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FRANCE, FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1918.

WAR SECRETARY HERE TO STUDY NEEDS OF A. E. F.

Newton D. Baker Will Inspect All Departments of Army Activity

VISIT TO FRONT IS PLANNED

Air Raid on Paris Gives Cabinet Member Taste of Hun Idea of Modern Warfare

FORGETS WAR IN TOY SHOP

Round of Calls and Conferences Marks the First Days of Tour Extremely Busy Ones

Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, has conic to France. He is here to con fer with General Pershing. With General Pershing he is now engaged in a tour of inspection of the A.E.F., planning to see it from beginning to end with his own eyes so that when he returns to his desk in far-off Washington, he may be guided in all his acts by his first-hand knowledge of the things that are being done and the things that are being

nation with the linings that the being needed by the American Army in France. Before he sets sail once more for America, he will, if his plans go through,

America, he will, if his plans go through, have visited each of the ports at which our troops are landed, have examined the lines of communication, and have carried his inspection of the front itself even to the first line trenches.

This tour began on Tuesday evening last when Mr. Baker moved out of Paris in a specially chartered train, made up of a parlor car, two sleeping cars, a dining car and a baggage car in which two high-powered automobiles were stowed away for the instant use of the inspecting party at each stopping place along the line. All falis is to the end that the Secretary of War shall gather the greatest amount of information in the least possible time.

A Memorable Triumvirate

A Memorable Triumvirate

The first news that Paris had of Mr. Itaker's visit, which he has described as "a pilgrimage to the temple of heroism," was when his train pulled into Paris shortly after six o'clock on Monday morning. Stray visitors to the din-lit, half-deserted station at that unpromising hour would have carried away with them the memorable sight of Mr. Baker walking along the platform with General Pershing on one side and toueral Bliss on the other. Here, assembled before them, were the three men, who, under President Wilson, constitute the triumvirate high command of the American Army, the Secretary of Wan, the Commander-in-Chief, and America's representative at the Allied Conference.

But the significance of the moment-probably dawned on none of the onlookers, except those who had come-especially to meet Mr. Baker and possibly three enlisted Americans who had just clinhed down from their own coach on the incoming train and who stood staring open-mouthed until the party "ad passed on out of the "station.

After a day of calls and business on his very first night in the French capital, Mr. Baker had his first taste of things as they are in Europe these days, or rather these nights. For it was on this night that the Germans once again invaded the fog-wiled heavens over Paris. When the alarm sounded and he guns began their play while the lights of the city went out. Mr. Baker was in his particularly unshielded apartment on an upper floor of the Hotel Crillon, deeply engrossed in a conference with General Bliss.

A Sepulchral Spot

A Sepulchral Spot

When their lights had to be turned out, the conference was adjourned to an adjoining room that could be curtained according to the regulations, but this did not satisfy the solicitous management, and after a time, Mr. Raker consented to descend to the wine cellar: This sectuded and sepulchral spot, with its casks and its inadequate lighting, soon palled as a place in which the business of the evening could be curried on, so, announcing that he thought quite enough attention had been paid to the safety of the Secretary of War, Mr. Baker returned to his quartiers on high. To the unfamiliar accompaniment of bombs and distant guntier, the confer-

enough attention had been paid to the safety of the Secretary of War, Mr. Baker returned to his quarters on high. To the unfamiliar accompaniment of bombs and distant gunfire, the conference was carried placidly to its conclusion.

"It was my first contact with the actualities of war," he said next day, "and a revelation of the methods inaugurated by the enemy which makes no distinction between war upon soldlers and upon women and children. If his aim is to damage property, the results are slight for his effort. If his aim is to damage property, the results are slight for his effort. If his aim is to wasken morale the answer is in, the superb conduct of the people of Paris. Moreover, the air ruid over cities, a counterpart of submarine ruthlessness with its assaults on alien rights, expended the property of the propert

Sobmarine—Alert

So the Parls which Mr. Baker knew in other years proved in the year 1918 more eventful than the year 1918 more eventful than the voyage was made not in any passenger ship, but in an American warship, at eventral cruiser that was acting at the time as part of the escort of a couvoy which brought 10.000 American soldiers safe and sound to an American portrey without incident. It was made part way in weather so uncordail that the Secretary himself was one of the few who did not feel the worse for it. Then once on the way, the momentary mistaking of an innocent floating spar for a sintster submartine led to a brief but lively demonstration of how our guns protect the convoys.

the conveys.

Later, as the group of soldier-inden ships approached the port, the warning was sped through the air that a real submarine had been sighted just outside. An imposing fleet of French hydroplanes and dirigibles came out at once to meet

Continued on Page 2

TO THE STARS

AND STRIPE:

I am glad to find in France a newspaper written and edited by and for our soldiers. Wisely managed, it can be a forum for their ideas, a means for each part of the American front to speak to all the others, a means for drawing closer together all the soldiers of the A.E.F. Good luck to THE STARS AND STRIPES!

(Signed) NEWTON D. BAKER. France, March 12.

NATION STEADY IN RESPONSE TO RUSSIAN CRISIS

American Markets Reflect Quiet Confidence of Whole People

WAR REGARDED AS BIG JOB

Week of Nation-Wide Good Weathe Much to Aid General Industrial Drive

By J. W. MULLER Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

[BY CABLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 14.—It has been another quiet week, without a single sensational or even exciting domestic oc currence of any kind. The Russian and Japanese situation continues to over-shadow everything else in public in-terest, but the public apparently watches developments tranquilly and with an

developments tranquilly and with an open mind.

The general feeling among responsible men seems to be that the occasion demands extremely careful and dispassionate thought, and that American principles and ideals with regard to world questions have been so clearly outlined and are so sound and so satisfactory to the American people that America's course can not be wrong if sie adheres to them in this crisis. There is considerable difference in newspaper opinion, but editorial expressions are not extreme one way or the other.

No Frenzied Jacking Up

No Frenzied Jacking Up
On the whole, there seems practically no change in the public attitude to-ward this question away from that indicated in last week's dispatch. Certainly, the German advance into Russia has not dismayed Americaus.

My opinion is that this crists proves finely the wisdom of educating the public in the very begining to understand that this war is a big job, and that nothing must be left undone in the hope that things will be easy. This clear comprehension has stiffened people, and they feel now that the country's multifarious agencies have already been doing their best and do not now need frenzied jacking up.

agencies have already been doing their best and do not now need frenzied jacking up.

This general quiet confidence in our war preparations and prosecution have been reflected all week in the stock exchanges and in business generally. The exchanges mad in business generally. The exchanges where the exchanges without ruffling them.

Without attaching too much value to the stock market as an indicator of public morale, we can still note that such remarkable steadiness could not be maintained by professional traders alone, but must postitively have behind it a great background of solid, public faith in American success.

Another week of almost nation-wide good weather has done much to aid the general industrial drive. News from all parts of the big land is cheering as to the growing increase in output of all materials, with practically no important or vital obstacles.

Labor Situation Placid

Labor Situation Placid

CARROT TO OUTSHINE ROSE

WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR



This is what we're fighting for—
That the girl on mother's knee
May not know the seourge of war,
Shock on land and shock on sea:
That the little boy may read
On and on of Fairyland.
Undistraught by Teuton greed,
Safe from blow of Teuton hand.

Other little children fare Other little children fare
Not so peacefully as these:
Mothers have they none to care,
Fathers have they none to please.
Wracked by horror, caked with grime.
Have they been these weary years.
Ever since the German crime
Made their land a vale of tears.

Hard their lot and sad their ways! Little love on them was lavished. From those early August days When the Hun their country ravished. When the Hun their country ravising Till the time when strangers came—Kindly folk, but still_outlanglers—Working, in the Sacred Name? & For those helpless tots of Flanders.

So, to keep the flame and sword?
From our children and their mothers,
Forward then, with one accord,
North and South, allied as brothers. East and West, as one unite!
Bring to naught the Prussian's yearning—
Then may children's eyes be bright,
Unafraid, at our returning!

NEW AMERICA RISES BEHIND VEIL OF WAR

Sure Signs of Wonderful Future

NATION LOOKS SEAWARD

New Training Ship Forecasts Time When Flag Will Once More Fly in Every Port

> By J. W. MULLER Staff Correspondent of THE STARS

NEW YORK, March 14.—There is a growing realization that, behind all the flaming work of war, mighty national forces are also working hugely for the future economic structure that shall be the wonderful New America.

the wonderful New America.

The fact that modern war enlists all activities and all branches of human industry is making necessary vast improvements in all productive organizaions of the country. Everywhere gigantic remodelings are going on, with every resource of science money, man power, business, brains, and efficiency.

business, brains, and efficiency.

It seems certain that America will another two, Besides this, one regiment emerge from the war with all her great has had a whole treuch mortar section industries modernized to the last degree, prepared to get the uttermost value a journagore for those chaps. from every natural resource with the old extravagances eliminated.

Men of vision and insight already predict that America will outdistance Germany in the application of science and method to industries and business, and that she will do marvelous things in the levelopment of by-products.

German Monopoly Broken

Chemistry is taking a bigger place daily. The latest example of progress in that science is the American manufacture of the famous drug salvarsan hitherto a German-Austrian monopoly

ONE REGIMENT WINS 16 CROIX DE GUERRE

Changes Already Effected Whole Trench Mortar Section Also Cited as Sequel to Raid on Chemin des Dames-Chaplain Decorated for Bravery

By FRANK P. SIBLEY

Correspondent of the "Besten Globe" With the AleFr: the Only Correspondent Living With the American Troops on the Chemin dess Dames these days that does not have as a sequel a little ceremony out on some leve! field. a few days later, with a grizzled French colonel kissing a few Yankee buck privates as he pins on the coverted red and green ribbon that supports the Croix de Guerre.

covered red and green ribbon that sup-ports the Croix de Guerre.

The parties come off fairly frequently.
Once in a while Fritz gives one, and ex-cept for the night when he caught a working party almost at his own front line, he has paid for the party all him-self. When he seems slow about the party idea, the French and Americans. party idea, the French and Americans give oné.

in the New England division, so far, one infantry regiment has won 16 Croix, another one four, another three, and another two. Besides this, one regiment

New England outfit, and wherever it has gone, Father Boucher has gone along like the other two chaplants.

Headquarters Officers in Gallery A few days ago, on a field which was a bitter battle ground only last fall, one of the huge infantry regiments drew up in the level light of late afternoon to receive its rewards of honor for gallantry from the Prench. The grass is already bright; the range of billis beyond which our advanced posts lie were softened by a light baze in the warm day, and right in front and overhead, Fritz and a susage balloon staged a merry little bide-and-seek target game to amuse the waiting soldiers.

New England outfit, and wherever it has gone along like the other two chaplants. As battalions have gone into the front line, a chaplant has always gone, too. And it happened that Father Boucher's battalion for in on a party or two. His scolness, his steady work under fire among the men, has won its reward.

The French colonel, stepping to the little line, pinned on each nam's breast the Croix de Guerre, reading his citation in a clear voice, and then kissing the man on each cheek. The boys, quiet but flushed with pride and embarrassment, saluted and wheeled back to their places, Then the little group took its place in the waiting soldiers.

Tempting Issues Passed Up for Fear of What May Re Inc. 4.

Chaplain In On Party

Only two of them wore shoulder straps, the was a lieutenant, the other a priest, father Osias Boncher. He was sent over by the Kuights of Columbus, with a num-per of others. He fell into place in this tow England outfit, and wherever it has sone, Father Boncher has gone along like the other two changins.

TO OUR SECRETARY OF WAR

Mr. Secretary, welcome! We are here, right on the job!
We are proud to have you come and look us over:
With the Boches we've been raising just a little bit of hob.
And, take it all in all, we live in clover.
We hope you'll find us spick-and-span, efficient-like and clean.
And thoroughly attentive to our business
Of thinning out the numbers of the Huns in greyish green.
And of causing old von Hindenburg some dizziness.

Mr. Secretary, welcome! You're the kind of guest we like. The kind that understands our martial lingo: The kind that sympathizes with the burdens of the hike. And the kind that's solid for this war, by lingo! When you go back to Washington, just let the people know That we're straining at the leash to bust right through And knock the fatal daylights out of Fritz, our country's foe. Mr. Baker, here's our best respects to you!

AS A PLACE TO LOAF

By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW JERSEY RUINED

NEW YORK, March 14.—A tragic fate awaits the gentlemen of leisure in New Jersey through Governor Edge's proclamation ordering sheriffs to make every idle male resident. work or enter jail. The proclamation makes New Jersey millionaires and hoboes appreciate keenly the essential brotherhood of man.

Reenly the essential brotherhood of main.

Neighboring States are preparing to welcome a large influx of the best. New Jersey families. There is much speculation as to the effect on Long Branch, Atlantic City and other joyous haunts of the idle rich, New Yorkers are wondering if they dare venture through New Jersey on their way to Tuxedo.

Many gentlemen of leisure replanning to discharge their butlers and mix their own eccktails, to comply with the law.

Maryland and West Virginia stready have similar laws.

AMERICANS MAKE FIRST RAIDS INTO **GERMAN TRENCHES**

Two Lorraine Sectors Are Scenes of Invasion of **Enemy's Lines**

SHELLS PLAY MIGHTY JAZZ

Doughboys Gain Their Objective and Return with Prisoners in 47 Minutes

MUD-SPATTERED COLONEL GAY

Sergeant Rises to Profanity When Big Guns Batter Pillbox that He Wanted to Take

the first American raids into German trenches. American patroling parties had previously gone up to the German wire, but had not penetrated the enemy's front line. Now, however, American troops have actually fought

in the German defense system.

The raids in question took place in both of our sectors in Lorraine. Following is an account of the raid in our sector near Laneville, by Lincoln Eyre, staff correspondent of *The New York World*, who watched the Americans go across from a front line observation

across from a front time observation, post:

I had barely reached an infantry observation post and glued my eye to a narrow slit giving upon No Man's Land when there was a sudden, sinister pause in the barrage. Our machine guns alone held sway during a scarcely percepable interval. I made out our wire apparently right under my nose, but the German trenches were lost in the smoke and fog hanging over the brulsed landscape. Only an occasional Boche shell crashed into the muddy ground, to explode in a muddy, black cloud.

American Barrage Lifts

American Barrage Lifts

Our own batteries had lifted their barrage and shoved it back on the enemy's second line. His batteries were being mightily deluged, too, which was doubtless why his harassing fire had died away. The hammer beat of our quickfirers was the loudest note in the discordant jazzband of projectiles.

I wondered where our infantry were. Suddenly, they appeared, clambering up the departure steps and stepping briskly through the wire.

"Gosh, there they go," muttered the awad voice of a doughboy, peering out beside me.

awed voice of a doughboy, peering out beside me.

Off to the left I could see the horizonblue helmets of the poilns keeping step with our boys. It seemed to me as I
watched them move off into the smoke,
that their principal thought was fo avoid
tumbling into the shell holes that pitted
the earth everywhere. Some of them
stumbled and fell, but each arose quickly
and continued to advance at a sort of
jog-trot pace set by the officers.

