her how sorry you were about them—how you loved her for passing over them so lightly in later years, and your eyes got a little damp when you read the letter after you had finished it.

But, Geo! It was some letter. You thought of that letter many a time later on while you were waiting for the signal that would send you bounding over the top line the very teeth of those chattering machine guns. That letter, and the one Mother wrote in reply, gave you more courage than you thought you could ever have. And such courage sent you through battles, through harrows and into enemy-infested doughs, and you came back alive, though probably battle-marked. And that courage not only helped you win your battles, but it helped win another battle 3,000 miles away.

To Reply Love and Prayers

So as Mother's Day comes again, just at the dawn of peace, let the A.E.F. celebrate it by having every soldier write home to his Mother on that day. The C-in-C has requested it. "These letters," he says, "will reply in part the brave women whose love and prayers have cheered us on to victory."

If you have suffered the greatest loss that can come to a man, if you have no mother to write to, then send your greetings to the one who is nearest and dearest to you in all the world and who has done the most to take her place. Write, if you will, to your bunkie's mother, telling her what a great scout he is; how he cleaned up a whole platoon of Germans—fell her everything he himself is too shy to write

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SURPLUS OFFICERS ONLY

Surplus officers who formerly found their way to Gondrecourt will now be gathered with the rest of the homeless at St. Aignan, according to G.O. 72, G.H.Q. This order closed the Gondrecourt Officers' Replacement Depot on the last of April and turned the disposition of such personnel as remained there on that date over to Hq., S.O.S. "Hereafter," the order reads, "all surplus officers relieved from duty with organizations in the A.E.F. first will be sent to the First Replacement Depot at St. Aignan. Such of these surplus officers as are relieved from duty with combat organizations or who are sent to St. Aignan by orders from these headquarters will be disposed of by orders from G.H.Q., unless released thereby to the Commanding General, S.O.S., for disposition."

HOW 27TH AND 30TH HELPED TO PIERCE HINDENBURG LINE

Second U.S. Corps Had Hard Nut to Crack in Sector of St. Quentin Canal

AUSSIES' PART IN DRIVE

Former National Guard Outfits Proved Worth in Somme Country Under British Command

It is an interesting fact, and one not without international significance, that although the American Expeditionary Forces were aggressively engaged in the war only from about June 1 until November 11, 1918, a period of less than five and one-half months, there was hardly a portion of the whole western front on which some part of these forces did not see active and very important service. Thus, though the greater part of the work of the American armies was done in the region between the Moselle and the Argonne, which had from the beginning been destined as the principal zone for American operations, the extremely perilous conditions confronting the Allied armies from March 21 onward to the middle of July made it necessary to employ American divisions wherever they were most needed at any given moment.

Even after the initiative passed to the Allies it seemed wise to use a certain number of American divisions directly with the armies of the other Allies rather than in the zone of exclusively American operations. The result was that, from first to last, American troops had experience all along the front line; in the mountainous districts of the Vosges, the plateaus of the Champagne, the rolling hills between the Marne and the Vesle and those between St. Quentin and Cambrai, and on the flat plains of the low countries in French and Belgian Flanders, fighting in these several districts side by side with the troops of France, England and Belgium.

It was the fortune of the 27th and 30th United States Divisions, permanently linked together under the Second United States Army Corps, to spend their entire period of active service on the British front and under British army command. During this service, in number of great battles fought and vital successes thereby gained, in casualties suffered and losses inflicted upon the enemy, the 27th and 30th Divisions made a record for themselves worthy to stand beside that of the best American fighting units wherever engaged. It was particularly noteworthy that the experience common struggles and triumphs of the same sort that other American divisions experienced with French comrades, and to establish in their zone of activity that mutual respect and confidence which was, during the war as it must continue to be in the future, the best safeguard of civilization.

The 27th Division arrived in France on May 10, 1918, and went at once to a training camp near the British lines. Composed of National Guard troops of New York, the division then was and continued to be commanded by Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan. It consisted of five Infantry Brigades, the former containing the 105th and 106th Infantry Regiments and the 104th Machine Gun Battalion, and the latter the 107th and 108th Infantry Regiments and the 106th Machine Gun Battalion. The division also had the 102nd Engineer Regiment, the 104th Machine Gun Battalion and 120 support companies known as the 52nd Field Artillery Brigade, which was the artillery brigade of the division, was never with the latter, being in service elsewhere, and the division was in service in direct action by British artillery.

The 30th Division, composed of National Guard troops from New York and Pennsylvania, arrived in France May 24. It was commanded through its active operations by Maj. Gen. B. M. Lewis. It consisted of four Infantry Brigades, the former containing the 117th and 118th Infantry Regiments and the 117th Machine Gun Battalion, and the latter the 119th and 120th Infantry Regiments and the 115th Machine Gun Battalion. The division also had the 105th Engineer Regiment, the 113th Machine Gun Battalion and the 114th Machine Gun Battalion. The division, it had no artillery brigade of its own. Both divisions received during their service many thousands of replacements of soldiers and troops from their own and other states.

The Second United States Army Corps, under which the 27th and 30th Divisions operated, was transferred to the Second British Army, under General Plumer, the 27th being attached to the Nineteenth Corps and the 30th to the Second Corps, and both being under the command of Maj. Gen. George W. Reed.

In Support of British Line

Before the completion of even the brief training period which they had expected to enjoy in France, the two American divisions were transferred to the Second British Army, under General Plumer, the 27th being attached to the Nineteenth Corps and the 30th to the Second Corps, and both being under the command of Maj. Gen. George W. Reed.

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A.E.F. HALF WAY HOME; ALL MAY BE BY END OF AUGUST

837,070 Yanks Had Returned by May 4, With More All Ready

NEW TRANSPORTS IN ACTION

Plans for Third Army's Going by September 1; Sailings From Belgium and Dutch Ports

The A.E.F. is half way home. It is certain that with 937,070 of its members returned to the States and 1,018,574 remaining in Europe May 4, the half way milestone will be passed today or tomorrow. This fact, marking as it does an epoch in A.E.F. history, is made more impressive by reliable but unofficial cable dispatches from Washington to the effect that President Wilson and the War Department are planning the return of the American Army of Occupation between the signing of the Peace and September 1. The Army of seven regular divisions, about to have its own Service of Supply established with headquarters at Antwerp, will undoubtedly sail for America from its own base ports of Antwerp and Rotterdam.

In the meantime, the schedule to complete the movement of all other divisions to ports and embarkation centers before the end of this month, to get them all aboard ships before June 10 and to break up and take home the S.O.S. in May, June and July, is going forward with every prospect of completion. Plans for the departure of 250,113 Yanks embarked from French ports and portend the success by an overwhelming margin of the original troop movement program.

At least 315,000 Go This Month. Present estimates call for a return of 315,000 more than the official program from Belgium, England and the Netherlands. The embarkation work of May as of the past 30 days, the final figures for the month should reach 364,000. Despite the fact that sailings for the first four days in May started the month's program off with a handicap, the indications are that the States' goal will be distanced by a comfortable margin. The embarkation of only 15,473 men in these first four days represents the low-water mark, merely a breathing spell between the splendid speed-up of last month and the even greater task about to be tackled.

The last two weeks of April, with their high sailings, in fact practically cleared the A.E.F. ports of transports. The boats are coming, however, and coming with greatly increased carrying capacity. Cables from the States announce the departure of the first part of this week of five of the German vessels taken over since the armistice, all of which participated in the April troop movement, and all of which are returning, made over with their capacities increased from 30 to 50 per cent, to do their bit.

Funeral services, 18 newly converted cargo boats are also scheduled to arrive in A.E.F. ports during the month. The 27th Division arrived in France on May 10, 1918, and went at once to a training camp near the British lines. Composed of National Guard troops of New York, the division then was and continued to be commanded by Maj. Gen. John F. O'Ryan. It consisted of five Infantry Brigades, the former containing the 105th and 106th Infantry Regiments and the 104th Machine Gun Battalion, and the latter the 107th and 108th Infantry Regiments and the 106th Machine Gun Battalion. The division also had the 102nd Engineer Regiment, the 104th Machine Gun Battalion and 120 support companies known as the 52nd Field Artillery Brigade, which was the artillery brigade of the division, was never with the latter, being in service elsewhere, and the division was in service in direct action by British artillery.

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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.

FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1919.

MOTHER'S DAY

For nearly half the A.E.F., Mother's Day has come, indeed. It was the day it got back home, ran up the steps and into mother's arms.

But something had been happening back home, he found, while things were happening to him so fast he couldn't count 'em over here.

"Ours the great adventure, Hears the pain to bear; Ours the golden service stripes, Hears the marks of care."

And so, when we've dumped discharge, ribbons and medals, if we have 'em, into her lap—we haven't even begun to square things.

THE TRANSFORMATION

The father of Jean Pierre Anatole Exe died for France and liberty at Verdun.

This did Jean Pierre Anatole become orphaned, and as an orphan he was adopted by Company X, 3,000th Engineers (Railway).

When the man with the red hatband takes the old hat down in after years to show it to his wide-eyed son and heir he can tell that inquiring youngster something like this:

"This, my boy, means that I was an M.P. in France. The other guys used to kid and knock us a good deal, but, shucks, that was natural enough."

"Of course, there were a few rotten crooks and a fair average of hopeless boneheads in the corps; but, by and large, there never was a police force that had so much quiet dignity, common sense and consideration for others."

The old M.P. will have a right to tell his son that. For it will be quite true. And you know it, too, doggone you.

MORALE

Two ruined villages in the Argonne. In one, a disconsolate detachment of mislaid Yanks, sour, sloppy, living in their own dirt and rapidly acquiring therein a profound dislike for various institutions, such as the American Government, France, the human race, etc.

In a nearby and equally devastated village—Varennes, by the way—an extraordinarily lively and resourceful detachment of Yanks, always on their toes and so bent on making the best of things that it is an inspiration to go into the camp they have wrought there amid the ruins.

So, Ste. Mencheville, which was scarcely scarred at all by the war, is a dreary town, and the stranger within its gates will try in vain to take the chill off. St. Mihiel, on the other hand, for all its crumbled houses and shell-torn streets, shelters now a colony of buoyant people, all smiles and friendliness and hope.

