

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 come to France. He is here to confer 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 needed by the American Army in France.

Before he sets sail once more for 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 over to the 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 this is to the end that the Secretary of War shall gather the greatest amount of information in the least possible time.

A Memorable Triumvirate

The first news that Paris had of Mr. Baker'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. Three visitors to the distinguished station at that unpropitious hour would have carried away with them the memorable sight of Mr. Baker walking along the platform with General Pershing on one side and General 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 War, the Commander-in-Chief, and America's representative at the Allied Conference.

A Sepulchral Spot

When their lights had to be turned out, the conference was adjourned to an adjoining room that could be curtained off at an upper floor of the Hotel Crillon, deeply engrossed in a conference with General Bliss.

Submarine—Alert

So the Paris which Mr. Baker knew in other years proved in the year 1918 more eventful than the voyage across the Atlantic. That voyage was made not in any passenger ship, but in an American warship, a veteran cruiser that was acting at the time as part of the escort of a convoy which brought 10,000 American soldiers safe and sound to an American port.

The journey overseas was not entirely without incident. It was made part way in weather so uncertain that the Secretary himself was one of the few who did not feel the worse for it. Then once on the way, the monetary mistaking of an innocent floating spar for a sinister submarine led to a brief but lively demonstration of how our gung protect the convoy.

FREE TRIPS TO CAMP UPTON

NEW YORK, March 14.—New York automobile owners have agreed to give free trips weekly to the relatives of men in Camp Upton who cannot afford the railroad fare.

TO THE STARS AND STRIPES:

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 Weather Does Much to Aid General Industrial Drive

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

NEW YORK, March 14.—It has been another quiet week, without a single sensational or even exciting domestic occurrence of any kind. The Russian and Japanese situation continues to overshadow everything else in public interest, but the public apparently watches developments tranquilly and with an open mind.

No Frenzied Jacking Up

On the whole, there seems practically no change in the public attitude toward this question away from that indicated in last week's dispatch. Certainly, the German advance into Russia has not dismayed the American.

NATION LOOKS SEAWARD

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

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. It is now made here under a new name—arsphenamine—which, it is to be hoped, won't break the cable. This one thing alone means big reconstruction of human wreckage, and is only one item of what America is doing behind the war front.

Carrot to Outshine Rose

NEW YORK, March 14.—Cabbage and carrot may be the queens at the flower show here next week. Fashionable exhibitors are to show war gardens.

FREE TRIPS TO CAMP UPTON

NEW YORK, March 14.—New York automobile owners have agreed to give free trips weekly to the relatives of men in Camp Upton who cannot afford the railroad fare.

WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR



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

Hard their lot and sad their ways! Little love on them was lavished, From those early August days When the Hun their country ravished, Till the time when strangers came— Kindly folk, but still outlanders— 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 united! 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

Changes Already Effectuated Sure Signs of Wonderful Future

NATION LOOKS SEAWARD

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

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.

Carrot to Outshine Rose

NEW YORK, March 14.—Cabbage and carrot may be the queens at the flower show here next week.

FREE TRIPS TO CAMP UPTON

NEW YORK, March 14.—New York automobile owners have agreed to give free trips weekly to the relatives of men in Camp Upton who cannot afford the railroad fare.

ONE REGIMENT WINS 16 CROIX DE GUERRE

Whole Trench Mortar Section Also Cited as Sequel to Raid on Chemin des Dames—Chaplain Decorated for Bravery

Chaplain In On Party

Only two of them wore shoulder straps. One was a lieutenant, the other a priest, Father Oslas Roucher. He was sent over the ground as quickly as possible, and he stayed for a few minutes with his neighbor, and in two minutes they were swallowed up in a mist of shells.

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 French. The brass is already bright; the range of bills beyond which our advanced posts lie were softened by a light haze in the warm day, and right in front and overhead, Fritz and a sausage balloon staged a merry little hide-and-seek target game to amuse the waiting soldiers.

Chaplain In On Party

Only two of them wore shoulder straps. One was a lieutenant, the other a priest, Father Oslas Roucher. He was sent over the ground as quickly as possible, and he stayed for a few minutes with his neighbor, and in two minutes they were swallowed up in a mist of shells.

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 French. The brass is already bright; the range of bills beyond which our advanced posts lie were softened by a light haze in the warm day, and right in front and overhead, Fritz and a sausage balloon staged a merry little hide-and-seek target game to amuse the waiting soldiers.

NEW JERSEY RUINED AS A PLACE TO LOAF

NEW YORK, March 14.—A tragic fate awaits the gentlemen of leisure in New Jersey through Governor Edger'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.

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 Pillowbox that He Wanted to Take

The past seven days have witnessed the first American raids into German trenches. American patrolling 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.

American Barrage Lists

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.

Lost in Mist of Shells

As far as I could detect, no shell fell near them, nor was there any evidence of hostile machine gun fire. They just got over the ground as quickly as possible, and he stayed for a few minutes with his neighbor, and in two minutes they were swallowed up in a mist of shells.

Continued on Page 2

FREE QUARTERS AND BOARD FOR MEN ON HOLIDAY

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

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 inducement—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., it's No. 6, 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.

Oh, You Ocean Bathing!

The designated leave area in SAvoy, in the vicinity of Aix-les-Bains, which was a good enough place 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 leave areas will be announced before summer, and the presumption is that the summertime leave centers will be near the sea.

Under the new rule, as a result of a rather noticeable floundering 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 but no money for a few days' respite for the men and the Aix Hotel Proprietors' Association, if they have one there, patriotic Americans of means came to the rescue in many cases, but that sort of thing couldn't go on forever.

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 part, but if you should happen to bump 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 quilms about the landlord. You will draw your dollar back every day, so that if further unfortunate accidents should befall you and your dollar before breakfast, you would go endless for that day only.

RESTAURANT MEN PUNISHED

Proprietors of Un-meatless Establishments Have to Tell the World

POLITICIANS GO SLOW IN STARTING THINGS

NEW YORK, March 14.—Here's another sad case from the New York Five-seven government restaurant, men have been hauled up for violating the meatless days order.

Tempting Issues Passed Up for Fear of What May Be Inside

NEW YORK, March 14.—National politics is quiet. The politicians seem to be waiting for something to happen, 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.

UNITED CIGAR FOUNDER DEAD

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 gunboat during the Civil War. Sixteen years after the opening of his chain of cigar stores they did \$30,000,000 worth of business annually.

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 bob. 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 thinking 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 ghost we like. The kind that understands our martial lingo; The kind that sympathizes with the burdens of the bike. And the kind that's solid for this war, by Jingo! 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 daylight out of Fritz, our country's foe. Mr. Baker, here's our best respects to you!