Lost in Mist of Shells

As far as I could detect, no shell fell near them, nor was there any evidence of hostile machine run fire. They just got over the ground as quickly as possible, each man a few feet from his neighbor, and in two minutes they were swallowed up in a mist of shells. "It ain't half as bad as I thought twould be." the chap next to me re-

IRVCARGETOTHE STARS AND STRIPES.1

[By Cableto THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK. March 14.—National politics is still quiet. The politicians see many tempting issues, but are horribly afraid of what may be concealed in them, so the general behavior of the wise old war horses is like that of a prudent man walking in a dark room full of eggs. Everybody is watching the Non-Partisan League of the West and the New York State situation, but so far there has been only political skirmishing without casualties. There is a brisk war over the appointment by Governor Edge of New Jersey of David Baird, 80 years old, a United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Hughes. The general belief is that District Artorrey Swann of New York will be a caudidate for the Democratic nomination for governor, but Judge Swann Continued on Page 2

Continued on Page 2

FREE QUARTERS AND BOARD FOR

Dollar a Day to Buy Meals for All at Designated **Leave Center**

MEN ON HOLIDAY

LESS IF YOU GO ELSEWHERE

No Ban on Personal Funds, But There Won't Be Any Excuse to Starve

SEASHORE FOR THE SUMMER

New Permission Grounds Probably Will Soon Be Announced from Headquarters

Join the Army, get a ten per cent raise by coming to France, and—here's the newest inductment—enjoy seven days' vacation every four months with pay. Yes, with pay. For a new G.O. has gone forth, or rather an amendment to a previous G.O.—ir's No. G, to be exact—whereby men going on leave in the designated area will be furnished with quarters and with commutation of rations at the rate of one dollar a day. The amended general order has to put all this in good Army style, of course, but the objectionable part doesn't work out as bad as it sounds. To get all these nice things the permissionnaire will be considered as "having a duty status." This, however, doesn't mean that he will have to do K.P. for his board and sweep out the hotel corridors for his lodging. The Army can't pay a soldier for vacationing, so it covers him by this duty status clause. But it doesn't mean any harm by it. The soldier's vacation will be strictly a holiday period.

The free quarters and food allowance are, of course, for men going to the designated leave area, meaning the department of the Savoy. But suppose you are fussy and want to go somewhere else—if they'll let you. In that case, you will have to save enough out of your pay to attend to your own lodging expenses, but thele Sam will still provide commutations of rations—this time at 60 cents a day.

Oh, You Ocean Bathing!

Oh, You Ocean Bathing!

The designated leave area in Savoy, in the vicinity of Aix-les-Bains, which was a good enough piace for J. P. Morgan, Queen Victoria and other \$33 a month people to spend their vacations in without assistance from their governments, is at present the only one included in the free quarters and dollar a day commutation amendment. It is probable, however, that new lease areas will be announced before summer, and the presumption is that the summertime leave centers will be near the sea.

The new ruling is the result of a rather noticeable flattening out in the permission industry at Aix as the result of a bear market on france. So many soldiers arrived at the famous watering place with more anticipation than funds that matters began to look serious both for the men and the Aix Hotel Proprietor's Association, if they have one there. In a short while, therefore, the only people left in Aix besides the universe were the provest marshal, X.M.C.A. officials, and the hotel men. Aix Bach't grown unpopular, nor had it been hey-forces. It was just the other way. Aix and grown too popular.

For instance, one regiment objected

Forces. It was just the other way. Aix had grown too popular.

For instance, one regiment objected almost to a man when it heard of the Army's plans for permissionnaires. After a lot of grambling, some of them decided to be the goats and went down just to see how rotten the place really was. When they came back they told such wonderful stories that several hundred men land signed up in a few hours to be allowed to go there when their turns came.

Extra Money Won't Hurt

Extra Money Won't Hurt

Naturally, if you are going to Aix, it will be well to have a few hundred centimes, if only to jingle them in your pocket as you leave the train and make the Aixians think you're really prosperous. This is the better plan, but if you should happen to land in Aix broke through an unfortunate accident on the train, you won't starve to death. Your room rent will be paid in advance, which means seven nights of blessed rest in a regular bed untroubled by quains about the landlord. You will draw your dellar a day every day, so that if further unfortunate accidents should befull you would go entless for that, day only.

The soldier on leave will have to go far out of his way if he wants to spoil his own vacation.

RESTAURANT MEN PUNISHED

Proprietors of Un-meatless Establishments Have to Tell the World

[BY CABLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

[BY CALLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, March 14.—Here's another sad occurrence in New York, Fifty-seven generous restaurant men have been hauled up for violating the meatless days order.
They agree to close for one day, haiging out the sign, "Closed for the day for violation of the regulations of the United States Food Administration." It was painfully like hanging a sign around a bad dog's neek, but it may furnish an instructive literary exercise for other food profiteers.
Otherwise the food situation continues easy. Hotel men enthusiastically cut down portions, but forger to do the same with prices.

UNITED CIGAR FOUNDER DEAT

[BY CABLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] | DFCARLETOTHESTARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 14.—Michael W.
Whelan has died in Syracuse, aged 71.
He was the founder of the famous United Cigar Stores. He served on a Mississippi river guaboat during the Civil war.
Sixteen years after the eneming of his chain of cigar stores they did \$30,000,000 worth of business annually.

BUREAU IN FRANCE FOR BAY STATE MEN

Recently Arrived Committee to Bring Massachusetts Nearer Troops

FIRST OF KIND FOR A.E.F.

Group of Well Known Citizens Will Get Line on Every Commonwealth Soldier Here

"Massachusetts is 3000 miles away. We're here to bring it nearer to the Massachusetts men in the A.E.F."

That, according to Chairman Charle That, according to cantinal access.

S. Baxter, is the purpose of the visit to France of a committee of prominent Bay State citizens who will aim to bring home to the thousands of Massachusetts men already here that not only their own country, but their own common-wealth as well, is behind them heart, soul and pocketbook.

The committee has been appointed by

the governor as the officially representathe governor as the blastally repeated the body of the people of Mussachusetts, and as such has received the official authorization of Secretary Newton D. Baker of the War Department. The members have come to France, however, entirely at their own expense. All are entirely at their own expense. All are very well known citizens of Massachusetts. The chairman is Charles S. Baxter of Medford, former mayor of that city, and with him are Louis A. Frothingham of North Easton, former lientenant governor, and Dr. John W. Coughlin of Fall River, former mayor of the city. O. G. Westerberg of Somerville is secretary.

Mrs. Louis A. Frothingham is accompanying the committee and has offered to make suitable provisions for the establishment of a central bureau and home for Massachusetts men which she will maintain at her own expense.

Dr. Prince to Stay Here

Dr. Prince to Stay Here

Dr. Morton Prince of Boston, a physician of national reputation and uncle
of Norman Prince, founder of the Lafayette Escadrille, who was subsequently killed in action, is also with the committee. Dr. Prince will remain in
France after the return of the other
members, as executive manager of the
Solidlers' Help Bureau.

To make plain the aim and scope of
the committee's work it is necessary to
review a little of the recent history of
Massachusetts, particularly some that
has been written on her books since the
arrival of several thousands of her sons
in France. As soon as war was declared,
Governor Samuel W. McCall appointed
a Committee of Public Safety, better
known as the Committee of One Hundred, since it comprised 100 prominent
men in all parts of the State. This committee, the first of its kind in the
United States, was created under a War
Emergency Act passed by the legislature.

Under this act the governor also ap-

tire.
Under this act the governor also appointed a Soldiers' Help Bureau, with Mr. Baxter at its head, which named sub-committees throughout the State, of about five members for each 30,000 of "population, to represent separate communities.

of "population, to represent separate communities.

An effort was made to have in each committee some resident, man or woman, who was particularly interested in the welfare of the State's soldiers by reason of having a husband, son or brother in service. The work was not, therefore, in the hands of well meaning people who like being on committees, but of citizens who were themselves vitally concerned in the soldiers' welfare.

Line on Every Soldier

Line on Every Soldier

These local committees gathered every kind of information relating to the soldiers, picked up traces of them if correspondence between the men and their families went astray by reason of the men's being shifted, and kept accurate registers of overy obtainable fact in the record of the community's individual soldiers. If you are a Massachusetts soldier, your whole military history is on record with the local committee of some city or town between the Cape and the New York boundary of Hershire.

It is also on record at Hoston. The local committees, having tabulated every available fact about their own men, sent the results to Boston, where the name and history of every Massachusetts soldier is now filed. And it is some considerable file.

Wherever a Massachusetts soldier has gone, he has never yet been able to reach the end of the string by which the committees keep in touch with him. At Washington there is an authorized agent of the State who secures at first hand any important information concerning a Massachusetts man, at home or broad, and whe informs the Boston central committees, by wher if necessary, of anything cutified to a place on the soldier's record. Similar links connect the committees with every camp and cantonment in the United States, for Massachusetts men are training in many parts of the country.

More Than Cold Tabulation

More Than Cold Tabulation

More than Cold labulation.

But the committee's work has not consisted merely in a cold tabulation of several tens of thousands of young men's military careers. It has kept the men in touch with their families, investigated their needs wherever they happened to be, talked with their officers personally where it has been possible, and seen to it generally that the soldier from the Bay State realized that the people of the commonwealth were not only behind him but took a personal interest in his well-being.

Well, to make a long story short, they're here. They haven't yet shaken dis with every Massachusetts man in France—that would be some little job for a considerably larger committee. But they will soon get in touch with every Massachusetts unit, visit in person as many as can be reached—whileh will take them considerably nearer the Boche than they have ever been before—and see that every Bay Stater hereabouts is notified of their presence and purpose.

WAR SECRETARY HERE TO STUDY A. E. F.

the danger and it was a profoundly impressed Secretary of War who landed a little later on French soil.

Mr. Baker had 40 minutes in which to pay his compliments to the French of the purpose of my six to France is sultations, declares that uter harmony and all other republicans of all factions.

"The purpose of my six to France is sultations, declares that uter harmony with Conservation to the purpose of my six to France is sultations, declares that uter harmony with the purpose of my six to France is sultations, declares that uter harmony with the purpose of my six to France is sultations, declares that uter harmony and purpose the purpose of my six to France is sultations, declares that uter harmony and purpose the purpose of my six to France is sultations, declares that uter harmony and purpose the purpose of my six to France is sultations, declares that uter harmony and purpose the purpose of my six to France is sultations, declares that uter harmony and purpose the purpose of my six to France is sultations, declares that uter harmony and purpose the purpose of my six to France is sultations, declares that uter harmony and purpose the purpose of my six to France is sultations.

the danger and it was a profoundly impressed Secretary of War who landed a little later on French soil.

Mr. Baker had 40 minutes in which to pay his compliments to the French and American authorities in the port of debarkation and to stroll through the busy streets of the ancient town. Then his train for Paris called him and in Paris the busy hours began. There were the calls to make and the conferences During the first 24 hours he was able to call upon Premier Clemenceau, President Poincare and Ambassador Sharp, to be visited by Marshal Joffre and return the visit.

This last was in the nature of a remion, for they had met and conferred before during the memorable visit of the hero of the Marne to the United States nearly a year ago. Before he left, Mr. Baker made two trips to Versailles for further hours with General Bilss.

War Deserted for Toys

His second day in Paris was a rejectition of the first with General Foch, M. Viviani and M. Pichon among the French leaders with whom he conferred. Yet the day was not all business, for one of those at the luncheon Mr. Baker gave at the Crillon was his brother. Captain Henry Baker, who came up from the press of affairs, doiged his romannessed and jorted down in his memory the street at a great pace, ainding, as it turned out latter, for a toy shop he had passed and jorted down in his memory the day before. There he bought a singering collection of toys, and almost the last thing he did before setting forth to link phe did before setting forth to link phe did before setting forth to link phe did before setting for the first with the first before the first with the more against containing and a great Army is finishing he did before setting forth to link phe did before setting forth to link small son on the other side of the attaintic.

During his first day in Paris the Section of War issued in French a formal country.

We have staked all our resources on victory. "We have staked all our resources on victory."

During his first day in Paris the Sectorary of War issued in French a formal victory."

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE MEDICO

He's just a human question mark: for nerve he can't be beat—"How often do you change your socks? How often wash your feet? How often do you brush your teeth? How often do you change your underwear?" Pop-pop he goes, like pistolston the range!

"How often do you take a bath. How often do you shave?
Hold in your chin and stomach, too, and make you! thest behave!
Are both your parents crazy? Let me see—stick out four tongue!
Here, orderly, a pair of pills!" And then you have stung.

He posts the village water so you dassen't drink a drop. He makes the K.P.s work away with scrubbing brush and mop. He never gives you "quarters," but "light duty" when you're sick-And, if he thinks you're shamming, he can make it awful thick.

At worst, he is a nuisance, but at best he's on the job; He's knocked out half the outilt's colds; when mumps was raising hob In all the other regiments, we only had two cases; Oh, we do what he tells us now, and go and wash our faces!

ONE REGIMENT WINS 16 CROIX DE GUERRE

colonels galloped the length of the regi-|shouting to Fritz to come out and be

These crosses were won mostly in two for any constraints, on February 23 and February Larkin "showed aggressiveness and braver in a party of 100, the rest being cessful ride." The French citation does French. The Americans were under not say so, and neither does Larkin, but a story has crept round that affeast one of the black eyes brought in by German volunteers—picked from a solid battalion of volunteers.

Won't Tell How They Did it

They went at dawn, they behaved with reat spirit, and they brought back 23 prisoners. The particular deeds which man by man they did to win the *Croix* it is impossible to get. The French citations are as general as possible, and

citations are as general as possible, and no man whom I have interviewed can tell me—sus how he heroized.

These eight complete the 16 crosses won by this regiment.

The men decorated are Lieutenants Koob, George W. Davis and H. K. Davison, Sergeants George F. Dever, Harold J. Eldridge and Sullivan, Corporal F. T. Hurley, Bugler Thomas Hammond, and Frivartes F. E. Hurley, Edward A. Larkin, Lipsie, Glaude E. Seitz, Fingg, Mott, and Stewart W. Miller, and Chaplain Boucher.

Dever's citation was: "Took part in a cusp de main, and displayed remarkable course and decision in its execution."

Soitz has proved his courage and cool-

Thin but took a personal interest in his well-being.

Then one day a certain Massachusetts camp hecame suddenly a very empty spot. There followed a long gap in letter writing which even the Public Safety Committee could not fill, and then letters began to arrive carrying no straps, but marked "Soldier's Mail." Massachusetts, or a good part of it, had come to France.

That little trip, you might think, would have left the Soldier's Help committees bigh and dry. Well, they couldn't all come to France, of course, but some of them could. Official wheels are supposed to grind slowly, but trey didn't this time. The governor, duly authorized, had soon appointed a committee to carry the protecting shadow of the Sacred Code—you won't get that unless you come from Massachusetts—over here to France.

To Let Every Bay Stater Know

Well, to make a long story short, rivey're here. They haven't yet shaken down the Sacred Code—you won't get that unless with every Massachusetts man in France—that would be some little job for a considerably larger committee. But they will soon get in fouch withevery Massachusetts unit, visit in per-

ment and through the battallons, and captured. Hurley stood steady, pouring finally "took the review" as the tribute of their own comrades to the new decoration the momentary probability of being

shouting to Fritz to come out and be captured. Hurley stood steady, pouring title fire down into the pit and facing the momentary probability of being potted himself, for he was a fair mark for anybody within.

Larkin "showed aggressiveness and bravery during the execution of a successful raid." The French citation does not say so, and neither does Larkin, but a sorry has crept round that a cleast one of the black eyes brought in by German prisoners was marked "Larkin."

Lipsie is an antomatic rifleman. He was in the party that went over on the morning of the 23d, and he took entire charge of an abri in which there was a very hornets hest of Boches. He stayed with it without a quiver until they decided to come out and be good.

Licuneant Koob and Privates Francis it, Hurley, Mott and Miller, all get cited for bravery proven to both French and for bravery proven to both French and a mericans as worthy of receiving decorations.

Out of Luck, But Still Heroes

Licuneant Davis was in charge of the land-luck party in this particular raid, it went along the cannot to a point where the land and private raid, it went along the cannot to a point where the land and private raid, it went along the cannot to point where the land and private raid. It went along the cannot to point where the land at all.