People are so different. And the passing moralist, without expecting or even greatly hoping to alter humanity in this respect, may at least indulge in the privilege of taking off his hat to the people of St. Mihiel and to the members of Truck 7, 23rd Engineers, United States Army.

RED TABS AND BILLIES

Just as the vaudeville wag back home can always get a guffaw by pulling some mischievous line about Bryan or Brooklyn or Boston beans, so the O.D. actor is playing perfectly safe when he takes a fling at the M.P. The M.P. is the villain of every A.E.F. show and the indignant butt of all their little jokes.

When the man with the red hatband takes the old hat down in after years to show it to his wide-eyed son and heir he can tell that inquiring youngster something like this:

"This, my boy, means that I was an M.P. in France. The other guys used to kid and knock us a good deal, but, shucks, that was natural enough."

"Of course, there were a few rotten crooks and a fair average of hopeless boneheads in the corps; but, by and large, there never was a police force that had so much quiet dignity, common sense and consideration for others."

The old M.P. will have a right to tell his son that. For it will be quite true. And you know it, too, doggone you.

THE Q.M.

Old Papa Q.M. has been kicked in the pants. He has been kicked so hard at times that he didn't feel like carrying on. But still he did carry on; he went out and rustled candy for little Buck, who almost cried his eyes out because he didn't get it; he went out in the field and gave Sam a better pair of shoes so his feet wouldn't hurt; and he managed in most cases to make a liberal distribution of francs the first of each month.

Papa Q.M., however, is now sitting back and wondering if his children are going to love him more as the years roll by. When the final airing came it was discovered that all the other Allied papas didn't provide for their families nearly as well as he did. After all, he says, the kicking he got didn't hurt much.

SPRING FEVER

These twilights are conducive to most persistent thoughts of home. It is a way that spring has of making us human and reminding us that all wars are not fought on the battlefield. There can be quite a wide comparison made between the spring of a year ago, when those longings helped us through the strenuous days that led to the armistice, and the present spring that furnishes us regular reading matter of other more fortunate who are sailing home.

Most of us are sensible about it, and realize that the mills of the gods are grinding out the failures, fortunes and futures of those that have gone just as they would have done had those soldiers taken our places here. But for us the dawn has come. We are in for that last kilometer of time that leads to the last objective.

Last spring we had no idea when we would fire the last shot—that was our objective then. This spring we have a very good idea, with the latest news before us, of when the last soldier will leave the shores of France. But until that day comes we will continue to subject ourselves to the charms of these balmy days and the fever of restlessness they throw upon us.

The Army's Poets

THE FRONT

So you have seen the real front? You haven't—not a chance— Not anywhere in Belgium Nor Italy nor France. It wasn't shell and wire— That aching line of red— The true front? The real front? Where a mother's heart has bled!

They write about the real front From Alsace to the sea. A lot of names of towns and hills— All Greek to you and me. She reads the towns, she reads the names, Then one name rings in red. The real front? The true front? Where a mother's heart has bled.

If you want to find the real front Don't look on any map. Just ask the gaunt-eyed woman With the picture in her lap: Now in Flanders and the Argonne Quiet crosses watch the dead— Only God can raise the crosses Where the mothers' hearts have bled. PVT. BAUKHAGE.

LEST WE FORGET

Heavy her toll to unrelenting Mars; Gold are her service stars; Twin spangles on their field of white and red, They gleam in heavily courage for the dead. Behind the window bars.

The glad air trembles to the joyous shout Of welcome all about; The bands blare forth their strident notes of praise, While throats unnumbered exclamations raise, And all the flags are out.

There is no voice her throbbing heart to still; Behind her window sill; Forgotten in the tumult and the noise, She watches them—the other mother's boys— With eyes that slowly fill.

The wild acclaim but rends afresh the scars Where stabbed the sword of Mars; The victory cannot soothe, with all its charms, The empty aching of her mother arms; Gold are her service stars. JOHN FLEZINGER HALL.

LINE UP! FALL IN!

I wonder if, when I get home To wear a derby on my dome And strut around in civvy pants, I'll ever get o'er the ways of France— This army style that's always been: For everything, Line Up! Fall In!

Line up to simply holler "Here!" Fall in to show them why, Line up to get your issue stuff. Fall in for what you're here to do, Line up to get your army chow, Fall in to bed, and then Get ready to turn out next day And do it all again!

I went to Paris for a rest From all such stuff (I thought it best), On the 11th I came up here, I'll see (No 40 Hommes or 8 Chevaux). To preclude classes I'll climb aloft And bounce along on cushions soft.

Line up to have your pass stamped out. Fall in to board your train, And when, at last, you reach France, Line up, get off, and again! Fall in to have your pass stamped in And read a lot of con. Line up for Metro tickets and Fall in to be stamped on!

"Ah, well," I sighed, "right here's the Y. Now for a bed—tonight I'll lie On linen sheets, not O.D. wool. So, please, a room, if they're not full. And you don't mind if I turn in—"

"Ah, no," quoth he, "right there! Fall in!" Line up for room and bed and board, Fall in for all you lack, Line up to check your pack or bag, Fall in to get it back; Line up to get the company kit to go, Fall in to find out when Your train leaves Paris, then line up To get stamped out again!

I wonder if, when I get home To wear a derby on my dome And strut around in civvy pants, I'll ever get o'er the ways of France! And if 'twill be, as it has been For everything, Line Up! Fall In!

Line up to greet the folks and girl, Fall in for civvy life, Line up to get your old job back, Fall in to get a wife; And when you get the vale of woe To pass to realms on high, Line up to catch your death of cold, Fall in, at last, to die! SER. A. W. BOWEN.

THE SKINNERS

Oh, we're not a fighting unit— All our scrapping's with the mules. We're not handy with the rifle, Nor with shovel-shovels or such tools. But where the shells are thickest And the Boche is cracking down You'll find the skimmers daring death To get the grub and grub.

We can't fight back, But we don't slack. We take the ammo and hard tack, And you can see 'em in this La Guerre The Supply Co.'s there Somewhere.

No, we're not a dressy outfit; On parade we're not a hit. The colonel calls us rotten When we try to get a bit. But when the moving order comes And the command to up and do, Then you'll find the transport on the job Getting the ration through. We can't drill much, Squads east and such, But we can "skin 'em" thro' the Dutch. With shells in our turn a hair, The Supply Co.'s there Somewhere.

No, we don't get honorable mention, G.O. citations and such stuff. Croix de Guerre and Honor Medals Are for others' work, not such. Just to keep our limbs moving When our forage ration's short. But you're sure to find us listed When the inspector makes report. He gives 'em hell; He eats 'em well; He can't find words enough to tell, And by all that's fair We get our share, The Supply Co.'s there Somewhere. FRED HENNEY, Sgt., Supply Co., 137th Inf.

GOODBYE, M'SIEUR!

You go back home, Monsieur, right queeek! I see you happy in your eye. Ah, no, my friend, no need speak—I understand—goodbye.

Goodbye, Monsieur, we've been glad. Because your heart was in the war, And it's gentler—we shall be sad When you leave France behind.

La France, Monsieur, weel not forget. Her heart keeps you just so. Pardonne, Monsieur, zee eyes are wet. Zey weep because you go.

Monsieur, you save zee life of France, Zee life of ma patrie. Ah, non, my friend, eet was not chance Zat brought you 'cross zee sea.

Monsieur, you brought your beeg, brave heart. Your beeg, good smile and song; My friend, all France has one beeg heart For you zat fought her wrong.

Goodbye, my friend—you leave behind Some friend's zee weep woe. Monsieur, your tears, zey fall weeps mine, And France, zee weeps weeps you.

Monsieur, zee graves weeps flowers bloom. Zee loveliest zee grow; And in zee heart of France weel bloom Zee love zat weel not go. Goodbye, my friend, in happy day. Wees your own dear familie, Remember zat, in France away. True hearts beat for you still. B. A. HEDGES, Cpl., U.S.M.C.

JOAN OF ARC



The kiss the wind may bear will stir the tranquil leaf And lay it softly on the wounds we made; And we shall labor in the mart of bird the sheaf. The while thy spirit guards this quiet glade.

And as the blood of them' compingles with the soil Where'd thine, and theirs, have fed the rose her hue, So will our own: turns comrade with the waiting toil That rouse'd our' off to prove us' worthy, too.

STILL SHE WAITS!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

As you sometimes run a queer column, referring to the longest and shortest men and some others of the A.E.F., I will tell you I think that I've the record for the longest enlistment. Maybe you can help me a bit also for none of the General Orders on discharge seem to take care of my case.

G.O. 13 and 60 are nice orders to some, but how about the fellow who promised to marry a girl seven years and five months ago and then joined the Army and never has been footloose since? When do I get discharged, anyhow?

Miné was a voluntary enlistment which started the morning of January 11, 1912, and I seem to be doomed to lifelong punishment because it was not finished up properly. I enlisted, as already stated, at Ft. McDowell, and after my recruit drill was awarded to the 20th Infantry at Ft. Douglas, Utah. Well, I did not like Army life very well and could never get any leaves for I'd not been in the service long enough. Although about May 2, 1913, something told me that my girl was going about with some fellow so I took French leave and went to see her.

Well, there is where I put my foot into it. The girl wouldn't do anything but scold me, saying that the only thing to do was to return at once. I never liked the looks of the guard house and was afraid to return. Finally, I thought that I'd slip one over on them and so about the 23rd of October, 1913, I joined the Navy.

Now, I still like the Navy, but after serving with them for two years and five months they discharged me—I was a petty officer, too—and turned me over to the Army, who had discovered my camouflage, on February 24, 1916. After the horrors of a GCM had passed on me, I found myself down on the border helping to eat up the sand that they have there, as a member of the 18th Infantry. When the first troops came over here, we found ourselves in the 1st Division which, now that all is over, evidently is going to marry and settle down on the far bank of the Rhine. Finally, I got the three years that I had enlisted for finished up on November 4, 1917, but the Division Judge Advocate said that I'd have to stay a while as Congress said something about being held for the duration of the war.