Continued on Page 2

Continued on Page 2

Continued on Page 2







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 accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Editorial: Guy T. Viskniski, 2nd Lieut. Inf., N.A. (Editor and General Manager); Charles P. Cushing, 1st Lieut. U.S.M.C.R.; Alexander Woolcott, Sgt. M.D. N. A.; Hudson Hawley, Pvt., M.G.Bn.; A. A. Wallgren, Pvt., U.S.M.C.; John T. Winterich, Pvt., A.S.; H. W. Ross, Pvt., Engrs., Ry.

Business: William K. Michael, 1st Lieut. Inf., U.S.R.; Adolph Ochs, 2nd Lieut. Cav., U.S.R.; Stuart Carroll, Q.M. Sgt., Q.M.C.; T. W. Palmer, Corp., Engrs., Ry.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 4 francs for three months. To civilians, 5 francs for three months. All advertising contracts payable monthly.

Address all communications relating to text, art, subscriptions, advertising and all other matters, to THE STARS AND STRIPES, G 2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1918.

TAKE A GOOD LOOK

We read that Congress has voted 18 billions and is going to float another Liberty Loan; that the Shipping Board has 400 ships under construction; that Sir Somebody in the British Parliament announced that 116 ships were under repair in Great Britain and 16 were launched in February; 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 a week; that Austria is starving; that Austria is not starving.

We read all this—and more—and then we either jump at a conclusion or we sigh and say, "What the deuce is doing any-how?"

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—and in the case of the enemy, doctored—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, Italy, 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. 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 Marysville, 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 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?

IS THE PIPE PASSE?

Is the pipe going out of fashion in this man's army? Is the rich old stinking, goey smoke-solace of our fathers to be relegated to the military museum along with the flintlock musket and the cider-barrel cannon? Is it feasible for use, in this man's war, by any but those few fortunate officers who have the time to care for it as it should be cared for?

We hope not; but from various portions of the front we hear dire tales which seem to foreshadow the pipe's passing popularity. It won't stay lit. It wastes more matches (or more briquet juice) than it's worth—a heinous offense in this country! It takes too long to fill it. It burns out too speedily in the open air. It scents up a dugout altogether too strenuously. And at the front there are no persons from whom one may borrow after much persuasion, the necessary harpin or hatpin with which to clean it. Barbed wire is far more stout for the delicate operation, too much needed for other useful purposes.

Shades of dear, good, well-meaning Dr. Pease! If all of the foregoing is true, there is nothing left for us but to resort to the grand old pipe's humbler sister, the seductive cigarette; for cigars, except for the vulgarly affluent, are out of the question. But, as we sit here by the Q.M.

stove, surrounded by an aromatic haze of fragrant Carolinian, Virginian, and Heav-en-knows-what extraction, with the old draft working well for the first time in four months, we are quite willing to forego the proffered butt—yes, even the States-sent stogie. With all its faults, we'll do our'ndrsted to keep the old pipe a-going as long as the old flag keeps a-flying. Coises! Anybody got a match?

ELSIE

It is really a pity that, because of laws and general orders and other masculine inventions, 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 peppy and pulchritudinous personality into the Army camps she is visiting, she inspires every man who sees her perform—and 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 these 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 comes as a distinct relief. She is an oasis of color and vivacity in the midst of a dreary desert of frock-coated and white-lit legislators and lecturers who have been visited upon us for our sins and the sins of our fathers. Therefore, we are for her.

Elsie Janis is as essential to the success 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" and less instruction by people who take themselves seriously—that's one formula for winning the war!

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 green silk. We may be doing somebody an injustice (and if we are we will make due apologies for it), but to the best of our knowledge neither Fred Fulton nor Frank Moran has yet seen fit to hold up his right hand and swear to defend the United States against its enemies.

An athlete with the extraordinary reach of a Fulton should be a mighty handy man with a bayonet. A husky fellow with four years' service in the United States Marine Corps is fit for immediate usefulness in the field or aboard ship—and we can recall one named Frank Moran—should win more enthusiastic plaudits from the A.E.F. if we could behold him in his old "sea-green 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 we see it, Messieurs Fulton and Moran are anything but heroes.

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 employment? These and similar questions bob up every once in a while, and there is no reason at all why they shouldn't. We all want to know the answer to the "After the War—What?" which the platform lecturer and the magazine writer are always dimming into our ears and eyes. We'll have to answer it ourselves some one of these fine days, and we might as well give it some thought.

At a pinch, we can all dig trenches. That will come in mighty handy in a town like New York which is being torn up all the time. We can all wash our own clothes. We can all clean streets, put up shelves in billets, and roll blankets. And, of course, we can all peel potatoes and lug water. If the cook trusts us, we can learn even more things. In short, there is hardly a thing in the street-cleaning, trench-cleaning, house-cleaning, town-cleaning or culinary line that we haven't learned to do. Some of the favored few have become adepts at the gentle art of wood-chopping, and in a little while some others will have a chance to learn ground and lofty gardening.

We should worry about jobs when we get back. We'll be able to do anything they want done back in the States, and then some. Why, some of us can even sew on our buttons! Think of that blissful future—leaving the politics to the women while we take care of the housework!

NEWSPAPERS IN GERMANY

If you really want to know what is going on in Germany, the place to look for news is not in the German newspapers but in copies of the secret orders issued by the Imperial Hun Government to the Press. For example, here is a little hint about the food shortage in a mandate of June 11, 1917: "Advertisements in which dog flesh is offered for sale are not allowed. Their acceptance is forbidden."

A whole sheaf of these secret orders is in the hands of Uncle Sam. To anyone who

may have wondered why the German people are still groping in the dark for facts about the war, these papers furnish the explanation. 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 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 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 Skagerak 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 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 battle fronts to force the Entente statesmen to plead with Wilhelm 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 outfits to THE STARS AND STRIPES, they shouldered the responsibility themselves and went out after results. One is a captain in the Signal Corps. In his detachment he not only wrote up a list of subscribers almost as long as the pay roll, but also made arrangements for a courier service to distribute the papers as soon as they arrived. In a regiment of U.S. Marines a lieutenant colonel did not find it beneath his dignity to tour half a dozen billet towns to see personally that all arrangements for subscriptions and deliveries were made in business-like fashion. 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 communication with prisoners of war. Its language 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 outfit had written home to his brother, 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 A.E.F., 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 muddies up the game and may bring serious results. Remember that 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.