"The captain smilingly turned the Germans militagly turned the Germans militagly turned the Germans with and padagraries to herd back to regimens the adaptate to analyze the hard pound back behind, the prisoners. Roaming about in the adrikates, I came upon the colonel who had led the swall be told me: "When my watch showed 5:05 we take the did not lot the back with it without a quiver until they do to the back with did not been churned up by shells—but we made to be a supplied to the straight of the way. From the time we went through our wire until we got back we didn't have a single casualty. Thank our guns for that, the blying had flown. After

Lieutenant Davis was in charge of the hard-luck party in this particular raid. It went along the canal to a point where it hoped to put a bridge across. Prevented, it never got any further into the party. Like the rest, it was under the heaviest sort of fire, but the lieutenant, with the utmost coolness, carried his 11 men through a trying half hour, made no mistakes, and brought them all in safe.

Boucher.

Dever's citation was: "Took part in a comp de main, and dispiaged remark, able courage and decision in its execution."

Seitz "has proved his courage and coolness under fire in the face of the enemy."

Lieutenant Davison, "under an intense hombardment, at the head of his troops, which were under fire for the first time, was each and absolutely fearless."

Flagg, "under a very heavy artillery and muchine gun fire, went to an exposed post and look command of the situation."

Figgan "Sullivan's cross came for a plece of nerve which deserves description. He was one of three men in a dugout, the others being Corporal Homer Whenton and Frivate Smith. They were about to distribute hand grenades, as Fritz was just coming ahead with a party.

What Sergeant Sullivan Did

A soldier came in with a box of the grenades, and somehow dropped it. Some of the grenades went off, in a huanner not yet explained, and killed Wheaton, wounding Sullivan and Smith.

Sullivan to quote his citation, "after being wounded in an explosion in which a man was killed, took his post in a firing position, held command of the large position, held command of the proposition, held command and smith and smith and sullivan and Smith.

Sullivan to quote his cliation, "after being wounded in an explosion in which a man was killed, took his post in a firing position, held command of the proposition, held command of the sullivan to quote his cliation in which a man was killed, took his post in a firing position, held command of the proposition, held command to the proposition proposition, held command to the proposition, hel

POLITICIANS GO SLOW

Continued from Page 1

Continued from Page 1
smiles and continues to dig away at the
Fusion fund and the gambling scandals.
There has been a hot fight in the Assembly at Albany over the Brown bill,
designed to empower the New York State
Industrial commission to waive all laws
against child labor, overwork, and other
factory conditions whenever it may be
deemed necessary for war purposes.
Women's clubs, granges, Christian associations and other public agencies are
furlously against it, and proclaim that it
means the annihilation of the constructive social work of the past decade.

A Marvel of Cheerful Silence

able to understand how any being can in the first bearen being pounded. There is general speculation as to the oliseount on the feats performed by laison agents; their record is uet.

Took Charge of Hun Front Door Corporal Hurley distinguished himself the during the coup de main by taking force charge of one entrance of a German during the coup de main by taking out all alone; at the other entrance a grant out all alone; at the other entrance a grant group of French soldiers occupied them.

A Marvel of Cheerful Silence

There is general speculation as to the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the State's productiveness. Very little newspaper discussion has been discussion has been discussion has been for the substraction of the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the state's productiveness. Very little newspaper discussion has been discussed in the bill will have a big effect on the gubernatorial campaign in New York and may reach into national politics before the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help speed the possible purposes behind the bill, but a particular effort to help s

newspapers and politicians to find out from William Hays, the new Republican national chairman, what the Grand Old Party claims to do, but Hays is a marvel of polite and cheerful science. He ha

exists, without apparently a single un kind thought or word anywhere. The bis Republican guns so far support Hays' contention by benignant remarks which sound as if the Elephant and the Bull Moose always bad been one united

AMERICANS MAKE FIRST RAIDS INTO GERMAN TRENCHES

Continued from Page 1

marked, in a disappointed tone of voice—but such is human nature.

I remained a moment or so longer, but the fighting seemed to have moved off into the distance. I made my way back to the captain's post of combat, and waited there with him. We sat there silently together—neither of us could find anything to say. After what seemed many hours—it was only 20 minures—a French officer sleeped into our little chamber from the French poste de commandement next door and said in matter of fact English:

"They have just sent word to us over our telephone that the objective has been reached."

The captain smiled and said, "Fine!"

Walsh," replied the wearer of the medal, "Patrick Walsh."

"For Pete's sake! Look at the first page of the paper, then! There's your name, and all about how you got that Cross there. Here: take a copy!"

Wonderingly, Sergeant Walsh glanced at it. Sure enough, there it was:

"SERGEANT PATRICK WALSH—betroit, Mich., 47 years old."

"well," he remarked, at length, "they got the name right, all right."

"Go on, read the rest of it. sergeant, and tell us something about it," persisted the clerk. "Tell us how you your needal: come on!"

Wire Severed in His Hands

Wire Severed in His Hands

The captain smiled and said, "Fine!"

Wire Severed in His Hands

There was another interval of snspense, and then we heard from a runner that another attacking party, the one to the left of us, was isolated, the telephone wire having been cut by shells. The captain told me about an artilleryman who had been out repairing wire under a barrage, when a strand of it was severed in his hands by a bit of shrupnel. Exactly the same thing, I recilled, had happened to another gunner in another sector, a few days before. In each case the man placidly continued his work.

"The funny thing about this fellow today," the captain went on, "was that he got into a row with his brother, who was out with him, over something or other, and bawled him out. The brother happened to be a sergent and promptly threatened the gunner with arrest. 'Say, you don't think I'd stand for heling arrested while this fighting's going on, do you?' the gunner told him." Half an hour later two mud-begrimed, panting privates pushed a pair of German prisoners down into the dugout. The French questioned them through an interpreter. The interrogation lasted about an hour, Then the captain was called upon to provide a grand to take the Boches to the rear. Keen competition arose among the half dozen Americans in the dugout. "Oh, say, captain, give 'em' to me," et the doughboys pleaded.

Colonel Mud-Begrimed, But Happy
The control Mud-Begrimed at the first of the batch to be before the control Mud-Begrimed and the control Mud-B

a single cusualty. Thank our guns for that.

"Well, we got to their trenches and found that the birds had flown. After pecking around for 20 minutes, the best we could discover were two wound-ed Boches left behind in a shattered dugout.

Not Usually Profane

"We were a pretty disappointed lot, but the sorest of all was an old sergeant. He was cussing away to be the band." (Colone), he told me. I just can't

"Colonel,' he told me, 'I just can't help it, though I'm not usually a profane man. Look at what the artillery done to that there pillbox. Just smashed it to bits, that's all. Danna 'en!' That was my pillox! Why couldn't they leave it to me? "The pillbox he was talking about had been a muchine gun nest until our gunners got busy with it. The German trenches were magnificently built, built they could not stand up under our bombardment. Even the 'dugouts, built with 15 inch thick concrete, were badly buttered.

"After 20 minutes we went back as uneventfully as we had come out. It was just 5:52 by my watch when I dropped into our trench again, so we were gone altogether 47 minutes."

Sergeant .- A guy given chevrons to show that he is supposed to hel Lieutenants hold down their jobs

IN STARTING THINGS

THINGS

Licettenants hold down their jobs.

Quartermaster Corps Officer.—A man who is always out of the particular thing one wants to get, and who spends all his time trying to get it for one, with no results.

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DOESN'T WORRY HIM

Raid Hero Sees Name in Print, but Can't Stop to Read About It

He was an old sergeant of regular Unobtrusively he made his way up to the counter of a canteen near G.H.Q. and purchased some tobacco. Then

"What's this?" he inquired, pointing to a pile of papers nearby. "That's THE STARS AND STRIPES the Army paper, sergeant," replied one of the cierks. "Want to look one over?" Interested, the sergeant reached for a copy. As he did so, his overcoat came open a bit disclosing over his chest—

open a bit discussing over his chest-the Croix de Guerre.

"Who are you?" inquired the clerk.

"What's your name?"

"Walsh," replied the wearer of the medal, "Patrick Walsh."

ON GERMAN OFFICER

Chief of Divisional Staff **Sets Good Example on Lorraine Front**

Colonel —, chief of staff of a division now occupying part of our new front in Lorraine, recently went over the top and brought back a souvenir in the shape of a German helmet—with the owner of the said helmet underneath it. The Boche in question, was a stout Bavarian lieutenant, so that the Colonel established a dual record, in that he was the first American officer to capture a prisoner, and that prisoner was the

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PAPER WAR-MONEY
COLLECTORS of CHAMBER of
COMMERCE BILLS and BILLS
from the INVADED DISTRICTS
chould apply for CATALOGUE

A. LIONEL ISAACS,

first German officer to be taken by an The Colonel's demonstration of 100

per cent efficiency took place before the troops to which he is attached went into he line, but the fact was obscured by the line, but the fact was obscured by
the Colonel's modesty for several days.
He had gone out with the French on a
raid and his Bavarlan was one of some
500 prisoners bagged by the pollus.
The only narrative that one is: able
to extract from the Colonel is this:
"I found the Boche is an angle of a
trench when his automatic wasn't aimed
my way and mine was pointed straight
at him."

A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

Sweli—A guy that sleeps in pajamas. Lucky Stiff—A bird who's quarantined for measles when the rest of the outfit has got to go for wood.

Willy-boy—The critter that still objects to washing his mess-kit in the same pail with the other 249 men.

TWO KINDS OF SOLDIERS

Captain: "Well, Jim, what do you think of this war game anyway? Glad you joined up?" Private Jim (wearily): "Well, sir, a

Private Jim (wearly): "Well, sir, is guy what goes to war for Old Glory and the U.S.A. and to avenge martyred Belgium and repay France for what she has done for us and all the rest is on the right track. But a guy what they call a 'soldier of fortune—what goes around the world lookin' for other people's private wars to butt into for the fun of it—why, he, sir, is my humble opinion. is just a plain __________ foo!"

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Separate Instructions for **Every Man Who Goes Out Between the Lines**

LISTENING IN ON HUN TALK

Milwaukee Soldier Acts as Interpreter When German Wagon **Driver Voices Complaint**

NO SINECURE FOR OFFICERS

Captain, If He's Lucky, Sometime Gets a Chance to Sleep Two Hours a Day

IEditorial Note.—Mr. Junius B. Wood, to look for signs of gas as vigilantly as correspondent of the Chicago Daily for enemy snipers.

"Watch for gas. The wind seems week in the sector held by the American Army northwest of Toul. He lived the life of a doughboy, slept a little and the life of a doughoot, sept a fitter and saw a lot. He spent his days in and near the front line and some of his nights in No Man's Land. Here is the second and concluding installment of his story (told by days), depicting life at the front as it actually is. The first installment was published in last week's issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

By JUNIUS B. WOOD Correspondent of the "Chicago Daily News with the A.E.F.

fied of your starting and what time you expect to return? "he asked a moment later.

"Word is being sent along now," said the lieutenant. A solenn faced sergeant sitting on the little bunk beside the lieutenant nodded corroboration. Twelve hours earlier I had seen the same sergeant herding a squad of men into a dugout for sheltered eating. Starting a patrol is a ticklish, serious proposition. A little group of men sin out and away, not notifying anybody. A messenger whispers to every sentry along the line how many men are going, when they are starting, the spot in the time of their return. Seeing shadowy forms stealing through No Man's Land in the laze and the light of a harvest moon and not knowing that it is their own patrol is liable to cause half a dozen automatic rifles to turn loose. Instantly, the forbidden strip is as light as day in the glare of rockets, both sides shooting, with disastrous effect to the patrol. "Through the entire night there is

shooting, the entire night there is worry and a constant strain until the last patrol has safely returned," said the captain as the party left.

Joys of a Captain's Life

A captain's life seems to be a constant patrol of the maze of trenches that his company is occupying. At night it is a continuous circuit, talking to lieutenants commanding platoons, cautioning and encouraging the men. By day it is the same tiresome tramp, watching working parties, suggesting changes, strengthening the line. If no extra reports are to be prepared, he is permitted to sleep between two and four in the afternoon.

ports are to be prepared, he is permitted to sleep between two and four in the afternoon.

Such a strain is the chief reason why the same outfit is seldom in the trenches longer than a week before being relieved. There is neither hot nor cold water, a basin of muddy water for shaving being the nearest one assally gets to washing one's face. Undressing usually consists of removing one's rubber hoots and steel helmet for the few minutes one is able to sleep. The Sam Browne belt is not worn in the trenches, while most officers further detract from their appearance by clipping their hair close to their heads, unaking them resemble overgrown English walnuts.

Most dugouts would give hysterics to a sanitary housing expert. It is a pluse of warfare which would not lend itself to picture painting. One capitain's dugout. I visited was so low that only his helmet prevented him from fracturing his skull when he stood up. Rats splashed through three inches of stagnant water under the rough slatted floors. In honor of visitors, two candles were lighted instead of one feeble light.

The room was so narrow that one person only could stand between the shelf-table and the tier of two bunks. When another wanted to pass it was necessary for the first one to perch on one of the bunks. The lower bunk, on this night, was wet, so four of us took turns sleeping in the upper berth.

inger through stated floors. In honor of visitors, two candles were lighted instead of one feeble light.

The room was so narrow that one person only could stand between the shelf, table and the tier of two bunks. When another wanted to pass it was necessary for the first one to perch on one of the bunks. The lower bunk, on this night, was wet, so four of us took turns sleeping in the upper berth.

Dirt Least of Their Worries

"We pump out the dugout each day and will be able to keep the water below the floor until it rains," said the captain. "We don't bother about dirt or being crowded. Three of us live here all the time."

It was close to six o'clock in the morning and the captain was busy poring over maps when a soldier rapped at the door, crawled through the curtain and came inside. As the faint candle rays struck him. I rubbed my eyes to see whether I was awake, dreaming, or at a ministrel show. The man's face was blackened in the approved style.

"Our party has returned. It is the last one back," reported the soldier. "Some men black their feece by rubbing in mud." explained the captain, "so they won't shine in the moonlight when they go raiding."

I was sitting on a little charcoal stove in which the fire was out. Twenty-two hours' tramping through the trenches makes a person drowsy.

"We'll have supper at eight o'clock this morning," was the last thing I heard the captain say as I dozed off.

A Life-and-Death Weather Vane

ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1918

Sure, the harp and shamrock lead the van on every battlefield, The blackthorn stick is ample cause for Prussian foes, to yield; The fists of sturdy Irish lads up front have paved the way For victory—so honor them on this St. Patrick's day!

Those modern missionaries well uphold St. Patrick's fame-From reveille to taps at night they're always in the game; The unbelieving Booles are converted once for all When on their heads the weapons of the Irish 'gin to fall!

The "fighting race" has proved its steel in this our A.E.F.—
To wheedlings of the pacifists its members all are deaf;
They never sprang from anyone, but always at their thousand
In any sort of scrimmage they will make the House the goals!

St. Patrick's job was driving snakes and other reptiles and So, in St. Patrick's manner, watch the Irish put to rout
The Tenton snakes and reptiles who would poison all the world
With tyranny, wherever German standards are unfurled.

Then success attend the Irish who Columbia's cause uphold! As scrappers leal and loyal, they are worth their weight in gold; Their cheery wit and songfulness drive all the blues away—Turn out, salute Ould Erin on this war-time "Patrick's day"!

the direction of the wind and patrols the trenches, carrying a klaxon under his arm ready to sound an instant Men of the post are instructed

changing. It may be favorable for the enemy in an hour," was the last order the lieutenant in command of the pla-

the lieutenant in command of the platoon gave the sergeant as we climbed out of the trenches for a patrol along the German wire.

We little anticipated then what a vital bearing the things we discovered in the next hour would have on a German surprise gas attack three days later.

On making a pairol, a knitted wool casue takes the place of the steel helmot. The latter is liable to rattle against the barbed wire and bring a fusilade of builets from the automatic rides of the enemy.