Now, lots of people are getting discharges because they have wives and other things, but if they will let me I'll acquire the same as soon as the train gets in, for she is still waiting. I've no dependents, but give a fellow a chance, will you? When do I get discharged? G.H.Q. will have to frame another order to cover my case. Seven years and four months of waiting. Don't you think that the girl will soon be gray-haired?

I am now going to the Farm School of the A. E. F. in preparation for good, old farm life again. RALPH H. HUTCHINS, Sgt., Hdqrs. Troop, 1st Division.

YES, BUT WHERE?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

There has appeared in your much read paper notices of all kinds of try outs of the different sports. Now there is one, a little bit different from the rest that I would like to suggest. Why not have a buglers' tournament? The best bugler in the A.E.F. should be awarded a prize or medal.

The design of the medal might be a bugler standing on a hilltop blowing recall. (It might also represent a windstorm in a forest.) Hoping that this will receive attention of some kind, and find room in your precious paper for publication, I remain RALPH J. ANDERSON, Co. H, 11th Regt., U.S.M.C.

[Suggest this contest be held at the North Pole.—Editor.]

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of May 10, 1918.

LIBERTY LOAN'S GREAT SUCCESS DUE TO PEOPLE—Washington Believes Over-Subscription Will Reach Billion Figure.

YANKEE AIRMEN GET FIVE HUNS OUR LOSSES TWO—Four Other Planes Have Probably Been Brought Down.

PARIS OFFICIALLY IN ZONE OF ADVANCE—Change Announced from G.H.Q. Takes City Out of Our L. of C.

HOME FOLKS WAITING FOR GREAT SHIPLOAD OF "MOTHER'S LETTERS"—Postmaster General Promises Speedy Delivery.

60,000 REFUGEES MOVED TO SAFETY WHEN HUN COMES—American Red Cross Performs Task with Small Personnel.

RANK AND UNRANK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

On January 2, 1919, I was transferred from the 423rd Telegraph Battalion, Signal Corps, to the 2nd Replacement Battalion, Signal Corps. A few days later, I was transferred to the 463rd Telegraph Battalion, Signal Corps. The rank I held was sergeant first class.

Upon reporting to the 463rd Telegraph Battalion, Signal Corps, they reduced me to a private, first class, saying that I was automatically reduced on account of the transfer, which I did not request. They had their full quota of non-coms, which they also gave as a reason for reducing me.

I carried a very good recommendation from my former company commander as to character and ability, and have always had a very good record. Will you please tell me whether my reduction was legal or not; and if not, how I can regain my former rank and back pay? Ex-SERGEANT.

[War Department Circular No. 65 says all non-commissioned officers will retain their rank and right to pay until discharged, unless reduced for disciplinary reasons by proper authority. In case of an excess of N.C.O.'s in any grade in an organization, the surplus N.C.O.'s will be carried as extra members. Application for reinstatement, or to be re-maded, should be made in writing to the regimental commander or, in case of detachment, to the next highest commander.—Editor.]

A VIN ROUGE SCANDAL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

My outfit is billeted near a wine cellar. Last month several hundred bottles of wine disappeared from the cellar and the owners put in a claim for 2,000 francs. When pay day came along we marched up to get our pay and found ourselves fined 24 francs each. This, the paymaster explained, was to reimburse the owners of the wine cellar for the missing bottles.

Now what I want to find out is: Does a private have to pay for wine which was consumed by somebody else?

Of course, there is no come-back. I have paid and I am innocent. But with this Army which boasts hundreds of Sherlock Holmeses, why should several hundred bottles of wine rouge vanish in a night, leaving no sign, not even blurry eyes next morning, without a single clew to work on? A BUSTED PRIVATE, Field Hospital No. 142.

ONE OF THE BUCKS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Having read in the April 18 issue the plea of "One of 'Em," my past acquaintance with "Several of Them" is set forth in contrast.

Who wants to be a mess sarge? Not the buck who is well fed, or the one who knows there is not enough chow issued to satisfy hunger anyway. But the old idea that the boys will kick and growl, cause or no cause, has been used as a dodge too long. I have been in eight different companies (Infantry), in France, and have never kicked—nor known any reasonable buck to do so—when, out of M.S.'s issue of macaroni, tin willie and goldfish or the like, we got same in mess line. When it was beans without bread or coffee at Pontaneon Barracks (excuse me, for it wasn't a "rest" camp then), or "slum—bread has come" at Chemire, we didn't curse the mess sarge.

"Why," you ask, "are you going to say that said M.S. ever got cussed?" Oh, no. But here is the most usual process of arousing a hungry bunch of doughboys to a temper that brings kicks: Select a detail to carry rations to the company kitchen or storeroom. They will count the tins of creamery butter, Karo syrup, canned tomatoes, condensed milk and the jam, sugar, beef, coffee, rice, bacon, etc., will also be noted.

By the time "soupy, soupy" sounds, practically the whole company will have an idea of what is on hand, thanks to the Q.M.C. Then let the bucks pass by and get slum, beans, bread and coffee (the latter without sugar or milk), and after they are reminded that carrots, spuds and turnips are always eaten first they will pass to the garbage can the beans or slum or both, and as they look into the M.S.'s domain and see him and his K.P.'s and personal friends eating steak and French fries, and butter hiding the bread almost, and coffee, as good as canned milk and sugar can make—that is the time to hear Pvt. Buck use pet names for M.S. and C.O. (who allows such stealings), and likely will use remarks about the A.E.F. which would never pass the censor.

And the little trip to a vin-rouge parlor, where eggs and pommes de terre await, cannot be indulged in frequently on 62 francs per and they still in the safe-keeping of the paymaster, likely as not.

Just kicking, eh? No, if I wanted to kick, the subject of leave-areas, candles and "when-do-we-go-home?" would make choice subjects. The facts in the Mess Sarge's modern offensive are so out of harmony with the principles of America in this war, that they are not easy to believe, unless seen.

When I said "usual scene at company mess," I meant that it took place day after day, week after week, in several different outfits. On one occasion, a company commander was a member of M.S.'s party. Well, it's only just to give three companies praise for putting it out on the square while blaming five for failure to do so. That it is easier to be crooked than straight, probably explains a lot of the mess-lines' hard luck.

All praise to the honest man, whether he be buck, sarge, capt. or any other rank. Though he gets all manner of evil things said against him now, he will have his reward later, and I am persuaded that even now he is not friendless, nor unrewarded. ONE OF THE PRIVATES, Base Hospital No. 208.

BACK TO WEBSTER

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Is the American word "cigaret" or "cigarette" the same thing in English and French? I've been over France a great deal and I've heard it both ways and I'm at a loss to know which is correct. Can you enlighten me? A Buck.

[In some parts of France we think it is a word of greeting.—Editor.]

COURIER SERVICE SPREADS NET OVER TWO CONTINENTS Greyhounds Unrivaled as Means of Rapid A.E.F. Communication LINK ALL ARMY INTERESTS Narrow Escape from Death and Constant Eluding of Spies All in Day's Work

Throughout the thick of the fighting, over dark and foggy and shell-torn roads, on merchant and war vessels, in crowded cities filled with frightened refugees, on trains, in automobiles, motorcycles and aeroplanes, they have been met, these Yanks with the white or silver greyhound racing over a blue field on their shoulders. With pistols and belts, and pouches across their shoulders, they have been spreading all over the world—Odesa, London, Constantinople, Berlin, Archangel, Washington, Paris—the links of the great chain which has joined together every American interest on the globe.

They are official couriers, members of the A.E.F., and also functioning in conjunction with the Peace Conference, the Food Administration and the various American Embassies. The insignia of the racing greyhound has become more famous than the celebrated "King's Messengers" by Yanks who not long ago were doing squads east and west in training camps back home.

Today these men, nearly all chosen from all branches of the American Expeditionary Forces, are coming and going every hour of the day and night. They are laden with dispatches, documents or parcels, they are flying by aeroplane across the old, shadow-haunted battlefields, they are probing into the very depths of Poland and Czechoslovakia, more communication with Germany herself.

Instillation a Necessity However, their present work is but a development of a necessity which arose long before the armistice was signed. In the spring of 1918, the success of the entire operations of the A.E.F. was threatened by terrible delays in communication between Washington and Europe. The cables were crowded, the civil postal service was bordering upon disorder, and it was the rule, rather than the exception, for dispatches to require from four to six weeks to pass between Washington and isolated troops in France.

Early in April, 1918, a small group of officers, then in the Department of War, from New York to establish a courier service between Washington and G.H.Q. of the A.E.F. Within a month they had cut in half the average time for transmission of dispatches, messages, and through all the difficulties and delays that more than 100 couriers have experienced between Europe and America, an average time of less than 11 days. The courier service in Washington has been maintained, and one speedy Greyhound has lunged up a record of seven days and six hours between the American and French capitals.

From mere communication overseas the service soon spread to meet additional requirements within Europe, and in July, 1918, it was taken over by the A.E.F. under which it has reached its present state of development.

Soft Job for Somebody Most of the couriers between Washington and Paris are sent by the Chief of Staff at the United States capital, but many on the return trip consist of casuals, officers and men. A pretty soft job, for the time being, is chosen to accompany an officer, for he steps in a first-class cabin and he eats very good food; and the courier is the first man off when the ship lands in Europe. Even when a transport runs aground, as the Northern Pacific did off Fire Island, does not deter the couriers. They were the first off at that time.

Nearly 500 couriers have been bound across the land at Brest, it having been shown that the New York-Brest route is the quickest. The name of the ship, with the route and point of destination, are given to the couriers. During the war, when the ships were dodging submarines, it was not always possible to land at scheduled ports, so American destroyers, sent out to watch for incoming vessels, would wireless the facts concerning arrivals.

No Delays at Brest They would be the first off at Brest, where arrangements had been made to receive them, and place them on the first available train for Paris. These arrangements now are in charge of the Postal Express Service. On the way to Paris the messages for S.O.S. Headquarters are dropped off at Le Mans. At Paris they are sorted out, those for G.H.Q. going on to Chaumont in charge of the same courier, whose stop in Paris is only a few hours. A London courier then leaves for the British capital via Boulogne.

The return trip is made in the reverse order, Chaumont to Paris to Brest, New York and Washington, there being a westbound courier every third day. An average of 75 sacks monthly from Washington to Paris is maintained, while going the other way the number varies between 100 and 225 sacks monthly.