AS WE SEE OURSELVES

An American scientist discovered, some many years ago, that out of the melting pot that is the United States there is developing a peculiarly American cranium, i. e. the bone under our hair. And if that really is a peculiarly American cranium, just as there are crania peculiarly Latin, Slavie or Mongolian, then there must be a peculiarly American face. Simply, we all ought to look somewhat—not too much, but somewhat—alike.

Do we? (Voice from the rear: "I hope not.") Not strictly, of course, but isn't there something about us besides our speech and our uniforms that distinguishes us from the conglomeration of nationalities now fighting in and for France? All those other nationalities recognized it before we did, certainly, but aren't we now coming to appreciate the fact ourselves?

"Several times," writes a private at G.H.Q., "men have come up to me and asked, 'Did you ever live in Kansas City—Butte—Milwaukee—Little Rock—St. Paul?'—wherever they happen to think they have seen me, and they all look disappointed when I tell them I've never been west of Cleveland. Do I really look so much like somebody (or everybody) else? I guess not, because several other fellows tell me they've had the same thing happen to them."

Just how our heads, and therefore faces, differ from those set on the necks of our brother races we must leave for craniologists to explain. Meanwhile, our nearest approach to a groping realization that we do all dimly resemble each other finds expression in this vain search for our "Haven't-I-seen-you-before?" mates. It is our unconscious admission of the existence of the most familiar thing—and hence the thing hardest to comprehend—in our whole experience: the great American face.

HER TWO ENEMIES —By Charles Dana Gibson



Reproduced by Courtesy of "Life."

OUR PALS, THE WAR-WAIFS OF FRANCE

When our color-guards filed down the transport's gangplank and planted the regimental standards on French soil, the only man on the dock to welcome us were three small boys. They took up advanced posts half way between the colors and the colonel and bugged not from there until an interpreter came to the rescue with the magic word *allez!* Retreating to an observation post on top of a hill of sugar sacks, they consumed a light *déjeuner* of apples and watched the brief ceremony of unceasing the colors.

"GAS ALERT!"

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.

"Cork Steamer Sunk."—Headline. We thought that was the only kind that did.

New York, March.—The Archbishop of York landed today at an Atlantic port.—"Daily Mail."

Well, that kind of censorship fools somebody.

China mobilizing to meet the Russian menace? *Ab. out:* the pigtail versus the knout?

A Chilean sailing ship has just taken 50 Germans off a desert island. Wow! How it must have broken up that happy and peaceful little family!

In face of what the Germans, with whom they are "at peace," are now doing to them, the Russians might well retire to their invaders: "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love. But why did you kick me downstairs?"

Tobacco cards are already in operation in some parts of France, with the provision that none are to be issued to boys under 16. Let's see: do they have corn-silk in this country?

Miss Anne Martin, of Nevada, 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 legislator to Congress, just as some mean paragrapher once referred to Miss Rankin as "the only young woman in Congress."

This column has got to give up something for Lent (Voice: "Who said Lent in the Army?"); and it might just as well puns on the word "tank." They're too easy, anyway.

The negro back in the States who was discharged because his feet were too big was

night. The cook had given them a splendid dinner, for which they were awfully obliged—he said this coyly, to throw us off our guard. 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 bowed 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 declared 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 finally 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 caneways' stone arches.

When the regiment settled down to the irksome task of working on docks and railways we met other youngsters of the same ingratiating 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 quota of copper clackers. They were respectful always, and apparently had few bad habits outside of a great preoccupation in the matter of cigarette smoking.

A few of the more appealing types attached themselves to us as muscos. The engineers adopted an urchin who pretended to be a Belgian refugee. He was outfitted in O.D. with a sombrero 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 bubble of French topped off with a snappy salute, real American style, and lead the six-footer to the nearest barber shop. While the 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 flee 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 progress after the war, we will subscribe to it with as much zest as we would to a Liberty Loan. We have met hundreds of these orphaned waifs in base ports, along the lines of communication, in the cities, and even close to the trenches. It "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 regard them, on the whole, as genuine war victims. They were our first friends, and they may count upon us to stick to them to the last. C. P. C.

playing in hard luck; what if the same physical disability rule applied to heads?

This year is going to be Children's Year in 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."—Headline. Well, what does trouble usually do in Ireland?

"Mr. Mason Carns will sing and render several stirring war poems of his own composition."—"The Herald."

Composition seems to be a lost art, as it were.

"Paris Actress Is Arrested as Spy."—Headline. Playing the role of the villain?

Mr. W. C. Langlotz, mayor, and ten citizens of Fayetteville, 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 Fayetteville. Mayor Langlotz said the flag had 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?

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.

NEW PASTER FOR CARS To eliminate confusion and provide a uniform method for marking cars, to be followed by all branches of the Army service making shipments of materials and supplies, a paster to be placed on cars has been prepared, to show the following information necessary for their

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. Copies of these forms 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 7. The persons placing new pasters on cars will see that all old pasters or markings on cars are removed or obliterated. When cars are unloaded 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 to enlist in the army of their own country.

DIVISIONAL JURISDICTION Under paragraph 191, A.E.F., as amended by General Orders, No. 96, W.D., July 29, 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 camps and performing various duties connected with the camps.

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 invested in Liberty bonds.



## WAR BIRDS SAFE WHEN GAS COMES

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 Newspapers With the A.E.F.

Last night was a pretty active one on 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 pigeons," said he. 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 dovetail. In half a dozen places in the loft pairs of gladiators had seized each other by the bills and were tugging and twisting angrily.

A mother bird 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 bag which has been impregnated by the anti-gas chemicals. A pigeon could resist gas for six hours, the pigeon man said. 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 I 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 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 pigeons 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 pigeon cage. It was perhaps 20 feet deep and, therefore, fairly safe. In his hand he bore a cage containing a pair of pigeons. 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 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. 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 housing 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 Cincinnati, and relatively as many in most of the larger towns.

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 unimportant one, of the going-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.

About 2,000 pigeons in all have been brought to France. Most are young stock, which will become dependable fliers 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.

"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 his feathers the wrong way, he would be discouraged. 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

For the present, thoroughly acclimated French birds are being used to take messages from the American trenches, but in time the young American stock will become acclimated. The caged 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 apt 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 air."

When a bird's tour of trench 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;  
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 luckier 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 going.  
So I enlisted, and she thought it great.  
She called me hero, brave boy, all the rest,  
Kiss 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 Croix de Guerre, a medal of honor and all that.  
And a big pickelhaube helmet to put up on the mantelpiece  
To use as the baby's bunk.