Instructions for Every Man

Instructions for Every Man

Each man in our party had a definite position and definite instructions as to what to do in case of an alarm. Everyone except the lieutenant was armed with an automatic revolver and four greundes. The lieutenant carried a rocket pistol and Very light cartradges. ready to fire a signal calling for a barrage if we were attacked. We were not insured against a failure to return, but it was some satisfaction to know that a bank of batteries was standing on a hill behind us ready to hurl several thousand dollars worth of shells if the Germans shot at any of us.

"Follow one at a time so we won't be outlined against the skyline," said the lieutenant, crawling over the parapet.

We worked our way through our own belt of barbed wire, scraping the backs of our leather jerkins, but the wind drowned the rattle of the loose strands.

"Be careful you don't bit unexploded greandes. There are lots of them out here," said the lieutenant, as we crawled across No Man's Land. The forbidden strip was pitted with shell holes—some of them old ones filled with water with a coating of thin ice, others exposing fresh earth. In the frosty haze, objects stood out ghostlike under a full moon.

"Saw a flash in that direction." whispered a soldier. "It's a stump. There may be a sniper behind it. We found it list night."

"We'll wait a couple of minutes," said the lieutenant.

Slow 200-Yard Journey

"If they threw a nickel firecracker behind Bill he'd tear down the side of the trench getting back." said one. referring to one of the guards.
"The Germans have wires charged with electricity in front of their trenches," said to other.
"Sure, an American officer went over and tapped it and now has electric lights in his dugout!" affirmed his companion. Somebody in the next sector wasted a Very light, which soared in our direction, showing up our party like a search, light. There were strong remarks under breath from all. The light sputtered into darkness and the wiring was resumed.
"It's getting daylight, now and we'll go back," finally said the licitemant.
"I'd rather be out here taking a chance than standing around in the trench," was the way one youngster summed up the American soldier's eagerness to get busy as he crawled back into the trenches.

How to Get Free Light

WELL, THEY DO!

parole.
Mone.
Nope.
Nunn.—Nashville!
Right.
Good work! I just guessed!

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Sentry: Halt! Who's there? Voice in the Dark: Mc. Sentry: Who in hell's me? V.I.D.: George: Sentry: George who?

Sentry : V.I.D. :

Slow 200-Yard Journey
It seemed an hour. Everybody strained his eyes toward the faint speck in the distance, but there was no other flash, and we resumed our crawling. Our destination, the German wire, was finally reached. It was a slow journey over the 200-yard strip.

In the silent night at that point the sounds of the enemy working carried to our enes. We heard the rattle of tin, as if being unloaded from a wagen, the ring of metal, as if pipe was being moved. Snatches of conversation in German were easily heard. What seemed to be pipes were German miniaenverfors which later hurled at us deadly gas projectiles. We then heard the creak of the wagons being driven away, and for a few moments there was silence. Then came the rattle of another wagon approaching heavily loaded and a German driver vigorously complaining.

"He says, This horse is no good, the other pulls all the load," translated a soldier of our party halling from Milwankee.

soldier of our party hailing from Mil-wankee.
Further comments of the German transport service were drowned in the rattle of more fron being unloaded. It was evidently the last load, for all was silent after the team with its one slacker-horse creaked away. Dawn was not far away as we started our slow journey back, still protected by the shades of night.

Spiner Starts Something

the captain say as I dozed off.

A Life-and-Death Weather Vane

WEDNESDAY—The last thing I heard today as I left battalion headquarters and started for my residence in the front line trench was the warning of the surgeon. "have both gas masks ready for instant use."

His little dugout, a field dressing station, equipped as a bomb and gas proof chamber, was constantly ready to receive gas victims and administer antidores and neutralizing gases.

On the groups of the front trench before every post command is a weather vane a whittled, thin board which shows whether the wind is favorable for carrying the stifling mist from the enemy trenches. Each platoon has a gas sentry who hourly, night and day, re-

YANKEES HELP HONOR FRANCE'S WAR HEROES

Ceremony First of Kind at Which United States Is Represented

MUSIC BY AMERICAN BAND

Men From Pacific Coast Have Part in Impressive Exercises at Bestowal of Medals

Symbolizing the sisterhood of France and the United States, American Army officers and men participated in the formal decoration of the latest little group of French soldiers to win official recognition for work upon the battle field. The ceremony, the first of its kind the trenches ceased, being replaced by only a waist high camouflaged side and at which the United States was repre sented, was held recently at a city in western France where American Army a duckboard path.
"We'll go around through the wood,"
said the major. Uprooted trees, birch
saplings cut as smoothly as by an axe, units from the Pacific coast are sta-

Thirteen officers received the Croix de la Legion d'Honneur. 40 men were decorated with the Medaille Militaire, 87 were awarded the Croix de Gaurre, and several medals were bestowed upon the widows and children of men who could not receive them in person, men who have made the great sacrifice for their country.

The ceremony took place in the central plaza of the city, the men to be decorated being grouped at the base of a famous statue with an American guard of honor on one side and a French on the other. At the last minute ambulances appeared bearing convalescent wounded who were to receive decorations.

said the major. Uprooted trees, birch saplings cut as smoothly as by an axe, branches which never would bud again, all ent off by German shells, strewed our path. Sitting in the door of a dugout in the woods were two soldiers, mere boys, cleaning automatic revolvers.

"Shelled our woods about an hour ago and got one of our fellows, I guess, but we'll even it up," said one with a grim smile. It all went to make a quiet day.

At last, daylight, with the boom of the big guns, censed, and the rat-art of the automatic rifle in the hands of the sniper stalking his human proy under cover of darkness, took its place.

"Swanson says he saw the flash of a sniper's rifle against our wire," the lieutenant informed his first sergeant as we entered a gas sentry's dugout that evening to warm our fingers. Since the lieutenant had left his own dugout a shell had caved in the entrance and it was no longer habitable.

"He's always hearing or seeing something. Next he will be reporting that he heard the Germans municuring their finger mails in their trenches," declared the sergeant.

Flags Fly Together

sniper's rille against our wire.' The liettenant informed his first sergeant as we entered a gas sentry's dugont that evening to warm our fingers Since the lieutenant had left his own dugont a shell had caved in the entrance and it was no longer habitable.

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"Don't get careless." cautioned the lieutenant. "I'n going out now to inspect the outer belt of our barbed wire. Get two men to accompany us."

A few minutes lafer we crawled over the top and worked our way through successive mazes of wire entanglements in No Man's Land. Shells daily tear gaps in the wire and constant repairing at high is necessary.

As we went out, the sergeant in the trench sood with a Very light, pistol in bis hand, ready to send up a colored rocket calling for a barrage should any action start. As we moved, cronchylation start, as we moved, cronchylation start. As we moved, cronchylation start, as we moved, cronchylation start. As we moved, cronchylation start, as we man in, article section to serve in an African required by a brain special by the first both legs: Private Leonichylation, and the section of the section to serve in an attack in his particular special start, the party was larger. A sergeant did the wiring, others carried wire and stood guard. Two soldiers, carrying a rattling spindle over shell-pitted No Man's Land, gossiped in whispers.

How to Get Free Ligh

3 Ruc de Castiglione, PARI

reinforced: Private Jean Sore held an exposed post for 48 hours. And so it was down the entire list.

After the presentation of medals, the men decorated were the guests at a reception in an American Y.M.C.A. The French general delivered an address from the balcony, first in English and then in French and the American brigadier-general responded, his words being repeated in French by an interpreter James Perry, secretary of the Y.M.C.A. who was host at the reception, spoke in French, telling the men that they had brought the day of liberty closer.

JUST BEFORE TAPS

"Where's my hat?"
"This shavin' in cold water——"
"What'd the Top say?"
"Hey, shut that door!"
Z-z-zwunk.
"Well, for the lova Mike, did you know

er, too?"
"Hit me casy."
"These French Janes are all right, "Say, I gotta get that but."
"That guy, why he used to be a ribbor

Z-Z-zwank.
"Say, quit shakin' this bed, will yuh?"
"Hey, whaddayuh tink dis place is, a

"Take it, that makes 22."
"Don't know how they get away with

"I'd like to know where that —— hat s, anyhow."
"How long to taps?"
"An' I says, 'Parlez-vous?"
"Say, how da yuh spell 'trajectory?"
"Oh, did yon get one, too?"
"How'd you like to be walking up old trond—" "My boh-h-hnie lies over the och-h-

un!"

ZZ-z-z-wango.
"Say, if I don't find that hat, how am I—

"Say ont!"

CAMP

"Lights out!"
"Just one more land FRMAN
"And I suys
"Hire a hall!"
Zzzzzuggk-wzz LBRARY

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Address all communications re-lating to text, art, subscriptions, advertising and all other matters, to THE STARS AND STRIPES,

TAKE A GOOD LOOK

We read that Congress has voted 18 bilwe read that congress has voted to our fathers. Therefore, we are for loan; that the Shipping Board has 400 ships under construction; that Sir Somebody, in the British Parliament announced that 116 ships may under sunit in Gentleman and the success of a shell. More ensured that 116 ships may under sunit in Gentleman and the success of a shell. More ensured that 116 ships may under sunit in Gentleman and the success of a shell. ary; that Senator Somebody Else said the Browning machine gun was being made in "satisfactory quantities"; that the Germans sank 16 ships in such and such aweek; that Austria is starving; that Austria is not starving.

We read all this—and more—and then we sigh

we either jump at a conclusion or we sigh and say. "What the deuce is doing anyl say.

The human mind has its limitations. In

Just take a good look at the situation as a whole and then don't worry about detail. The United States is the biggest, the richest, the most powerful, the most resourceful country in the world-and she has never started anything that she didn't finish. Jim Jones the delivery wagon driver, is at work and Hamilton Smith, the railroad president, is at work. The United States is in this war with all her men, her brains, her money, her material. There can be only one result.

Where does the Kaiser figure to come in, anyhow?

cannot be said, but also what must be said and the precise tone of it.

For example, the press in commenting on strikes must carefully avoid irritating its readers by any comments of "immoderate sharpness."

The same subtlety of compulsory deception is applied to news about America's war preparations. To make disparagement seem more convincing, the German press is commanded not to speak of the preparations as a bluff; they "must be taken seriously, without on that account being made a source of worry."

Another important instruction is the nicely adjusted tone required in the press when Germans get a set-back: "It is desired that it should be clearly and distinctly put in the foreground that the enemy of-

sired that it should be clearly and distinctly put in the foreground that the enemy offensive has utterly failed on all fronts, that the Entente has no alternative but to attempt a new offensive, as the enemy statesmen are still against peace. . . In referring to the Skager Rak battle it is of utmost importance to use the greatest energy in freeing neutrals from the pretended English supremacy of the sea."

So the Germans go on eating dog ment

may have wondered why the German peo-ple are still groping in the dark for facts about the war, these papers furnish the ex-planation. The German newspapers haven't

the slightest chance either to print facts or to reflect the sentiments of their readers. The Imperial Hun dictates not only what

cannot be said, but also what must be said

So the Germans go on eating dog meat (unadvertised), reading not-too-caustic comment on labor unrest and waiting for the German triumphs on the high seas and on all the European buttle fronts to force the Entente statesmen to plead with Wil-helm for peace.

DIGNITY AND RESULTS

To our attention in the past week have come two cases of officers who didn't "pass the buck." When a bulletin from General Headquarters arrived in their offices asking for immediate attention to the matter of getting subscriptions in their out-fits to THE STARS AND STRIPES, HEROES IN WARTIME

As a matter of news, we printed in full the account of the Moran-Fulton boxing bout and gave it all the prominence as a sporting event that it deserved. But let no one suppose that we have the slightest disposition to make heroes of this pair. To our notion the proper belt for a fighting man to wear in war time is of regulation canvas web or fair leather—not of silk. We may be doing justice to the proper belt for a fighting the man to wear in war time is of regulation canvas web or fair leather—not of silk. We may be doing justice to the proper belt for a fighting the man to wear in war time is of regulation canvas web or fair leather—not of silk. We may be doing justice to the man to wear in war time is of regulation to the proper belt for a fighting the man to wear in war time is of regulation canvas web or fair leather—not of silk. These officers didn't have to do what they did. They might have passed the buck. They weren't of the buck-passing variety.

"VERBOTEN"

There's an order out which prohibits holding any conversation or communica-tion with prisoners of war. Its language is unmistakable, its purpose obvious. Therefore, the only thing to do is to obey it.

is unmistakable, its purpose obvious. Therefore, the only thing to do is to obey it. This warning seems necessary because in a recent issue of a Paris paper it was reported that a certain private in an engineering outlift had written home to his horder, telling him that he had met here in France several Austrian prisoners of war whom he had known in Tacoma, Wash. He was reported as writing that he had "quite a chat with them," and that "they asked for news of scores of people they knew in Tacoma."

While that may have been very nice for the Austrians, and all that, and of a great deal of interest to the folks back in Tacoma, the fact still remains that it was contrary to known and published orders. Those orders were issued for the protection of the people of France, for the security of the prisoners—for any number of good and sufficient reasons. Anyone with half a mind can easily see what the consequences of unlimited conversation with prisoners might be.

Leave the talking to war prisoners to the men intrusted with that work; that's their business, and a mighty useful one. Any further conversation with captives musses tun the game and may bring serious results.

**Coassance and light delicate of applies and light delicate a light delicate and in the cantonment but it is notorious that our prisoners of the men intrusted with that work; that's their business, and a mighty useful one. Any further conversation with captives musses the time of the prisoners of the men intrusted with that work; that's their business, and a mighty useful one. Any further conversation with captives musses the time of the prisoners of the men intrusted with that work; that's their business, and a mighty useful one. Any further conversation with captives musses the prisoners of the men intrusted with that work; that's their business, and a mighty useful one. Any further conversation with captives musses the prisoners of

night be.
i.eave the talking to war prisoners to the men intrusted with that work; that's their business, and a mighty useful one. Any further conversation with captives musses up the game and may bring serious results. Remember that a German or an Austrian decent create to be a German or an Austrian doesn't cease to be a German or an Austrian the minute he hollers "Kamerad!" So save up your knowledge of the languages of Austria and Germany until such time as you can use it effectively up front.

war want grant when the platform fecturer started anything that she didn't finish. Jim Jones the delivery wagen driver, is at work. The United States is in this war with all bee men, her brains, her money. Her material. There can be only one result.

Where does the Kaiser figure to come in anyhow?

IS THE PIPE PASSE?

Is the pipe going out of fashion in this man's army? Is the rich old stinking, googy smoke-solace of our fathers to be relegated to the military museum along with the flittlock musekt and the cider-barrel cannon? Is il feasible for use, in this man's war, wa my but those few for that is should be cared for?

We hope not; but from various portions of the front we hear direct tales which seem to foreshadow the pipe's passing popularity. It won't stay iii. It won't stay I guess not, because several other fellows tell me they've had the same thing happen

It takes too long to fill it. It burns out too speedily in the open air. It seems up a dugout altogether too streamously. And at the front there are no persons from whom one may borrow after much persons, the necessary hairpin or hatpin with which to clean it. Barbed wire is far row much persons. Shades of dear, good, well-meaning Dr. Pease! If all of the foregoing is true, the grand old pipe's humbler sister, the fand and may nat foreward to the grand old pipe's humbler sister, the fand and may far for the control of the grand old pipe's humbler sister, the fand and may far foreward to the grand old pipe's humbler sister, the fand and may far foreward to the grand old pipe's humbler sister, the special to the some have the vote and everything, is going to run for senator, to succeed the late Seanton Newlands. If she whom sou time they've had the same thing happen to run for senator, to succeed the late Seanton Newlands. If she whom sou the first woman to be elected to them."

Just how our leads, and therefore fages, whom one near paragrapher in the States as may be necessary for the to the upper bouse, just as some mean paragrapher in the States as may be necessary for the tothe upper bouse, just as some mean paragrapher in the States to say the she is not the first woman to be elected to them."