The liners which do most of the hauling are the Aquitania, the Mauretania, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, up to the time her straggle, the Lusitania, George Washington and Leviantan.

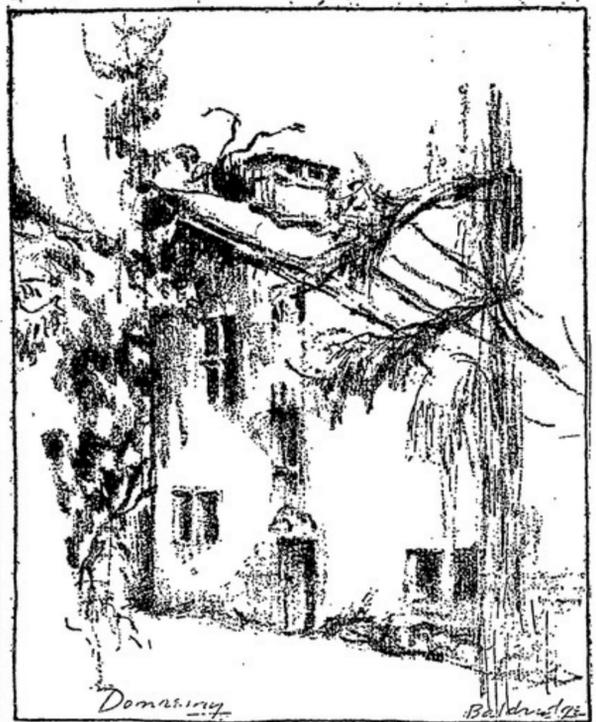
Service Into Germany Couriers for Berlin leave Paris or Coblenz nightly. The Coblenz couriers, comprising an officer and a non-com, leave Third Army headquarters at 3 p.m., reach Cologne two hours later, pick up some British mail, are assigned to a steamer, and then they start on their arrival in the German capital the following evening. They return the next night.

The British are taking care of the dispatches for the American forces in northern Russia. They go to Murmansk, whence they are hauled by dog sledge to Archangel—concrete realization of the insinuation of "men's feet."

Narrow escapes and circumvention of spies from almost an everyday part of the Yank courier's life. One of the narrowest escapes from death came to a Greyhound courier on the regular daily trips by plane from Paris to Brussels. He had left Paris as usual, about noon, in a big Breguet plane and a French pilot. The 25-mile trip takes about two hours.

Close Call for Courier On this day the machine had soared successfully over almost the whole of the devastated area, flying at an altitude of about 2,000 feet when suddenly something happened to the controls—and down went the machine for 2,000 feet. Then, by a miracle, the planes caught the air, and changed the spin to a precocious glide. It was only for an instant but it was enough to check the fall. The machine crashed to the ground, a total wreck.

WHERE JOAN OF ARC WAS BORN



Domrémy, the tiny village which is one of the great shrines of France because Joan of Arc was born there, has never been either a camping place or a leave area for American troops but, by look or crook, thousands upon thousands of them have managed to make the pilgrimage. Even now, not an hour of the day passes without some Yankee crossing the threshold of the little house which was the home of the Maid. It has been so since the first contingent went into training in Domrémy.

That was in July, 1917, when the meager beginnings of the A.E.F. were established in the neighborhood of Neufchateau and Gondrecourt. The level of the road was not much more than a good brisk horse's walk from either. Then, too, it is on the main highway from Chaumont to Toul, so that every motor car, truck or ambulance that made the run rumbled past Joan's father's house and the old village church which guards jealously the font at which she was baptized. The level orders naturally made no mention of Domrémy, but it would be a poor driver who could not manage a happy breakdown there.

Chammon never quite recognized Domrémy as an American area. Domrémy does. Though American soldiers are not supposed to be in Domrémy at all, the Hotel de France and the Café de la Paucelle have their proper announcements as to when American soldiers may be served. The warning notices within Joan's home which implore the pilgrim not to scrawl his name on the walls are not written in French. There is a ledger provided to note the great human need. The caretaker is now well along in his seventh ledger since the war began and almost all the names of those seven huge books are American names.

It would have been a great stimulus to the folks back home in the first trying year of preparation if they could have known the troops of the 1st and 26th Divisions and the Marines were learning the war business near the home of Jeanne d'Arc. But the censor said no. The censor also said no to the picture post cards which cast blandishing glances at the passing Yank trucks from the windows of Domrémy's stores. But the time came when the ban on the most sacred was lifted and Domrémy ought to be able to build a new basilica on the proceeds by now.

There are all manner of souvenirs for sale there. You can must buy German war crosses and ash receivers made from Gott Mit Uns buttons in the shop across the way from the home of Joan of Arc.

From reading the newspapers these days, one is forced to believe that there are no reporters left in the United States but who can tell one how it feels to be gassed. The returning soldiers and Marines are certainly throwing over a gas barrage, and the reporters stand around and swallow the fumes.

And even some of those who are still in France are gazing the folks at a long distance. Witness, for instance, one soldier's confession: Editor, THE STARS AND STRIPES: Recently my folks gave one of my letters to the—Times, and somehow it was mixed up with another letter and published. Mixing the other letter in with it made me out an awful liar, and I would hate to have my comrades see it. Please don't publish it in your lions column in THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Granted! This was probably a mix-up, and the soldier under whose name it was published is not to blame. But when several letters addressed to the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES explain like instances as "mix-ups"—well, somebody is guilty!

THE STARS AND STRIPES is in receipt of hundreds of letters from soldiers in the A.E.F. protesting against certain articles which have appeared in United States papers. It is impossible to publish all the scandals and exposures which appear in the Rocky Mountain News, running as follows: Montrose, Colo., March 8.—Dear Beatup, glad you like baseball player, who was the penultimate first baseman in the history of the game and who is now Oscar Beatup, with the American Army of Occupation in Italy in his own home.

SPUDS FOR ARMY'S MASSES NOW GROWN IN PARK OF KINGS

Garden Service Plantation at Versailles Would Open Huns' Eyes

One of these days the German peace delegates now forgerathering at Versailles may be allowed to take a short walk out of the Hotel des Reservoirs into the rear gardens of the palace and be introduced to a brand-new reason why they were wise guys to quit this war stuff when they did.

Just short of 1,000 acres of the farm lands of the old kings of France are thriving mightily there, bearing abundant crops to the constant labor of the many O.D.-clad farmers scattered over the landscape whistling as they go behind the plow and the hoe. And this is but one of 22 bulk-production farms operated by the Garden Service of the Q.M.C.

The purpose of the service was originally to supply the man in the front line with a daily allowance of fresh, crisp vegetables which were considered requisite to his physical upkeep. The Gally farm on the palace grounds of Versailles was turned over to the Q.M. last spring and a couple of hundred convalescent patients sent from the hospitals to gain back rugged strength while helping to bring nourishment to their comrades at the front.

Spring Would Have Told Story The crops planted last year did not yield the abundance desired mainly because so much experimentation had to be done on the old soil worked by new and strange masters. Acre upon acre, however, was turned over and manured to get ready for a season of real crops this year. When the armistice was signed the winter work had all been completed and the huskies in blue denim overalls were at the stumpled end of the newly-arrived boatload of regular American farming implements.

It looked for a while as though the good work was going into the trash heap, for with the cessation of hostilities, the supply of labor from the hospitals dwindled down to almost nothing. However, for the spring plowing, a million 100-per-cent Americans of a color scheme all the way from ebony-polished or dull to café-au-lait.

The Grand Parc of the grand old auto-croats of the years gone by stretches there before the beautiful lawn below the palace. A concrete illustration of the intelligent foresight and thoroughness with which the A.E.F. undertook the task of heating the Hun. So complete was the transformation wrought by American industry that the casual visitor might for the moment think himself on a typical Southern plantation.

ANANIAS WAS A PIKER COMPARED TO SOME FOLKS WE MIGHT NAME

From reading the newspapers these days, one is forced to believe that there are no reporters left in the United States but who can tell one how it feels to be gassed. The returning soldiers and Marines are certainly throwing over a gas barrage, and the reporters stand around and swallow the fumes.

And even some of those who are still in France are gazing the folks at a long distance. Witness, for instance, one soldier's confession: Editor, THE STARS AND STRIPES: Recently my folks gave one of my letters to the—Times, and somehow it was mixed up with another letter and published. Mixing the other letter in with it made me out an awful liar, and I would hate to have my comrades see it. Please don't publish it in your lions column in THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Granted! This was probably a mix-up, and the soldier under whose name it was published is not to blame. But when several letters addressed to the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES explain like instances as "mix-ups"—well, somebody is guilty!

THE STARS AND STRIPES is in receipt of hundreds of letters from soldiers in the A.E.F. protesting against certain articles which have appeared in United States papers. It is impossible to publish all the scandals and exposures which appear in the Rocky Mountain News, running as follows: Montrose, Colo., March 8.—Dear Beatup, glad you like baseball player, who was the penultimate first baseman in the history of the game and who is now Oscar Beatup, with the American Army of Occupation in Italy in his own home.

It is a short time they were all re-established as officers, and Beatup did not write about it until he had been promoted to the rank of major. He was a hero once and they whizzed about 15 Germans in the state, giving them a good American lesson in the skill and American power and might.

A big celebration is being planned for Oscar when he comes home, and the footprints of Ozma have passed on the map of the world. He is now being used as a lion tamer and a number of his friends are being used as lions.

Oscar himself may or may not be responsible for the above. But Oscar—and every one else, for that matter—should be more careful, however, about what he writes home to the folks.

A BUCK'S DIARY Proving That Tops, Majors, Cooks, and Looeys What Has Been Put Hep by Tops Ain't No Friends of Nobody

Sunday, April 13.—Well, this is Sunday and I've been on K.P. all day as usual. One of the cooks got sassy long about 4 p.m. and wouldn't behave himself so I crowded him with a frying pan. He started to come at me and I lifted him one on the left ear which I guess will hold him for a day or two. Wanted to go down town to the picture show but Top said no. I had boys who fight cooks can't have no passes he says. It's been a pretty day all day and I had a date with my demagogue too. Bet she's flashy. Anyway I bet I won't be on K.P. next Sunday. I been in a kitchen camp for two Sundays now. My diary is all up to date from the time I got this K.P. job which was the first day I was in the Army. Going to bed now. We have to get up early.