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 picture.  
And, any way you'd like 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 duffers.  
And so he 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 going 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 prizes 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 guy  
That'll let another guy 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.

We've had quite a bunch of capital letters in groups with periods between them to puzzle over and learn since we joined the Army—V.O.C.O., U.S.R., N.A., R.T.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 minkies" etc. It will include the Transportation Department, the Quartermaster Corps, the Railroad Transportation Officers, and others.

But S.O.S. won't 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 big mix-up.

Initials frequently are misleading, as one captain 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."

"Ah, I see," said the British officer, "and the R.T.O. stands for Railways, Tramways, Omnibuses," I suppose.

Here are a few of the more common 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.I.C.—Engineer Officers' Reserve Corps.
- M.O.I.C.—Medical Officers' Reserve Corps.
- D.O.I.C.—Dental Officers' Reserve Corps.
- N.A.—National Army.
- U.S.A.—United States Army (Regular)
- R.T.O.—Railway Transportation Officer.

- Q.M.R.C.—Quartermaster's Reserve Corps.
- U.S.M.C.—United States Marine Corps.
- M.G.Ba.—Machine Gun Battalion.
- A.S.—Air Service.
- L. of C.—Lines of Communication.
- D.G.T.—Director General of Transportation.
- I.S.G.S.—Intelligence Section, General Staff.
- G.I.Q.A.E.F.—General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces.

## MOST APPROPRIATE

"What's the meaning of those new collar ornaments they've got for the chemical corps—they look like a couple of crossed meerschaums?"  
"Sure, that's what they are? Hasn't the 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.

Standard-Bearers of America!  
You have come to the Home of



Delicious with lemon, syrups, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France.

DRINK IT TO-DAY  
PARIS, 36bis Boulevard Haussmann

## 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 lookout on the German trenches across the way.

"Then get into the gas masks quick," ordered the corporal. "Can't take any 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.

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.

All the time, however, I was getting whiffs 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 smell something awful."

The corporal himself sniffed a few times and then declared he couldn't smell a 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 bug you've got around your 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 terrible! "Well, I'll be damned," was Bill's comment. "Don't you know what that's for? No? Well, we wear these bags that are filled 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 way, unless some Boche aeroplane should drop bombs near them, but they could hear the gunfire plainly 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 year govment life insurance," announced one negro to another as they started to work one day.

"What 'f' all want with all that money?" asked the second.

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

risky some 'round yere. Ten thousand dollars be pretty good 't have if one them shells should knock a leg offen me."  
"Knock leg offen you?" repeated the second. "Why say, you don't think you've 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 soldiers 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, sir. It's now seven, and he's only half 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 calls "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 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 army.

Leaving a certain base almost out of range of enemy guns, a big motor truck lumbers forward after dark, stopping at billets, cantonnements and other places where troops are congregated. It dispenses hot coffee, canned goods, tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, candy, writing paper and articles of clothing. Sometimes it is under fire throughout its entire route.

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.

The MODERN OPTICAL Co. (AMERICAN SYSTEM) OPTICIENS SPÉCIALISTES pour la VUE N. QUENTIN, Directeur, 5 Boulevard des Italiens, PARIS. 10% Réduction to Americans.

MEURICE HOTEL and RESTAURANT

228 Rue de Rivoli (Opposite Tuileries Gardens) Restaurant Open to Non-Residents.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE 8 RUE DE RICHELIEU, PARIS (Royal Palace Hotel)  
The Union is anxious to get in touch with all colleges and universities in Europe, who are therefore urged to register by MAIL, giving name, college, class, European address, and name and address of nearest relative at home.

SHIRTS KHAKI COLLARS  
6, Rue Castiglione, (Opp. Hotel Continental) PARIS. A. SULKA & Co 34 W. 34 Street, NEW YORK. Mail orders executed.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York Paris: 1 & 3 Rue des Italiens. UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY OF PUBLIC MONIES Places its banking facilities at the disposal of the officers and men of the AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES Special facilities afforded officers with accounts with this institution to negotiate their personal checks anywhere in France. Money transferred to all parts of the United States by draft or cable. Capital and Surplus : : : : \$50,000,000 Resources more than : : : : \$600,000,000 AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS

NEW YORK WASHINGTON BRENTANO'S (Société Anonyme) Booksellers & Stationers, 37 AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS. Latest American, English & French Books MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS. Dictionaries, Phrase Books in all Languages. United States Army Regulations, etc. FINE COLLECTION OF WAR POSTERS

## The AutoStrop Razor

in its New Military Kit and Other Styles

The Military Kit in Three Styles—Khaki, Pigskin and Black Leather. Contains Trench Mirror, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, ready for use when hung up attached to case.

The Only Razor That Sharpens Its Own Blades

It strops them, keeps them free from rust, shaves and is cleaned—all without taking apart. A freshly stropped blade is easier to shave with than a new blade. The twelve blades that go with the razor will get at least 500 FRESH, CLEAN SHAVES.

The AutoStrop Razor can be purchased in French Shops, Canteens and Post Exchanges

ALWAYS A SHARP BLADE

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. 345 Fifth Avenue, New York

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. Ltd. 83 Duke St., Toronto, Canada

To Dealers: Write to us for full particulars about our 30-day free trial offer, which has proved so successful.

## OLD ENGLAND

12, Boulevard des Capucines, 12

CONTRACTORS TO THE AMERICAN ARMY, NAVY AND AIR SERVICE

COMPLETE OUTFITS IN GREAT VARIETY

EVERY NECESSITY FOR THE OFFICER & MAN

## OLD ENGLAND

PARIS :: 12, Boulevard des Capucines, 12 :: PARIS

TELEPHONE: Central 34-54 34-55 50-20

HUNS HIT .000 AGAINST LORRAINE HURLERS

Some years ago a good man came With kindly eyes and winning smile; They said St. Patrick was his name— He drove the snakes from Erin's Isle.

A new St. Patrick takes his place, He wields a sword in mighty hand— Just watch him as he starts to chase The "kiltured" snakes from Belgium land.

CLUB OWNERS BAR FREAK 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

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.] NEW YORK, March 14.—All 16 major league club owners 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 delivery.

Manager McGraw of the Giants apparently will not get Davey Robertson this season. Davey appears determined to stay on the retired list. Lee Magee has gone to the Cincinnati Reds from the St. Louis Browns in a three cornered deal. St. Louis trading him for outfielder Tim Hendryx of the New York Yankees. Magee was once considered one of the game's great outfielders. He got a big bonus from the Federal league and ran Benny Kauff a hot race for the batting championship. Magee 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 last fall. His salary now is reported to be \$10,000 a year.