Just how our leads, and therefore fages, whom our leads, and therefore fages, the first woman to be elected to them."

Just how our leads, and therefore fages, when our limited states, and section 3297. Revised value from the States as may be necessary for the them."

Just how our leads, and therefore fages, the first woman to be elected to them."

Just how our leads, and therefore fages, when the same thing happen to them."

Just how our leads, and therefore fage

OUR PALS, THE WAR-WAIFS OF FRANCE

night. The cook had given them a splendid dinner, for which they were everlastingly obliged—he said this coyly, to throw us off our guerd. Now, would it be too much to ask that instead of spending the night with the enlisted men, as they had done the night before, they be allowed to vary the program by honoring the colonel with a visit?

"The lights are so much brighter in this house," he concluded—his clinching argument. He almost bowled us off our feet. Some one produced a box of chocolates, and munching with satisfaction we sat down around the quartermaster's stove in the light of a carbide lamp, to debate the question.

The dentist raised the point that the camp harbored a large and most ferocious dog which made a specialty of devouring small boys. This seemed to make the situation more serious, but the pair were undaunted, even when the dentist celared the dog was almost as large as a horse. No! They were determined to stay. The weather was impossible.

Some small regard to camp regulations has to be observed around headquarters, so we inanily arbitrated the matter by proposing a joy ride to town in a Red Cross ambulance. The driver related afterward that his passengers asked to be put off at a bridge, and that to the best of his knowledge their quarters in town were under one of the causeway's stone arches.

When the regiment settled down to the resoure task of working on docks and railways we met other youngtsers of the same ingraitinting ways. They had a code for dealing with the Americans. In exchange for handy phrases of French for running errands and for furnishing entertainment in the way of songs and wrestling matches, they received a quoto of copper clackers. They were respectful always, and apparently had few bad habits outside of a great precedonsness in the matter of eigarette smoking.

A few of the more appealing types attached

-By Charles Dana Gibson

A few of the more appealing types attached themselves to us as mascots. The engineers adopted an urchin who pretended to be a Belgian refugee. He was outlitted in O.D. with a sombero two sizes too large and a bright new engineer's hat cord on it. He pretended to be an interpreter, and was more or less successful, though his vocabulary was limited to half a dozen words.

His system was this: Some six-foot engineer going downtown on liberty would make gestures to indicate need of a hair-cut. The mascot would then reply with a babble of French topped off with a snappy salute, real American style, and lead the six-footer to the nearest barber shop. While the big fellow was in the chair, the mascot would stand beside the door and wait until some French youngster passed. Of course, the native would see him and pause to gaze in envy. Then the mascot would whip out a cap pistol and the spectator, not knowing what might happen to him at the hands of the young brigand under the huge sombrero, would fee for his life.

The little girls of France were usually too shy to get well acquainted. The boys were our pals, and understood us.

If ever a fund is raised among A.E.F. soldiers to see that no harm comes to our proteges after the war, we will subscribe to it with as much zest as we would to a Liberty Loan. We have met bundreds of these orphaned waifs in base ports, along the lines of communication, in the cities, and even close to the trenches. If "gets to us" to find them sleeping out in railway yards, under bridges and in alleys. Some are impostors, of course, for all tell the same story of homelessness and fathers killed in the war, but enough of them have convinced us of their stories to make us victius. They were our first friends, and they may count upon us to stick to them to the last.

C. P. C.

When our color-guards filed down the transports gangplank and planted the regimental standards on French soil, the only natives on the dock to welcome us were three small boys. They took up advanced posts half way between the colors and the colonel and budged not from there until an interpreter came to the rescue with the magic word alles! Retreating to an observation post on top of a hill of sugar sacks, they consumed a light dejounce of appless and watched the brief ceremony of uncusing the colors.

The Americans in France are to have a new French comic opera named after them. We congratulate them on their escape. It might have been a French cigar.

Miss Anne Martin, of Novada, where the women have the vote and everything, is going to run for senator, to succeed the late Senator Newlands. If she wins out it will be just like some mean paragrapher in the States to say that she is not the first woman to be elected to the upper bouse, just as some mean paragrapher once referred to Miss Rankin as "the only young woman in Congress."

playing in hard luck; what if the same physi-cal disability rule applied to heads?

This year is going to be Children's Year if the United States: and the question naturally arises as to when Germany is going to have a Children's anything.

"Trouble Is Spreading in Ireland."—Head-line. Well, what does trouble usually do it Ireland?

"Mr. Mason Carns will sing and rende several stirring war poems of his own competi-tion."—"The Herald." Composition seems to be a lost art, as it

"Paris Actress Is Arrested as Spy."-Head Playing the role of the villain?

Mr. W. C. Langlotz, mayor, and ten citi- G

Mr. W. C. Langlotz, mayor, and ten citizens of Fayetterille, near Houston, Texas, pleaded not guilty before a United States Commissioner to charges of espionage.

Their arrest followed the display of the German flag over the entry of the-Germania club in Fayetterille. Mayor Langlotz said the flaghad been displayed by mistake.—"Daily Mail:

What we, over here, would like to know is: How did the club happen to have on hand a German flag that it could display by mistake?

Why not burn it?

CURBING DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

By Section 4, Article IV., Constitution of the United States, and Section 5207. Revised Statutes, the President is authorized, upon application therefor by proper State authorities, to employ such of the land and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary for the suppression of domestic violence. This power and responsibility the President cannot delegate to a commanding officer.

proper movement:—(a) Car initial and number. (b) Point of shipment. (c) Date of shipment. (d) Contents. (e) Consignee. (f) Destination: (g) Name and rank of person responsible for placing paster on car.

A supply of these pasters will be furnished to all branches of the Army service, after which further supply should be obtained by request on the car record office. All other forms of pasters went out of usage on February. The persons placing new pasters on cars will see that all old pasters or conflicting marks are removed or obliterated. When cars are unlouded at destination the person in charge of the unloading will see that all pasters and markings are removed or obliterated as soon as the car is unloaded.

DISCHARGE OF DRAFTED ALIEN

Citizens of a foreign country subject to draft may not be released therefrom to permit them o callst in the army of their own country.

DIVISIONAL JURISDICTION

Under paragraph 191, A.E., as amended by seneral Orders, No. 96, W.D., July 20, 1917 division commanders have full control in all that pertains to administration, instruction, training, and discipline, and have jurisdiction over the personnel of camp quartermasters, as well as other members of the military present in their caups and performing various duties connected with the camps.

TRANSPORTATION RECORDS

TRANSPORTATION RECORDS

A "car record office." under the transportation department, has been established for the purpose of keeping record of the movement of cars loaded with materials and supplies for the American Army; also to trace such cars when they do not reach their destination within a proper period after shipment, and to take action as may be necessary to have cars forwarded to destination, increasing the efficiency of available car supply, and to co-operate with the Line of Communication regarding the question of transportation.

Railroad transportation officers have been placed at various points in France, charged with the duty of making immediate reports to the car record office of all cars arriving at or departing from their stations, received by, or shipped by, any branch of the army service.

COMPANY FUNDS INVESTMENTS Surplus company funds may be properly in-ested in Liberty bonds.

company funds.

company funds.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1918.

that 116 ships were under repair in Great Britain and 16 were launched in Febru-

men in half a dozen colors on the other. And look! Why, here are men in khaki under American flags!

Let's look back at the United States. We could come pretty near losing all those European countries in this little stretch left of the Rocky Mountains here. The people seem to be hustling a lot. Look at all those new buildings everywhere with those groups in khaki hustling along. By jinks, there are a lot of men around these!

Let's look at 'em real close. Why, there's Jim Jones, who used to drive a delivery wagon in Marrysville, Cal., up here at Tacoma drilling. And there's Bill Brown and John Robinson. Why, they're all there. And look—there's Hamilton Smith, the railroad president, poring over blue prints and schedules. And just look at the ship building down the Pacific Coast and over here on the Atlantic. And those gun makers, and those automobile factories. Why, the whole country is going to war! What is going to happen to those fellows in grey over there in Europe when all these fellows in khaki get across the Atlantic ocean? Where do they figure to come in, anyhow?

Just take a good look at the situation as

Just take a good look at the situation as

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accuse to subscribers'

Stove, surrounded by an aromatic haze of fragrant Carolinian, Virginian, and Heavenknowswhatian extraction, with the old draft working well for the first time in four months, we are quite willing to forego the profiered butt—yea, even the Statessent stogic. With all its faults, we'll do our durndest to keep the old pipe a-going as long as the old flag keeps a-flying.

Coises! Anybedy got a match?

ELSIE

It is really a pity that, because of laws and general orders and other masculine in-ventions, the Government of the United States cannot commission Miss Elsie Janis

ventions, the Government of the United States cannot commission Miss Elsie Janis and attach her to the A.E.F. for the duration of the war, with the title of Chief of the Pep Division. By injecting her pepful and pulchritudinous personality into the Army camps she is visiting, she inspires every man who sees her performand who's going to miss seeing her?—with an overwhelming desire to turn cartwheels over and over all the way along the rocky road to Berlin. In short, she's There!

To an Army which has those many months listened perforce to lectures on "Why We Are at War," "The Mining of Carroway Seeds in Argentina," "The Fiscal System Under the Emperor Justinian," "Why We Are at War," "Fascinating Facts About the Income Tax" and "Why We Are at War," to an Army that has been persistently told that it can't be happy and be good at the same time; to an Army that has been overwhelmingly "informed" and otherwise edified, Elsie Janis formed" and otherwise edified, Elsie Janis comes as a distinct relief. She is an oasis of color and vivacity in the midst of a dreary desert of frock-coated and whitetied legislators and lecturers who have been visited upon us for our sins and the sins of our fathers. Therefore, we are for

of this Army as a charge of powder is essential to the success of a shell. More entertainment by her and "the likes of her"

The human mind has its limitations. Individually some minds have a greater capacity than others, but the limit is, comparatively speaking, low. There is no one human brain which could digest all the factors and phases of this war if the facts were laid before him, let alone sift and digest the core of fact from the reports, rumors, and censored—news.

So lay aside detail for the moment. Get away off and take a look.

Here is the world. Over on the left here is the United, States and there in the center is England. France, Laly, Germany.

Austria and a lot of other smaller countries we can't quite make out. Here is the battle line. It seems to be going along pretty evenly. If we look real close we can make out men in grey on one side and men in half a dozen colors on the other.

And look! Why, here are men in khaki under American flags!

Let's look back at the United States.

named Frank Moran—should win more en-thusiastic plaudits from the A.E.F. if we could behold him in his old "sea-goin' blues" or a suit of forest green.

It is no excuse for a fighting man to plead that service in the A.E.F. would separate him from his family and a fat income. Thousands of other Americans in France and in the training camps back home are making such sacrifices and making them cheerfully. A trained athlete, particularly one who has had the opportunity to lay away a tidy fortune at fighting, owes it to his country to do something in return. As his country to do something in return. As we see it, Messicurs Fulton and Moran are

WE SHOULD WORRY

What will we do when we get back? Will the old job be open, or will some nice old gentleman or nicer young lady be holding it down, to the great satisfaction of our former employers? What will be our chances when the war's over—two, three, four, five, ten, twenty years from now, to be cheerful about it—of connecting with regular and fairly profitable simplayment?

cheerful about it—of connecting with regular and fairly profitable employment?

These and similar questions bot up every once in a while, and there is no real want to know the answer to the "After the War—What?" which the platform lecturer and the magazine writer are always dinning into our ears and eyes. We'll have to answer it ourselves some one of these fine that is the United States there is desired to day at an Atlantic port.—"Daily very large and we might as well give it some the connecting of the states there is desired to day at an Atlantic port.—"Daily very many persons are calling."

The Americans in France are to have a new french comic opera manned after them. We congratulate them on their oscape. It might as you can use it effectively up front.

AS WE SEE OURSELVES

An American scientist discovered, we will discovered the confidence of the second of the secon

"GAS_ALERT!"

Mask Not Applied Directly But Does Trick for A.E.F. Carrier Pigeons

STOCK OF HIGHEST GRADE

Feathered Couriers Stick to Old Domestic Life Even When Within Range of Boche Rifles

By HERBERT COREY

Correspondent of the Associated Newspaper
With the A.E.F.

Last night was a pretty active one or the front, the pigeon man said. The Boche did not bombard heavily—but enough. He used lots of gas shells. "We had to put gas masks on the

nigeons," said be.

That stretched our credulity. We were in one of the pigeon lofts on the American front. The pretty creatures were walking assertively about our feet and flying over our heads and taking grains of corn from our hands and fighting between times. A carrier pigeon's disposition is not dovelike. In half a dozen places in the loft pairs of gladia tors had selzed each other by the bills and were tugging and twisting angrily.

A mother bird had laid an egg in a

stone bowl at our elbows on a shelf. She seemed suspicious of us. The moment we entered the loft she inspected it. Then she counted it at five minute intervals. "How," we asked offensively, "are you

going to put a gas mask on a pigeon?"
But it appeared that the mask was not applied directly to the pigeon. The cage in which he is kept in the front line trench is covered with a bog which has been impregnated by the anti-gas chemi-cals. A pigeon could resist gas for six hours, the pigeon man and. They were like men. Some of them keeled over in two or three minutes and some could last indefinitely. They suffered from shell shock, too, and from all the other ills that afflict the two-legged creatures who surround them.

Can't Even Trust Pigeon in War

It brought to mind the last time had seen a pigeon man on the front. He was in the French trenches before Rheims, which that day was being subjected to a fairly heavy bombardment I had noticed him standing at the mouth

jected to a fairly heavy bombardment. I had noticed him standing at the mouth of a deep dugout, and because his aspect was so utterly pacific and at variance with his surroundings, I had asked a question. He and his mate, it appeared, were in charge of the carrier pigcons on that sector of the front.

"Come up," he had called to his mate. By and by the top of the mate's head appeared ascending the perpendicular ladder which led down into the pigcon cote. It was perhaps 20 feet deep and, therefore, fairly safe. In his hand he bore a cage containing a pair of pigcons. He explained that mates were always taken to the trenches together and released together. If the pairs were split, the one that had been taken away from home worried and was unhappy, but the one that remained at home was very apt to take up with another mate.

"In times of war," their master explained, mournfully, "one cannot even rust a pigcon."

All the belligerent armies have made

plained, mounfully, "one cannot even trust a pigeon."

All the belligerent armies have made use of carrier pigeons, and the pigeon flyers of the United States have kept abreast of the 'development's. When we entered the war, then, it was an easy matter for them to plan for a complete pigeon service for our Army. The officers who are in charge of it are among the originators of the homing pigeon society of the United States, which has members in every important city of the Union. The citizen who is outside of pigeon circles has no idea of the number of people interested in pigeon flying. There are 150 pigeon keepers in Cleveland and 200 or more in Cincinnatt, and relatively as many in most of the larger towns.

American Lofts Ransacked

American Lofts Ransacked
When the war broke out the pigeon lofts of the United States were ransacked for good breeding stock. As much as \$250 and \$300 a* pair was paid for pedigreed and tested birds, which have been brought to France to produce young flying stock here. It is a tiny example, but not an unlimportant one, of the thorough-going manner in which the United States is preparing for war, and of the vision that at least some of its leaders had as to the probable duration of the conflict. To raise carrier pigeons in France from imported American stock suggests the war may last two years, at the very least.

in Frince from imported American stock suggests the war may last two years, at the very least.

About 2,000 pigeons in all have been brought to France. Most are young stock, which will become dependable filers after they have become thoroughly used to their new surroundings. They are distributed at various points on the front in lofts, under the charge of pigeon enthusiasts. About three months are required to make the young birds feel at home in their new surroundings. An old bird can never be successfully transplanted. As long as he lives, he may at intervals try to fly back to his first home.

home.
"Of course, if the man at his old home were to treat the pigeon mean," said the pigeon expert, "and not feed him or pay any attention to him-and maybe ruffle and maybe ruffle he would be a would be a would be. any attention to him-and hargor tune his feathers the wrong way, he would be discontented. Then he could be sent back to his new home to try it over. After the process is repeated two or three times, he might give it up—but you can never be sure. As long as he lives, he might try to get back to his first home."