Monday, April 14.—I always hate to get up Monday. Being that I didn't get no rest yesterday I kind of took a snooze and first thing I knowed away went the bugle for reveille and before I could get my socks on the old Top blew his whistle. I was in such a hurry to get away that I left my leggings off and when I got out in line first thing the Top seen was my legs. Where in hell you been he says. And where is your leggings? Stop staying out so late at night he says. And then mebbe you can get up in the morning. That was sure a swell thing for him to say to a guy who went to bed at 7:30 the night before. Well I drilled all forenoon on account of it. Of course I would of had to drill anyway but the Top put the loot who about me and he had me doing extra drill. He said it was because I sure got hell. The Top said if I was sick I hadn't ought to eat, eat. The doc said I wasn't sick and rote dooty on the sick book. So when I come back to get enough sleep tonight and didn't go to sleep when he sees it. Charlie Chaplain film is on at the cinema Thursday and Friday so I will go Friday. Heard today the division will be going home on 29th of

April. Colonel's orderly says we will be home by May 10th and he ought to know if anybody does. Spent afternoon cleaning fusce for inspection tomorrow. We have most inspections anyway.

Wednesday, April 16.—Got up at 5 a.m. and was in line ready for reveille before Top woke up. He was sure surprised places with him. I forgot all about not getting a haircut last week and that's the first thing the major saw. He ask me if I was going to brush it or what. I bet my hair ain't no worse than his pants, which has got a hole in the seat. That's the way it goes. I cleaned up my bun so it shined like a brand new frank and he didn't even look at it. Didn't drill any today. Short crops out back of the latrine and lost 16 franks. Two of them was Napoleon franks so I only lost 14. Heard more dope about the division going home. I bet we'll be home by May 1st sure. Our battalion will be first to go. Hope so.

Thursday, April 17.—More drill. The corporal put me in No. 1 man in front rank and then bawled me out because I didn't know how to hold the pivot. Am now back in my old place. Was supposed to have stake for dinner. Had gold fish and stew. This is my last night in camp. Buck saw Charlie Chaplain film and it is great. Am going tomorrow night with my French girl. I bet she'll be a good one. Friday, April 18.—It is certain now that division will leave for Brest on April 29th. Today I mailed some souvenirs to Maggie. Went to picture show tonight but didn't go with French girl as I had planned. Didn't see Chaplain film because the machine broke down just as it was starting. Saturday, April 19.—Got up too late for reveille again and got another bawling from the Top. Had inspection of quarters at 10 a.m. and later inspection of rifles. Got a bawling from the major because I had a little speck of dust under my site cover. Top found my shoes at the head of the bed instead of at the foot and now I am on K.P. I am pretty flashy and it is a good thing the first cocoon is off on pass today or he might not be a cook lion. I just found out who went to the show with my French girl last night. I bet I get him tomorrow all right.

RED TAPE NEED FOR YANKS FREED HERE WHO SEEK PASSAGE

Stamp on Discharge Paper Makes It Equivalent to Passport, Though

Discharge papers and red chevrons do not constitute all that is needed to get back to the United States. Men of the A.E.F. who have received discharge papers and who wish to go home must take them to the Passport Bureau of the American Embassy, 3 Rue Pierre Charbon, Paris, to be stamped by the Préfeture de Police, 1 Rue de Lutèce, Paris, opposite Notre Dame cathedral.

Thus adorned, discharge papers will take ex-soldiers from a port in France to one in the United States. But if discharged men go home by way of England, a passport is necessary, in addition to discharge papers. This passport must be issued by the American Consul, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, stamped by the Préfeture de Police, and then, before the passport is issued, the authorities of the American Consul General in London, or by some other American consular official in Great Britain.

Men who have married in France must also have a passport for their wives, through the same process, including the three pictures. The wife must appear in person at the Passport Bureau to apply for the passport, and must have a marriage certificate. "Divorced" marriages, she must also show proof that her soldier or ex-soldier husband is of American nationality. Citizenship papers are such proof, but a letter from the husband's commanding officer saying he has seen the man's service record book, and giving the place in America where the man was born, as shown by the service record, is accepted as proof of nationality.

Members of such relief organizations as the Red Cross, Y.M.C.A. and K. of C., if they get passports to visit England or any other country, are asked, after the fact of their parents or relatives' desire to see them has been proven, to show a letter from their organization granting leave. The fact that American soldiers in France are going to America is reflected in Passport Bureau records, which show that in the first three months of 1919 there as many passports to the U.S.A. were issued as in the last three months of 1918.

Of the total number of passports issued since January 1, 50 per cent were to Americans going home, 48 per cent to war relief workers on missions for their organizations, and two per cent to those leaving France on individual business. Since January 1 there has been an average of 100 passports a month issued to American soldiers' wives wishing to go to America.

SMITH COLLEGE GIRLS ALL-ROUND WORKERS

Carpentering or Interpreting All the Same to These Yanks

On August 13, 1917, a group of girls from Smith College arrived in the shell-torn towns along the Marne to aid refugees. They are still there, but they have done a lot of other things in the months since.

The girls had been trained as carpenters, chauffeurs, auto mechanics, nurses, cooks—to do anything, in short, that those times of necessity demanded. They had been attached to the Red Cross in January, 1918, and given 15 villages to care for. There they worked till Ludendorff launched his March offensive. They were then fully prepared to meet the new emergency. They were sent to Reuvaluis where they established and maintained a canteen for the wounded. As there was no American hospital in Reuvaluis then, American wounded were evacuated through French hospitals.

These hospitals could handle only 5,000, and the majority of the doctors and nurses could not speak to the Yankee patients. It was in such an emergency that the unit was called upon for help. They visited the hospitals at Reuvaluis and mently aided the French by acting as interpreters and the wounded by giving them supplies.

It was not until May 28 that America was represented with a hospital in Reuvaluis. Transportation difficulties left even this one without nurses at first, and the girls from Smith College again saved the day by applying their skill in this new direction. The opening night was greeted by two air raids which caused the death of two American ambulance drivers and several French civilians. But, in spite of the raids, 300 seriously wounded Americans were brought into the hospital and cared for that same night.

On August 12, on two hours notice, the girls received orders to proceed to Clétau-Therry to help evacuate wounded. Their particular duty was to act as nurses on hospital barges which made the trip to Paris on the Marne. On account of air raids, they were obliged to do all their traveling by day, so it took about 25 hours to accomplish the trip. For these boats they furnished eggs and fruit, purchased from their own unit fund.

About the middle of September they were summoned to the Verdun and Argonne sectors, attached to Evacuation Hospital No. 1. It was in such an emergency that they needed canteen service. Here they also served by giving nourishment to the wounded and convalescents.

When the Army of Occupation was sent into the Rhineland, the girls of Smith College went with them.

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Blade Economy

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The only RAZOR that strops itself

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

The AutoStrop Safety Razor Company 345 Fifth Avenue, New York London Paris Toronto On sale all over the world

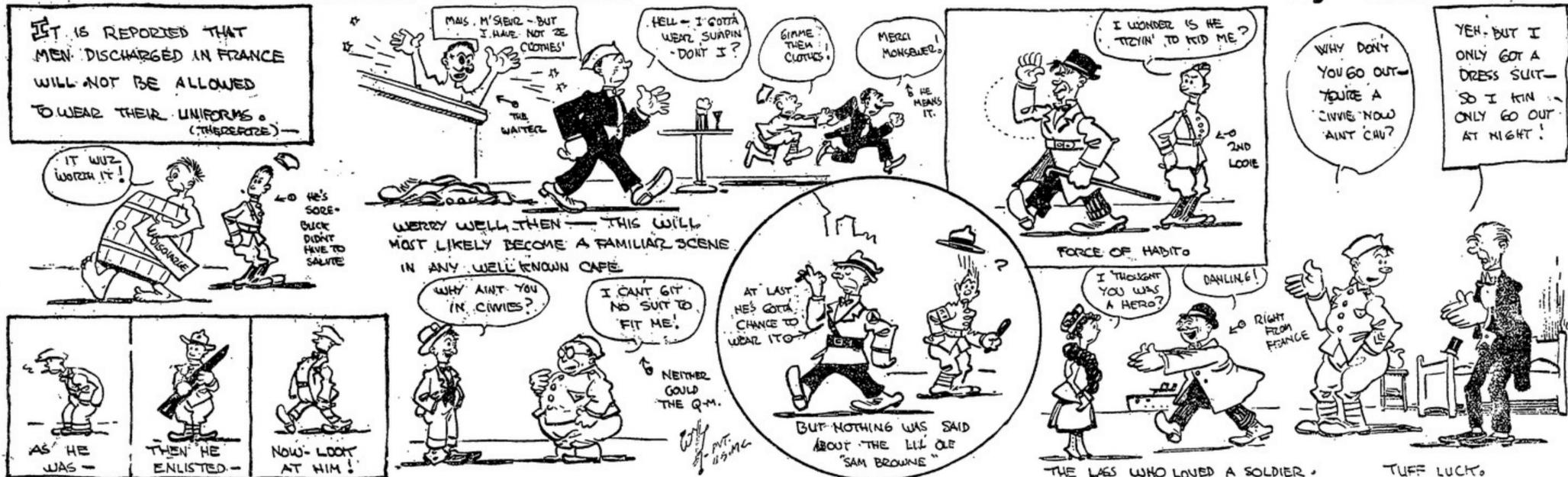
Advertisement for Max Schling's 'Max's Peeking Razors'. It features a drawing of a hand holding a razor. Text includes 'SENT TO ANY ONE AT HOME' and 'MAX SCHLING, Inc. 785 Fifth Avenue, Cor. 60th St., New York'.

Advertisement for Garrett Everlastie Roofings. It features a drawing of a roof with a person working on it. Text includes 'The American "Big Four"', 'Garrett Everlastie Roofings', and 'The Garrett Company OF AMERICA'.