CLAIMS JACKSON WAS THE BEST BIG BOXER

Eugene Corri, English Referee, Boosts Colored Marvel

Eugene Corri, the famous referee and conspicuous figure of the National Sporting Club of London, has a timely article in London Answers on the subject of recent boxing champions. Corri was asked to give the best of the great quartet—Bob Fitzsimmons, Peter Jackson, Jack Johnson and Frank Slavin. The last named, by the way, although 55 years old, is in the Canadian army and recently returned to Toronto on a furlough from the French front. Corri decided in favor of Jackson, the big West Indian near whom John L. Sullivan never would meet, who knocked out Slavin in ten rounds and a year later fought a 61-round draw with Jim Corbett. If Jackson had not turned an ankle several days before the fight the result might have been altogether different.

Says Corri: "I had to think before giving my verdict. This was how I worked it out: I imagined all four great heavyweights alive, and in their fighting prime at the same time. I made an imaginary tournament of them, putting Jackson and Johnson, the black men, in the first heat, and Slavin and Fitzsimmons in the second. Well, Johnson put up an amazing display of defensive boxing, while Peter Jackson, the bronze statue, taxed his tactics to the uttermost. Neither knocked the other out. But I gave the verdict points to Peter, and the audience applauded my decision.

"The next heat was between Slavin and Fitz. That was the grandest display of brawling ever witnessed between two white exponents of glove fighting. Keep in mind that it never happened, except in my imagination, as I tried to answer the question addressed to me from the men in the trenches. It makes me hold my temples as I create the great spectacle. Slavin, a picture of physical proportions; Fitz, angular and hard as hewn stone, not a picture, but a terrible power for punching. On rushes the fray for 19 of the 20 rounds. Slavin holds the balance on points, but Fitz comes up for the last round breathing fire and danger. His eyes burn like red coals; his crash and swing are terrific. Fitz smiles sweetly, as much as to say: 'The knockout is coming very soon.' 'And it did. With a punch that would almost have staggered a tank the Cornishman plunged his Sahara right fist into Slavin's solar plexus, following with an uppercut to the chin the way he finished Corbett, in reality, at Carson City—and down drops Frank Slavin, insensible to the boards, where he is counted out. Jackson and Fitzsimmons are left in the final, and to cut my imaginary tournament short, the splendid and unparalleled negro, 'Gentleman' Jack, as we used to speak of him, wins on points. He could not hit Fitz out, though by the skill of his boxing he wore him well down. Nobody ever could hope to knock out Fitzsimmons in his prime. So I voted Jackson as the greatest man in that group of four immortal gladiators."

WISDOM GOTHAMITES PROVE EASY MARKS

\$1,000 a Minute Cleared in New York Gambling Houses de Luxe

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.] NEW YORK, March 14.—In the course of his investigations into the gambling industry, District Attorney Swann has unearthed some merry disclosures that cheer cynical New York. Many prominent and wise Gothamites have testified to losing neat sums up to \$20,000 like little country boys in the hands of wicked huncreevers. The gamblers had gentlemanly clubs and stylish hotels, and took all comers—also, they took everything away from all comers, but apparently the city's wise ones merely paid up and came again. It was a flourishing business, often paying \$1,000 a minute. The testimony has made some of our thrifty war profiteers weep mildly at the opportunity they missed.

SQUASH SERIES PROGRESSES

NEW YORK, March 14.—Harry Mitchell, the Princeton club squash player, has advanced to the third round by two victories in the national Class II squash tennis championship tournament, held in New York. William Ganley, the New York Athletic club professional, beat Stephen Faron, of the Harvard 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!

Hist, you heavens! Lamp this line that our American staff correspondent just flung into the capacious maw of the panting cable company. "The gentle hand grenade has become a feature of most of the country's amateur athletic meets. The Rocky Mountain conference has decided to add it to intercollegiate sports. It may become an important scholastic implement against undesirable faculties." "Undesirable faculties? Our otherwise careful and toll saving correspondent has indulged in a totally superfluous word, 'Undesirable' applied to faculties? It's redundant. All faculties are undesirable—not only in themselves, but they are composed exclusively of undesirables. Oh, joy! Think of winging a good old hand grenade at the dome-like bonum of Old Man Whoozle, who flunked us in European History! That would be a little fact of modern European history that he ought to get firmly fixed in his mind. And think of lofting the old grenade in fine parabolic curve at the oval oblonga of Old Whoozanie who flunked us for not knowing all about parabolic curves and angles of elevation and all the rest of the rot that you never use outside the artillery! And, too, think of plunking old Herr Professor Schwehn right in the solar plexus—Old Schwehn, who told us that the Germans were a good and kind and loving peaceful people!

STAR SHELLS

By Q.M. SGT. STUART CARROLL, Q.M.C. PECULIAR HORRORS OF WAR "Suppose, on returning to citizen's shoes," Said Corporal Andy McPhee, "I find that the girl I had hoped to lose Is faithfully waiting for me." "Chicago Tribune."

HIS DEATH SENTENCE

Sir: When our top cutter read in THE STARS AND STRIPES that baseball circuits were to be shortened in order that railroad transportation might be hastened, he said: "Now the press agents are trying to electrify the fans by a baseball short-circuit."

REGT. OF IMMORTALS, A.E.F.

Sir: He's a heluva good field clerk and maybe we can find room for him in the Regiment. Oh, yes, and his name is Sim Mee, but he isn't a heathen Chinese.

CELA NE FAIT RIEN

My French is a sorry affair. And the words I may happen to use Would make a prof. pull at his hair—"I would give him the blindest of blinks; Yet one thing I've mastered, I think. Though difficult, quite, was the feat— To say when I'm needin' a drink: 'En bock, s'il vous plait, ma petite. In Spanish, oh, yes, I am there. And over it I can enthuse. But what good is Spanish, my cher. If French makes you would amuse! So, though I can't order 'vin blanc' For mademoiselles that I meet, I chirp, if they're wishin' a drink: 'En bock, s'il vous plait, ma petite. So often I'm up in the air. And sometimes my temper I lose. On finding I can't even swear. In words that a native would choose; But still, there is my kink. When, wandering in from the street, I say, when I'm wantin' a drink: 'En bock, s'il vous plait, ma petite."

WHY TROUBLE TO CHANGE?

An American vaudeville actor, now starring in a medical unit "over here," made himself popular aboard the transport on the way across by singing the latest popular songs for his comrades. He finished one rendition in the dismal 'ween deck space and from the tiers of bunks came applause and cries of "Encore, encore!" "Encore?" came a shout from a distant corner. "Get the same guy sing!"