Birds Must Be Acclimated

Birds Must Be Acclimated
For the present, thoroughly acclimated
Freuch birds are being used to take messages from the American trenches, but in
time the young American stock will become acclimated. The eaged birds are
sent to the trenches in a traveling motor
loft and spend ten days at a time in the
dugouts. More than ten days in close
confinement is apit to make the birds unhealthy.
"They're smart," said the expert.
"When a bird is first released he usually
circles two or three times before getting
his line for home. Well, the Germans are
always on the watch for pigeons and use
shotguns on them. After a pigeon has
once been shot at, he never circles again.
He is off like a shot and does not try
for direction until he is safely high in
alt."
When a bird's tour of treach duty is

for direction until he is safely high in air."

When a bird's tour of treuch duty is over, he is made to fly home instead of riding back in his limousine. That accustoms him to the country. More young pigeons are being bought all the time, as they can easily be accustomed to their new surroundings, and by the end of the year they. Will be completely assimilated by the American Army.

TO THE GUY WHO LANDED HER

(A PIECE OF VERY FREE VERSE)

Yes, she wrote me the other day All about it; All about it;
Said she saw a lot in you that she never saw before,
Said I'd done you an injustice in the things I said about you,
Added that I had been careless in writing to her,
(Which is the postal department's fault, and not mine),
And said she didn't think I cared for her any more..
Result: She's engaged to you!

Well, congratulations!
There never was a finer girl in all the world,
And, probably, there never will be!
In short, you are a whole lot luckler than,
In all due respect, you deserve to be.

I could have married her last April
Before the selective service law went into effect,
And then the War Department could have whistled for me
And been out of luck for its whistling.
But I wasn't going to get tied up with any woman,
No matter how fine she was, with a war like this one a-going.
So I emisted, and she thought it great.
She called me hero, brave boy, all the rest.
Knit sweaters for me, and make wristlets for me,
And came down to see me in camp.
I thought, of course, that it was all fine stuff,
That I'd come back at least a sergeant-major
With a. Groix de Guerro, a medal of honor and all that,
And a big pickelhaube helmet to put up on the mantelpiece
To use as the baby's bank.

With a Urous

And a big pickelhaube heimer

To use as the baby's bank.

But no such luck. I wrote her, just like clockwork,
Stinted myself on beer to buy her handkerchiefs,
Kept lights after taps to look at her pleture,
And, any way you've a mind to take it, played it square
I didn't learn French, for the simple reason
That I didn't want to get in with any French dance.
And so be tempted to forget her.
But that's all the good it did me—you're It now
And all my joining up has gone for nothing.

Oh, I don't care; I've got a job before me—
It doesn't bring in as much money as yours does,
But it's a damn sight more interesting;
And I don't have to take out insurance for anyone
Unless I want to.
I guess when I get back things will be different
And I'll make up, in job-getting, what you have gained
By not going to war at all.

No. I'm not sore or sour-grapes, or anything.
But I just want to let you know I'm on to you—
I know you're 32, and past the draft age;
I know that, even if they boosted the draft age,
You'd plead an aged mother to support
(Whom you haven't given a cent to in the last five years).

Oh, you're within the law, all right; no one can blame you. With such a prize before you, for popping the question And getting her to agree to marry you. In fact, to take it from a world point of view, She'd be a fool if she didn't.

BUT—
When we get back, all full of prunes and glory,
I don't want to see you, cheering, on the sidewalk,
I don't want to receive your congratulations,
Nor to be invited to your house for dinner
To meet Her and the kids—oh, no!
Because I've got my opinion of a gmy
That'll let another gmy go out and defend his home for him
(And run the chance of dying for defending him)
And just about as much as threaten a girl into marrying him—
And don't you forget it!

MOST OF ALPHABET IN MILITARY LABELS

S.O.S. Is Latest Tag to Make Place For Itself on Army Records

S.O.S. Here's the very latest in initials.

Here's the very latest in initials, We've had quite a bunch of capital letters in groups with periods between 'em to puzzle over and learn since we foined the Army-V.O.C.O., U.S.R., N.A. R.P.O., and many more, not to speak of the three magic letters A.E.F., which are destined to go down through the ages along with "U.S.A."

S.O.S., be it known, is short for "Service of Supplies," which will be the general title from now on for the "two men in five" who will have to remain behind to keep the boys on the line in gunpowder, bully beef, "the makins," etc. It will include the Transportation Department, the Quartermaster Corps, the Railroad Transportation officers, and others.

others.

But S.O.S. won'r necessarily mean very far in the rear, however. The railroad engineers, for instance, are of the S.O.S., and they have already been in the bits mixture.

the big mix-up.

Initials frequently are misleading, as one captul of the Quartermaster Corps with testify. He handed an English officer his card the other day, on which was appended, after his name. "Q.M.C., N.A., R.T.O."

The British officer didn't understand and the American undertook to explain. "Q.M.C. is the Quartermaster's Corps," he said, "and N.A. is for National Army."

National Army."

"Ab, I see," said the British officer.
"and the R.T.O. stands for Railways.
Trainways, Omaibuses," I suppose.

Here are a few of the more commen
initials. Cut the list out and save it.
if you don't know them already:

V.O.C.O.—Verbal Order Commanding
Officer.

R.O.—Regimental Order, S.O.—Special Order, U.S.R .- United States Reserve.

E.O.R.C.—Engineer Officers' Reserve Corps. M.O.R.C.-Medical Officers' Reserve

D.O.R.C.-Dental Officers' Reserve

N.A.-National Army. U.S.A.—United States Armsy (Regular)

Marin

Q.M.R.C.—Quartermaster's Reservery, Corps, U.S.M.C.—United States Mar. Corps, M.C.Ba.—Machine Gun Battafion, A.S.—Air Service, L. of C.—Lines of Communication, D.G.T.—Univertor, Communication, Teachers, Communication, Communication

D.G.T.—Director General of Trans-portation.

I.S.G.S.—Intelligence Section, General Staff.

G.H.Q.A.E.F.—General Headquarters. American Expeditionary Forces.

MOST APPROPRIATE "What's the meaning of those new col-

lar ornaments they've got for the chemical corps—they look like a couple of crossed meerschaums?" "Sure, that's what they are? Hasn't

he chemical corps got a pipe?

One thing that one soon learns in this man's army is that the girl who could dance like a blue streak can't knit socks for a cent.

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LITTLE STORIES FROM UP FRONT

MUCH ODOR—NO GAS

Sitting in an advanced listening post that extended out into No Man's Land, one night, I thought I detected gas. A corporal and two privates were with me in the sheltered, box-like post, from which they were keeping a sharp look-out on the German trenches across the

"Then get into the gas masks quick," ordered the corporal. "Gan't take any chances on that stuff."

chances on that stuff."

At the same time he sounded the gas alarm and pretty soon we could see them sending up rockets farther back, which were a signal to the reserve troops also to prepare for a possible gas attack.

to prepare for a possible gas attack.
After about ten minutes, the trench
gas officer came out to investigate.
"I don't detect any gas at all, corporal," he said. "You must have been
mistaken," and he went back and sent
out a "danger past" signal.
The corporal then made himself comfortable on an old box alongside of me
and began telling me about his girl back
in New Jersey.

in New Jersey.

All the time, however, I was getting whifts of something that almost knocked me off the box.

"Corporal," I said, at length, "I don't want to be the cause of any more fake gas scares, but I certainly do snell something awful."

The corporal himself snifted a few times and then declared he couldn't smell a thing.

and then declared ne couron to show thing.

"Come over here and see if you can smell anything," he said to the two privates who were standing nearby. This newspaper guy here thinks he's being gassed again.

After the privates had inhaled the night air a few times in our immediate vicinity one of them said to the corporal: "Say, Bill, he doesn't smell gas; it's that stink bag you've got around your that stink bag you've got around your neck that he's been smelling all the

neck that he's been smelling all the time."
Thereupon, Bill the corporal unbuttoned his coats and fished out from behind his underwear a little bag that was fastened to a string around his neck. The odor was something tee-ra-t-b-t-e! "Well. I'll be darned," was Bill's comment. "Don't you know what that's for? No? Well, we wear these bags that are alled with some chemical or medicine or something and they keep the trench vermin off us, Say, they're fine. They actually drive the crawlers right out through your shoes. I can get you one if you want me to.

KEEPING DOWN EXPENSES

Recently the first detachment of negroes reached the American sector northwest of Toul. They were put to work behind the lines, principally at cutting wood and repairing roads. They were well out of harm's wdy, unless some Boche aeroplane should drop bombs near them, but they could hear the gamfire plainty and see at night the flashes of cannon or rockets. They could talk, too, with soldiers just from the trenches. All this made a deep impression. "I done took out ten thousand dollars of dis yeer guv'ment life insurance," announced one negro to another as they started to work one day.

"What y'all want with all that money?" asked the second,

"Well," said the first. "gettin' pretty

riskysome 'round yere. Ten thousand dollars be pretty good t'have if one them shells should knock a leg offen me."
"Knock leg offen you?" repented the second. "Why say, you don't think you'se ever gwine to de trenches, do ye? Don't talk foolish. Uncle Sam ain't gwine risk no ten thousand dollar nigger in de trenches. He got plenty cheap white soldlers for dat kind of business."

A BOCHE WHO GOT SECONDS

"How is the orderly coming along bathing the German prisoner?" asked the captain at a certain field hospital of the sergeant."
"He started washing his right hand at six o'clock, six. It's now seven, and he's only haif way round," came the reply. The captain laughed. It's the talk of the hospital that the young Boche, who was captured out of a shell hole when the Germans were beaten back on an attempted raid, has the largest hand seen around these parts in the memory of the oldest American inhabitants.

The young Boche, too, is what the sergeant cails "slick." He was badly frightened on first arriving at the hospital, especially when taken to the operating room. When his breakfast was brought to him he refused to eat at first. He, was finally persuaded to drink his coffee, and having done that and found that he still lived, he finished the breakfast.

Later, another orderly came along and

that he sim most fast.

Later, another orderly came along and asked if he had-had his breakfast. The prisoner answered, "No," and ate the second one when it arrived.

A RECORD BREAKING CANTEEN

An American traveling canteen operated nightly, claims the record of approaching nearer the front lines and selling to soldiers than any of any other

selling to soldiers than any of any other army.

Leaving a certain base almost out of range of enemy guns, a big motor truck lumbers forward after dark, stopping at billets, cantonments and other places where troops are congregated. It dispenses hot coffee, cauned goods, tobacce, cigars, cigarettes, caudy, writing raper and articles of clothing. Sometimes it is under fire throughout its entire schedule.

The motor truck, on its nightly trips, has never been hit, but several times shells have whistled uncomfortably close.

"We intend to keep going until we are knocked out. Then we will try to get another truck," says the conductor.

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CLUB OWNERS BAR **EREAK DELIVERIES**

Spit and Emery Balls Must No Longer Be Used in Western League

McGRAW LOSES ROBERTSON

Benny Kauff Does Not Claim Exemption in Draft-Lee Magee Traded to Matty's Reds

NEW YORK, March 14, - All 16 major league bail clubs start spring training this week. The Giants are reported to have a strong team.

The Western league club owners have adopted a 140-game schedule. They have also concluded to bar the spit ball, the emery ball, and every other kind of freak

emery ball, and every other kind of freak delivery.

Manager McGraw of the Giants apparently will not get Davey Robertson this season. Davey appears determined to stay on the retired list.

Lee Magec has gone to the Cincinnati Reds from the St. Louis Browns in a three cornered deal, St. Louis trading him for Outlielder Tim Hendryx of the New York Yankees. Magee was once considered one of the game's great out-fielders. He got a big bonus from the Federal league and ran Benny Kauff a hot race for the hatting championship.

Maree was purchased from the Federal league by the Yankees for \$25,000. He came with a three years' contract to receive \$5,500 annually. The contract expired has fall. His salary now is reported to be cut in haif.

Chardle Herzog is still keeping the managers guessing. McGraw says Herzog will be the well known persona van grata if he refuses to go to the Boston Braves as ordered. Benny Kauff, the Glants' star outfielder, called in the draft, has not claimed exemption.

CLAIMS JACKSON WAS THE BEST BIG BOXER

Eugene Corri, English Referee, Boosts Colored Marvel

Eugene Corri, the famous referee and conspicious faure of the National Sparing Club of London, has a timely article in London Lonserers on the subject on name the best of the great quarter—Hob Firzelammons, Peter Jackson, Jackson and Frank Statin. The last of the process of the famous and Frank Statin. The last famous famous from the French front. Corri decided in favor of Jackson, the big West Indian negro whom John L. Sulfivan never would meet, who knocked out Statin Indian negro whom John to the famous famo greatest man in that group of four im-mortal gladiators."

Geography in the A.E.F.

Germany—A constantly dwindling country situated in Middle Europe, the inhabitants of which are fed solely on lies and promises.

Austria—See Germany first,
Turkey—See Germany

Germany's neck like a thousand of brick.

France—A country populated in the first property of the soldiers of the civilized actions of the world, possessing great extremes of heat and cold, and in its upper or lighting portions given over almost exclusively to the production of mud.

Belgium—A country with guts.

Mexico—The home of the ratitiesnake, the tarantulu, the tropic sun and the fever, but, at that, a lot more civilized than Germany.

America—See Heaven.

SQUASH SERIES PROGRESSES

NEW YORK, March 14, Juarry Mix.

In Princeton club squash player, has advanced to the third round by two victories in the national Class It squash, which is the professional, beging the complex of the form of the flarry and club, in a squash match staged for the benefit of the Red Cross, winning three straight games, 15-5, 15-8, 15-5.

WALLOP DEAR TEACHER WITH A HAND GRENADE!

STAR SHELLS

By Q.M. SGT. STUART CARROLL, O.M.C.

PECULIAR HORRORS OF WAR

Sand Corporal Andy McPhee,
'I find that the girl I had hoped to

MIS OBJUSTIA SENTENCE
SIT: When our top enter read in
THE STARS AND STRIPPES that base-ball clrenits were to be shortened in
order that railroad transportation might
be Howerized, he said:
"Now the press agents are trying to
electrify the faus by a baseball shortcircuit."

[BY CARLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

Hist, you heavers! Lamp this line that he ought to get firmly fixed in his that our American staff correspondent plus flung into the capacious may of the panting cable company.

"The genule hand grenade has become a feature of most of the country's amaginater and the control of the country's analytic for the country's analytic and all the rest of the rot that you intercollegate sports. It may become an important scholastic implement against undestrable faculties."

Undestrable faculties? Our otherwise careful and toll saying correspondent has declined in a totally superfuolitous word. "Undestrable faculties? Our otherwise careful and toll saying correspondent has declined in a totally superfuolitous word. "Undestrable" applied to faculties? It's redundant. All faculties are undestrables. Oh, joy! Think of winging a good old hand greaned at the dome-like heam of Old Man Whoozis, who flunked us in European History! That would be a fulling greated bounget at the patt of Old Fathergill, the philosophy prof., who title fact of modern European history.

YANKEE GALLERY SEES BOAR HUNT

Suppose, on returning to citizen's Beast Finds Zone Just Behind Front Line Safest **Spot in France**

Spot in France

Suppose, when I doff the old knah for aye."
Said Top Sergeant Terry O'Moore, "That he girl I albuted one-half of my pay
Has married the slacker next door."
Prof. James Naismith, professor or physical education and hydrene at Kansas Phiversity, and inventor of the game of baskethall, is in France, Presumably he will aid the U.S. bomb tossers in locating the Gotha baskets, but Prof. Jimmy should remember that over here we don't call any personal fouls and that the canony says he's got the Ref.
White Slim Salee is refusing a \$7,000 contract, he's probably forgetting about the cree fixed anyway.