Advertisement for the AutoStrop Razor. It features a large drawing of the razor and a hand using it. Text includes 'Blade Economy', 'The only RAZOR that strops itself', and 'THE AutoStrop Razor is the only safety razor which sharpens its Town blades'.

CIVVIES AND THEIR WEARERS

By WALLGREN



WHERE A.E.F. GETS ITS MOVIE SHOWS

Film Center in Paris Imports New Stuff, Gathers Even Newer Here

HAS AUDIENCE OF 60,000,000

Personnel of 1,596 Includes Yank Camera Experts Detailed to Keep Reels on the Circuit

Pictures amid the deep drifts at Archangel, where the Yanks, in warm boots, hoods and furs, huddle in the snow-banked huts; pictures in the balmy Riviera, where the leave men can sit out under the moon of a soft, Italian sky; pictures at scintillating, westernmost jumping-off place for the Goddess of Liberty and parts beyond; pictures in Coblenz, Germany, heart of the American bridgehead; pictures in Russian prison camps, where the Yanks can be entertained while helping in the distribution of food; pictures in Constantinople, Turk stronghold for many centuries; pictures, even, at Vladivostok, bleak Asiatic terminus of the trans-Siberian railroad, where American troops are helping guard the vast mountains of stores, and pictures on the high seas.

There is no sector of the A. E. F., indeed, which does not sense the pulsing of the personnel in a little, dingy, white building situated in a historic quarter near the Madeleine, Paris, headquarters of the Community Motion Picture Bureau, Y.M.C.A., A.E.F. And here, as at many other points, Yanks specially trained in motion picture work are helping entertain their comrades.

Here big U.S. Army trucks are constantly seen loading and unloading supplies of films. Here are busy employees, sorting and packing. Here one sees the great piles of circular metal boxes which hold the long miles of film that go daily. Here, too, is a staff of people mounting and correcting films, there another group winding the shiny, celluloid ribbons, and further along in the editorial and file rooms are being made selections of programs, the decisions of which furnish a vivid lesson in the geography of Europe.

And daily there come in from all parts of the A.E.F., in France, Italy and Germany, division secretaries, taking up materials to provide recreation for the American soldiers. There is never material enough to satisfy everyone, but the amount is increasing week by week.

No Stale Piths for A.E.F.

There is a mistaken notion in the A.E.F. that the pictures the soldiers see are ones that have been seen by the home folks long ago. As a matter of fact, this is the way the bureau operates:

Its branch bureau in New York has three projection rooms, in which are being shown constantly to 20 editorial experts the best of the productions just being released from the studios. Those selected are bought, copies struck off, depending in number on what is to be the popularity of the film, and sent by swift transport service overseas to Paris. From here the film is re-distributed to branch offices at Tours, Chaumont, Coblenz, Metz, Br-le-Duc, Toul, Verdun, Bordeaux, St. Nazaire, Brest, Le Mans, Antwerp and Rotterdam, and from these points it reaches out into the industrial and geographic nature, interspersed according to the number of troops in any particular area.

At Toul there are mobile units of from 50 to 60 ambulances on permanent duty, carrying DeLo lights mounted permanently in the ambulance. The picture machine is attached to the apparatus in the car by a long tube so that a screen can be set up anywhere, in a building or outside, the power turned on, a group of O.D. spectators gathered and away we go.

Pictures shown range all the way from current events, known as "overseas Weeklies," through nature, educational, geographical and industrial film, to the big spectacular productions. Among the current events depicted are those portraying the landing of returning troops at New York and other ports. The landing of the 27th Division, for instance, is to be shown shortly all over the A.E.F.

Yanks Like Comics and Mary

Comedy, with silly threads of sentiment running through it, is proving the most popular with the soldiers. Among the best of these being shown is Douglas Fairbanks in "Habit of Happiness," and in "Rescue Meets in," Norma Talmadge in "De Luxe Annie," Constance Talmadge in "Up the Road With Sally."

There is the big feature, "My Own United States," founded on Edward F. Macle's "The Man Without a Country," and, of course, it need scarcely be mentioned that W. S. Hart and Charlie Chaplin, the latter especially in his screen, "Shoulder Arms," are in the forefront. And Mary Pickford, of course, can never be forgotten.

Russian prisoners are shown films of the great logging operations of the Pacific Northwest, and according to the guesses among the doughboys who have been able to pick up a few jaw-shattering adjectives, those depicting vast astonishment and wonder are in order whenever these logging operations are thrown on the screen.

Motion picture outfits are now on the way to Poland and Bohemia and to various parts of Germany.

This month the bureau is celebrating

IN DEUTSCHLAND UNTER OLD GLORY

There is one solemn moment in the brisk and business-like life of the Third Army's Col. Metz. That is when Old Glory, flying solemnly over the topmost fortifications of the Rhine, is lowered in the evening, while the clear bugle notes of retreat echo across the Rhine valley.

All Yanks snap to attention and stand at salute. On the bridge of boats, on the promenades along the Rhine, in front of American headquarters, outside the old imperial palace, beside the colossal statue of the first William, they stand rigid, their eyes fixed on the old fortress across the river.

The second of the two big Y huts which have been in process of erection for weeks in front of the old Kaiser Palace is now in active service. What makes this important in the eyes of the Third Army Yank is that the building is a cafeteria, which means no more standing in line for leave men. Army regulations provide no food shall not be bought from the Germans, except fruit and certain kinds of vegetables. Consequently, there has been a mighty run on the Y.M.C.A., the Y.M.C.A., the Red Cross and wherever else food may be sold or distributed.

During March the Y.M.C.A. served 197,975 meals at its other canteens, including one at Cochem.

They are perfectly good American schools, but you would not think so to read the names of the educational centers operated by the Third Army in Coblenz. Here are the principal ones: Kaiser Wilhelm Ideal Gymnasium, Kaiser Wilhelm King, Hilda Schule, Ursula Lyceum, Kaiserin Augusta Gymnasium.

Street vendors of maps have no such trade in Coblenz as they have in Paris and other cities of France. In Coblenz you get what maps you want for the asking. They are printed and given away by the 29th Engineers, G-2-C, who have many shelves loaded with maps of the occupied areas.

A general was luted in the 32nd Division just before it started for the coast—General Gloom. He was placed in command of the 15th Field Artillery Brigade, comprising the 32nd, 32nd and 32nd Regiments, which had come over originally with the 32nd Division, and had been transferred to the 2nd in the Argonne. Someone spread the report that the brigade was not going home with the rest of the division. Funeral services were held over the regiment, the division and played dirges as members of the regiment buried their shoulder ornaments. There was some talk, indeed, of adopting "G.L." as the new insignia of the Lost Brigade.

Then the band was hustled out again, for the men heard they were to return, after all. The band played glory songs, and the insignia was resurrected. General Joy took command.

Up in the Rhine hinterland, where the snow until quite recently lay thick in the Yanks' boots, 2,000 strong, who take this opportunity to serve notice on the A.E.F. generally, that although the 9th Division, to which they belong, is supposed to be in the United States and cow punchers and Indians, they themselves, hail from New England, and what is more to the point, from the district surrounding Boston, effete city of the East.

Some of these New Englanders found their way to the division through transfers from other branches of the service, while the majority joined their present organizations at Camp Mills, L.I., after completing training at Tufts, Franklin Union Institute, and other educational centers around the Hub.

In addition to the New Englanders there are about 5,000 soldiers in the 9th from Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois. They joined the division at Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas.

"Milwaukee Ave." announce street signs in Munsterbach and Bosenbach, two of the uttermost outposts across the Rhine. The streets of the billet villages have been re-labeled and bear Yankee names. The troops which have been occupying these outposts come from the 32nd Division, originally Wisconsin and Michigan National Guard.

White armbands on their sleeves, small Army details daily patrol the roads of the neutral zone, the ten-kilometer mark the first anniversary of its debut overseas. It had at that time a personnel of seven Yanks and 20 French. It has a personnel now, including association secretaries who directly assist in the work, and men detailed from the Army, of 1,596. The work in France has been under the supervision of Warren D. Foster, president of the bureau, Elmo C. Lowe, H. B. Cole and C. M. Weyand.

The total number of showings given by the bureau at the centers in France alone is now about 90,000 weekly. In occupied Germany 4,216 weekly performances are being given. Figures on an average of 50¢ for each show the bureau has entertained an audience of 60,000,000.

The service has been extended until it now includes work for the troops at Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Italy, France, Russia and the Balkan nations, as well as for all in the Army and Navy camps in the United States and West Indies. It operates also in the interest of the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board, the Salvation Army and other welfare organizations. The bureau is now giving showings regularly each week on about 1,600 American vessels, Navy and transport.

GERMANS SEE REAL AMERICAN CIRCUS

90th Division Show Has Indians and Cowboys, 'n' Everything

Rain, snow and mud failed to stop the presentation of the 90th Division circus at Coblenz, across the Moselle from Berncastel, division headquarters, two days last week. There were three inches of snow in part of the division area, even though it was May Day, but 15,000 soldiers from the 90th and 8th Divisions and Seventh Corps came to town and stood in the rain to watch the performances.

A big parade opened the entertainment. There were decorated floats, bands, a calliope, clowns. By a little nature faking, there were also some wild animals. There was a 150mm. gun, camouflaged in loud colors, mounted on a truck. The truck sergeant heard that one of his drivers had permitted the carnival committee to load a 150mm. gun on a poor little two-ton truck. With visions of a ruined truck wobbling on its last pins, he tore out to rid the world of such an incompetent driver, only to learn the gun was of wood.

The three-ring circus was watched from a ring of grandstands. The acts would have done credit to professionals. The division, being from Texas and Oklahoma, has a considerable percentage of cow-punchers and Indians, who exhibited their skills, but the mud made much trick riding impossible. There was a stage holdup, with much shooting of blank cartridges. There was a midway, called Loco loco, where specially printed T-O money could be spent in dozens of ways.

It was a big day for the children on the streets. Hundreds of German civilians were perched high in the vineyards on both sides of the river to see the show, their umbrellas seeming like huge toadstools among the vineyard stakes.

BERLIN NOW ON A.P.O. LIST

Yanks meet A.P.O. 916. It signals the last step in the business of pursuing the loche to his lair. A.P.O. 916 is Berlin, Germany, and it means that "Deutschland's capital has been annexed to America's postoffice map.