ENGLISH and AMERICAN BARBER SHOP

HOTEL LOTTI RESTAURANT

7 à 11 Rue de Castiglione (Tulleries) PARIS

WORLD MARK GRAZED BY WHIRLWIND RAY

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 Cable to The Stars and Stripes.] NEW YORK, March 14.—John Ray, the Illinois Athletic Club whirlwind, ran one of the greatest races of his career in winning the Meadowbrook mile run at Philadelphia in the indoor carnival of the Meadowbrook 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 Lieutenant John W. Overton last year in the same event.

YANKEE GALLERY SEES BOAR HUNT

Beast Finds Zone Just Behind Front Line Safest Spot in France

When there isn't Boche hunting to be done some of the American sportsmen up front find time to hunt the wild boar. A visiting correspondent recently came upon a company of them on the Lorraine line following the sport of kings with zest and interest. True they were only engaged in the hunt to the extent of cheering on a half-dozen polks who were racing across country after a bored-looking boar 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 although there were several hundred firearms within easy range of him, nobody dared fire for fear of hitting someone else. The beast seemed perfectly aware of this, for he looped along nonchalantly across country a hundred yards or so ahead of his pursuers. All this was going on not more than three miles from the firing line. The doughboys who constituted the gallery refused to talk about war and the part they were going to play in it until Mr. Boar had vanished over the brow of the hill beyond.

DIFFERENT ON BROADWAY

"Say, ain't that a hot one?" a stall-wart sergeant observed disgustedly. "Lettin' that big get clean away. If it 'ud been Broadway now, he'd be full o' holes by this time. Every cop in the precinct wud 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.

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 Widman of New York has offered Jess Willard \$75,000 for a bout with Fred Fulton at Carson City, Nev., on July 4. Willard says he will be the promoter of his own bouts in the future and he will name the terms for the boys anxious to meet him.

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 McCabe and Outfielder Ward Miller to the Salt Lake City club.

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

Joe Tinker, former Cub, now manager of the Columbus, Ohio, club, has decided to give a number of semi-pro and amateur 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 1 it must be reduced to 25.

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

H. W. Mason is to succeed Herman Seekamp as secretary and business manager of St. Louis Cardinals.

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

The major leagues have decided to do away with the big jumps next season, especially the one day trips west for Sunday games, in order to help out the railroad congestion.

President Tener, of the National League, announces that his league will take care of the players having been drafted. The first big leaguer to enlist in the army.

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

The Detroit Tigers have lost two regulars so far, George Burns and Howard Ehmke, besides 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 veteran player, is due for a comeback in the big circuit next season, the Cardinals being after him.

Jimmy Walsh, of the Red Sox, has joined the service at the Boston Navy yard.

Clark Griffith, manager of the Washington club, has arranged three exhibition games at American soldiers' 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.

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.

Walter Johnson has been placed in Class 4 in the draft, as he has two children and a wife dependent upon him. Ty Cobb is in Class 2.

Grover Lauderback has signed his contract with the Browns for next season.

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

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

The St. Louis Cards have signed Cliff Heathcote, of Penn State, to play in the field.

Fred Mollwitz, first baseman of the Cincinnati Reds, is a holdout. Joe Tinker is trying to buy Bob Becher from Milwaukee.

Both Kieffer, Harris and Lunte, of the Cleveland Club, are subject to the draft. Elmer 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 hooked with the Tigers.

PLEBES LEAD IN WEST POINT MEET

Yearling Swimmers Far Behind in Interclass Event

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 third with 17 points.

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-yard 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 by a fall and four by decisions. Columbia 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 cast, where the big baseball doings are going on. He still condems the happiest days of his life were when he played football at Chicago.

An army cook is known by the mess he makes.

COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

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

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

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

Ransom, Beloit college's star athlete, formerly a well known performer at Hyde Park High, Chicago, has won a commission as lieutenant at Camp Logan.

Northwestern University's crack swimming team has been badly crippled, as 20 of the star swimmers have joined the service.

Bauer Olinberg, football hero at Purdue and West Point, is to be married shortly to Miss Barbara Benedict at New York, according to the American papers.

E. W. Anderson has been elected captain of next year's basketball team at Illinois.

FAMOUS VETERAN DIES

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.

SOLID SILVER IDENTITY DISCS AND BRACELETS

Price: 25 francs, with no charge for engraving your name, add mailing to you.

KIRBY, BEARD & CO. LP (Established 1745) 5 RUE AUBER (Opera), PARIS

GOOD LUCK FROM THE MEN WHO MAKE FATIMAS

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

AFTER YOU & YOUR BUNKIES HAVE FINISHED READING THE STARS AND STRIPES

PUT it into an envelope and mail to your Family, Sweetheart or Pal in training in the U.S.A. Make it a weekly letter of your activities and life in France.

WHEN mailed in an envelope, no postage is required.

ANOTHER plan is to send in to us their names and addresses, together with 4 francs for each subscription, and the Official A.E.F. Newspaper will be mailed promptly each week to any address in the United States or our Allied Countries for a period of three months.

Address all communications to THE STARS AND STRIPES 1 rue des Italiens, PARIS





DOWN EASTERS ON HUN'S TRAIL KEEP OLD WAYS Close Your Eyes, Sniff, and You're Within Beanshot of Boston

STRAPHANGER STILL THERE Fighters Adapt Home Methods to Trench Life and Decline to Be Thrilled

OLD TIME PIE ON MESS MENU Tour of New-England-in-France Takes Correspondent Through R-less But Familiar Region

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING 1st Lieut., U.S.M.C.R., Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES A two-day Cook's tour of New-England-in-France reveals the Yankee fighting man in some strange situations. His homes at the front include the hillside of the Mammoth Cave, of the cliff dwellings of New Mexico, of the sod houses of western Kansas prairies, and of the cellars of ruined Pompeii. A further touch of architectural variety is added to the list by a certain Yankee general, who has chosen for his headquarters a Saskatchewan settler's sluck, lightly armored with tar paper. But let no one be deluded by these outward aspects into assuming that the Yankee on the European battlefield has ceased to cling to his time-honored New England ways. His habits at the front are more accidents of fate. His first endeavor after he moves into them is to make them as "home-like" as possible. His Pompeian cellars have no grandfather's clocks which came over in the Mayflower, but he sticks snuffshout up on the walls that carry the man who views them back to Hingham or Salem. 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 whittle a chair and talk politics in a general store back at Nahth Pownal.