White Slim Salee is refusing a \$7,000 contract, he's probably forgetting about the Sir: When our top cutter read in THE STARS AND STRIPES that base hall clrenits were to be shortened in order that railroad transportation might

Different On Broadway

Spot in France

When there isn't Boche hunting to be done some of the American sports men up front find the other flow from the hourt to the some a visit of board and interest.

True they were only engaged in the hunt to the extent of cheering on a half-dozen politis who were racing across country after a hored-looking board about the size of a grizzly bear, but for the moment they weren't interested in anything else. The boar had found peace in the midst of war's alarms, for the hourt here we several hundred frearms within easy range of him, no-holy dared fire for fear of hitting some one-clase.

The boars seemed perfectly aware of this, for he loped, along nonchalantly across country a hundred yards or so ing on not more than three miles from the first like.

The doughboys who constituted the galley refused to talk about war and the part they were going to play in it mittly M. Boar had vanished over the brow of the hill beyond.

Different On Broadway

"Say, ain't that a hot one!" a stal-wart sergeaut observed disgustedly, "I call that pig get clean away. If it ud been Broadway now, he'd be full o' holes by this time. Every cop in the precinct wad have peppered him."

Boar hunting within range of the German guns caused another youth to mutter something about the spectacle resembling the Bronx Zoo more than the battle zone.

sembling the bronz zee mea value battle zone.

"Wait till they leave us start some thin out in the intrenches," another rejoined, "Take it from me, every boar will be down in his hole for 100 miles around—and so will the Bushes, too!"

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

Benny Leonard has offered to box Mike O'Dowd, the claimant to the middleweight title, ten rounds, if Mike will make 154 pounds ringside for him.
William Wellman of New York has offered Jess Willard 875,000 for a bout with Fred Fulton at Carson Ciry, Nev., on July 4. Willard says be will be the promoter of his own houts in the future and he will name the terms for the hoys anxious to meet him. Jess Willard has informed Jack Dempsey that he will first have to white Fulton, Moran, Brennan and eithers before he can be considered as a likely endidate for a match for the title.

Partsy Cline has challenged Benny Leonard for a 20-round 20 for the title.
Owen Moran, former English boxer, has enlisted in the Ritish Army.
Frankie Fleming, feather-weight champion of Canada, has joined the Royal Plying Corps.
Jimmy Claibly, former middleweight champion, has enlisted in the Australian Army.
Leach Cross, former New York light.

Army.
Leach Cross, former New York light-weight, is now a physical culture expert at Los Angeles.
Johnny Dundee won from Pat Moran in 20 rounds at New Orleans.
Harry Greb found Zulu Kid easy in their bout at Bridgeport, Conn., the contest entling in the thirteenth round in compliance with the closing order of the fuel commissioner.

Days Aster former bentramweight

fuel commissioner.

Dave Astey, former bantamweight champion, will meef the English bantamweight champion, Jimmie Wilde, at the Liverpool Stadium on May 6. Astey will receive a \$2,000 guarantee and transportation. Wilde has knocked out two Americans, Young Rosner, of Harlem, and Zulu Kid, of Brooklyn, both first-class fighters.

WHY TROUBLE TO CHANGE?

port on the way across by singing the latest popular songs for his comrades. He fuished one rendition in the dismal tween deck space and from the tiers of hunks came applause and cries of "Encore?" came a shout from a dis-"Encore?" came a shout from a dis-

"Encore?" came a shout from a distant corner, "Let the same guy sing!"

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Famous Chicago Athlete **Runs Great Indoor Mile** at Philadelphia Meet

NEW RECORD IN HURDLES

Savage, Bowdoin Star, Defeats Princetonian Who Makes Same Time in Preliminaries

[By Cameto The Stars and Stripes,]

NEW YORK, March 14.—Joie Ray, the Illinois Athletic Club whirlwind, ran one of the greatest races of his career in winning; the Mendowbrook mile run at Philadelphia in the indoor carnival of the Mendowbrook Club. He crossed the line in four minutes, 17 4-5 seconds, only one and four-fifths seconds behind the world's indoor record, set by Lleutenant. John W. Overton last year in the same event.

The second man to finish was Edwin H. Fall. Western Conference champlon, now at the Great Lakes training station, and the third was Mike Devaney. New York star, now at the Boston may yard. Itay was hard pressed by both men for three-fourths of the distance. He then showed his annaling speed and drew away easily, winning by 15 yards.

W. Savage of Bowdoin College won the 45 yards hurdles in the record time, of six seconds, beating C. R. Erdman of Princeton, who made the same record time in the preliminaries.

Pat Ryan, the giant New York weight thrower, won the 35 pound weight contest for distance with 20 feet, six inches.

Bob Maxam won the 660 yard event in one minute, 24-35 seconds, only 3-25 seconds behind the record.

Pennsylvania and Lafayette beat Cornell and Lehigh in the match relay races. BY CABLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

The entire first string football men on Williams' eleven in 1916, commission 19 The entire first string football men on Williams' eleven in 1916, comprising 19 men, are mow in the service. This is some record to equal.

The University of Michigan has decided to drop out of the Eastern intercollegiates this year.

The Michigan Aggies will have six hard games scheduled on the gridiron for next season.

next season,
Ransom, Beloit college's star athlete,
formerly a well known performer at
Hyde Park High, Chicago, has won a
commission as lieutenam at Camp Lo-

Northwestern University's crack swim-ming than his heprophildy cripbled, as 20 of the stat swimblers have joined the Pander Oliphant, stockall here at Pur-due and West Your, is to be married shortlier Miss Barbara Benedict at New York, according to the American papers, E. W. Anderson has been elected cap-tain of next year's basketball team at Hiliois.

John Whalen, a catcher, famous in his day in the minor leagues, when the minors competed with the majors for stars, is dead at his home in Grand Rapids, Mich., at the age of 59 years. In the early 80's he was the battery mate of Lady Baldwin, who became a famous pitcher.

LATEST FLASHES FROM THE DIAMOND

The St. Louis Browns have sold Pitcher a wife dependent feCabe and Outfielder Ward Miller to the in Class 2.

The Boston Braves have signed John Murray, star Georgetown University twirler. Murray has been pitching in semi-pro lengues and holds a record of 21 straight wins.

Joe Tinker, former Cub, now manager of the Columbus, Obio, club, has decided to give a number of semi-pro and annateur players tryouts this spring in the hopes of picking up some good material for his Senators.

The American League has decided to place the player limit at 35 and by May I it must be reduced to 25.

Walter McCreedie's latest phenom, whe has been purchased by the Cubs, is only 20 years of are. His name is Charley Hollocher and he played a dazzling game at short for Portland last season.

at short for Portland last season.

H. W. Mason is to succeed Herman See kanp as sceretary and business manage of St. Louis Çards.

Stuffy McInnes, who was traded to the Red Sox by Connie Mack, was married to Miss Elsie Dow at Manchester, Mass., recently.

big lenguer to enlist in the army.

Despite the loss of Alexander, Killifer and Paskert, Munuser Moran, of the Philles, is talking of his team being able to cop a place near the top.

The Detroit Tigers have lost two regulars so fur, George Burns and Howard Ehmke, besires eight recruits, through the draft.

There will be no changes in the line-up of the Champion White Sox next year, none of the players having been drafted. Manager Rowland does not plan any shifts in the makeup of his team.

Rumor has it that Steve Yerkes, the

Rumor has it that Steve Yerkes, the veteran player, is due for a comeback it the big circuit next season, the Cardinals being after him.

Jimmy Walsh, of the Red Sox, has joined be service at the Boston Navy yard. Clark Griffith, manager of the Washington club, has arranged three exhibition games at American soldlers camps for the spring trip. The Washington team will meet the Phillies at Fort Jackson, Columbia, S.C., and later at Camp Sevier, Greenville, S.C., and also at Camp Greene, Charlotte, S.C.

lotte, S.C.

Al Walters, the Yanks' backstop, has been playing winter ball in California and has put on quite a bit of weight. He thinks this will help him in his work in the big circuit.

Harry Clark, former manager of the Milwaukee club, has received offers to manage teams and may re-enter the game.

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Bob Bescher, former big league star, is a holdout at Milwaukee. He received \$6,000 last year, but will be forced to take big cut or quit the game this season.

"Doe" Johnson, with Birmingham las year, has been signed to cover first base for Milwaukee. He batted .271 last year.

Fred Mollwitz, first baseman of the Cin-cianati Reds, is a holdout. Joe Tinker is trying to buy Rob Bescher from Milwaukee. Both Klepfer, Harris and Lante, of the Seveland Club, are subject to the draft. Imer Smith is already in the service.

Two major league ball players have won commissions as captains in the army, Roy Wood, former first baseman for Cleveland, and Jim Scott, of the White Sox.

The Reds will train at Camp Sheridan, near Montgomery, Ala. They have a series of six exhibition games booked with the

Clarke Griffith looks for a big year at Washington this season, as there are over 100,006 outsiders in the capital because of the war work.

The St. Louis Browns have purchased Pete Johns from the Columbus, American Association, team.

Orville Overall, former Cub twirler, is now a ranchman in California. Chief Wilson has been let out by the lardings, and has joined the Houston, 'ex., club,

Roger Hornsby, who has been placed in the third draft class, is a holdout, refus-ing to accept the Card terms.

PLEBES LEAD IN **WEST POINT MEET**

Yearling Swimmers Far **Behind in Interclass**

NEW YORK, March 14.—The West Point class of '21 won the swimming meet at West Point with a total of 41 points against 22 points, made by the class of 1920. The class of '19 was hird with 17 points.

Event

Yale swimmers beat Columbia 44 to 9 in swimming races, and 18 to 9 at water polo. Captain Peterson, of Yale, scored all three goals.

Hincks, of Yale, won the 220-vard swim by 30 feet in 2 minutes 41 seconds, the best time made this year. Princeton defeated Columbia in their

annual wrestling meet, 15 to 7. The Tigers won five out of seven bouts, one bia won the bantam and welterweight bouts.

BEZDEK MOVES TO CHICAGO

Hugo Bezdek, manager of the Pirates, has removed his family from California to Chicago. Hugo thought he had better be east, where the big baseful doings are going on. He still contends the happiest days of his life were when he played football at Chicago.

An army cook is known by the mess he makes.

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-By WALLGREN



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EX-LEGIONNAIRE HAPPY AS A PRIVATE IN A.E.F

American in Thick of War Since 1914 Gives Up Sergeancy and Declines French Commission to Serve Under Uncle Sam

By W. S. BALL.
Correspondent of the "Providence Journal" with the A.E.F.

A certain American command had marched to within a few miles of the marched to within a few miles of the buttle line and was going forward into the trenches that night. For this particular command it was the first excursion into the fighting front. Young Americans in khaki were putting the finishing touches on their equipment—needless, because every detail had been completed before they came this far, but serving to pass the time and occupy the mind.

Others were playing games or reading, or carrying on the routine in their temporary quarters in the billets of departure. A group fell into talk of certains of the property of the proper

ing, or carrying on the routine in their temporary quarters in the billets of de-parture. A group fell into talk of cer-tain features of attack and defense, which grew into an argument the depth and learning of which a headquarters

and learning of which a headquarters might have envied.

"I tell you, it's this way," one was saying. "I was told by a fellow who learned it up in the French school—"
Just then a short, stocky figure in klukir rounded a corner of the stone stable which was the billet. The speaker was interrupted.

"Don't tell us what you've heard.
Here comes 'Pop." We'll put it to him. He knows."

They greeted the newcomer with rout.

He knows."
They greeted the newcomer with real affection. Dark of complexion, broad shouldered, strong faced, with a touch of grey in his dark hair, but none in his militant mustache, he was old enough to have been the father of most of the youngsters who hailed him. Also, he walked and carried himself like one who had "carried on" longer than most of our men. "How about it, Gene? Do we or don't

"How about it, Gene? Do wen won't won't we do so-and-so in case—"

And they put the problem to him.
"Well, it's like this, boys," he answered.
"Way back in the Champague fight, and again at the Sommo—"

And he gave the answer from experience such as the youngsters obviously anyied.

Fine Night to Go In

Fine Night to Go In

Of all the group, he was the most exunterant at the prospect of getting into
the trenches. Where younger ones were
inclined to take the coming adventure
seriously, he was buibbing over with
happy good nature. He looked at the
sky judicially.

"It's going to be a fine night for it,
boys!" he exclaimed. "Just a few hours
now, and we'll have a chance to show
what we can do. And in Uncle Sam's
uniform, too. I tell you, boys, we're
going to give the Boche a little lesson
about America."

For "Pop" knew exactly all about it—
knowledge gained from three years' experience in the Foreign Legion and the
fighting 170th, a famous regiment of
France. He had learned at Cruoncile,
and in the Champagne fight, and at Verdun, and in the Somme affair. He had
taken all of war's chances that one min
could take. He had been wounded; he
had been decorated for gallanty in action; he had won promotion for bravery.
And here he was aching for another
chance to get at the Boche.

Once a Pawtucket Grocer

Once a rawtucket Grocer

One is not permitted by our Army's censorship rules to mention his name in this account. That is a pity, because so long as he was in the French service it could have gone freely. It is of especial interest to New England people, because until the war began in 1914 he was, with his wife, running a little grocery in Pawticket, R. I. For the purposes of this narrative I shall, therefore, call him Frivate J.—, private now, though he this narrative I shall, therefore, call him Private I—— private now, though he has in the French Army been a sergeant and has been offered a commission. He declined it because he did not want to pledge himself to be anything but an American when the war is over. He became a private in khali because he wanted to fight the battle of his native Belgium under the colors of his adopted America.

Belgium under the colors of his adopted America.

America of the first in America to respond with his body as well as with his heart and mind to Germany's challenge was the Pawtucket grocer. It was on August 4 that the Prussian plunged into peaceful Belgium. On August 8, Just four days later, Mr. J. sailed for Europe. The idea of neutrality in such a case hadn't occurred to him.

At that time be was 38 years old. Born in the Ardennes—the part of Belgium where the inhabitants are Celtic in appearance and impulse—he had come to America as a youth, settled in Rhode Island, been muturalized and established a prosperous business. He was as soundly American as the governor of

his State, but-outrage had been committed, and his birthplace was the

strength of his Americanism. Reaching

The Day Before Charleroi

The Day Before Charleroi
That was the day before Charleroi, while the grey hosts of Germany were sweeping southward on their road toward Paris. For a month and a half—while the battle of the Marne was testing France and abolishing the Kaiser's predatory schedule—these American volunteers and other newcomers to the ranks of the Legion were being put through a quick emergency training. Soon after the deadlock fastened is toes in the soil of northern France and braced its shoulders for the strain, the Pawtucket grocer and his "chasmates" were sent up to the Legion and began to fight, which is a way the Legion has. This was the beginning of trench warfare, so-called. But in reality the "trenches" were shallow ditches. There were no trenches as we know them to-day—as "Pop's" squad entered them the other evening. There was no barbed wire protection. Aeroplanes were few and far between. There was no chance to call for an artillery barrage, to help face an attick.

to call for an artillery barrage, to help face an attack.

When No Man's Land Was Anyman's

When No Man's Land Was Anyman's. No Man's Land was Anyman's. When you wanted a dead German, you went out and killed him for yourself. If he happened to kill you first—that was a part of the game. They killed quite a number of "Pop's" companions first. He, as he admits, was lucky. He played his part and came through that first winter and the summer months that followed without a scratch.

Then came the battle of the Champagne. Again, he played his part, and again he came through as intact as when he had gone down to the Pawtucket statton.