The new office in Berlin is established to serve the postal needs of the increasing number of Americans in and about the city. These include Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. workers in German prison camps, and the several American and Allied commissions in Berlin in connection with the problems of peace, shipping and food distribution. Couriers come in daily from Coblenz.

This is the eighteenth Yank postoffice operated on German soil. The others are in the Army of Occupation.

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GOOD YEAR
AKRON

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American Military Tailors
UNIFORMS TO ORDER IN 48 HOURS

Interlined Trench Coats, Embroidered Insignia and Service Stripes, Sam Browne Belts, etc.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE A.E.F. ANYWAY?

Before you toss off that little war-book of yours and book yourself for the Chautauqua circuit, test your knowledge on these questions.

- How do the American losses, in proportion to the number of troops engaged and their length of service in action, compare with the French and British losses?
- In what fortnight of the year 1918 were the heaviest American losses sustained?
- What was the proportion of American troops to the entire Allied force which fought the counter-offensive of July 18-August 6, and to what extent did American initiative lead to that counter-offensive?
- When was Marshal Poch placed at the head of the Allied forces on the western front, and how far did his authority extend?
- Where were the first Americans killed in action?
- Why was G.H.Q. at Chaumont?
- What American divisions saw service with the British?
- At what European ports were American soldiers landed?
- What was the American strength on the Italian and Russian fronts at the time of the armistice?
- How many American airplanes were flown at the front prior to the signing of the armistice?
- How many American troops were in France at the time the 3rd Division went into action at Calcaen-Thierry?
- Against what countries did the United States declare war?
- How many American troops were lost through the submarine warfare?
- How much made-in-America artillery material was in use in France by the time the armistice was signed?
- What proportion of the American wounded in action were returned to the front or declared fit for front line service?
- Which American divisions suffered the heaviest casualties?
- Which American division took the most prisoners?
- What proportion of American soldiers who sailed for overseas duty saw service at the front?
- How does the proportion of officer casualties in the A.E.F. compare with the proportions recorded for the British and French forces?
- Of what advantage to the Allied cause was the taking of Belleau Wood?

Oh, so there are some questions you can't answer, are there? Well, same here.

GEN. LIGGETT IN COMMAND A.E.F. HAS CAMERA CLUB

Lieut. Gen. Hunter Liggett arrived in Coblenz on last Friday to take command of the Third Army, succeeding Maj. Gen. Joseph T. Dickman. Two troops of Cavalry and several companies of Infantry were lined up in front of American headquarters to receive him. There are no changes in the staff, of which Brig. Gen. Malin Craig is the head.

Before his departure for Chaumont to be president of a board to study lessons of the war, Major General Dickman was made a member of the French Legion of Honor, the presentation being made at Mainz by Marshal Pétain.

The next war, or, putting it into diplomatic phraseology, future emergencies, won't catch the enlisted men of the photographic division of the Signal Corps, A.E.F., napping. The men have organized an Overseas Camera Club to keep in touch with each other by exchange of prints through a central office, and to furnish such technical and business data as the members may desire.

Any A.E.F. photographer is eligible, whether he served in the photographic division or not. The club has the endorsement of General Russell, Chief Signal Officer, A.E.F.

WHOLE THIRD ARMY IS PAID IN MARKS

And Now Cubical Domino Wielders Howl for Paper-Bailers

If an American paper dollar is worth—or was a couple minutes ago—6 francs, 15 centimes, and 100 francs is worth 25 marks, what is the value of 100 marks changed into Luxembourgish muzzum?

Answer: Keep off the cubical dominoes. Whether it was for the accommodation of Army entrepreneurs or to reduce the work of exchanging the doughboys' franc into marks is not announced, but at any rate every outfit in the Third Army was paid off in marks and pennies this month. The result was more or less astounding, even the lowliest buck possessing quantities of wealth, especially quantities of One quartermaster sergeant, senior grade, was heard to remark, "Ye gods! Ye gods! My kingdom for a paper bailer!"

"There's only one way this trick-rate business is like the good old American dough—if you're broke in German money you're just as broke as if the money you've just spent had been the rainproof, non-slip jack of hard-and-egg days," one soldierish drab remarked.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Trench Coat That Will Last

Valspar Varnish has been "doing its bit" in the aviation service of the Allies, ever since the war started. It is accepted as the standard varnish for airplanes and airplanes, as well as for all other varnish purposes.

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BRITANNY LEAVES GIVE SCENT OF SEA TO WEARIED YANKS Region About St. Malo Most Accessible to Near-Homegoers EATS AND BATHING PLENTY Amplitude of Entertainment, Including Many Side Trips to Historic Forts and Resorts

Away out upon that promontory of north-western France which is capped by the city of Brest, there is nestled in a nook of a "stern and rock-bound coast" a bit of a 65-acre town all wrapped up in a 70 feet of solid granite wall. It is known to the world as St. Malo, the maritime frontier of France but to the A.E.F. it means the center of the Brittany leave area, a place to go to and roam carefree and untrammelled, seven fun-full days to get into shipshape before going on the long-looked-for journey westward.

The granite wall and the rugged coast may sound a bit chilly and unwelcoming these bleak days, but the doughboys who allow himself to pass up a week there is missing the chance of a lifetime to experience how invigorating and inspiring the mellow, mild air of the most frequented of French shore resorts can really be. The leave area, which it is expected will be one of the last to close, extends the length of the famous "Emerald Coast" of Brittany with its miles of sea wall, its steep cliffs, its broad beaches, its mysterious caverns and singing stones. There is a wealth of historic lore associated with every mile of the coast line, and a peculiar fascination to be found in watching the green of the ocean creep up 45 feet of high tide upon the rocks of the cliffs or the fine yellow sands of the beaches.

Plenty of Dancing Partners The average A.E.F. permissionnaire, however, is not out on leave to hustle around like a Coeur tourist to see and be seen, but to be up on the latest in antiquarian or contemporaneous statistics. What appeals is the chance to "get out" among "em," which is Americans for an all-around time with lots of dancing, and plentiful served otherwise than in a "zazakit, and sleep between clean, white sheets until such an hour as pleasure allows him to get the best of the night. St. Malo means all that, plus. The statistics are there in delightful abundance, as are bewickered old sea-dogs full of hilarious tales of sea and shore, and the center of real life is the spacious Casino where the Y.M.C.A. is doing everything to make a leave a memorable thing in the overseas career of each youth who breathes in. As the whole vicinity is a vacation place for the people of France, and these people have a happy habit of taking their daughters along with them, there is no lack of charming young ladies for dancing partners or companions on any half dozen of the interesting boat trips over land and lakes it is possible to make.

Dinant and Mt. St. Michel Trips Dinant, quite a fashionable and cosmopolitan town across the bay, is an ideal seaside resort. It presents a decidedly American appearance in the layout of its streets and houses and the cleanliness of its trim front yards and beaches. The mystery explains itself when it is made known that there is a large colony of Americans and English owning property in Dinant and living there the year through. Of the whole day trips out from St. Malo, the one to Mont St. Michel is by far the most remarkable. A special train leaves St. Malo at 9:15 in the morning and slowly winds its way through miles of the lovely and picturesque plains of old Brittany. At a town called Pontenoy it swerves and heads directly out upon the broad sandy flatlands of the bay of St. Michel. Threading its way on the thin line it comes to a stop under the shadow of the mighty walls of the fortress-crowned the 200 feet of sheer rock with its own 300 feet of lace-like towers and turrets and battlements.

And the Fish, and Mayonnaise Any lover of seafood is due for one grand party in this leave area. Besides the usual abundance of the freshest of fish, there are the most delicate lobsters, which are to be selected as they promenade across the restaurant counters, cooked to a turn and served with a mayonnaise dressing of a flavor unique. At Cancale, a morning's excursion from St. Malo, are acres upon acres of oyster beds where the most famous of A.E.F. appetites can be readily taken care of. It is a curious thing to walk among the beds at low tide, and be blessed very audibly by several millions of oysters. Dinant, 18 miles up the Rance River, is a romantic town and is especially interesting as the place where Bertrand du Guesclin, a French knight, fought single-handed an English knight to decide whose army should go home victorious. That, to conclude, would be an economic way of deciding battles, especially if on one side were couple of the ex-Kaiser's brood and any Yank on the other.

ALLIES BUY OLD O.D. Thousands of O.D. uniforms, last seen by their former wearers as the clothing was being carted away to a delousing plant or salvage heap, have been sold to Poland, Greece, Serbia and Roumania by the United States Liquidation Commission. The uniforms were dyed either black or blue, and will clothe many Poles, Serbians and Roumanians who are in need of suits. Some Engineers' material has been sold to Poland and a large amount of horse-drawn equipment to Roumania.

HOW THE 27TH AND 30TH HELPED IN PIERCING THE HINDENBURG LINE

Continued from Page 1

1,500 yards, taking Lock No. 8 on the Ypres Canal, Lankhof Farm and the village of Voormezele, while the 27th Division advanced about 2,000 yards, occupying Vierstraat Ridge and the northern slopes of Mount Kemmel, and making some progress up the eastern side of Wytshate Ridge. To the east of Ypres the 14th British Division made similar progress on the left of the 30th, while on the right of the 27th the 34th British Division gained substantially toward Mount Kemmel itself. Having made this promising beginning, the American divisions were withdrawn from the front line between September 3 and 5 and sent to training areas further south, where they received instruction particularly in operating offensively in conjunction with British tanks. Late in September they were assembled under the corps command of the Second United States Corps and the general command of the Fourth Army Corps, General Rawlinson, and put in the sector fronting the Hindenburg line positions about midway between Cambrai and St. Quentin.

Ready for Drive to the Scheldt The front which they then occupied was very nearly that which the British had held previous to the German attack of March 21 and from which they had been driven back nearly to Amiens. Starting in about August 1 to recover once more that devastated stretch of the valley of the Somme between its junction with the Aisne and St. Quentin, which had been first lost in 1914, regained in 1916, and then lost again in the spring of 1918, with true British doggedness they had pushed on, foot by foot, for nearly two months against the most bitter opposition, until they were once more occupying all but the foremost of their old trenches before the Hindenburg line between St. Quentin and Cambrai, while between Cambrai and Lens the redoubtable defensive line was already broken.