Shades of Cambridge Subway! Best index of all to the steadfastness of his habits, his company kitchen, in a sod dugout, still serves baked beans 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 rain March blizzard set in about the front, but work went ahead as if, to a New Englander, blizzards were matters of everyday occurrence. On a caution bearing a working party, a vehicle as packed with stambles as any street car back in the States, we sped one dough-broy who made a dash for home, in the pose, one hand clutching a hat in the top of the caution, was the familiar attitude of the straphanger—and he was reading a newspaper! The distant intermittent boom 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 abri. 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 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 looking for them. Well, we weren't. But we were ready. They got back worse than they gave us. We gained confidence by it." There was no use to try to make the story dramatic. No one would describe it in any terms but business. The general told us of three men who had captured a German, and of how in the process of towing their prize into port the party drifted slap against the German barb wire. "He said it, 'bab' the real England style.' The sergeant pressed the end of a Remington automatic to the prisoner's neck 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, having the logical mind of a Hun, promptly complied, and that was all there was to it, except that the French a few days later issued some Croix de Guerre. One of the correspondents suggested that maybe the success of the expedition, which had been managed in a piece of timber, could be laid to the fact that Maine woodsmen were in the raid. The general said the Maine men did excellent work in the woods—but that this particular party was led by a man from Roxbury.

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 a hillside in cellars. An artillery unit was just setting off down the road for the front. Though our call was unannounced, every man was as neat and as clean-shaven as if he were about to parade with the battery down Tremont Street or into Court Square. Deftly there in that street of ruins on the hillside, the Yankee battery would have pleased the eye of a Remington 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. A first-class March blizzard was on as we set out next morning for the headquarters of another general. After a long drive through shell battered villages and a countryside 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 sluck at the roadside issued an aroma of steaming coffee, so alluring that several of the correspondents found occasion to interview the cook before they started on the long climb upstairs to the party of the front. 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 camouflage over the little walk in front of headquarters, we found

the general's apartment. The rear end of his room ran into the hillside, alcove-like, but the front was open to the light and shrapnel. 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 out complicated matters immensely. A series of large maps served as wall paper. In the way of brick-work—and no New England parlor is complete without that—the general had a fragment of gas-shell. On the wall paper we were shown where our route lay. We set out again in the blizzard over a country that grew bleak and bleaker at every nod. 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 aeroplane 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 furnished power to an underground narrow gauge railway.

In No Hurry to Move Half a minute later we descended in pitch dark into an artificial Mammoth Cave. It once had been a huge quarry, where the limestone had been taken out by the mining process, working through the strata on the horizontal instead of as in our country, from the surface, by the vertical shaft. The party was lost in the cave's mazes. It required a little time to get back to the main passage. This led us out at last to an underground living quarters for reserve troops. The first of the cave men we met were French. Like their things, easy, with the air of being willing to stick there, if need be, till eternity—certainly until the Boches were whipped to a frazzle. Then, around the next turn of the passage, we suddenly stepped into New England again. The conversation was in English, of lower class. Nobody had been "trotting on our coming," but they went the "hill" way to welcome us. Yes, New England is still New England, even in the caves behind Chemin des Dames. One Yankee was whittling a stick. Another was tinkering with the inside of a watch. A third wanted to know if any correspondent in the party had a recent copy of the Globe. He'd heard a rumor that "Boston Harbor" had been frozen over this winter. Our party got out into the open again in due time. Across what we saw at while ago had been No Man's Land, we ran down a snake-like narrow gauge railway line in the blizzard to the rendezvous of the motors. A movie man of the Signal Corps made a news film of us. Except for the tin derbies and the gas masks, we must have looked a good deal like a school of "Tuck-Tank" Cub Scouts. Thus does New England set its stamp upon all of us.

THINGS ONE LEARNS IN THIS MAN'S ARMY That the Girl may send you candy and long letters and stuff like that, but it's the Old Folks that send the kind of sweaters that fit, the kind of tobacco you really want, and the news for which you really crave. That the Colonel isn't such a terrible guy, and the poor fish who adventured giving the U. S. A. back to the Indians didn't know what he was talking about. That the "old man" can write you a letter from home without a knock or a sermon in it. That the girl who could dance like a blue streak can't knit socks for a cent. That General Sherman's remark "never" is taken literally. That the poor fish who adventured giving the U. S. A. back to the Indians didn't know what he was talking about. That the "old man" can write you a letter from home without a knock or a sermon in it. That the girl who could dance like a blue streak can't knit socks for a cent.

THANKING THE UNK Dear Unk— These fine cigars you sent Yours truly are the proper fixtures; A long way to make up they went For months of rolling Gallic mixtures. They bring a whiff of homelikeness That's mighty welcome in this dugout Where, homed absent by war's finesse I dasset even stick my mug out. Their smoky haloes settle down About my dome like hands caressing— Their fragrant perfume serves to drown The fumes of gas—and that's a blessing. The one I gave the company cook Produced at once a second helping Which gratefully yours truly took; Occasion fit for joyful yelping! When Fritz's gunners blast the sky I light one up serenely sereneing The flaming butt from hostile eye For here each little glow has meaning. Yet though thus camouflaged I puff My gratitude is no less fervent— Your smokes are There—I've said enough, And sign me evermore your servant!

Military and Civil Tailors KRIEGCK & CO. 23 Rue Royale. WALK-OVER SHOES 34 Boulevard des Italiens 19-21 Boul. des Capucines PARIS All soldiers are welcome at the WALK-OVER Stores, where they can apply for any information and where all possible services of any kind will be rendered free of charge. LYONS, 12 Rue de la République NAPLES, 215 Via Roma The WALK-OVER "French Conversation Book" and Catalogue will be sent gratis any soldier applying for it.

BELLE JARDINIÈRE THE LARGEST OUTFITTERS IN THE WORLD AMERICAN and ALLIED MILITARY UNIFORMS COMPLETE LINE of MILITARY EQUIPMENT FOR OFFICERS and MEN Toilet Articles—Clothing and All Men's Furnishings Agents for BURBERRYS Sole Branches: PARIS, 1, Place de Clichy, LYON, MARSEILLE BORDEAUX, NANTES, NANCY, ANGERS Self-measurement Cards, Catalogues and Patterns. Post Free on application. L. Gros, Impri-meur-Gérant, 36, Rue du Sentier, Paris, Printing Office of the Centennial "Daily Mail," Ltd.