But a little later, in some fighting which doesn't hend the chapter in any of the listories, he was not so lucky, He felt the twings of German metal, but

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in feeling it he displayed such bravery at the same time and on the same terms. a couple of months or so in the hospital. For the wound? Not at all! Just a little rheumatism or pleurisy or some

vate J— was given the opportunity, with a few other Americans, of transferring to the 170th, and took it. This was not a return to the quiet life, for the 170th was one of the regiments of attack. Its record of casunities was almost as impressive as that of the Legion itself. Whenever there was, heavy work to be done the 170th was invited to be among those present.

It was present at Verdun, for instance. It was one of the first supporting regiments sent there after the Crown Prince selected it as the ideal spot in which to acquire a reputation. In the first attack on the village of Vaux, when Germany seemed willing to throw away lives like cancelled stamps, the 170th held the place.

Made Sergeant for Bravery - was given the opportunity,

Made Sergeant for Bravery

Made Sergeant for Bravery

Later, it was assigned to the gallant attempt to retake the Bois de Caillette. Most of the Americans of the regiment went down there. Frivate J. took all the chances that they did, but his lucky star was shining. It was because of his work in that action that he was made a sergeant.

Being sergeant means that one leads. Latter in that busy year of 1916 he led so well in the battle of the Somme that he was offered a commission. The only "out" about it, from his point of view, was that it meant assuming French citizenship and remaining here after the war was over. Whereas, Frivate J. wanted to go back to Pawtucket. One

I SAY, WHERE

his adopted land would enter the war of which he had seen so much. He hoped for a long time, but when, last April, it happened, of all the soldiers of France thing like that, due to the previous win-ter's exposure.

After serving in this fashion with the Foreign Legion for a year or more, Pri-sart down and wrote a note to the American embassy in France telling his ex-perience and saying that he hoped to be

able to contribute that to the cause of America.

By way of reply he got what undoubtedly was the best that the embassy could do at the time. It was a very brief form-letter sort of reply, the gist of which was this:

Three Winters of War

"Your patriotic letter, offering your services to your country, has been placed on file, and, should the occasion arise, you will be notified."

Still with the French army, Sergeant J—— went down Rheims way to lead a squad of recruits who had never been under fire. The machine guns got them. Sergeant J——— spent a few days with them, and led them again. This time they went.

them, and led them again. This time they went.

By this time the grocer of Pawtucket was well over 40 years of age. He had seen three winters of war, his black hair had turned a little grey, and millions of men no older were not even considering themselves eligible for active service. His superior officers concluded that, since he wouldn't accept a commission, he might perhaps he given a rest from the vicisitudes of the fighting front. So they sent him out to the Vosges region in charge of a crew whose business it was to mend roads.

He tackled the road problem as vigorously as he had the problem of killing Roches until one day he heard the an-

At which point Pawtucket, all by itself over in the mountains of France, gave

He headed straight for Paris as promptly as in 1914 he had dropped the grocery business and headed for Europe. On the way, not knowing, he passed close to the American office where he might have stopped off and been accommodated with a new set of enlistment papers.

With His Own People

With His Own People

In Paris it took him a week to effect the transfer. When it was finally achieved, they told him that he would be accepted as a private if he could pass the examination.

For answer he beat his deep chest, that was born in the Ardennes.

"And are you going to accept a place as a private?"

"Why not? I want to be in the American Army—with my own people."

A few days later he started for a certain American corner of Somowhere, hugging long official documents that were-stamped with an eagle inside a circle.

circle. Sometime, if he bas his health au-fortune, I think he will be at the ver

J. COQUILLOT BOOT MAKER

French Boots, Riding Boots FURNISHER TO SAUMUR.

nonnecement from the French Minister of War that American citizens in the French Armies might transfer to the Stars and Stripes.

At which point Pawtucket, all by itself "It is interesting," he said, "and now that I am with Americans I can tell them a lot of things about how to do it.

Things I have seen."

"And how," we asked him, just before he gaily departed for the front the other night, "how under heaven have you pulled through all this time?"

"Well," he answered slowly, "I think maybe I have been lucky. And then, besides, I have sort of learned to guess

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OLD TIME PIE ON MESS MENU

Tour of New-England-in-France Takes Correspondent Through R-less But Familiar Region

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING Ist Lieut., U.S.M.C.R., Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

Int Lieut, USMCR, Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

A two-day Cook's tour of New-Englandin-France reveals the Yankee fighting man in some Strange Imbiliations. His homes at the front include liminations of the Manmoth Cave, of the cell dwellings of New Mexico, of the soul houses of western Kansas prairies, and of the cellars of rained Pompeii. A further touch of architectural variety is added to the list by a certain Yankee general, who has chosen for his head quarters a Saskatchewan settler's shacklightly armored with tar paper.

But let no one be deduced by these outward aspects into assuming that the Yankee on the European battlefelds has ceased to cling to his time-honored New England ways. His billets at the front are mere accidents of fate. His first enderwor after he moves into them is to make them as "home-like" as possible. His Pompetian cellars have no grand father's clocks which came over in the Mayllower, but he sticks snapshots up on the walls that corry the man who views them back to Hingham or Solom. Though he lives in a cliff dwelling, he still reads the Globe or the Transcript, in the recesses of a cave you find him sharpening a bayonet and exchanging the shop talk of war, but doing so with the identical air with which he used to will be a stick and talk polities in a general store back at Natht Pownal.

Shades of Cambridge Subway!

Best index of all to the stoatfastness of his labits, his company kitchen, in as didgount, still serves baked beans and New England diances and pike.

No one, apparently, is in the least supplied of of the deal of the front, but work went ahead as if, to a New England diances and pike.

No one, apparently, is in the least supplied of distances and pike.

No one, apparently, is in the least supplied of distances and pike.

No one, apparently, is in the least supplied of distances and pike.

No one, apparently, is in the least supplied of distances and pike.

No one, apparently, is in the least supplied of distances and pike.

No

Best index of all to the steadfastness of his habits, his company kitchen, in a sod dugout, still serves baked beams and New England dinners and pie.

No one, apparently, is in the least surprised or disturbed from his Yankee calm. On the second day of the tour, a real March blizzard set in along the front, but work went ahead as if, to a New Englander, blizzards were matters \$\mathcal{E}\$-ceveryday occurrence. On a camion bearing a working party, a vehicle as packed with standers as any street carback in the States, we spied one doughboy who made as fairly homesick. His pose, one hand clutching a slat in the top of the camion, was the familiar attitude of the straphanger and he was feading a newspaper? The distant intermittent become of guns, distracted his attention no more than the weather. It was as if he were going down to work that morning on the Cambridge subway.

The afternoon before, our party had paid a call upon the general who has offices in the tar paper dari. This general had told us, in the most matter of fact way, that his men on the front were doing their work in remarkably self-possessed fashion. All that we saw later hore out his observation.

Weren't Looking for 'Em, But—

The teek us out to n cliff dealitier in the little cuss who was scared of submarines all the way over can go of submines all the way over can go

were doing their work in remarkably self-possessed fashion. All that we saw later bore out his observation.

Weren't Looking for 'Em, But—

He took us out to a cliff dwelling village where a company that had been in the trenches for nearly a fortnight and in the course of it had repelled a picked German surprise party-was quartered. A platoon commander told us about the brush:

"There wasn't much to it. The Germans thought we weren't hoding for them. Well, we weren't hoding for them, well, we weren't hoding for them. Well, we weren't hoding for them. Well, we weren't hoding for them, well, we weren't hoding for them, well, we weren't hoding for them. That people may be able to know a deviate of the safeth of the weath of the proposes of towing their prize into port the party drifted slap against the German hart wire. (He said it, 'babb wihe'—real New England style.) The screen the party right back to the American trenches. The prisoner, next and told him in German that any noise that he might make would prove fatal. Hence the logical thing to do was to lead the party right back to the American trenches. The prisoner, next and told him in German that any noise that he might make would prove fatal. Hence the logical thing to do was to lead the party right back to the American trenches. The prisoner, seek and told him in German that any noise that maybe the success of the expedition, which had been managed in a piece of timber, could be half to the fact that Malne woodsman were in the raid. The general said the Maine men did excellent work in the properson of the expedition, which had been managed in a piece of timber, could be half to the fact that Malne woodsman were in the raid. The general said the Maine men did excellent work in the fact that

Nothing Doing on Thrillers

After a few further hopeless attempts to get a thriller out of the cliff dwellers, we moved along down the road to another settlement. A little before sunset we reached Pompeii, a razed city where a colony of Yankees were quartered on whitches in collors.

a colony of Yankees were quartered on a hillside in celars.

An artillery outlit was just setting off down the road for the front. Though the road for the front was as neat and as clean-shaven as if he were about to parade with the battery down Tremont Street or into Court Squire. Defiling there in that street of roins on the hillside, the Yankee battery would have pleased the eye of a Reming, ton for the colors and contrasts in the picture. But the correspondents agreed that there was no story in it, so we gave the general goodbye and motored back to a hotel.

that there was no story in it, so we gave the general goodlyoe and motored back to a hotel.

A first-class March blizzard was on as we set out next morning for the head-quarters of another general. After a lone drive through shell battered villages and a country-side where the axe of Kultur last autumn felled all the fruit trees In sight and many of the shade trees, too, for good measure, we brought up at the foot of a high steep hill. From a little shack at the roudside issued an aroma of stemning coffee, so alluring that several of the correspondents found occasion to interview the cook before they started on the long climb upstairs to the parlor of the general.

The whole hillside was a Yankee estate, laid out along a trellised stairway—the trellis work not of vines, but of cloth camouflage. Near the crest, with a pergola of canonflage over the little walk in front of headquarters, we found

a pergola of camonflage over the little | L. Gros, Imprimeur-Gérant. 36. Buc du Sectier, Paris, Printing Office of the Cond.

the general's apartment. The rear end of his room ran into the hillside, alcore-like, but the front was open to the light and shrapnel.

Even Wall Paper Practical

Even Wall Paper Practical

The room was barely large enough to hold all of our party at once. The fact that the door opened in instead of our complicated matters immensely. A series of large maps served as wall paper. In the way of brica-brac—and no New England parlor is complete without that—the general had a fragment of gasshell. On the wall paper were shown where our route lay.

We set out again in the blizzard over a country that grew bleaker and bleaker at ever rod. The cars pulled up in the lee of a hill and the visitors set out on foot toward the Chemin des Dames lines over what, only a short while ago, was No Man's Land. Twisted trees, shell holes, old trenches, tangles of barb wire—nothing else in sight, not even the ruins of a house.

Then we caught a sound like the drumming of an aerophane motor. It issued not from the sky, but from the ground. Not until we were within a few yards of the place did we find the explanation. The sound was from a hidden gasoline motor which frirnished power to an underground narrow gauge railway.

In No Hurry to Move

In No Hurry to Move

The one I gave the comp'ny cook Produced at once a second helping Which gratefully yours truly took; Occasion fit for joyful yelping!

FOR THE FOLKS BACK HOME

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ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Saluting Manners

BY BRAN MASH

The oldest and best families in the A.E.F.—a body which includes both the F.I.F.'s and the F.F.V.'s, those who came over in the Mayflower and those who came over in the Mayflower and those who came over in the transports—still adhere to the quaint, graceful and altogether pretty custom of saluting all commissioned officers; and the officers, in their turn, still adhere to the custom of returning the salutes of enlisted men. The same custom is prevalent in the Army of France, the British Expeditionary Forces, and the other social organizations now spending the season in Europe.

Hereuse of the multitude of uniforms, and the variations in insignia, now prevalent in France, much confusion is agit to arise, however. Accordingly, a few simple rules may herein he set down, for the guidance of the newcomer and the brushing up of the old timer.

In general, it can be said that the best rule to follow is this: When indoubt, salute. If the guy you salute returns it, the chances are that you were right. If he doesn't, the chances are that either he is wrong or you were wrong, or both. You can't take back a salute once you have flipped it to a bird, but you can cover your breach of criquette by a witty bon mot that will more than make up for your flawx pas.

For example: If, in the gathering dusk, you mistake a Y.M.C.A. fan for an officer, and salute him, the proper thing to do is to stop him and say, "Oh, hell! I'm damm sorry! Honest, I thought you witz The Old Man hisself!" That puts the Y.M. guy entirely at his ease, and relieves him of any feeling of ensured the salute is robled of its original meansing, and is rulned beyond repair. What is worse, the poor cheese who doesn't is the chances are that you witz The Old Man hisself!" That puts the Y.M. guy entirely at his ease, and relieves him of any feeling of ensured the proper thing to do is to stop him and say, "Oh, hell! I'm damm sorry! Honest, I thought you witz The Old Man hisself!" That puts the Y.M. guy entirely at his ease, and relieves him of any f

time is it? Eight o'clock?—Too late!
Sock stores ain't open this time o' night.
Sides, the M.P.'s 'ull pick us up 'f we're
caught out after 8:15 on payday night.
Whatdhays say we go back to the billet?
"Aw-right! Dann tired going round
and spending money."
"Aw-right! Same here,"
(Exeunt. Quick curtain.)

ON THE WRONG TRACK

"What," asked Private Bing in agitation, "what does this here pas bon mean in French?"
"It means," explained Private Bang, "no good, not well."
"Good heavens," said Private Bing, "I thought it meant all right. I've been using it for four months,"

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PAYDAY NIGHT

"C'mon, Jimmy, we bought all the oback we needed down at the Q.M.s this

ffernoon."
"Aw-right. But look here, Gus, We gotta buy something for the folks."
"Sure we have, Jimmy."
(Both enter a lace and fancy embroid-ry establishment.)

cry establishment.)
"Ah-er, comblen, mademolselle, pour le—oh, hell!"
(Madame): "Zee hendkercheefs—fife francs aplece, messieurs."
"Five francs—mmm! All right, mademolselle; doo. Two, I mean. They're worth it, Gus; one for mother and one for the delt.

for the girl."
"Now, Jimmy, we otta get something for the old man. You got one and I aim. But all the same, yotta 'member him."

"Aw-right, Gus. S'pose we get him one of these brickets, if the Loot'll let us send it through the mail. Y'know, one o' these things you light your pipe with."

Sure, Jimmy, Le's go!"

"Sure, Jinmy. Le's go!"
(They go.)"
(Tomblen, mon-soor, pour le bricket?"
"Le briquet?"
"No, lay bricket!"
"Ah, le bricket?!"
"Ah, n'sieur, je n'en ai pas!"
"Wasshe say, Gus?"
"He says he ain't got none."
"Aw hell! Le's go!"
"What'll we buy now, Jim?"
"Might's well buy some socks; the ones I drew won't fit me. Walt—what

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WHY TAKE TROUBLE TO ACQUIRE FRENCH?

Too ManyFolksHereKnow More About States Than We Do Ourselves

You've had it happen to you, no doubt, Go walking along in some French city or town, lose your way, ask the first person you meet, in your best Kankalkee French, to put you right, and then—but here's a sample:

Private X is on his way to a certain hotel in a more certain French capital, It is dark, and after wandering over a couple of bridges and through a series of gardens, he gives up. Approaching a kindly looking gray-haired gentleman who is passing by, he bows, and hegins:

"Pardon, m'sieur: youlez-vons m'udiquer le chemin à 'Hôtel ——?"

"Certainly, my dear young sir i" comes back the answer. "I will be glad to show you the way. I am going that way myself. You see, I an the manager of the hotel you are seeking!"

Dumbfounded, the private follows along. The kindly gray-haired French gentleman starts to talk of Buffalo, of Niagara Falls, of Duluth, of Chicago, of Rochester, of New York. "But," he adds apologetically. "I have not seen them for 20 years."

At that, the private discovers that his French guide has seen more of the United States," says the kindly gentleman, in conclusion, "and their two nephews are now training there, and will be over here, they write me, in the spring. Ah, well! I shall be very glad to see them!"

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