The plans for the great offensive involving the Allied forces on every front were now perfect and, as has been previously pointed out, the initial attack of Marshal Haig's British Army was to be made on September 27, the day after the advance of the First American and Fourth French Armies on both sides of the Aisne. The British effort was to begin with an assault on the Hindenburg line, which had been designated in the plans as the jumping-off line for the main attack. This was especially true on the left, so on the morning of September 27, under cover of the tremendous bombardment which was then opened and continued for two days by all the artillery of the Fourth Army on the main Hindenburg positions, the 105th Infantry of the 27th Division attacked the enemy strong points at the Knoll, Gullefont Farm and Quenemont Farm, in the immediate front of the division. The positions were captured but were found very hard to hold, as machine guns and snipers were apparently fed up when the main canal tunnel, and when the 64th Brigade took over the front line that night, Germans were still found making vigorous resistance around those points.

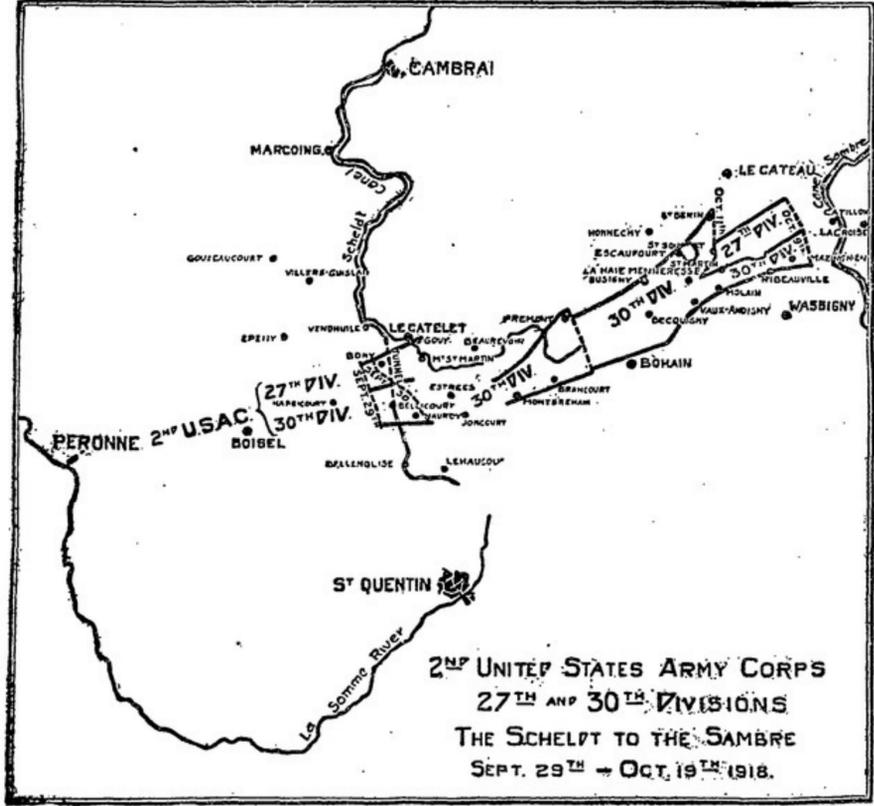
Australians in Support The 27th and 30th American Divisions relieved the 18th and 75th British Divisions by this point in their dispatch. The attack which they were to make had been planned by the Australian Corps, which had been fighting since August 8 and had pushed the Germans back from Villers-Bretonneux to the Hindenburg line, and the 3rd and 5th Australian Divisions were to support the Americans closely and help them when the first objectives had been obtained. The portion of the Hindenburg line which they were to attack was about 6,000 yards long, the line of their sector being approximately determined by the length of the tunnel of the Scheldt, or St. Quentin Canal, and it was perhaps more formidable than any other portion of the Hindenburg line of the extent. The peculiar characteristics which gave to the position its great strength cannot be better set forth than in the concise words of Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, his dispatch dated December 21, 1918, to the British Secretary of State for War, in which he reported upon the operations of the British Army during the final months of the war. Sir Douglas wrote:

Between St. Quentin and the village of Bantzenelle the principal defenses of the Hindenburg system lie close to the west, but more generally to the east of the line of the Scheldt Canal. The canal itself does not appear to have been organized as the enemy's main line of resistance, but rather as an integral part of a deep defensive system, the outstanding characteristic of which was the skill with which it was sited, so as to deny us effective artillery positions from which to attack it. The chief role of the canal was that of affording cover to resting troops and to the cartrons of the main defensive trench lines during a bombardment. To this end the canal lent itself admirably, and the fullest use was made by the enemy of its possibilities.

The general configuration of the ground through which this sector of the canal runs produces deep cuttings of a depth in places of 60 feet, while between Bellecourt and the neighborhood of Velluville the canal passes through a tunnel for a distance of 6,000 yards. In the sides of the cuttings the enemy had constructed numerous tunnelled dugouts and concrete shelters. Along the top edges of these he had concealed well-aimed concrete or armored machine gun emplacements. The tunnel itself was used to provide living accommodations for troops and was connected by shafts with the trenches above. South of Bellecourt the canal cutting gradually becomes shallower, and at Bellecote the canal lies almost at ground level. South of Bellecote the canal is dry. On the western side of the canal south of Bellecourt two thoroughly organized and extremely heavily wired lines of continuous trench run roughly parallel to the canal, at average distances from it of 2,000 and 1,000 yards respectively. Except in the tunnel sector the double line of trenches known as the Hindenburg line proper lies immediately east of the canal and is linked up by numerous communication trenches with the trench lines west of it.

Besides these main features, numerous other trench lines, switch trenches and communication trenches, had been constructed at various points to meet local weaknesses or take advantage of local command of fire. At a distance of about 4,000 yards behind the most easterly of these trench lines lies a second double row of trenches, known as the Beaurevoir-Ponsonne line, very thoroughly wired and holding numerous concrete shelters and machine gun emplacements. The whole series of defenses, with the numerous defended villages contained in it, formed a belt of barbed wire extending from 10,000 yards in depth, organized by the employment of every available means into a most powerful system, well meriting the great reputation attached to it.

U.S. Heavy Tanks in Play It was upon the center of these tremendous positions that the 27th and 30th American Divisions were now to be called upon to exert their strength. They were splendidly supported by the divisional artillery, "the Don Acks," of the five Australian divisions, totaling 433 guns, largely 4.2-inch Howitzers by the Third Australian Air Squadron; by parts of the 3rd and 5th Tank Brigades, which included, in the sector of the 27th Division, the 30th American Tank Battalion and the only American heavy tank unit on the Western front, and by other tactical units of British troops, bringing the total up to over 22,000, in addition to the two American divisions. Opposite the 30th Division, the enemy's line was held by the LXXVth Reserve and the CLXXXVth Divisions of the German army, while the 27th appears to have been opposed by portions of these divisions as well as by parts of the Hind



Guard CCXXXIInd, LIVth and CXIXth Divisions. Before being relieved, the 18th and 75th British Divisions had been unable to clean up all of the old British outpost positions which had been designated in the plans as the jumping-off line for the main attack. This was especially true on the left, so on the morning of September 27, under cover of the tremendous bombardment which was then opened and continued for two days by all the artillery of the Fourth Army on the main Hindenburg positions, the 105th Infantry of the 27th Division attacked the enemy strong points at the Knoll, Gullefont Farm and Quenemont Farm, in the immediate front of the division. The positions were captured but were found very hard to hold, as machine guns and snipers were apparently fed up when the main canal tunnel, and when the 64th Brigade took over the front line that night, Germans were still found making vigorous resistance around those points.

Attack on Ridge Goes Forward Nevertheless, at 5:50 on the morning of the 29th, in the midst of a heavy fog, under an intense barrage of high explosive, gas and smoke shells, and accompanied by numerous tanks, the attack went off and the long, open slopes toward the blazing German trenches and the red brick ruins of Bellecote and Bony on the canal tunnel ridge. The 30th Division went forward with the 120th Infantry on the right and the 119th on the left, each regiment with two battalions in front line and one in support,

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fortunate still, to pass machine gun nests and strong points without seeing and destroying them. Many of these places appear to have been connected with the canal tunnel by the lateral passages previously mentioned and to have been heavily reinforced through these passages after the first waves of the attack had gone by. Consequently, a little later when the mopping-up and support units arrived in the clearing, they met a resistance stronger and more effective than had been encountered by the troops in advance.

The front of the 30th Division went forward, on the whole, rapidly and with comparatively slight losses. Although, owing to the obscurity and loss of liaison, the advance and the fighting was soon being carried on chiefly by small groups of men, they accomplished their purpose, crossing the three trench lines of the Hindenburg system, taking the town of Bellecote, the village of Beaurevoir and Bantzenelle, and a little later reaching and conquering the division objective, Nauroy, together with the outlying hamlet of Estricourt and Gullefont Farm. The 27th Division, Nauroy and Estricourt were beyond the first German support line running east of the canal from Le Catelet to Lehaucourt, and when the 120th Infantry captured them it had advanced a distance of 4,200 yards from its jumping-off trenches and had pierced all but the last of the three German trench systems.

To the right of the 120th Infantry the 46th British Division also had advanced brilliantly, crossing the steep banks of the open canal and taking Bellecote. The 119th Infantry was unable to get as far as the 120th, being under the necessity of refusing its flank approximately to the east of the canal tunnel ridge in order to maintain contact with the 27th Division, which was having a much harder time in the north half of the Second Corps' sector. Though the 30th had experienced trouble in mopping up behind its advance, the work had finally been accomplished, 47 German officers and 1,424 enlisted men being captured during the whole operation and late in the afternoon the 5th Australian Division passed through and took over the front line, many of the isolated groups of Americans remaining with the mopping-up units until sometime during the following night.

Mopping Up Process Difficult The 27th Division from the start suffered much more severely than its running mate. Though the front line progressed satisfactorily for some time, its troops being early reported in both Bony and Le Catelet, the two reserve regiments and the 2nd Australian Division following, encountered violent machine gun opposition upon practically the very line from which

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