FOR THE FOLKS BACK HOME Do the homefolks a good turn by having us send them THE STARS AND STRIPES every week. If you, an A.E.F. man, subscribe in their behalf, the rate is the regular A.E.F. rate of four francs for three months. There aren't many things you can do from this side of the water for your folks or your old pal or that girl back home. THE STARS AND STRIPES would come to them like another letter every week or another little present. Here's a chance to do the homefolks a good turn. Don't pass it up.

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.P.V.'s, those who came over in the Mayflower and those who came over in the transport—still adhere here 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. Because of the multitude of uniforms and the variations in insignia, now prevalent in France, much confusion is apt to arise, however. Accordingly, a few simple rules may here be 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 in doubt, 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 etiquette by a witty bon mot that will more than make up for your faux 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 damn sorry! Honest, I thought you was The Old Man himself!" That puts the Y.M. guy entirely at his ease, and relieves him of any feeling of em-

barassment he may have felt at not being able to salute in return. In case a field clerk's hat-cord misleads you, and you snap one at him, later discovering your mistake, just say to him, real intimate-like, "Do you mind coming over in the transport—still, in the future, so I can lamp your collar ornaments? Thanks!" He will probably take the tip, and thus your saluting (and otherwise holding) arm will be saved. When saluting officers of other armies, use your own method, and not theirs. The chances are that they get so tired of answering their own men's greetings that they welcome the American one as a change. Besides, if you try to do theirs, you are apt to get it wrong, and then it isn't a salute at all, but a mockery. When in a town full of officers of all armies, and when you are lazy on foot, the salute is robbed of its original meaning, and is ruined beyond repair. What is worse, the poor chesee who doesn't practice thumb control usually gets no credit for good intentions.

PAYDAY NIGHT "C'mon, Jimmy, we bought all the tobacco we needed down at the Q.M.S. this afternoon." "Aw-right. But look here, Gus. We gotta buy something for the folks." "Sure we have, Jimmy." (Both enter a lace and fancy embroidery establishment.) "Ah-er, comblen, mademoiselle, pour le—oh, hell!" (Madame): "Zee heudkercheefs—fife francs apiece, messieurs." "Five francs—mum! All right, made-moiselle; don. Two, I mean. They're worth it, Gus; one for mother and one for the girl." "Now, Jimmy, we otta get something for the old man. You got one and I ain't. But all the same, yotta 'member him." "Aw-right, Gus. S'pose we get him one of these bricketts, if the Loo'll let us see it through the mail. 'Kusow, one of these things you light your pipe with." "Sure, Jimmy. Let's go!" (They go.) "Comblen, mon-soor, pour le bricket?" "Le bricket?" "No, lay bricket!" "No, le bricket?" "No, le bricket!" "Ah, m'sieur, je n'en ai pas!" "Wasshe say, Gus?" "He says he ain't got none." "Aw hell! Let's go!" "What'll we buy now, Jim?" "Might's well buy some socks; the ones I drew won't fit me. Wait—what time is it? Eight o'clock? Too late! Sock stores ain't open this time of night. 'Sides, the M.P.'s 'll pick us up 'f we're caught out after 8:15 on payday night. Whaddaya say we go back to the billet?" "Aw-right! Damn 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."

TIFFANY & Co 25, Rue de la Paix and Place de l'Opéra PARIS LONDON, 221, Regent Street, W. NEW YORK, Fifth Avenue and 37th Street

WHY TAKE TROUBLE TO ACQUIRE FRENCH? Too Many Folks Here Know 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 Kankakee 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 begins: "Fardon, m'sieur; voulez-vous m'indiquer le chemin à l'Hôtel—?" "Certainly, my dear young sir!" comes back the answer. "I will be glad to show you the way. I am going that way myself. You see, I am 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 than he himself has! "I have two brothers over in 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!"

SOLDIERS Have your Portraits taken by WALERY 9 bis, Rue de Londres, à Paris. Tel.: Gut. 50-72. SPECIAL PRICES TO AMERICANS

BURBERRYS Military Outfitters 8 Boulevard Malesherbes, PARIS SUPPLY AMERICAN OFFICERS Direct—or through their AGENTS behind the lines with every necessary Article of War Equipment. TRENCH WARMS TUNICS & BREECHES OVERCOATS IMPERMEABLES TRENCH CAPS SAM BROWNE BELTS INSIGNIA etc., etc. BEST QUALITY at REASONABLE PRICES. AGENTS IN FRANCE: Holding Stocks of Burberry Goods. BESANCON—Goldschmidt. CHAUMONT—Lisse, 47 Rue Buxeuil. LANGRES—Prudent-May, Rue Didot. NANCY—Mittelpied, Rue du Pont-Mouja Bello Jardinière. NANTES—Delplanco, 15 Rue Crobillon. RENNES—Gérard, 1 Rue Le Bastard. SAUNUR—Dépôt - Burberry, 1 Rue Beaurepaire. TOURS—Edwin, 10 Avenue de Grammont.

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO. 11 Rue Scribe, PARIS. TOURS 8 Bd. Béranger. BORDEAUX 3 Cours de Gourgues. HAVRE 43 Quai d'Orléans. MARSEILLES 9 Rue Beauvau. GENERAL BANKING FACILITIES FOR AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES REMITTANCES TO UNITED STATES AND CANADA BY MAIL AND CABLE TRANSFER FROM ALL POINTS IN FRANCE Under arrangements with its French Bank Correspondents, COMPTOIR NATIONAL D'ESCOMPTE DE PARIS which has Offices established throughout France, REMITTANCES FOR ALL POINTS IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA will be accepted at any branch of that Bank to be forwarded through the AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY by mail or cable. DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS SUBJECT TO CHECK can be opened with the AMERICAN EXPRESS CO. at any of its Offices, and the COMPTOIR NATIONAL D'ESCOMPTE DE PARIS at its Branches will receive funds for transfer to such deposit accounts already opened or which it is desired to open with AMERICAN EXPRESS CO. OFFICES AT: LONDON 6 Heymarket, S.W. 11 Ebury St., S.W. (near American Embassy) 84 Queen St., E.C. LIVERPOOL 10 James Street SOUTHAMPTON 25 Oxford Street GLASGOW 3 West Nile Street GENOA 17 Piazza Noviziata NAPLES Piazza dei Martiri ROME Piazza di Spagna

ADAMS Pure Chewing Gum Relieves the Thirst—Prevents Fatigue—Beneficial on the March Adams Pepsin Adams Spearmint Adams Black Jack Beeman's Pepsin Adams California Fruit Yucatan The House of Adams Founded The Chewing Gum Industry Adams Pure Chewing Gum Is on Sale at Army Canteens and Y.M.C.A. Huts. Write the Folks Back Home to Send You a Box or Two. AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY